The Heavenly Land

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

2. I love to think of the heav'n-ly land, When my Redeemer 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-tu-red 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'll be no part-ing there.