

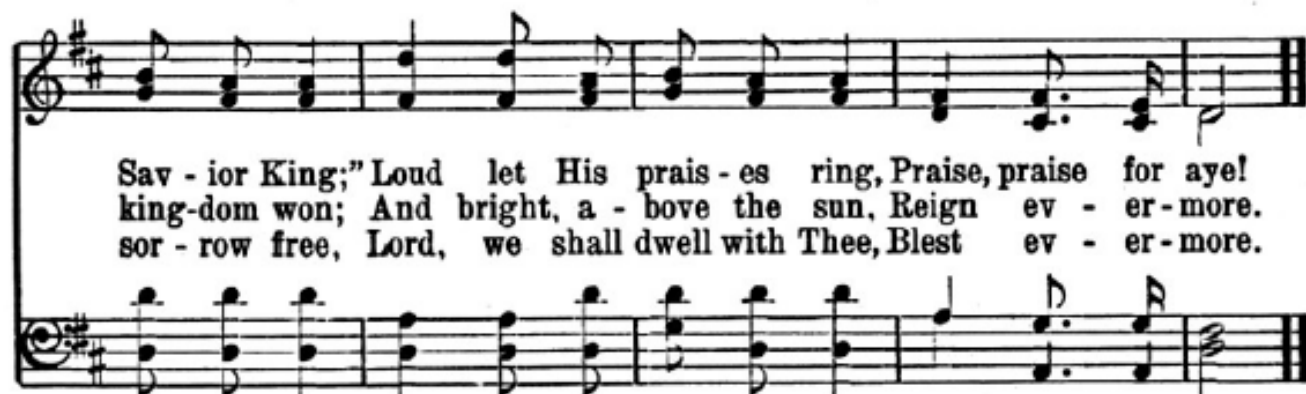
There Is a Happy Land



1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,
2. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand.
3. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; Why will you doubting stand?



Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor-thy is our
Love can-not die. Oh, then, to glo-ry run; Be a crown and
Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and



Sav-ior King;" Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
king-dom won; And bright, a-bove the sun, Reign ev-er-more.
sor-row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev-er-more.