



On Jordans Stormy Banks I Stand

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie
All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day
There God, the Son, forever reigns
And scatters night away
No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore
Sickness, sorrow, pain, and death
Are felt and feared no more
When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face
And in His bosom rest?

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