Infinite Day
Tune: Ruth Denson Edwards, 1936
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707
Meter: Common Meter Double (8,6,8,6,8,6,8,6)

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 with'ring flow'rs;
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 tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded 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.