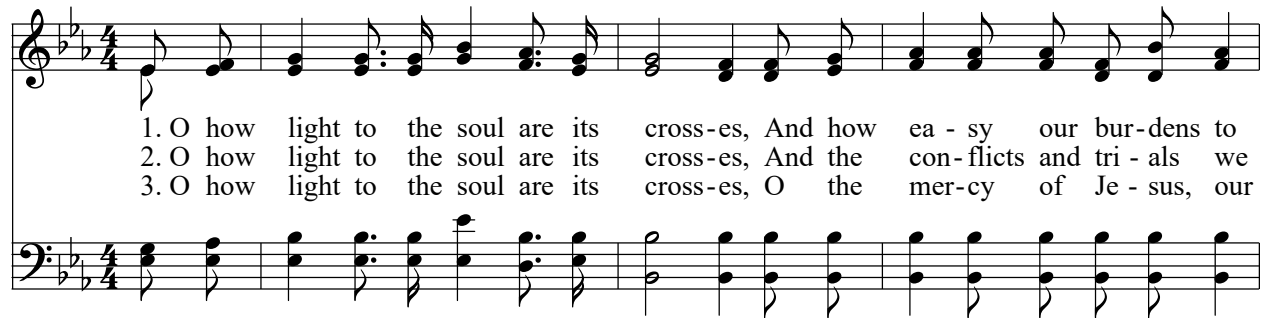


# The Morning Land

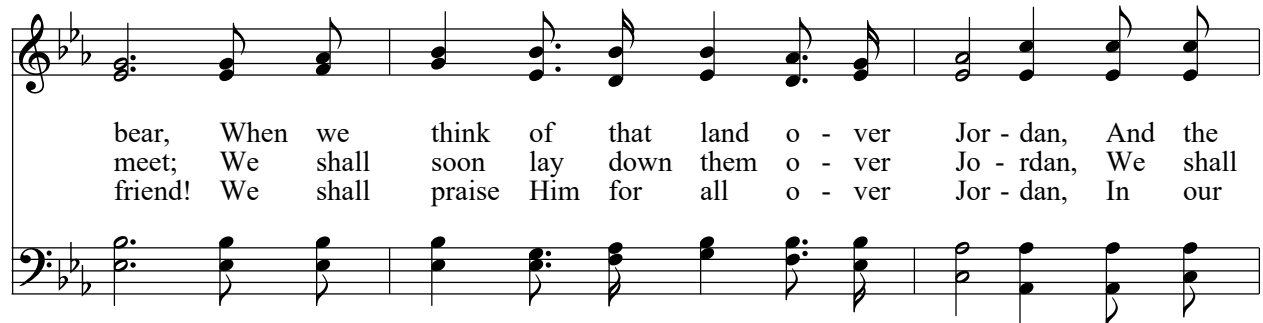
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1877

William Howard Doane

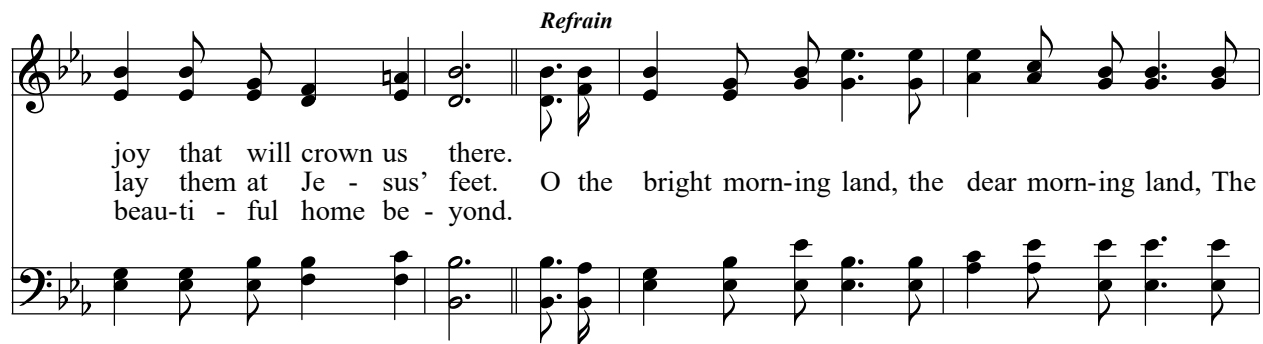
♩=102



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



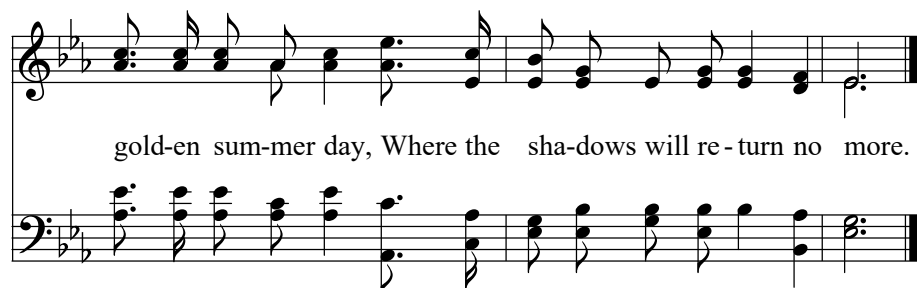
bear, When we think of that land o - ver Jor - dan, And the  
meet; We shall soon lay down them o - ver Jo - rdan, We shall  
friend! We shall praise Him for all o - ver Jor - dan, In our



*Refrain*  
joy that will crown us there.  
lay them at Je - sus' feet. O the bright morn-ing land, the dear morn-ing land, The  
beau-ti - ful home be - yond.



land where all sor - row is 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.