

# The Heavenly Land

Lewis T. Hartsough, 1858

William Batchelder Bradbury

♩=105



1. I love to think of the heav'n-ly land Where white - robed an - gels are; Where  
2. I love to think of the heav'n-ly land, Where my Re - deem - er reigns, Where  
3. I love to think of the heav'n-ly land, The saints' e - ter - nal home. Where  
4. I love to think of the heav'n-ly land, The greet - ings there we'll meet, The  
5. I love to think of the heav'n-ly land, That prom - ised land so fair, Oh,



many a friend is ga - thered safe From fear and toil and care.  
rap - turous songs of tri - umph rise, In end - less, joy - ous strains.  
palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade, And all our joys are one.  
harps— and songs for - ev - er ours— The walks— the gold - en streets.  
how my rap - tured spir - it longs, To be for - ev - er there.



## Refrain



There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no part-ing, There'll



be no part-ing there.

