

Jack White, Wayfaring Stranger

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Travelling through this world alone
There is no sickness, toil nor danger
In that fair land to which I go

I'm going home
To see my mother
I'm going home
No more to roam
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home

I know dark clouds will hover o'er me
I know my pathway is rough and steep
But golden fields lie out before me
Where weary eyes no more will weep

I'm going home
To see my father
I'm going home
No more to roam
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home

I'll soon be free from every trial
This form shall rest beneath the sod
I'll drop the cross of self denial
And enter in that home with God

I'm going home
To see my savior
I'm going home
No more to roam
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home