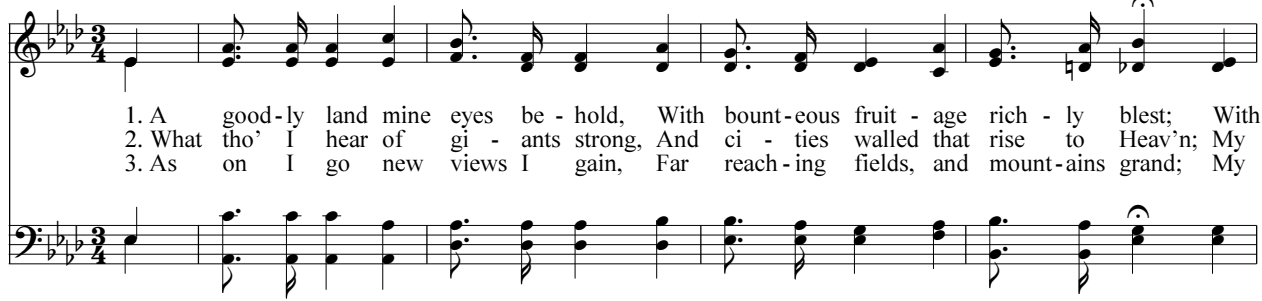


The Canaan Land of Perfect Love

Ella M. Parks, 1902

Henry Lake Gilmour

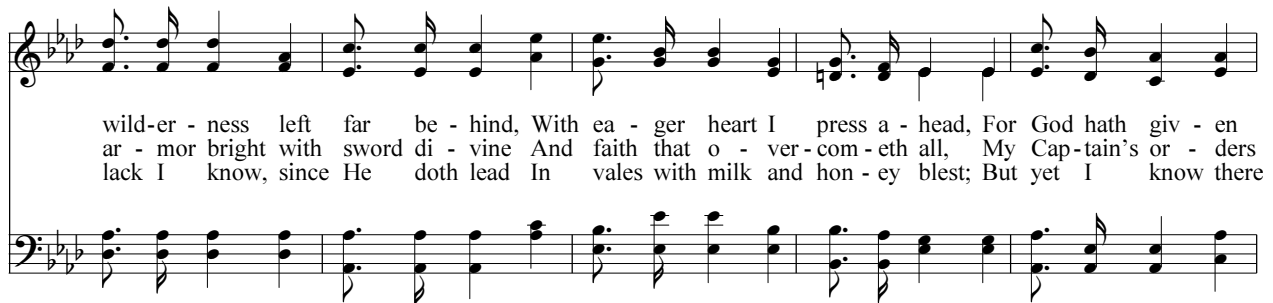
♩=92



1. A good-ly land mine eyes be - hold, With bount-eous fruit - age rich - ly blest; With
2. What tho' I hear of gi - ants strong, And ci - ties walled that rise to Heav'n; My
3. As on I go new views I gain, Far reach-ing fields, and mount-ains grand; My



pas - tures green, and wa - ters still, Where wea - ry hearts may sweet - ly rest; The
heav'n - ly Josh - ua still leads on, His might - y strength to me is giv'n; In
soul ex - ults in fu - ture joys Which wait me in this Ca - naan land. No

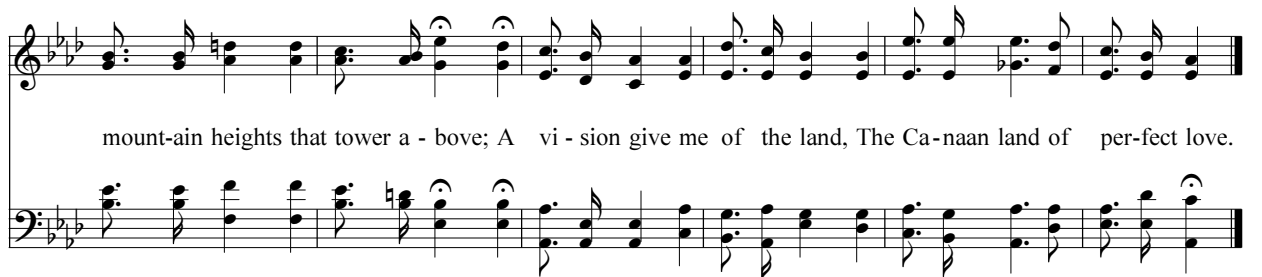


wild-er - ness left far be - hind, With ea - ger heart I press a - head, For God hath giv - en
ar - mor bright with sword di - vine And faith that o - ver - com - eth all, My Cap - tain's or - ders
lack I know, since He doth lead In vales with milk and hon - ey blest; But yet I know there



Refrain

un - to me Each foot of land my feet shall tread.
I o - bey, While Jer - i - chos in ru - ins fall. Lord, lead me on to fields un-trod, The
still re - mains A bound-less land to be pos - sessed.



mount-ain heights that tower a - bove; A vi - sion give me of the land, The Ca-naan land of per-fect love.