

# Sweet Prospect

"Thine eyes shall behold the Lamb."—Isa. 83:17

William Walker, 1833

soprano/tenor

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,  
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

2. O'er all those wide - ex - tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day;  
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.

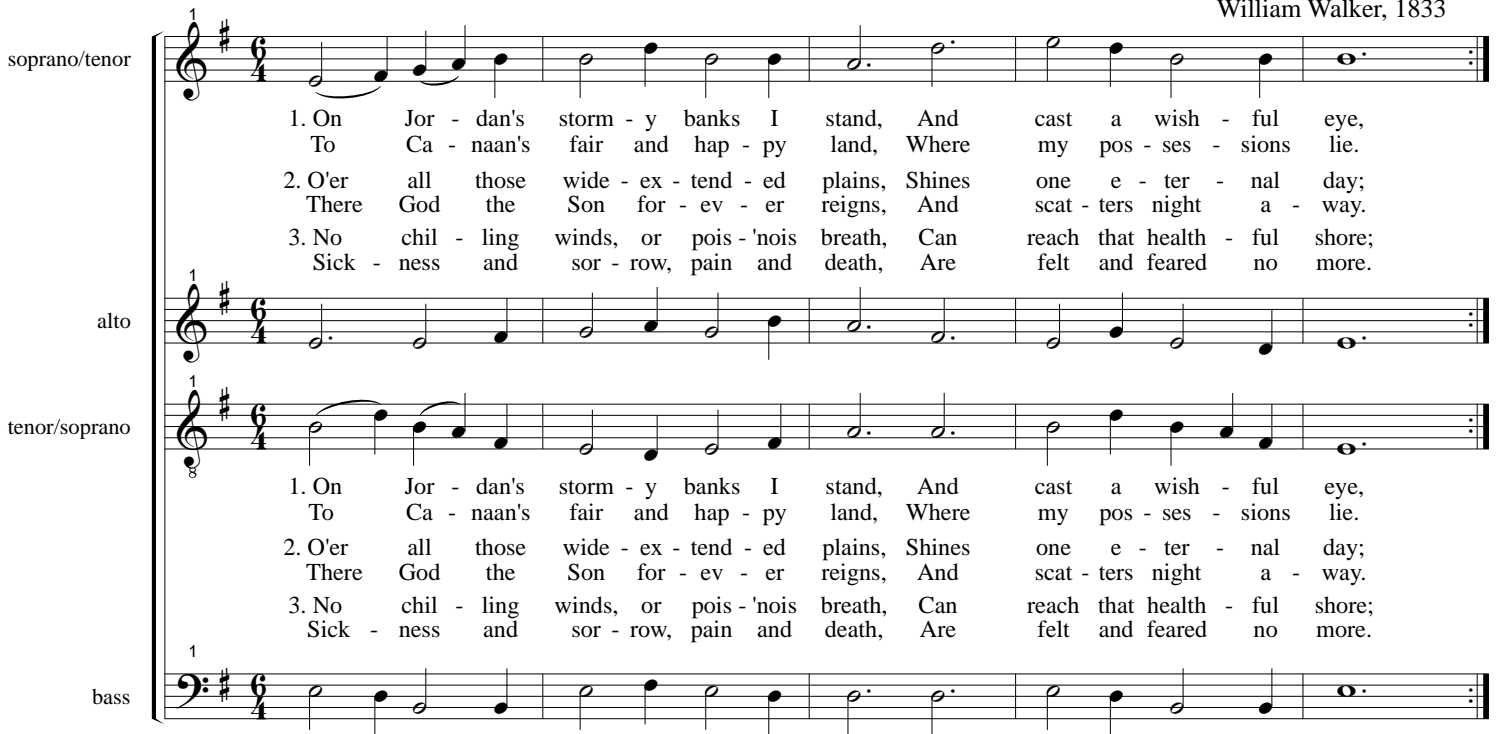
3. No chil - ling winds, or pois - 'nois breath, Can reach that health - ful shore;  
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.

alto

tenor/soprano

1

bass

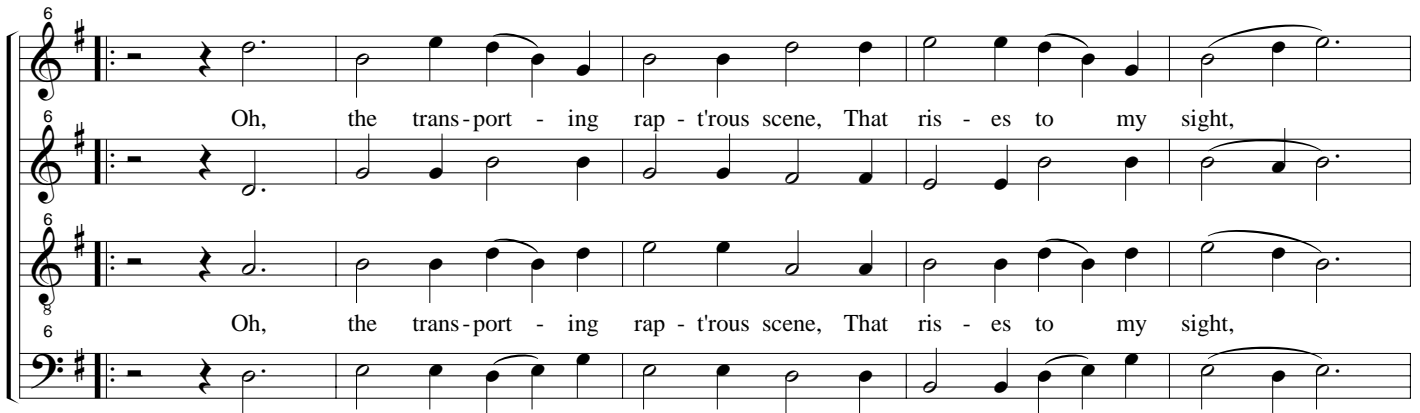


6

Oh, the trans - port - ing rap - t'rous scene, That ris - es to my sight,

6

Oh, the trans - port - ing rap - t'rous scene, That ris - es to my sight,



11

Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And ri - vers of de - light.

11

Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And ri - vers of de - light.

