193 We're Bound for the Land of the Pure

"See, I have given you this land." (Deut. 1:8)

Anonymous

We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish
Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,
No poverty there, no, the saints are all wealthy.
And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,

The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;
The heirs of His glory whose nature is love;
We hail yet a moment as onward we move;

Ye wanderers from God, in the broad road of folly,
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression;
No sickness can reach them, that country is healthy;
O, come to thy Lord! in His arms He will take thee,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
And bear thee along to the Eden above.

Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go?

O say, will you go to the Eden above?