The Heavenly Land

Words: Rev. Lewis Hartsough
Music: William B. Bradbury

1. I love to think of the heav'n-ly land Where white-robed an-gels are;
Where man-y a friend is gath-ered safe From fear and toil and care.

2. I love to think of the heav'n-ly land, When my Re-deem-er reigns,
Where rap-t'rous songs of tri-umph rise, In end-less, joy-ous strains.

3. I love to think of the heav'n-ly land, The saints e-ter-nal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade, And all our joys are one.

4. I love to think of the heav'n-ly land, The greet-ings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs for-ev-er ours—The walks—the gold-en streets.

5. I love to think of the heav'n-ly land, That prom-ised land so fair,
Oh, how my rap-tured spir-it longs To be for-ev-er there.

Chorus

There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no part-ing,
There'll be no part-ing there.