

The Morning Land

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1877

William Howard Doane

♩=110

1. O how light to the soul are its cross-es, And how ea - sy our bur-dens to
2. O how light to the soul are its cross-es, And the con - flicts and tri - als we
3. O how light to the soul are its cross-es, O the mer-cy of Je - sus, our

bear, When we think of that land o - ver Jor-dan, And the joy that will crown us
meet; We shall soon lay down them o - ver Jo - rdan, We shall lay them at Je - sus'
friend! We shall praise Him for all o - ver Jor-dan, In our beau-ti - ful home be-

Refrain

there.
feet. O the bright morn-ing land, the dear morn-ing land, The land where all sor-row is
- yond.

o'er! We shall sit be - neath the ray of a gold - en sum - mer day, Where the

sha-dows will re - turn no more.