

# 145. LAND OF THE LIVING

(Psalm 27:13 "I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.")

Arranged by Eugene F. Amormino

Words and Music by Arlene L. Buffington

(Sing to the tune of Carry Me Back To The Land Of My Fathers)

1.Lord, we have wan - dered like pil - grims and stran - gers, Sail - ing deep  
2.Fear rode the waves that have long since passed o - ver, Where we are  
3.Land of the liv - ing, they say it's a won - der, Men there are  
4.Come all ye pil - grims and of - ten - times stran - gers, Come all ye

wa - ters and un - chart - ed seas, \_\_\_\_\_ Strain - ing and search - ing ho - ri - zons to  
go - ing no storms can as - sail, \_\_\_\_\_ Seek - ing our moth - er - land, know - ing we'll  
liv - ing the age of a tree, \_\_\_\_\_ All men are broth - ers; there no man's a  
low - ly and of - ten op - pressed, \_\_\_\_\_ Sail - ing these wa - ters, so anx - ious to

find \_\_\_\_\_ her, Car - ried on trade winds buoyed on by the breeze. \_\_\_\_\_  
find \_\_\_\_\_ her, God's hand is lead - ing so we can - not fail. \_\_\_\_\_  
stran - ger, Land has been spot - ted and soon we will see. \_\_\_\_\_  
find \_\_\_\_\_ her Land of the liv - ing, our sev - enth day rest. \_\_\_\_\_