

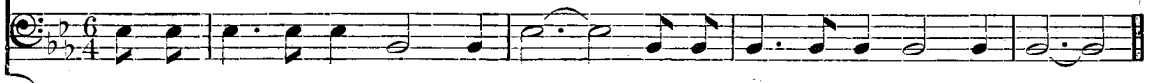
No. 67. There's a Beautiful Land on High.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Ps. xvi. 11.

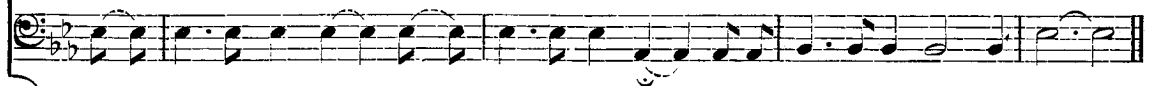
DUET.



1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, To its glo - ries I fain would fly; . .
2. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, And my kin - dred its bliss en - joy; . .



When by sorrow pressed down, I long for my crown, In that beau - ti - ful land on high.
Me - thinks I now see how they're wait - ing for me, In that beau - ti - ful land on high.



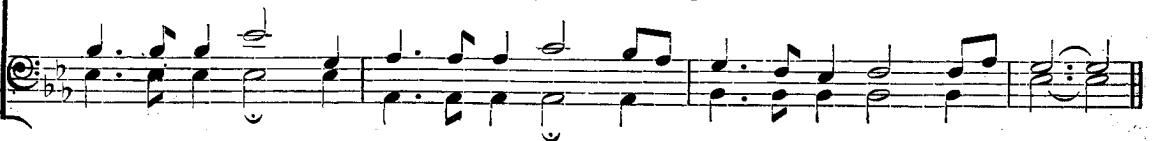
CHORUS. *Cheerfully.*



In that beau - ti - ful land I'll be From earth and its cares set free; My



Je - sus is there, He's gone to pre - pare A place in that land for me



3.

There's a beautiful land on high;
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be shed
In that beautiful land on high.

4.

There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "Good-bye;"
When over the river we're happy for ever,
In that beautiful land on high.