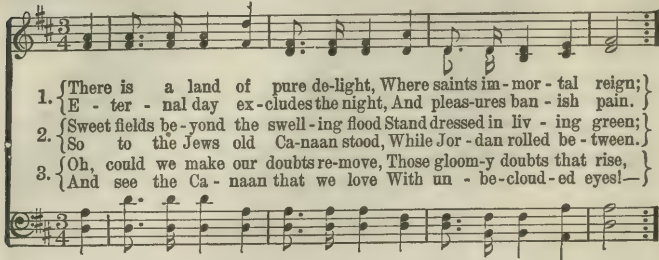


151 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

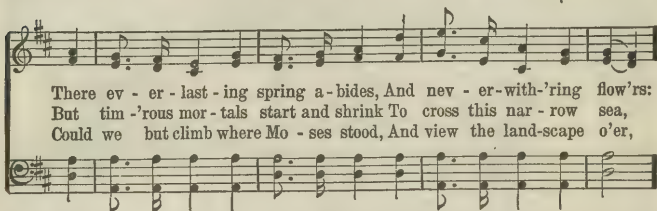
Isaac Watts.

Varina. C. M. D.

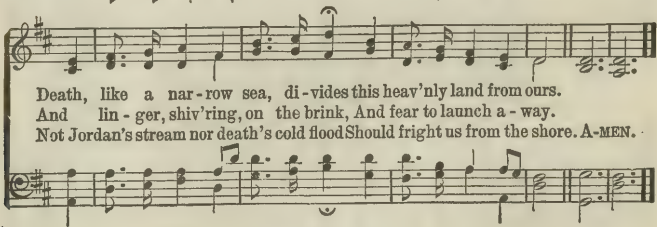
Geo. F. Root.



1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; }
 { E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. }
 2. { Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green; }
 { So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween. }
 3. { Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise, }
 { And see the Ca-naan that we love With un-be-cloud-ed eyes! - }



There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-with-'ring flow'rs:
 But tim-'rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea,
 Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,



Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides this heav'nly land from ours.
 And lin-ger, shiv'ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.
 Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore. A-MEN.