

INFINITE DAY. C.M.D.

". . . thy comforts delight my soul." -- Ps. 94:19.

F Major Isaac Watts, 1707.

Ruth Denson-Edwards, 1936.

1. There is a land of pure de-light Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.

2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green; So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.

3. Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise, And view the Ca-naan that we love With un-be-cloud-ed eyes,

There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with-'ring flow'rs
 Death like a nar-row sea di-vides
 Death like a nar-row sea di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours. ours.

But tim-'rous mor-tals start, and shrink, To cross this nar-row sea; And lin-ger shiv-'ring on the brink,
 And lin-ger shiv-'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a-way. way.

Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood And view the land-scape o'er, Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
 Not Jor-dan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore. shore.