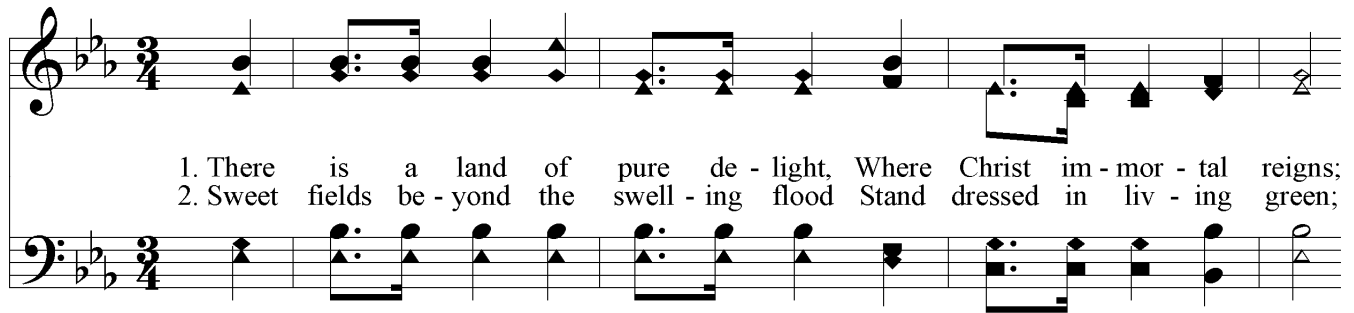
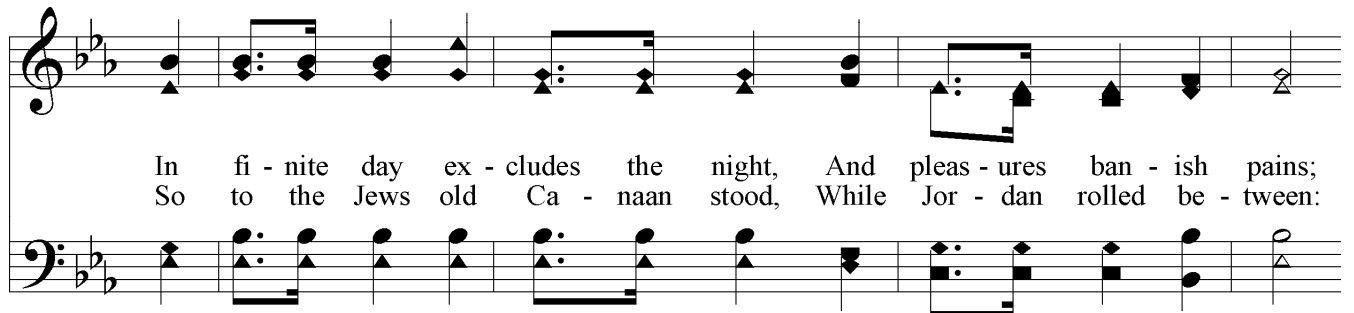


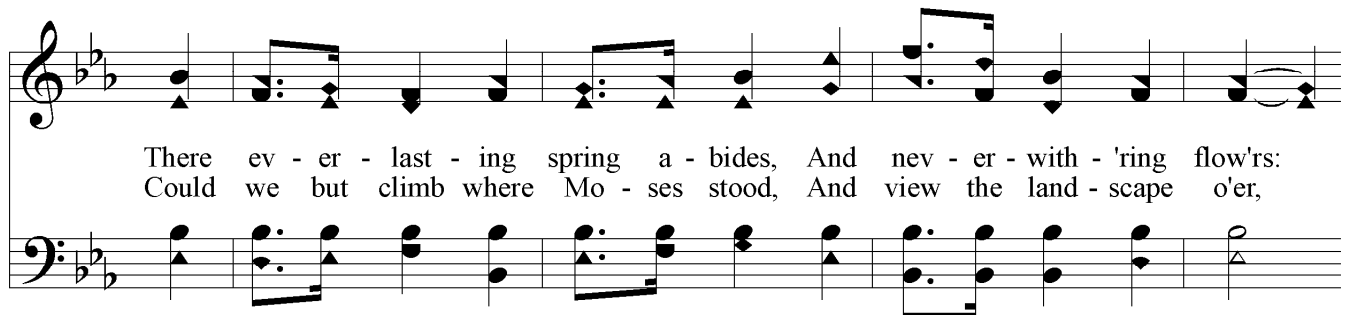
THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT




1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where Christ im - mor - tal reigns;
2. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green;



In fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pains;
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween:



There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with - 'ring flow'rs:
Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er,



And but a nar - row sea di - vides That heav'n - ly land from ours.
Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us at the shore.