

LAND OF PURE DELIGHT

(Varina. C. M. D.)

Watts

Arr. from Chas. H. Rinck
by G. F. Root

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
 2. Pure is the land of the saints es - py, And all the re - gion peace;
 3. O could we make our doubts re - move Those gloom - y thoughts that rise,

In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And plea - sures ban - ish pain.
 No wan - ton lips nor en - vious eye And Can see or taste the bliss.
 And see the Can - aan that we love, With un - be - cloud - ed eyes;

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with - 'ring flow'rs,
 Those ho - ly gates for - ev - er bar Pol - lu - tion, sin, and shame;
 Could we but climb where Mos - es stood, And view the land - scape o'er,—

And but a lit - tle space di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours.
 None shall ob - tain ad - mit - tance there But fol - l'wers of the Lamb.
 Not all this world's pre - tend - ed good Could ev - er charm us more.