

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.