

O, Land Of The Blessed!

“Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom.” – Matt 25:34

Moderato

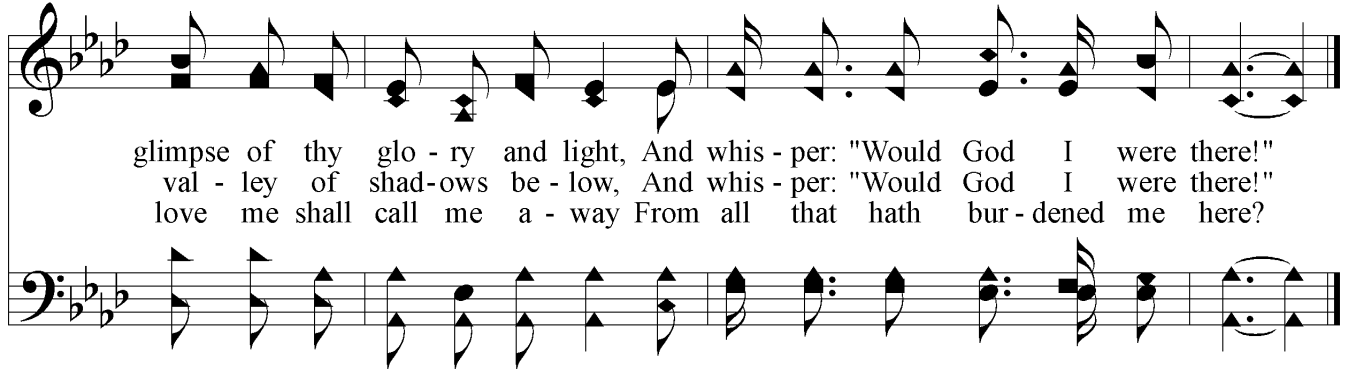
1. O Land of the bless - ed! thy shad - ow - less skies Some - times in my
2. O Land of the bless - ed! thy hills of de - light Some - times to my
3. Dear home of my Fa - ther, thou Cit - y of peace, No shad - ow of

dream - ing I see; I hear the glad songs that the glo - ri - fied sing,
vi - sion un - fold; Thy man - sions ce - les - tial, thy pal - ac - es bright,
chang - ing can mar; How glad are the souls that have tast - ed thy joy!

Steal o - ver E - ter - ni - ty's sea; Tho' dark are the shad - ows that gath - er be -
Thy bul - warks of jas - per and gold; Dear voic - es are chant - ing thy cho - rus of
How blest thine in - hab - it - ants are! When wea - ry of toil - ing, I think of the

tween, I know that thy morn - ing is fair; I catch but a
praise, Their forms in thy sun - light are fair; I look from the
day - Who knows if its dawn - ing be near? - When He who doth

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glimpse of thy glo - ry and light, And whis - per: "Would God I were there!"
val - ley of shad - ows be - low, And whis - per: "Would God I were there!"
love me shall call me a - way From all that hath bur - dened me here?