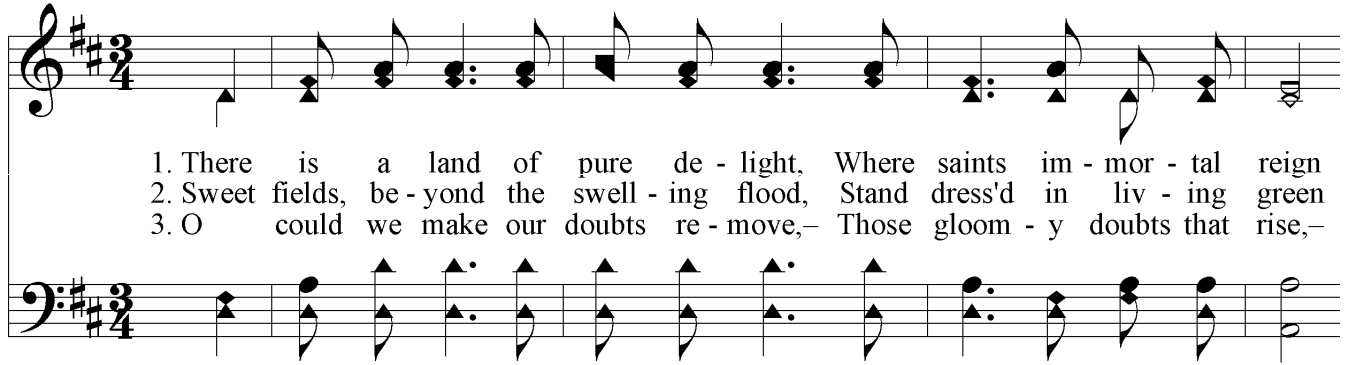


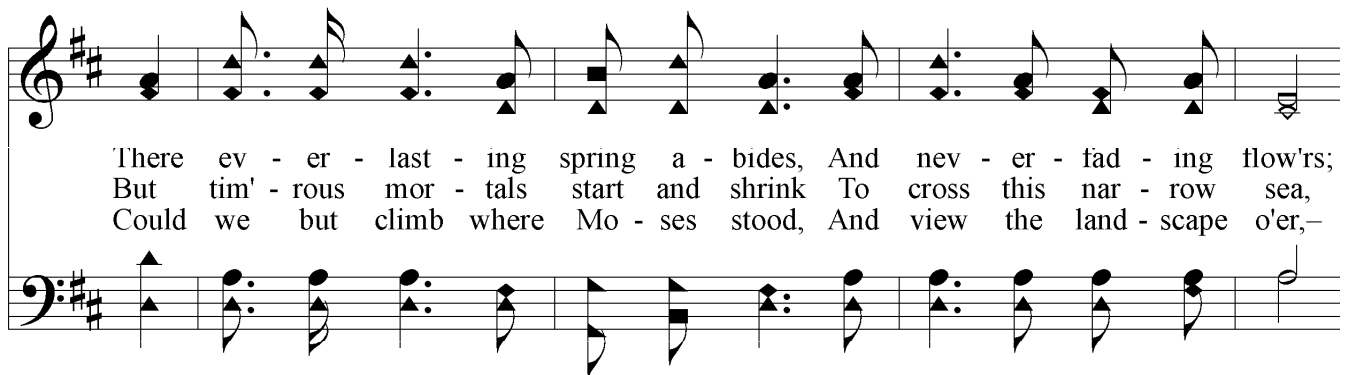
# The Heavenly Canaan



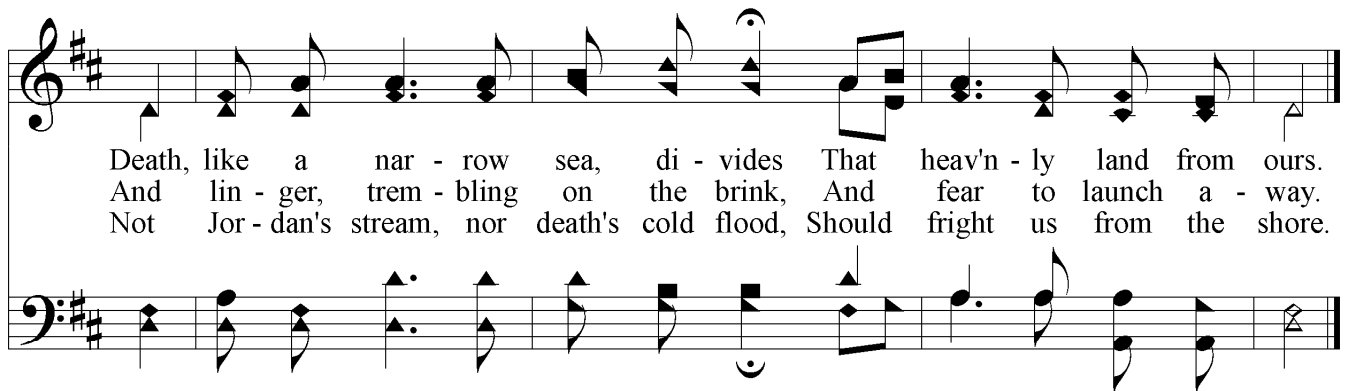
1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign  
2. Sweet fields, be - yond the swell - ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green  
3. O could we make our doubts re - move, - Those gloom - y doubts that rise, -



E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.  
So to the Jews fair 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 - fad - ing 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 That heav'n - ly land from ours.  
And lin - ger, trem - bling 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.