The Better Land

"A better country, that is an heavenly." – Heb. 11:16

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In vi-sions of en-rap-tured thought,
2. A land up-on whose bliss-ful shore There rests no shad-ow, falls no stain,
3. Its skies are not like earth-ly skies, With var-ying hues of shade and light;
4. There sweeps no des-o-lat-ing wind A-cross the calm, se-rene a-bode,

So bright, that all which spreads be-tween Is with its ra-diant glo-ries fraught.
There those who meet shall part no more, And those long part-ed meet a-gain.
It hath no need of suns, to rise To dis-si-pate the gloom of night.
The wan-d'erer there a home may find With-in the par-a-dise of God.

Chorus

Oh, land of love, of joy and light,
Oh, land of love, of joy and light,

Thy glo-ries gild earth's dark-est night;
Thy glo-ries gild earth's dark-est night;
Thy tran-qui-l shore,
Thy tran-qui-l shore,
we, too, shall see, When day shall break, and shad-ows flee.
we, too, shall see, When day shall break