

10, 10, 1931
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Libby Prison Hymn.

I am a poor, way-faring stranger,
I'm journeying through this world of woe;
There is no sickness, toil or danger,
In that bright world to which I go.
CHORUS—I'm going there to see my mother,
She said she'd meet me when I come.
I'm just a going over Jordan,
I'm just a going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather round me,
I know my path is rough and steep;
But beauteous fields lie just before me,
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep.
CHORUS—I'm going there to see my children,
They've gone before me, one by one.

I want to sing salvation's story,
In concert with that blood-washed throng;
I want to wear a crown of glory,
When I get home to that good land.
CHORUS—I'm going there to see my sister,
She said she'd meet me when I come.

I'll soon be free from every trial,
My body sleep in the old church-yard;
I'll drop the cross of self-denial,
And enter on my rich reward.
CHORUS—I'm going there to see my Savior,
To sing his praise in heaven's dome.

Libby Prison Hymn

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