On Jordan’s Stormy Banks I Stand
To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. Php. 1:21
And the city had no need of the sun... for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. Rev. 21:23

1. On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand, And cast a wistful eye
2. Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene That rises to my sight!
3. O’er all those wide, extended plains Shines one eternal day;
4. No chilling winds or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
5. When I shall reach that happy place, I’ll be forever blest,
6. Filled with delight my raptured soul Would here no longer stay;

To Canaan’s fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
Sweet fields arrayed in living green, Where rivers of delight!
There God the Son forever reigns, And scatters night away.
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
For I shall see my Father’s face, And in His bosom rest.
Though Jordan’s waves around me roll, Fearless, I’d launch away.

Refrain

I am 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.

WORDS: Samuel Stennett, pub.1787. MUSIC: “Promised Land”; Miss M. Durham, pub.1835; arr. by Rigdon M. McIntosh, 1895. Public Domain.