

There Is A Land Of Pure Delight  
by Charles Wesley

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers:  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green:  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea;  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unobscured eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.