

The Heavenly Land



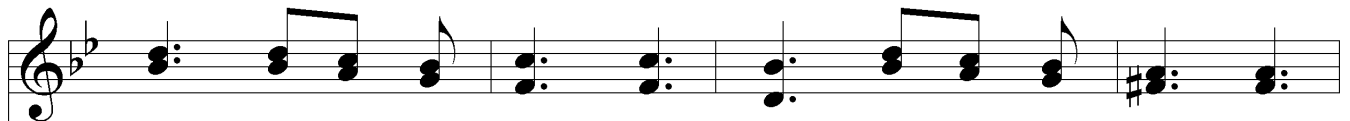
1. I love to think of the heav'n - ly land Where white - robed an - gels are;
2. I love to think of the heav'n - ly land, When my Re - deem - er reigns,
3. I love to think of the heav'n - ly land, The saints e - ter - nal home.
4. I love to think of the heav'n - ly land, The greet - ings there we'll meet,
5. I love to think of the heav'n - ly land, That prom - ised land so fair,



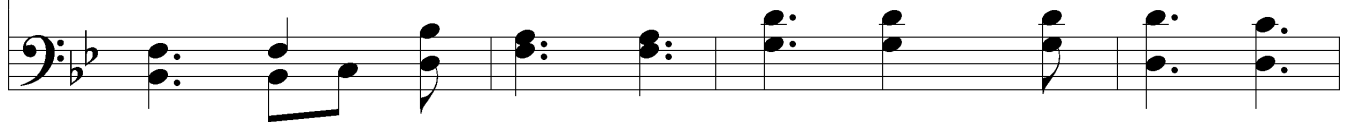
Where man - y a friend is gath - ered safe From fear and toil and care.
Where rap - t'rous songs of tri - umph rise, In end - less, joy - ous strains.
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade, And all our joys are one.
The harps— the songs for - ev - er ours— The walks— the gold - en streets.
Oh, how my rap - tured spir - it longs To be for - ev - er there.



Chorus



There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing,



There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing there.

