

There Is a Land of Pure Delight

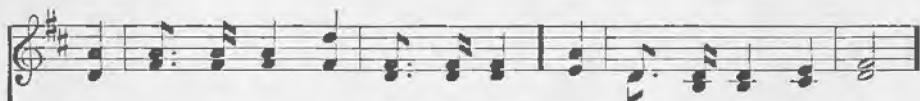
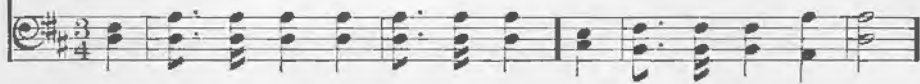
Varina. C.M.D.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707

GEORGE F. ROOT, 1849



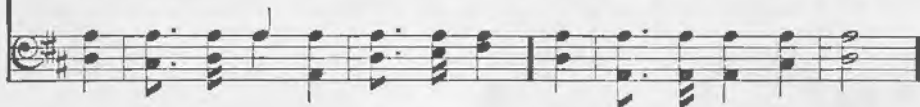
1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
 2. O could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,



In - fin - ite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
 And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - cloud - ed eyes;



There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides And nev - er - with - ering flowers,
 Could we but climb where Mos - es stood, And view the land - scape o'er—



And but a lit - tle space di - vides This heav - en - ly land from ours.
 Not all this world's pre - tend - ed good Could ev - er charm us more.

