

# I'll Be There

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;  
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with - 'ring flow'rs;  
3. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green;  
4. Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er,

In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.  
Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours.  
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.  
Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

## Chorus

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trum - pet sounds I'll be there,  
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trum - pet sounds, I'll be there.  
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,