Wayfaring Stranger

Boom Chicca, Boom Chicca ……

I am a poor wayfaring stranger

Trav’lling through this world alone.

Yet there’s no sickness, no toil, no danger

In that bright land to which I go.

*I’m going there to see my father*

*I’m going there, no more to roam.*

*I’m only going over Jordan.*

*I’m only going over home.*

I know dark clouds will gather round me (Ooooh)

I know my way is rough and steep. (Finger clicks)

But golden fields lie just beyond me.

Where weary eyes no more will weep.

*I’m going there to see my mother (Ooooh)*

*I’m going there, no more to roam. (I’m going home x 7)*

*I’m only going over Jordan.*

*I’m only going over home.*

I'll soon be free from every trial. (Ooooh)

This form shall rest beneath the sod. (Finger clicks)

I'll drop the cross of self-denial,

And enter in that home with God.

*I'm going there to see my Saviour (Ooooh)*

*I'm going there, no more to roam. (I’m going home x 7)*

*I'm only going over Jordan.*

*I'm only going over home.*