

# DEEP DROP

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

O the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.

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

*(repeat last two lines)*