

Shoreham

Transcribed from *The Evangelical Harmony*, 1800.

Tr. 1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign, Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. Sweet
C. 2. There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours. But
T. 3. O! could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love With unclouded eyes! Could
B. 8

Tr. 1. fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green: So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
C. 2. timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea, And linger shivering on the brink, And fear to launch away.
T. 3. we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.
B. 15 20