

That Beautiful Land  
Mrs. F. A. F. Wood-White, 1889.  
J. M. Hagan.

I have heard of a land  
On a far away strand,  
In the Bible the story is told,  
Where no cares ever come,  
Neither darkness nor gloom,  
And nothing shall ever grow old.

Refrain

In that beautiful land,  
On the faraway strand,  
There awaits us a robe and a crown;  
In that city, we're told,  
The streets are pure gold,  
And the sunlight shall never go down.

There are evergreen trees  
That bend low in the breeze,  
And their fruitage is brighter than gold;  
There are harps for our hands,  
In that fairest of lands,  
And nothing shall ever grow old.

Refrain

There's a home in that land,  
At the Father's right hand;  
There are mansions whose joys are untold;  
There the ransomed will sing  
Round the throne of their King,  
And nothing shall ever grow old.

Refrain