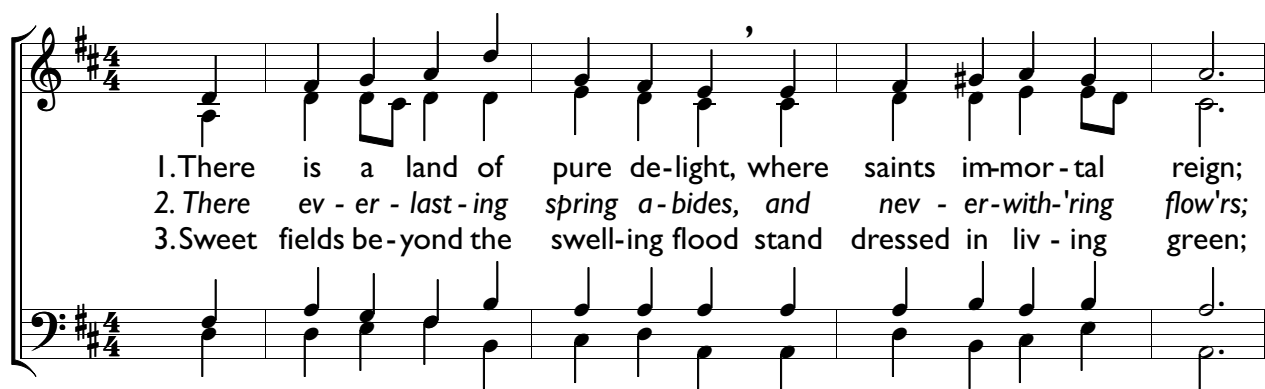


# AMNS 190 There is a land of pure delight

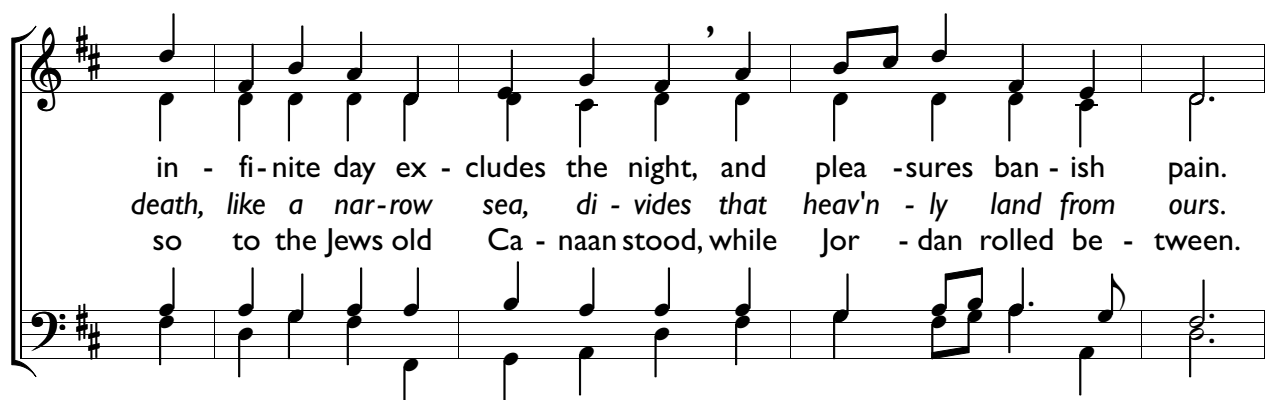
Isaac Watts  
(1674-1748)

Melody: Stockton

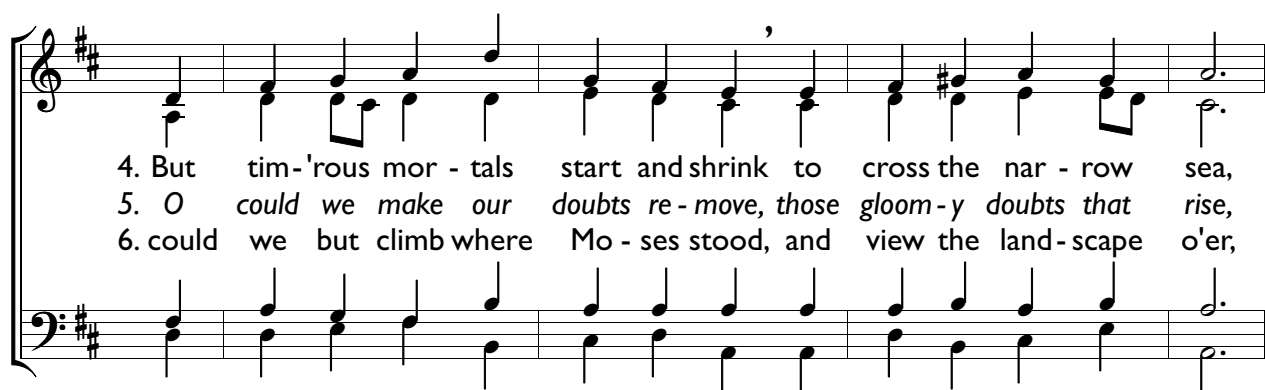
Thomas Wright  
(1763-1829)



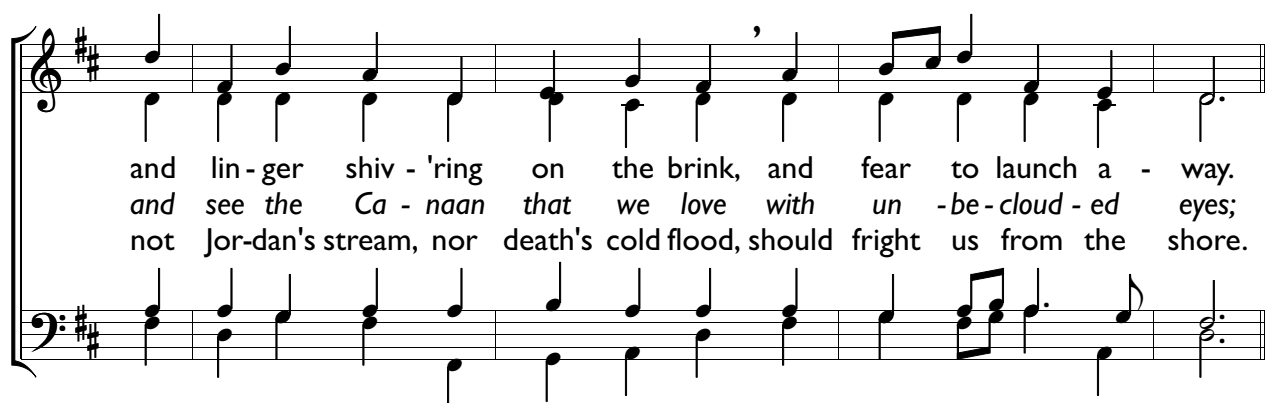
1. There is a land of pure de-light, where saints im-mor-tal reign;  
2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, and nev-er-with-'ring flow'rs;  
3. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood stand dressed in liv-ing green;



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.