There Is a Land of Pure Delight

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
There is a land of pure delight Where

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
saints immortal reign, In-

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
finite day ex- cludes the night, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
pleasures banish pain.

The other verses

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers:
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could 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.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.