

On Jordan's Stormy Banks 552

Let us, therefore, make every effort to enter that rest. Heb. 4:11

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. All o'er those wide ex - tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
 3. No chill-ing winds nor poi-s'ous breath Can reach that health-ful shore;
 4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?

To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 There God the Son for - ev - er reigns And scat-ters night a - way.
 Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death Are felt and feared no more.
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?

Refrain

I am bound for the prom-ised land, I am bound for the prom-ised land;

O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.

TEXT: Samuel Stennett

MUSIC: Traditional American melody; arranged by Rigdon M. McIntosh

PROMISED LAND

C.M. with Refrain