

Sweet Prospect

Tune: William Walker, 1833

Words: Samuel Stennett, 1787

Meter: Common Meter (8,6,8,6)

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

Chorus:

Oh, the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight,
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

O'er all those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

(Chorus)

No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

(Chorus)