

Bound For The Promised Land

Mormon Tabernacle Choir

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

There generous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.

I am bound for the promised land,
I am bound for the promised land
O who will come and go with me
I am bound for the promised land.

O the transporting rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of Delight.

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