

GREENSBOROUGH. C.M.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land." -- Isa. 33:17.

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F Major Isaac Watts, 1707.

John Mercer, 1850.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In-fi-nite day ex-row
 2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with-'ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar-row

3. Sweet fields, be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green, So to the Jews old
 4. But tim-'rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea, And lin-ger, shiv-'ring

5. O! could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise, And see the Ca-naan
 6. Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood And view the land-scape o'er, Not Jor-dan stream nor

cludes the night, And plea-sures ban-ish pain, And This plea-sures ban-ish pain.
 sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours, heav'n-ly land from ours.

Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.
 on the brink, And fear to launch a-way, And fear to launch a-way.

that we love With un-be-cloud-ed eyes: With un-be-cloud-ed eyes.
 death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore, Should fright us from the shore.