

There Is a Land of Pure Delight

Not Fast

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

In - fin - ite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
 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,

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This 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.