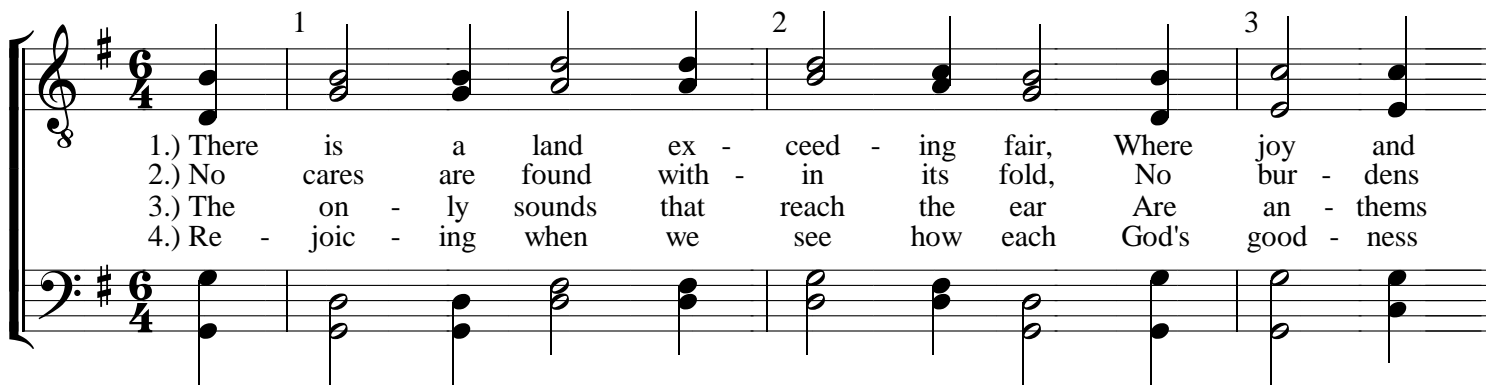


The Holy Land

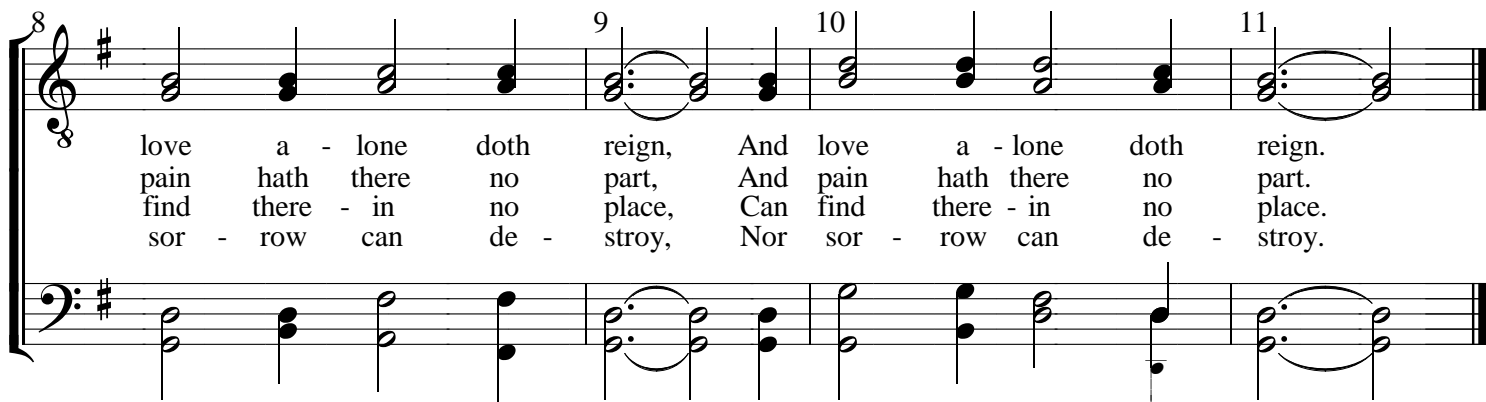
Thomas Hastings



1.) There is a land exceeding fair, Where joy and
 2.) No cares are found with in its fold, No burdens
 3.) The on-ly sounds that reach the ear Are an-thems
 4.) Re-joic-ing when we see how each God's good-ness



peace re-main. For strife and hate are not found there And
 for the heart. The dark of night hath there no hold And
 of God's praise. Op-pres-sion, en-vy and all fear Can
 can en-joy, With plea-sure that no blight can reach Nor



love a-lone doth reign, And love a-lone doth reign.
 pain hath there no part, And pain hath there no part.
 find there-in no place, Can find there-in no place.
 sor-row can de-stroy, Nor sor-row can de-stroy.

5. The glory of the Lord will shine
 Throughout this Holy land.
 Eternal morn, without decline
 :God's praises will expand, :.

6. And weary from this toil and strife
 The pilgrim there finds rest,
 Throughout that everlasting life
 :God's holy name be blest, :.

7. O land of rest, thou sacred shrine!
 When may I thee behold,
 And enter through thy ports divine
 :To glory sill untold, :.

8. How happy when relieved we'll be
 From toils and cares of mind,
 And in that holy land so free
 :Eternal rest we'll find, :.