

There Is a Land of Pure Delight

Isaac Watts, 1707

Charles B. Holmes, 1898

♩=108

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal
2. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing
3. O! Could we make our doubts re - move, Those gloom - y thoughts that

reign; In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And plea - sures ba - nish pain. There
green: So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween. But
rise, And see the Ca - naan that we love With un - be - cloud - ed eyes! Could

ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And ne - ver wi - thering flowers: Death,
ti - morous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea; And
we but climb where Mos - es stood, And view the land - scape o'er, Not

like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours.
ling - er, shiv - ering on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

Refrain

Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Ca-aan, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Ca-aan, Fair land of



Ca-naan, The beau-ti - ful land of rest.