

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

- 2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His presence rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay:
When Jordan's waves around me roll,
I'll, fearless, launch away.

Samuel Stennett, 1727-95