

On Jordan's Stormy Banks

Peter Bradley Adams

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
on trees immortal grow.
There rocks and hills and brooks and vales
with milk and honey flow.No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Where Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blessed?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Where Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

Filled with delight,my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
with no fear I'd launch away.

No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Where Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Where Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more,
Are felt and feared no more