

# Land Of The Blessed

B $\flat$  - 2 - SOL

*In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. - Jn. 14:2*

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1. Oh! Land of the bless-ed, thy shad-ow-less skies Some-  
2. Oh! Land of the bless-ed, thy hills of de-light Some-  
3. Dear home of my Fath-er, fair cit-y, whose peace No



times in my dream-ing I see: I hear the glad songs that the  
times on my vi-sion un-fold; Thy man-sions ce-les-tial, thy  
shad-ow of chang-ing can mar! How glad are the souls that have



glo-ri-fied sing Steal o-ver e-ter-ni-ty's sea. Tho'  
pal-ac-es bright, Thy bul-warks of jas-per and gold. Dear  
tast-ed thy joy, How blest thine in-hab-it-ants are! When



dark are the shad-ows that gath-er be-tween; I  
voic-es are chant-ing thy cho-rus of praise, Dear  
we-ary with toil-ing, I think of the day— Who



know that thy morn-ing is fair; I catch but a glimpse of thy  
eyes in thy sun-light are fair; I look from my val-ley of  
knows if its dawn-ing be near? When he who hath loved me shall



*Rit....*

glo - ry and light, And whis-per: would God I were there!  
shad-ow be - low, And whis-per: would God I were there!  
call me a - way From all that hath bur-den-ed me here.

*Chorus*

Oh! Sav-iour, pre - pare \_\_\_\_\_ My spir - it to share \_\_\_\_\_  
Sav-iour, pre - pare spir - it to share

- For - ev - er with thee \_\_\_\_\_ those man-sions fair.  
ev - er with thee