

## GLORIOUS LAND. 9s &amp; 10s.

Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.



1. The Bible reveals a glorious land, Where angels and purified spirits dwell, Where pleasures no er end, at God's right hand, And anthems of praises for - ev - er swell.
2. Outgushing beneath the throne of God, And of the best Lamb at his right hand, Thence runneth the crystal stream of life, A fountain of joy in that Glo - rious Land.
3. In the midst of the street on either side, The tree of life arching the way o'er shades, With health-giving foliage, far and wide—No sickness this Glorious Land in - vades.
4. Twelve manner of fruit hang pendant there, And all who partake shall never die; With Jesus they dwell, and ever share The joys of that Glorious Land on high.
5. The afflictions of life are brief and light, While faith looks beyond the dark Jordan's strand, Where goldenly shine the mansions bright, Which Jesus prepares in that Glorious Land.
6. Then come, my dear brethren, let us haste To finish our work with unflinching hand, And soon the sweet joys of heaven we'll taste, With all the redeemed in that Glorious Land.

## CHORUS.

In that Glorious Land, what a hap - py band! Ere long we shall stand, and sing with them In the cit - y of God— Je - ru - sa - lem.

## BLESSED BIBLE. 8s &amp; 7s.

## TENDERLY.

1. Blessed Bi - ble, how I love it! How it doth my bosom cheer! }  
 What hath earth like this to cov - et! O, what stores of wealth are here! }  
 D. C. Could he from earth's treasures bor - row, Till his way was cheered by this. } Man was lost, and doomed to sor - row, Not one ray of light or bliss

D. C.

2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee; Precious word, I'll hide thee here!  
 Sure my very heart will bless thee, For thou ever say'st "God cheer!"  
 Speak, my heart, and tell thy ponderings, Tell how far thy roving led,  
 When this Book brought back thy wanderings, Speaking life as from the dead.

3 Yes, sweet Bible, I will hide thee, Hide thee richly in this heart;  
 Thou, through all my life wilt guide me, And in death we will not part!  
 Part in death! no, never, never! Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;  
 Then in worlds above, forever, Sweeter still thy truths shall be.