

# There Is A Land Of Pure Delight

VARINA C. M. C.



1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where Christ im - mor - tal reigns;  
2. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green;  
3. O, could we make our doubts re - move, These gloom - y doubts that rise,



In fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pains;  
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.  
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,



And but a nar - row sea di - vides That heav'n - ly land from ours.  
And lin - ger, shiv - 'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.  
Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

