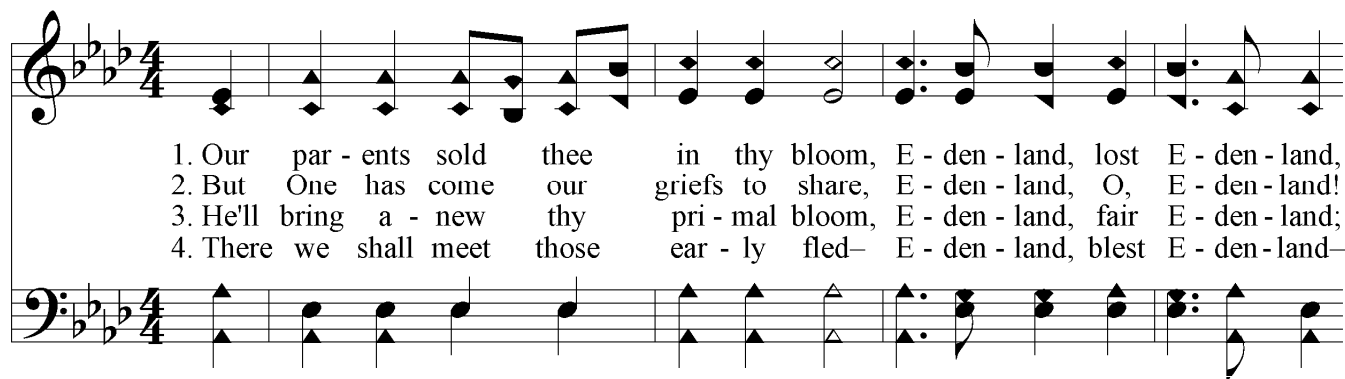
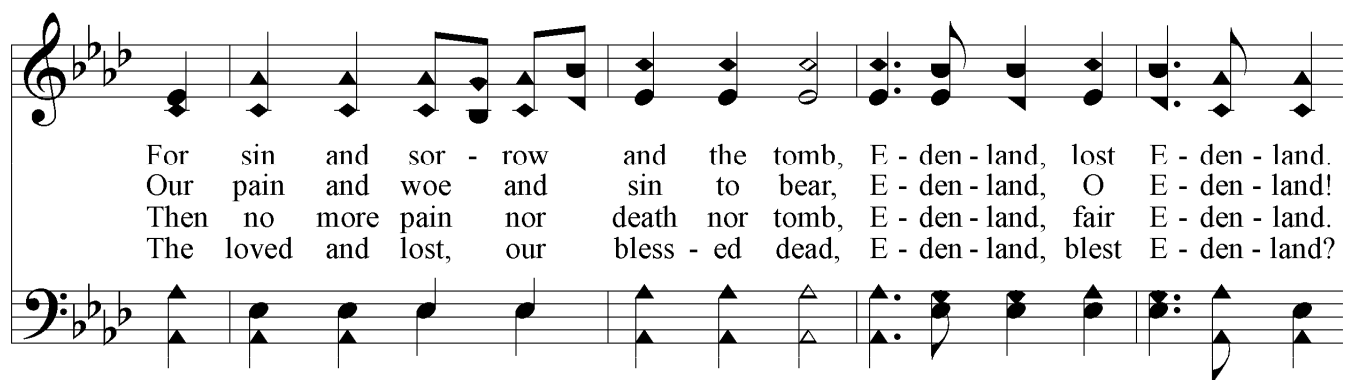


