I’ll Be There

1. On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan’s fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
I’ll be there, I’ll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I’ll be there,
I’ll be there, I’ll be there, When the first trumpet sounds, I’ll be there.

2. O the transporting, rapturous scene, That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green, And rivers of delight.
I’ll be there, I’ll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I’ll be there,
I’ll be there, I’ll be there, When the first trumpet sounds, I’ll be there.

3. There generous fruits that never fail, On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale, With milk and honey flow.
I’ll be there, I’ll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I’ll be there,
I’ll be there, I’ll be there, When the first trumpet sounds, I’ll be there.

4. O’er all those wide extended plains, Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns, And scatters night away.
I’ll be there, I’ll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I’ll be there,
I’ll be there, I’ll be there, When the first trumpet sounds, I’ll be there.

Words: Samuel Stennett
Music: Old Melody