

# There is a Land of Pure Delight

G.M. Garrett, 1834-1897

Beulah  
C.M.

**There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.**

**There everlasting spring abides,  
And never withering flowers:  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heav'nly land from ours.**

**Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green:  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.**

**But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea;  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.**

**O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unobscured eyes!**

**Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.**

Isaac Watts