

# There is a land of pure delight

Isaac Watts (1674 - 1748)

Swanside

Francis Duckworth (1862 - 1941)

SOPRANO  
ALTO

1. There is a land of pure de - light,  
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides,  
3. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood  
4. But tim - 'rous mor - tals start and shrink  
5. O could we make our doubts re - move,  
6. Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood,

TENOR  
BASS

S.  
A.

Where saints im - mor - tal reign;  
And ne - ver - with'r - ing flowers;  
Stand dressed in liv - ing green;  
To cross this nar - row sea,  
Those gloom - y thoughts that rise,  
And view the land - scape o'er,

T.  
B.

S.  
A.

In - fin - ite day - ex - cludes the night,  
Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides  
So to the Jews - old Ca - naan stood,  
And lin - ger, shiv'r - ing on the brink,  
And see the Ca - naan that we love  
Now Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood,

T.  
B.

S.  
A.

And plea - sures ban - ish pain.  
 This heav'n - ly land from ours.  
 While Jor - dan roll'd be - tween.  
 And fear \_\_\_\_\_ to launch a - way.  
 With un - - be - cloud ed eyes!  
 Shojuld fright \_\_\_\_\_ us from the shore.

T.  
B.