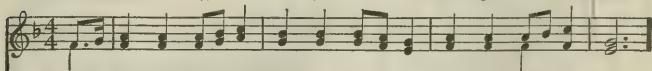


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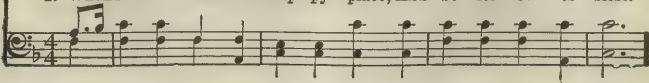
On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stennett.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.



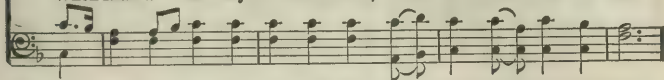
1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wist-ful eye .
2. All o'er those wide, ex - tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?



On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

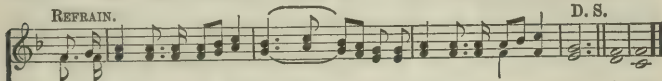


To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
 There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
 Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
 When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?



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

REFRAIN.



I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land; A-MEN.
 promised land,

