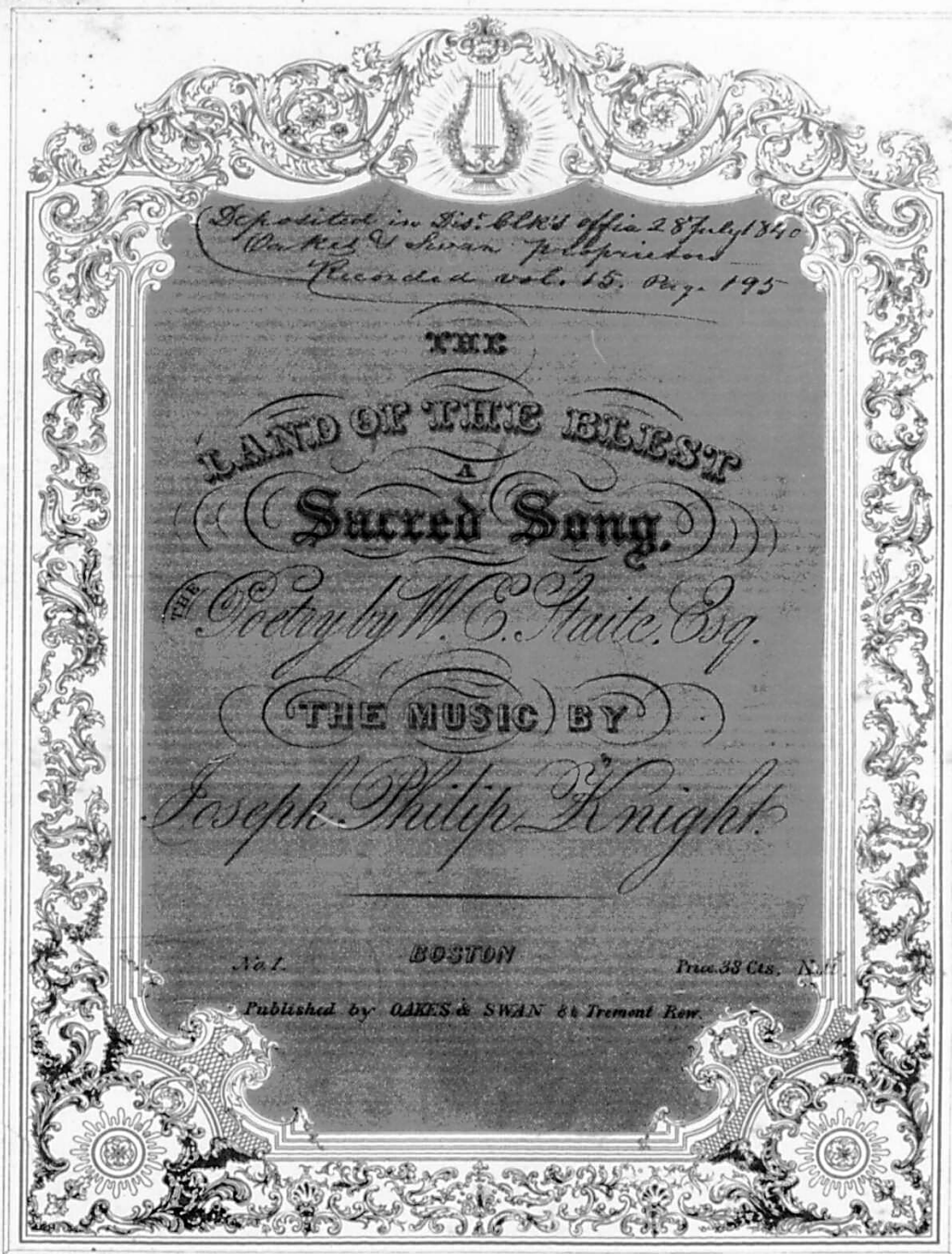


D.S. Ric. 6th Oct., 1840.

A. 1065.



THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

Andantino.

p *pp*

Rall - en - tan - do.

mf

Hast thou heard of the land, where no sor-row or sadness Can dim for a moment the

mf

light of the skies, Hast thou heard of the land, where the deep tones of glad-ness, Ne'er

4

melt in - to tears, ne'er are ech-oed in sighs; Where mu-sic, sweet mu-sic for-

ev - er is flowing, And flow'rs ev - er blooming, waft fragrance around; And

Zephyr's soft wings, for no rough winds are blowing, Are la-den with sweets, from the

baln-breathing ground, Where the weary re- pose, all their troubles at rest, 'Tis the

Ca-naan a-bove, 'tis the land of the blest, Where the wea-ry re-pose, all their

Cres.....cen.....do. *pp*
troubles at rest, 'Tis the Ca-naan a-bove, tis the land of the blest.

mf
No eye hath e're seen its bright splendors, ex-cell-ing The vis-ions of fan-cy, the

dreams of the soul, No thought can e'er soar where heav'n's anthem is swell - ing,

Ear hath not heard its deep mel - o - dies roll; Death, with the touch of his

cold i - cy fin - ger, No more can a - larm, for his triumphs are o'er.

Time can-not breath on its glo - ries, or lin - ger A - mid the fair scenes of that

p

heav'n - ly shore, Where the wea - ry re - pose, all their troubles at rest, 'Tis the

p

Ca - naan a - bove, 'tis the land of the blest, Where the wea - ry re - pose, all their

Cres - - cen - - do. *pp*

troubles at rest, 'Tis the Ca - naan a - bove, 'tis the land of the blest.

pp