

CHARLES

C.M.D.

Adapted from

Haydn, "My mother bids me bind my hair," Hob. XXVIa:27

ALLEGRETTO.

Kingsley, *The Sacred Harmonist* (1850)

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal
3. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood Stand dress'd in liv - ing

reign; Where end - less day ex - cludes the night, and plea - sures ban - ish
green; So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan roll'd be -

pain. 2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with - 'ring flowers: Death,
tween. 4. But tim' - rous mor - tals start and shrink, To cross this nar - row sea; And

like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heaven - ly land from ours.
lin - ger shiv - 'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.