

On the Banks Where Jordan Rolled
John Anketell, 1883 and 1889.
Nurnbergisches Gesangbuch, 1676.

On the banks where Jordan rolled,
Preaching penitence and fear,
Stood the prophet, long foretold,
Crying, "Haste, the Lord is near!"

Let the ministers of grace
So prepare, O Lord, Thy way,
That with joy we meet Thy face
On the awful judgment day.

In the night their cry is heard,
"Lo! the Bridegroom soon shall come!"
Let the bride at that glad word
Hasten to her heart's true home.

Year by year that Advent cry
Rings upon the startled air;
"Hasten, for the Lord is nigh;
Let your lamps be trimmed with care."

Let each eager, listening ear
Catch with joy that welcome sound:
Hasten, for the Lord is near;
Enter, where true joys are found.

Grant us, Lord, the perfect peace
Of a mind well stayed on Thee;
Rest, where earthly labors cease;
Light, where darkness cannot be!