

Isaac Watts

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where
 2. There ev - er - last - ing Spring a - bides, And
 3. Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And
 4. O could we make our doubts re - move, Those

saints im - mor - tal reign, In - fi - nite day ex -
 nev'r with - ring flo - wers: Death, like a nar - row
 view the land - scape o'er, Not Jor - dan's stream, nor
 gloom - y thought that rise And see the Ca - naan

Refrain

cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
 sea, di - vides this heav'n - ly land from ours. We're
 death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.
 that we love with un - be - cloud - ed eyes.

march - ing thro' Im - man - uel's ground, And soon shall hear the

trum - pet sound, And then we shall with

Je - sus reign, And nev - er, nev'r part a - gain.