1. There is a land of pure delight. Where saints immortal reign

2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress’d in living green

3. O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise,

Eternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
And see the Canaan that we love, With unclouded eyes,

There everlasting spring abides, And never-fading flow’rs;
But tim’rous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea,
Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o’er,

Death, like a narrow sea, divides That heav’nly land from ours.
And linger, trembling on the brink, And fear to launch away.
Not Jordan’s stream, nor death’s cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

Words: Rev. Isaac Watts
Music: William Henry Oakley