THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
   In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.
   There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er - with -'ring flow'rs;
   Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.

2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green;
   So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - don rolled be - tween.
   Could we but climb where Mos - es stood, And view the landscape o'er,
   Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore. A - men.