

15 THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT

Isaac Watts

VARINA C. M. D.

George F. Root



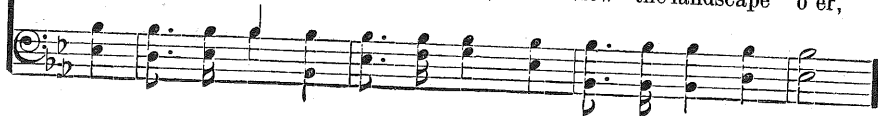
1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green;



In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-don rolled be-tween.



There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with-ring flow'rs;
Could we but climb where Mos-es stood, And view the landscape o'er,



Death, like a nar-row sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore. A-men.

