Wayfaring Stranger

Jack White

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 goI'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 homeI 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 homeI'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

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