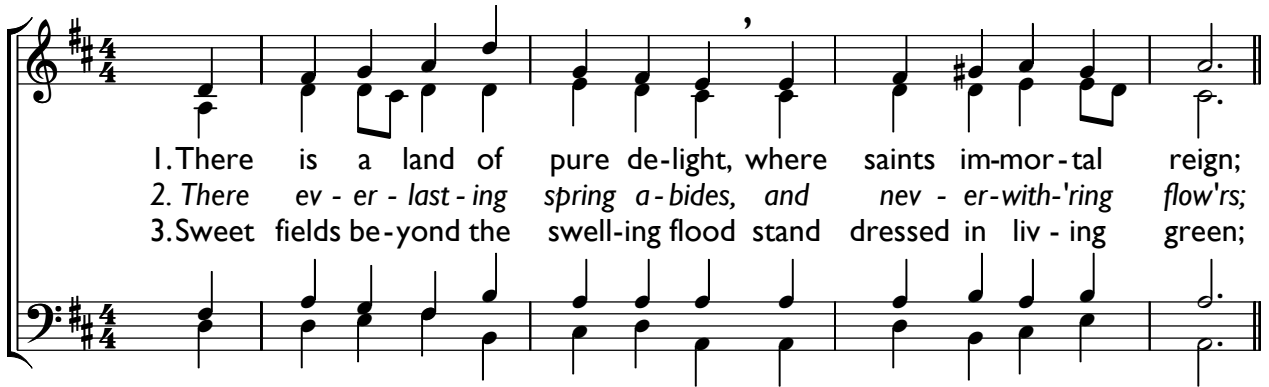


AMNS 190 There is a land of pure delight

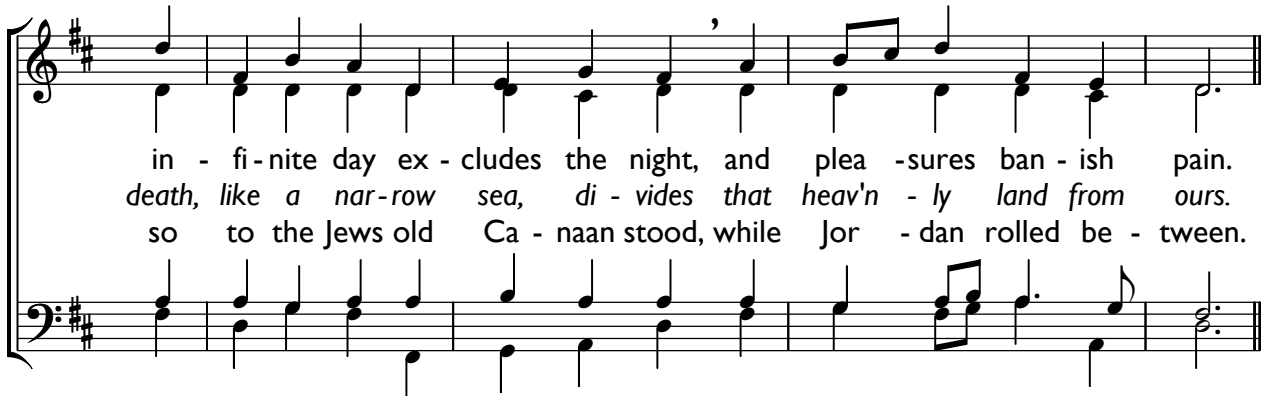
Isaac Watts
(1674-1748)

Melody: Stockton

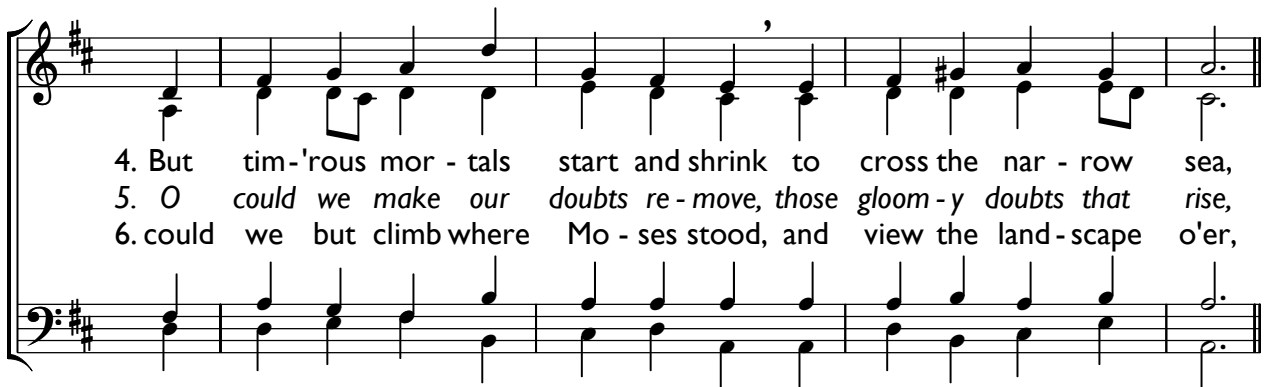
Thomas Wright
(1763-1829)



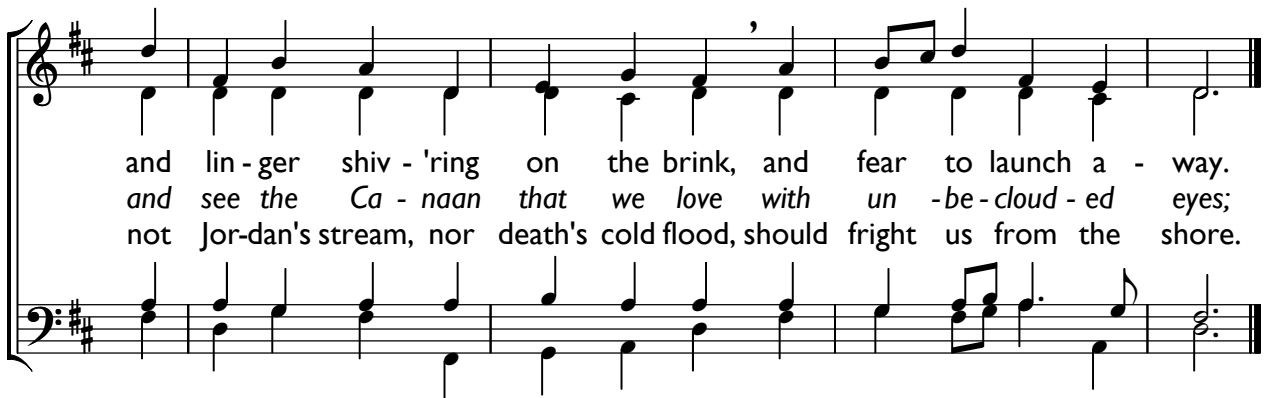
1. There is a land of pure de-light, where saints im-mor-tal reign;
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, and nev - er-with-'ring flow'rs;
3. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood stand dressed in liv - ing green;



in - fi-nite day ex - cludes the night, and plea - sures ban - ish pain.
death, like a nar-row sea, di - vides that heav'n - ly land from ours.
so to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, while Jor - dan rolled be - tween.



4. But tim-'rous mor - tals start and shrink to cross the nar - row sea,
5. O could we make our doubts re-move, those gloom-y doubts that rise,
6. could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, and view the land-scape o'er,



and lin - ger shiv - 'ring on the brink, and fear to launch a - way.
and see 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.