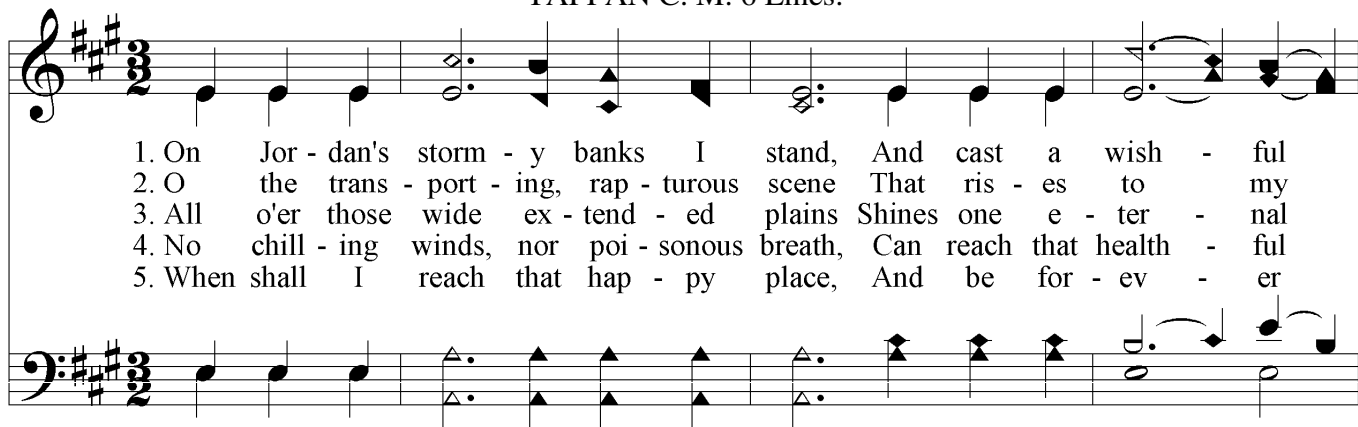
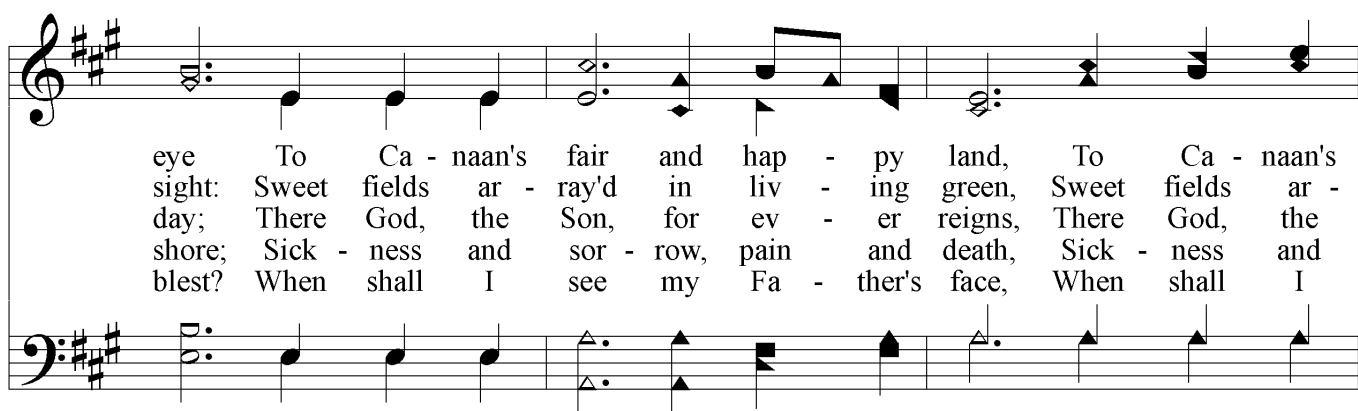


# On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand

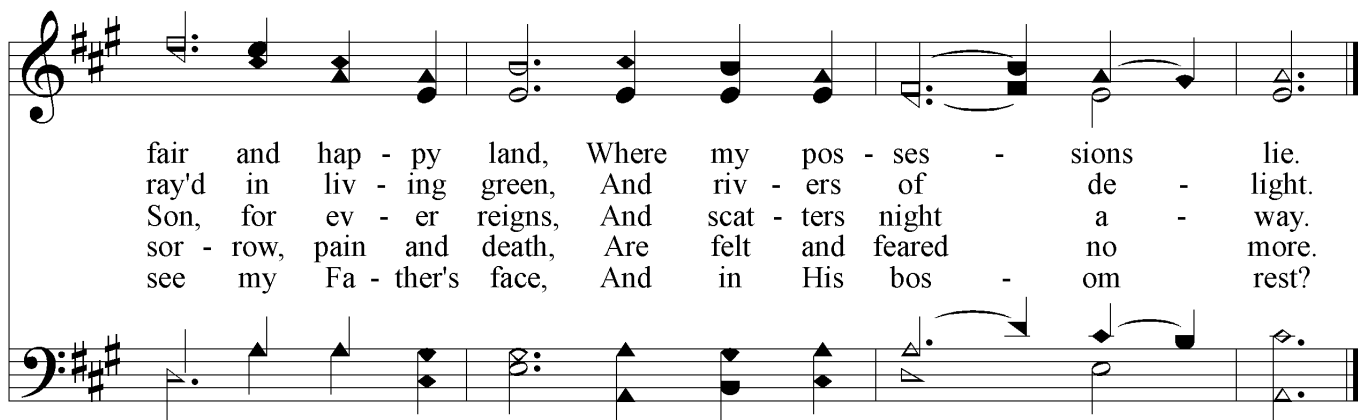
TAPPAN C. M. 6 Lines.



1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful  
2. O the trans - port - ing, rap - turous scene That ris - es to my  
3. All o'er those wide ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal  
4. No chill - ing winds, nor poi - sonous breath, Can reach that health - ful  
5. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er



eye To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, To Ca - naan's  
sight: Sweet fields ar - ray'd in liv - ing green, Sweet fields ar -  
day; There God, the Son, for ev - er reigns, There God, the  
shore; Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Sick - ness and  
blest? When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, When shall I



fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.  
ray'd in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.  
Son, for ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.  
sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.  
see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?