

The Beautiful Land
Fanny Crosby, 1890.
Harmonia Sacra, 1847.

We have heard of a land on whose blue, ether skies
Not a cloud for a moment can stay;
And it needs not the sun in his splendor to rise
For the Lord is the light of its day;
We have heard of that land, and its glory we seek,
Where the faithful with Jesus shall dwell,
Where the roses of youth never fade from the cheek,
And the lips never murmur, "Farewell.";

We have talked of that land, when our journey was long,
And our hearts overburdened with care;
We have talked of the blest at the river of song,
And how oft we have sighed to be there;
And our faith has gone up, like a bird on the wing,
To that land on eternity's shore,
Where the joy bells of Eden forever shall ring,
And the soul shall be weary no more.

We are nearing that land, we are nearing the gate,
To the city of jasper and gold,
Where the Savior to welcome His children doth wait,
And will gather them into the fold;
To the fold of His love, in the mansions above,
Where forever with Him they shall dwell,
And the eyes that were sad in His smile shall be glad,
And the lips never murmur, "Farewell."