

# Andrew Peterson, Canaan Bound

Sarah, take me by my arm  
Tomorrow we are Canaan bound  
Where westward sails the golden sun  
And Hebron's hills are amber crowned

So bid your troubled heart be still  
The grass, they say, is soft and green  
The trees are tall and honey-filled  
So, Sarah, come and walk with me

Like the stars across the heavens flung  
Like water in the desert sprung  
Like the grains of sand, our many sons  
Oh, Sarah, fair and barren one  
Come to Canaan, come

I trembled at the voice of God  
A voice of love and thunder deep  
With love He means to save us all  
And Love has chosen you and me

Long after we are dead and gone  
A thousand years our tale be sung  
How faith compelled and bore us on  
How barren Sarah bore a son  
So come to Canaan, come

Where westward sails the golden sun  
And Hebron's hills are amber crowned  
Oh, Sarah, take me by my arm  
Tomorrow we are Canaan Bound

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