

GHS 44 – Come Over

1 There's a land of peace and plenty,
And its gates are open wide,
And the pure in heart and holy
In its shelter may abide;
It is not through gates of glory
That a soul must enter in;
But all who would find entrance there
Must leave the ways of sin.

Refrain:

Come over, come over,
To the land of corn and wine;
There is nothing can compare
With the many holy pleasures there;
Come over, come over,
Leave the desert plain below
And come away, away,
Come over.

2 There is bread of heaven growing,
In its fair and fertile fields,
And the wine of love its vineyard
To the thirsting mortal yields;
There are mountain heights of glory
That await the trav'ler's rod,
And blest retreats where empty souls
Draw nearer unto God. [Refrain]

3 Who would stay without its borders,
In the desert dark and drear,
When the luscious grapes of Eschol
Are so very, very near?
Enter in then with rejoicing,
For the Lord is on your side,
And in his glorious presence

Evermore you shall abide. [Refrain]