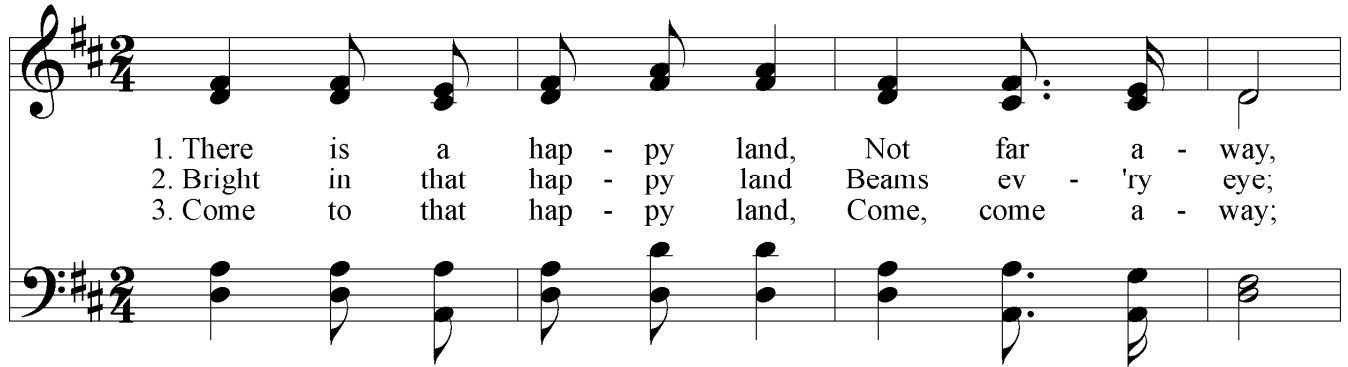
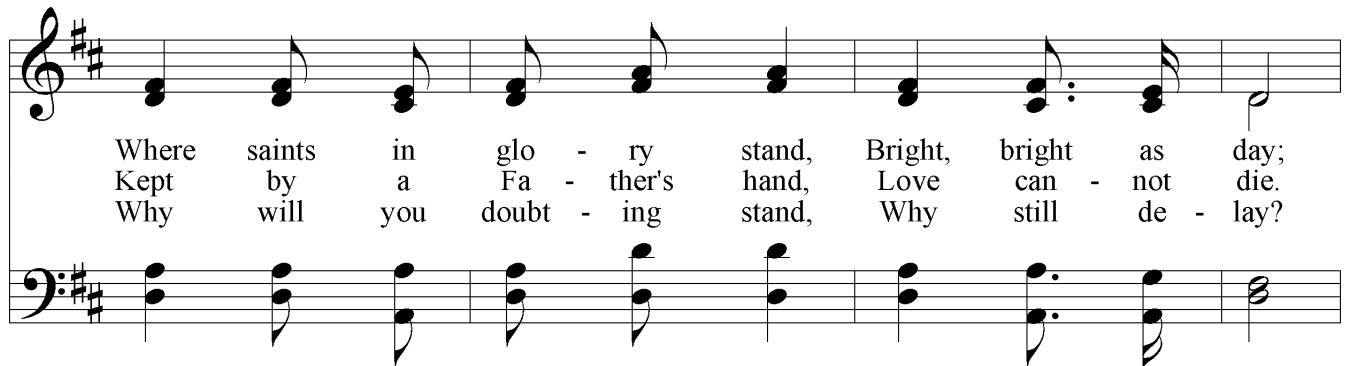


Happy Land



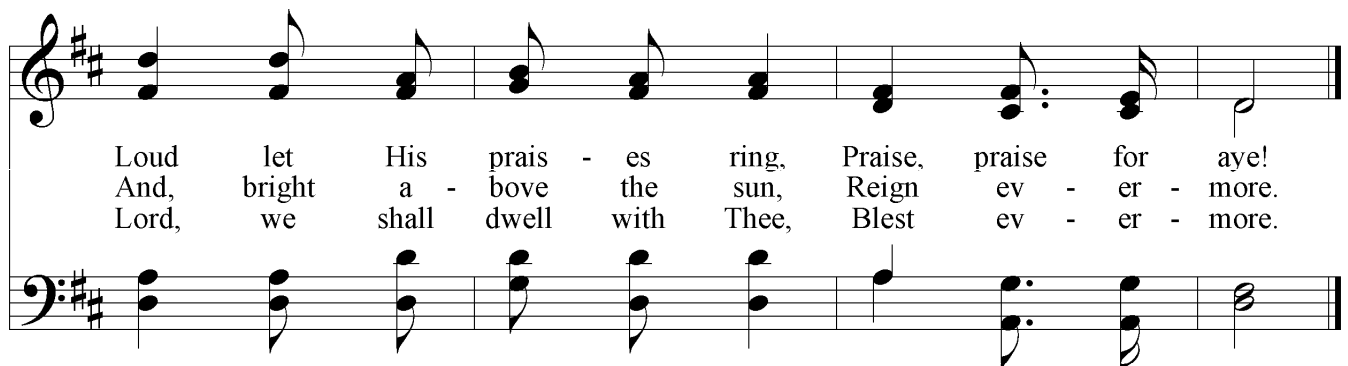
1. There is a hap - py land, Not far a - way,
2. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye;
3. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way;



Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day;
Kept by a Fa - ther's hand, Love can - not die.
Why will you doubt - ing stand, Why still de - lay?



O how they sweet - ly sing, "Wor - thy is our Sav - ior King!"
O then to glo - ry run, Be a crown and king - dom won,
O we shall hap - py be When from sin and sor - row free;



Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
And, bright a - bove the sun, Reign ev - er - more.
Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev - er - more.