

THE PROMISED LAND. C.M.

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Samuel Stennett

Miss M. Durham

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 2. O the trans-port-ing rap-t'rous scene, That ris - es to my sight! Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de-light.
 3. There gen-'rous fruits that nev - er fail, On trees im - mor - tal grow; There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales, With milk and hon - ey flow.
 4. All o'er those wide ex - tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day! There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns And scat - ters night a - way.
 5. No chill - ing winds nor poi - s' - nous breath, Can reach that health - ful shore, Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.

I'm bound for the prom-ised land, I'm bound for the prom-ised land Oh, who will come and go with me? I'm bound for the prom-ised land.
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