

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger  
Traveling through this world below  
There is no sickness, no toil, nor danger  
In that bright land to which I go

I'm going there to see my Father  
And all my loved ones who've gone on  
I'm just going over Jordan  
I'm just going over home

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me  
I know my way is hard and steep  
But beauteous fields arise before me  
Where God's redeemed, their vigils keep

I'm going there to see my Mother  
She said she'd meet me when I come  
So, I'm just going over Jordan  
I'm just going over home  
I'm just going over Jordan  
I'm just going over home