

Shoreham

Tr. 1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign; — In - fi - nite day ex -

C. 2. There ev - er - las - ting spring a - bides, And ne - ver - with - ering flowers: Death, like a nar - row

T. 3. O, could we make our doubts re - move, Those gloo - my doubts that rise, And see the Ca - naan

B.

Tr. cludes the night, And plea - sures ba - nish pain. Sweet fields be - yond the

C. sea, di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours. But tim - orous mor - tals

T. that we love With un - be - clou - ded eyes! Could we but climb where

B.

Tr. swel - ling flood Stand dressed in li - ving green, — So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While

C. start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea, And lin - ger shi - vering on the brink, And

T. Mo - ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er, — Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should

B.

Tr. Jor - dan rolled be - tween.

C. fear to launch a - way.

T. fright us from the shore.

B.