

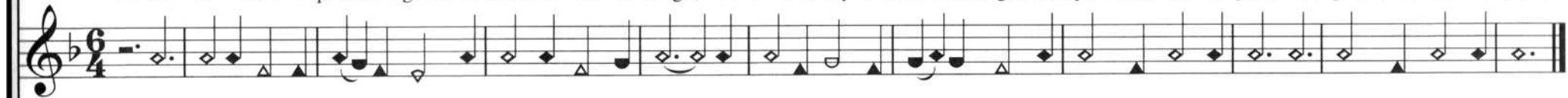
GREENSBORO. C.M.

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Col. John Mercer



1. There is a land of pure de-light Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And plea-sures ban-ish pain; And plea-sures ban-ish pain.



2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a - bides And nev-er with-'ring flow'rs; Death like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours. This heav'n-ly land from ours.

