

LAND OF PROMISE C.M.

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. 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.

3. No chill-ing winds nor poisonous breath, Can reach that healthful shore; Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.

O the trans - port - ing rapt'rous scene, that ri - ses to my sight; Sweet fields ar - ray'd in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.

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.

When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest? When shall I see my Fath - er's face, And in his bo - som rest?