On Jordan’s Stormy Banks I Stand

Samuel Stennett, 1787
Matilda T. Durham, 1835, arr. Rigdon McIntosh

1. On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To
2. O the transporting, rapurous scene, That rises to my sight! Sweet
3. There generous fruits that never fail, On trees immortal grow; There
4. O’er all those wide extended plains Shines one eternal day; There
5. No chilling winds or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore; Sick-
6. When I shall reach that happy place, I’ll be forever blest, For
7. Filled with delight my raptured soul Would here no longer stay; Though

Ca-naan’s fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
fields arrayed in living green, And rivers of delight!
rocks and hills, and brooks and vales, With milk and honey flow. I am
God the Son forever reigns, And scatters night away.
- ness and sorrow, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
I shall see my Father’s face, And in His bosom rest.
Jor-dan’s waves a-round me roll, Fearless I’d launch away.

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

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