

THE LAND OF REST. C.M.

J.G. Doughit and William Walker

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.
 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.

3. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green; So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be-tween.
 4. Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, These gloom-y doubts that rise, And see the Ca-naan that we love With un - be - cloud - ed eyes.

Slow and Soft

O heav - en, sweet heav - en! Home of the blest! How I long to be there, In its glo-ries to share, And to lean on my Sav - ior's breast.

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