

# Land of Pleasure

Alexander Campbell, 1807


William Batchelder Bradbury, 1862

$\text{♩} = 110$

1. There is a land of pleasure, Where streams of joy for  
 2. My way is full of dan - ger, But 'tis the path that  
 3. I'm on the way to Zi - on, Still guard - ed by my  
 4. The vale of tears sur - rounds me, And Jor - dan's cur - rent  
 5. This stream shall not af - fright me, Al - though it take me  
 6. Come, then, thou king of ter - rors, Thy fa - tal dart may  
 7. Soon the arch - an - gel's trum - pet Shall shake the globe from

ev - er roll, 'Tis there I have my trea - sure, And  
 leads to God; And like a faith - ful sol - dier, I'll  
 Sav - ior's hand; O, come a - long, dear sin - ners, And  
 rolls be - fore; O! how I stand and trem - ble, To  
 to the grave; If Je - sus stand be - side me, I'll  
 lay me low; But soon I'll reach those re - gions Where  
 pole to pole. And all the wheels of na - ture Shall

there I long to rest my soul. Long dark - ness dwelt a - round me, With  
 march a - long the heaven - ly road; Now I must gird my sword on, My  
 view Em - man - uel's hap - py land: To all that stay be - hind me, I  
 hear the dis - mal wa - ters roar! Whose hand shall then sup - port me, And  
 safe - ly ride on Jor - dan's wave: His word can calm the o - cean, His  
 ev - er - last - ing plea - sures flow: O sin - ners, I must leave you, And  
 in a mo - ment cease to roll. Then we shall see the Sav - ior, With



scarce-ly once a cheer-ing ray, But since my Sav - ior found me, A  
 breast-plate, hel - met, and my shield, And fight the hosts of Sa - tan Un-  
 bid a long, a sad fare - well! O come! or you'll re - pent it, When  
 keep my soul from sink - ing there? From sink - ing down to dark - ness, And  
 lamp can cheer the gloom-y vale: O may this Friend be with me, When  
 join that blessed im - mor - tal band, No more to stand be - side you, Till  
 shin - ing ranks of an - gels come, To ex - e - cute His ven - geance, And



lamp has shone a - long my way. But since my Sav - ior found me, A  
 - til I reach the heaven-ly field. And fight the hosts of Sa - tan Un-  
 you shall reach the gates of hell. O come! or you'll re - pent it, When  
 to the re - gions of des - pair? From sink - ing down to dark - ness, And  
 through the gates of death I sail! O may this Friend be with me, When  
 at the judg - ment bar we stand. No more to stand be - side you, Till  
 take His ran - somed peo - ple home. To ex - e - cute His ven - geance, And



lamp has shone a - long my way.  
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