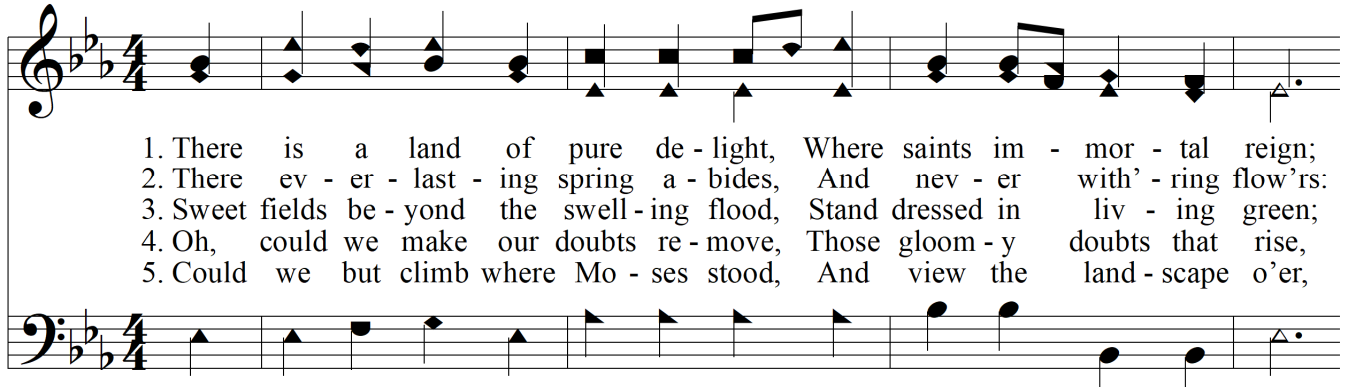
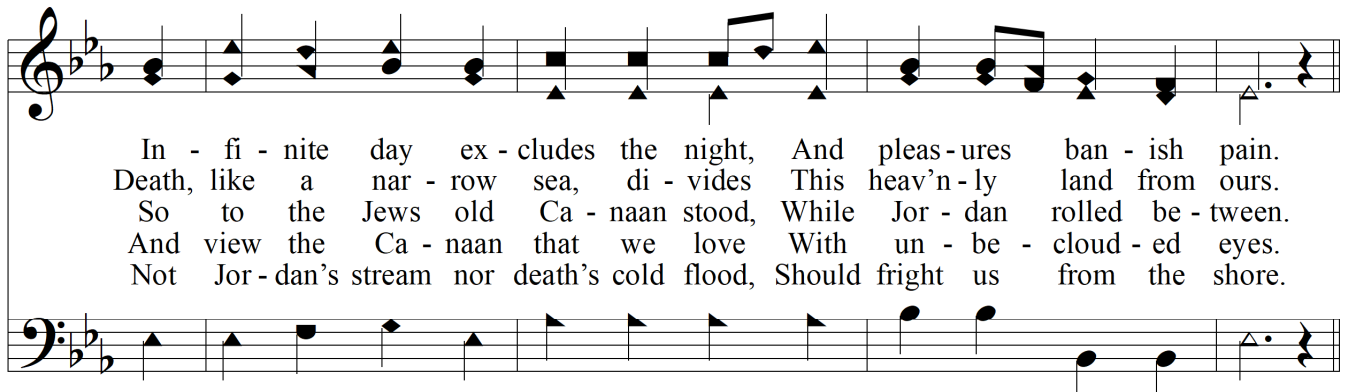


The Lovely Land C. M.



1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with' - ring flow'rs;
3. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
4. Oh, could we make our doubts re - move, Those gloom - y doubts that rise,
5. Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er,

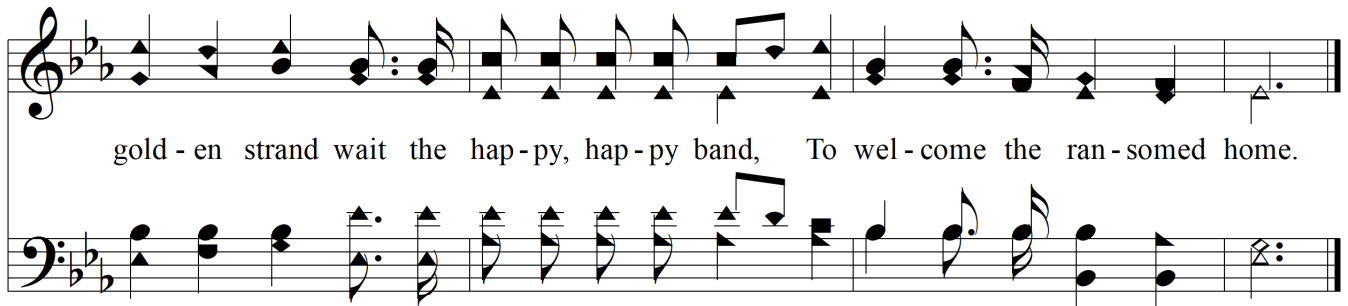


In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours.
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.
And view the Ca - naan that we love With un - be - cloud - ed eyes.
Not Jor - dan's stream nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

Chorus



Oh the land, the love - ly land, The land o - ver Jor - dan's foam; On the



gold - en strand wait the hap - py, hap - py band, To wel - come the ran - somed home.