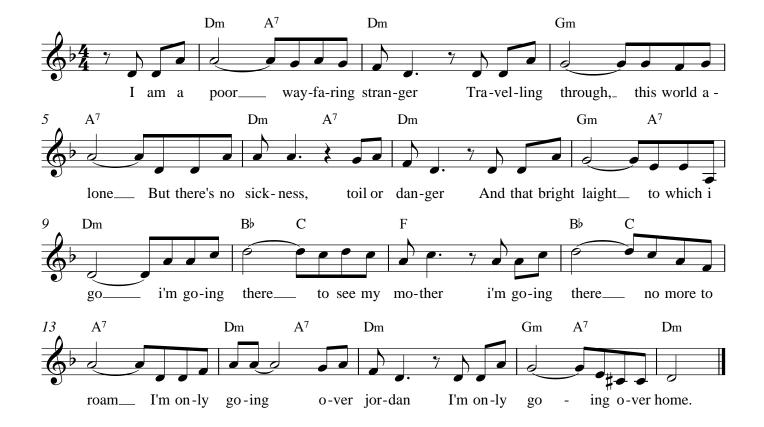
Wayfaring Stranger

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I know dark clouds will gather me
I know my way's rough and steep
And the beautiful fields lie just beyond me
And i know my way's rough and steep
I'm going there to see my mother
I'm going there no more to roam
I'm only going over jordan
I'm only going over home now

Coz i am a poor wayfaring stranger Travelling through, this world alone There's no sickness, toil or danger And that bright laight to which i go I'm going there to see my mother I'm going there no more to roam I'm only going over jordan I'm only going home now