The Promised Land

F# minor Matilda T. Durham, 1835 Alto by William Hauser, 1848

Transcribed from *The Hesperian Harp*, 1848.



- 5. No chilling winds nor poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore: Sickness, and sorrow, pain, and death Are felt and feared no more.
- 6. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for ever blest? When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bosom rest?

86. 86. (C. M.)

- 7. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Can here no longer stay:
- Though Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch away.
- 8. Soon will the Lord my soul prepare For joys beyond the skies: Where never-ceasing pleasures roll, And praises never die.