

On Jordan's Stormy Banks

Samuel Stennett

American Melody



1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand And cast a wish - ful eye,
2. All o'er those wide-ex-ten-ded plains Shines one e - ter - nal day.
3. No chill-ing winds nor pois' - nous breath Can reach that health ful shore.



To Canaan'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.



I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;



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

