

## **Daniel O'Donnell**

# **"Far Side Banks of Jordan"**

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I believe my steps are growing wearier each day  
Still I've got a journey on my mind.  
The lures of this old world have ceased to make me  
want to stay  
But my one regret is leaving you behind.

If it should prove to be His will that I am first to cross  
And somehow I've a feeling it will be.  
When it comes your time to travel, likewise don't feel  
lost  
For I will be the first one that you see.

And I'll be waiting on the far side banks of Jordan.  
I'll be sitting drawing pictures in the sand.  
And when I see you coming, I will rise up with a shout  
And come running through the shallow water reaching  
for your hand.

Through this world we labor hard to earn our meager  
fare  
It's brought us trembling hands and failing eyes.  
I'll just rest here on the shore and turn my head away  
Until you come and we'll see Paradise.

And I'll be waiting on the far side banks of Jordan.  
I'll be sitting drawing pictures in the sand.  
And when I see you coming, I will rise up with a shout  
And come running through the shallow water reaching  
for your hand.

Yes I'll be waiting on the far side banks of Jordan.  
I'll be sitting drawing pictures in the sand.  
And when I see you coming, I will rise up with a shout  
And come running through the shallow waters reaching  
for your hand.

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