

The White Stripes, Wayfaring Stranger

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

I'm goin' home to see my mother,
I'm goin' home no more to roam.
I am just going over Jordan,
I am just going over home.

I know dark clouds will hover oer' 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 goin' home to see my father,
I'm goin' 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 sun.
I'll drop the cross of self-denial,
And enter in that home with God.

I'm goin' home to see my savior,
I'm goin' home no more to roam.
I am just going over Jordan,
I am just going over home.