MANCHESTER. C.M.D.

". . . this mortal shall have put on immortality. . . " -- 1 Cor. 15:54.

Eb Major Isaac Watts, 1707. **Paine Denson, 1935.**

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; In - fin-ite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

2. There I shall bathe my wea- ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest, And not a wave of trou-ble roll A - cross my peaceful breast.

There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, . . .
When we've been there ten thousand years,

ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, There spring a - bides, And nev-er with'ring flow'rs;
we've been there ten thousand years, Ten thou - sand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun;

Death like a nar-row sea divides This heav'nly land from ours.

There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, There spring a - bides, And nev-er with'ring flow'rs;
When we've been there ten thousand years, Ten thou - sand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun;

spring a-bides, ... There spring a - bides, And nev-er with-'ring flow'rs;
thou-sand years, ... Ten thou - sand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun;

We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first begun.

. . . . . There spring a - bides, And nev-er with'ring flow'rs; . . . . . .
. . . . . Ten thou - sand years, Bright shining as the sun; . . . . . .