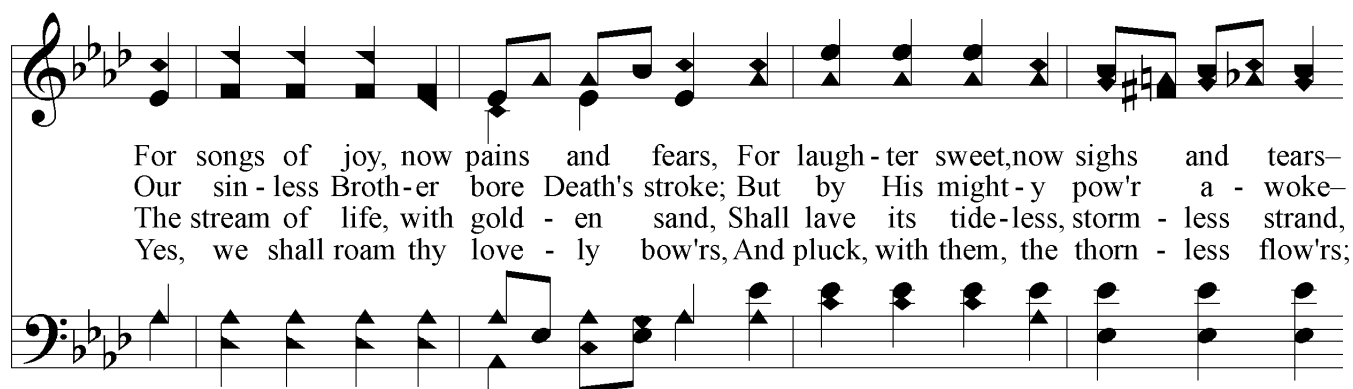
# Edenland



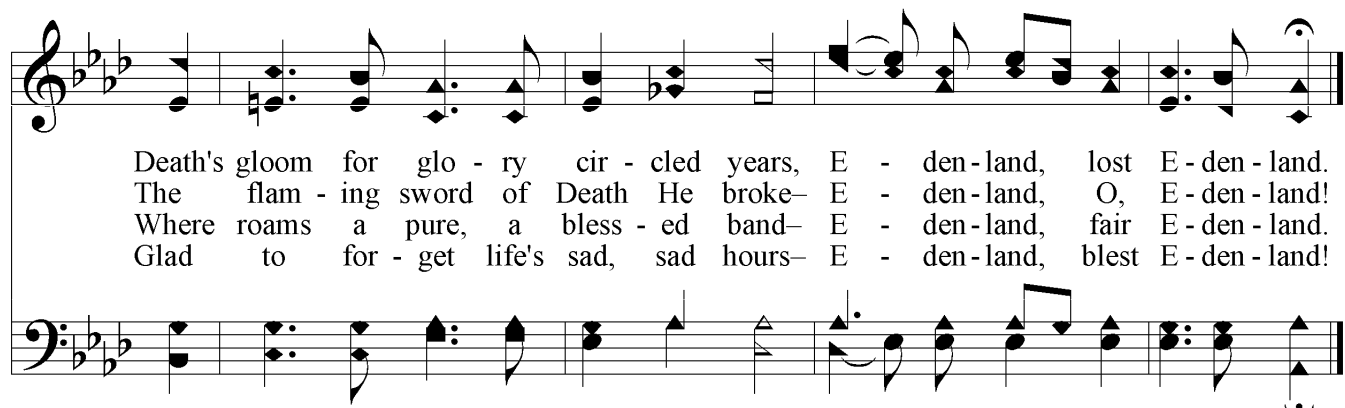
1. Our par - ents sold thee in thy bloom, E - den - land, lost E - den - land,  
2. But One has come our griefs to share, E - den - land, O, E - den - land!  
3. He'll bring a - new thy pri - mal bloom, E - den - land, fair E - den - land;  
4. There we shall meet those ear - ly fled- E - den - land, blest E - den - land-



For sin and sor - row and the tomb, E - den - land, lost E - den - land.  
Our pain and woe and sin to bear, E - den - land, O E - den - land!  
Then no more pain nor death nor tomb, E - den - land, fair E - den - land.  
The loved and lost, our bless - ed dead, E - den - land, blest E - den - land?



For songs of joy, now pains and fears, For laugh - ter sweet, now sighs and tears—  
Our sin - less Broth - er bore Death's stroke; But by His might - y pow'r a - woke—  
The stream of life, with gold - en sand, Shall lave its tide - less, storm - less strand,  
Yes, we shall roam thy love - ly bow'rs, And pluck, with them, the thorn - less flow'rs;



Death's gloom for glo - ry cir - cled years, E - den - land, lost E - den - land.  
The flam - ing sword of Death He broke— E - den - land, O, E - den - land!  
Where roams a pure, a bless - ed band— E - den - land, fair E - den - land.  
Glad to for - get life's sad, sad hours— E - den - land, blest E - den - land!