

## White Stripes, The "Wayfaring Stranger"

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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 on 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 sun  
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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