

# 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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