

41. I Love to Think of the Heavenly Land.

Heavenly Land. C. M. With Chorus.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



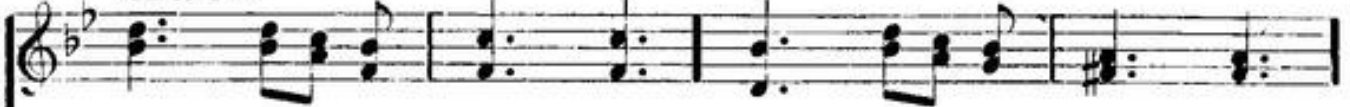
1. I love to think of the heav'n - ly land, Where white-robed an - gels are;
2. I love to think of the heav'n - ly land, Where my Re - deem - er reigns,
3. I love to think of the heav'n - ly land, The saints' e - ter - nal home,
4. I love to think of the heav'n - ly land, That prom - ised land so fair;



Where many a friend is gath - ered safe, From fear and toil and care.
 Where rap - turous songs of tri - umph rise, In end - less, joy - ous strains.
 Where palms and robes, and crowns ne'er fade, And all our joys are one.
 Oh, how my rap - tured spir - it longs To be for - ev - er there!



CHORUS.



There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing,



There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing there...



Hymnal 345.

LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

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