

# Bound for the promised land

White spiritual / Bjarte Sæter  
(Leirmøtehyrne/Folkehymne)

1. On Jor-dans stor-my banks I stand and cast a wish-ful  
 2. O, the tran-spor-ing rapt-rous scene that ris-es to my  
 3. There ge-ne-rous fruits that nev-er fail on trees im-mor-tal to  
 4. Soon will the Lord my soul pre-pare for joys be-yond the

eye to Ca-naans fair and hap-py land where  
 sight. Sweet field ar-rayed in liv-ing green and  
 grow. There rocks and hills and brooks and vales with  
 skies where nev-er - ceas-ing plea-sures roll and

my pos-ses-sions lie (Piano) light. I am bound for the pro-mised  
 riv-ers of de flow.  
 milk and ho-ney  
 prai-ses nev-er 1. 2. die.

land. I'm bound for the pro-mised land. O, who will come and

go with me? I am bound for the pro-mised land. (Piano)