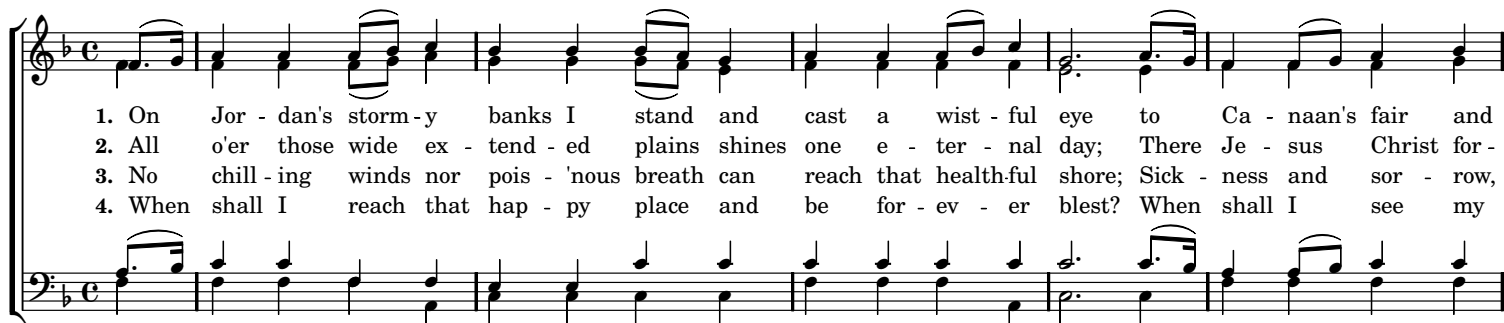


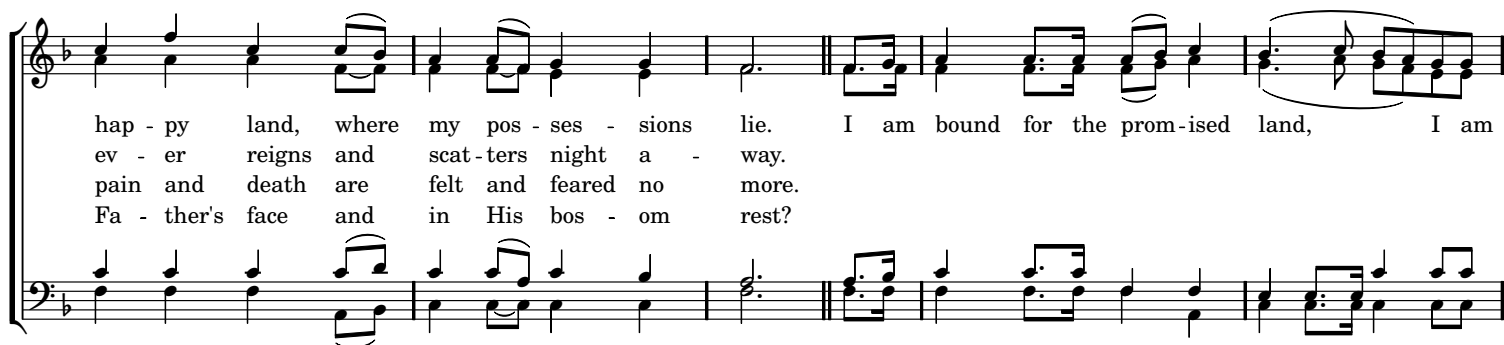
144. On Jordan's Stormy Banks

Samuel Stennett

R. M. McIntosh



1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand and cast a wist - ful eye to Ca - naan's fair and
2. All o'er those wide ex - tend - ed plains shines one e - ter - nal day; There Je - sus Christ for -
3. No chill - ing winds nor pois - 'nous breath can reach that health-ful shore; Sick - ness and sor - row,
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place and be for - ev - er blest? When shall I see my



hap - py land, where my pos - ses - sions lie. I am bound for the prom-ised land, I am
ev - er reigns and scat-ters night a - way.
pain and death are felt and feared no more.
Fa - ther's face and in His bos - om rest?



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