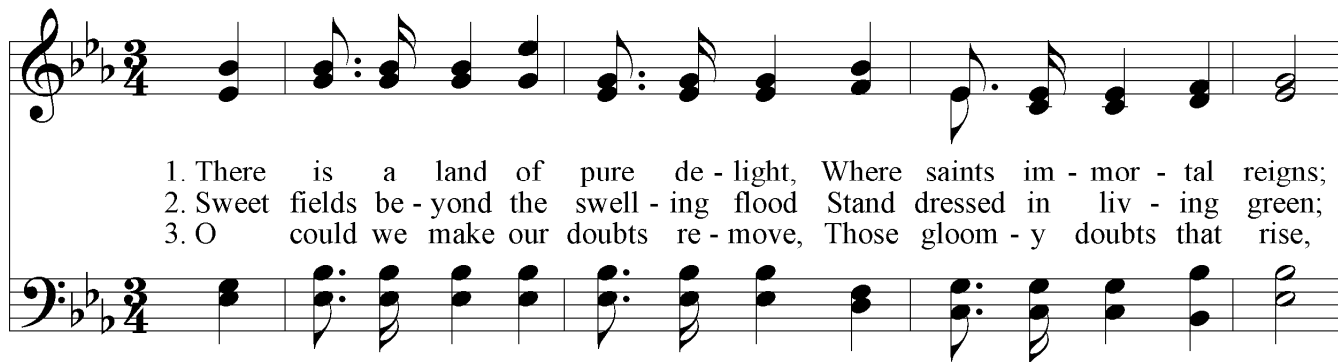
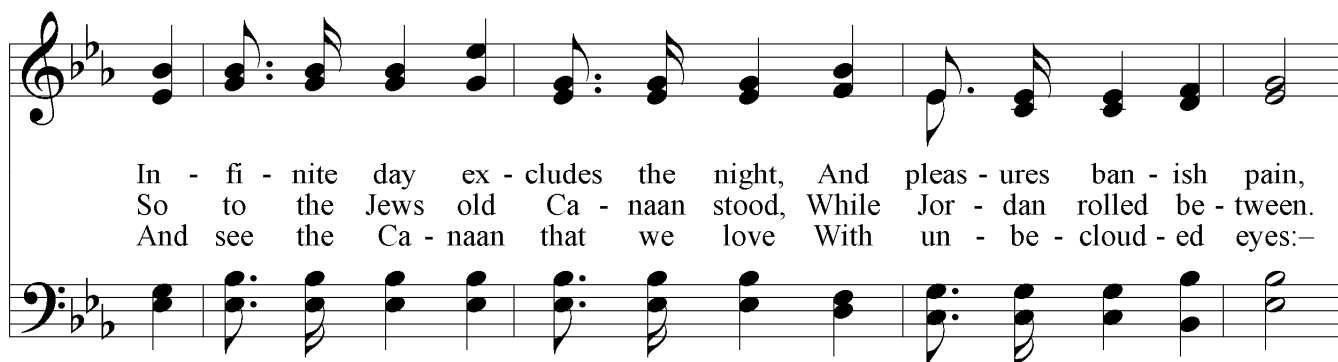


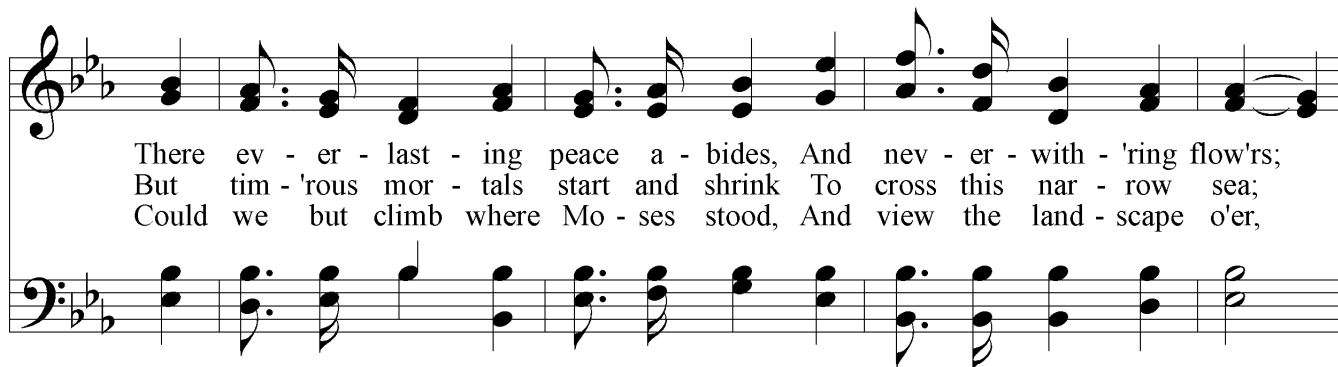
Varina C. M. D.



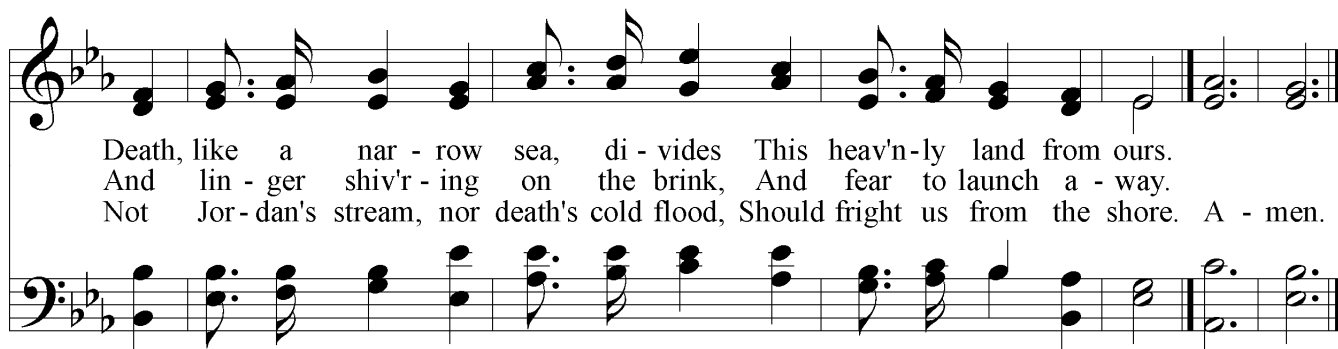
1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reigns;
2. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
3. O could we make our doubts re - move, Those gloom - y doubts that rise,



In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain,
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.
And see the Ca - naan that we love With un - be - cloud - ed eyes:-



There ev - er - last - ing peace a - bides, And nev - er - with - 'ring flow'rs;
But tim - 'rous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea;
Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er,



Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.
And lin - ger shiv'r - ing on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore. A - men.