

THE HAPPY LAND.

Lively.

There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way; Where saints in glory stand,

Bright, bright as day; O how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy is our Sa-viour King,

Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will you doubting stand—
Why still delay?
Then, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with thee—
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die.
Oh then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.