

There is a land of pure delight

Isaac Watts
(1674-1748)

John Bacchus Dykes
(1823-76)

Beatitudo (C.M.)



1. There is a land of pure__ de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
2. There e - ver - last - ing spring__ a - bides, And ne - ver - with' - ring flowers:
3. Sweet fields be - yond the swell__ ing flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
4. But timor - ous mor - tals start__ and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,
5. O could we make our doubts__ re - move, Those gloom - y fears that rise,
6. Could we but climb where Mo__ ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er,



In - fin - ite day ex - cludes the night, And plea - sures ban - ish pain;
Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heaven - ly land from ours.
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.
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 that shore.

