There Is A Land Of Pure Delight
VARINA C. M. C.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where Christ immortal reigns;
   In finite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pains;
   There everlasting spring abides, And never-with'ring flow'rs:
   And but a narrow sea divides That heav'nly land from ours.

2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green;
   So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
   But tim'rous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea;
   And linger, shiv'ring on the brink, And fear to launch away.

3. O, could we make our doubts remove, These gloomy doubts that rise,
   And see the Canaan that we love With unclouded eyes:
   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.

Words: Isaac Watts
Music: George F. Root, 1849

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