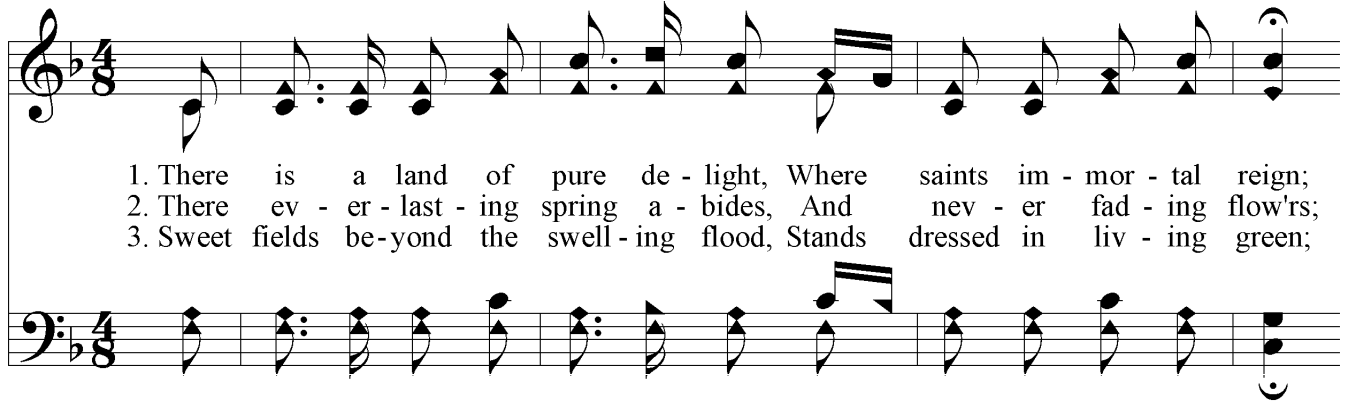
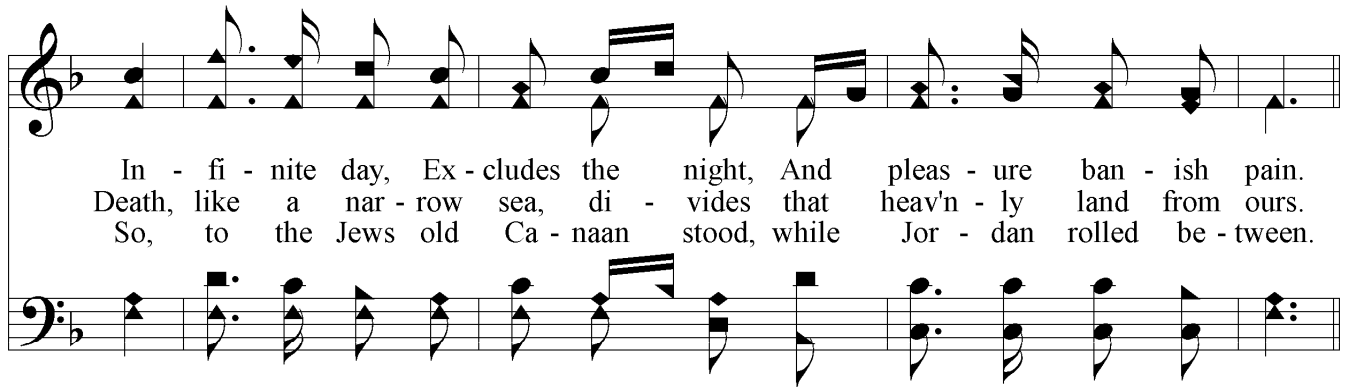


# Lovely Land

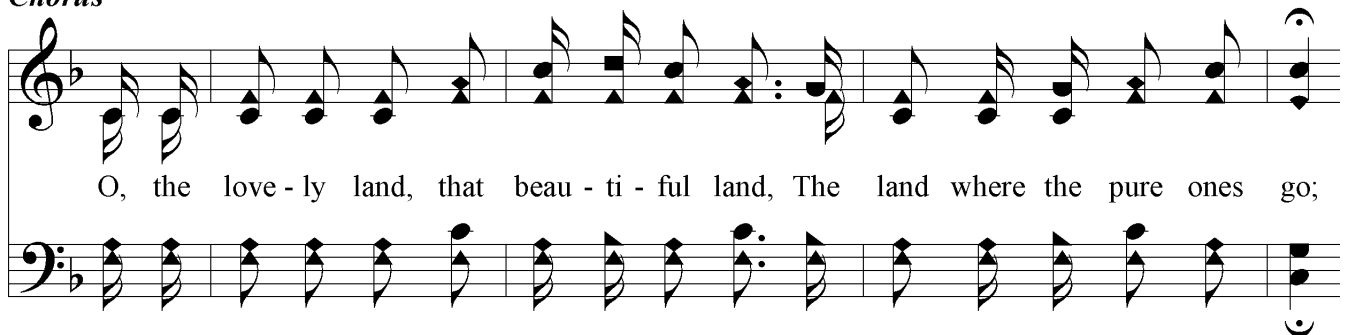


1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;  
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er fad - ing flow'rs;  
3. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood, Stands dressed in liv - ing green;

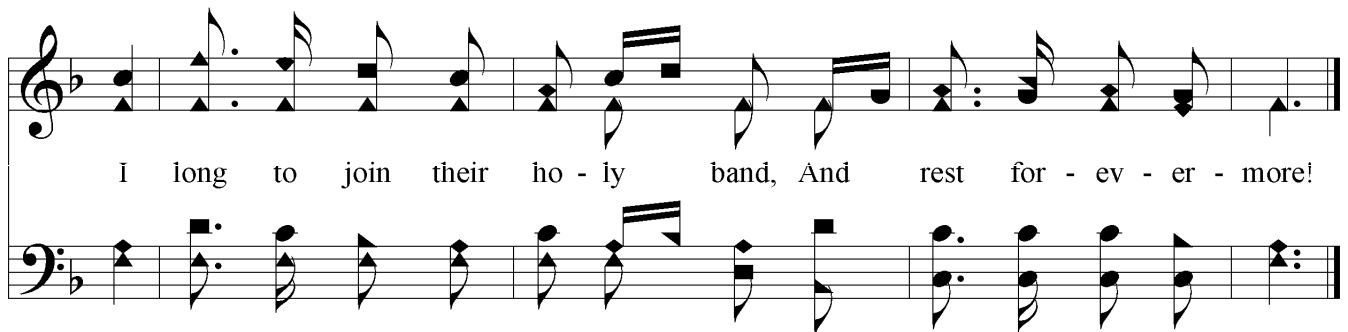


In - fi - nite day, Ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ure ban - ish pain.  
Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides that heav'n - ly land from ours.  
So, to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, while Jor - dan rolled be - tween.

## Chorus



O, the love - ly land, that beau - ti - ful land, The land where the pure ones go;



I long to join their ho - ly band, And rest for - ev - er - more!