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