I’ll Be There

Words by Isaac Watts
Music Adapted by William J. Kirkpatrick

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
   In infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

2. There everlasting spring abides, And never withering flow’rs;
   Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav’nly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green;
   So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.

4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o’er,
   Not Jordan’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 trumpet 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, When the first trumpet sounds I’ll be there.
   I’ll be there, I’ll be there, I’ll be there.