

[Am] I am a poor wayfaring stranger
traveling **[Dm]** through this world a **[Am]** lone
Yet there's no sickness toil nor danger
In that **[Dm]** fair land in **[E7]** which I **[Am]** go

I'm going **[F]** home to see my **[C]** mother
I'm going **[F]** home no more to **[E7]** roam
I'm just **[Am]** going over Jordan
I'm just **[Dm]** going **[E7]** over **[Am]** home

I know dark clouds will gather round me
I know my **[Dm]** way is rough and **[Am]** steep
The golden fields lie just before me
Soon I **[Dm]** shall for **[E7]** ever **[Am]** sleep

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