

GREENSBOROUGH

"Thine eyes shall behold the land." Isa. 33:17

Isaac Watts, 1707

Key of F Major

John Mercer, 1850

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In-fi-nite day ex-
2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with-'ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar-row

3. Sweet fields, be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green, So to the Jews old
4. But tim-'rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea, And lin-ger, shiv-'ring

5. Oh! could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise, And see the Ca-naan
6. Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood And view the land-scape o'er, Not Jor-dan's stream nor

cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. pain.
sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours, This heav'n-ly land from ours. ours.

Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween. -tween.
on the brink, And fear to launch a-way, And fear to launch a-way. -way.

that we love With un-be-cloud-ed eyes, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes. eyes.
death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore, Should fright us from the shore. shore.