

## HAPPY LAND. H.M.

*"Then shall every man have the praise of God." -- 1 Cor. 4:5.*

F Major Andrew Young, 1838.

Arr. - L. P. Breedlove, 1850.



1. There is a hap-py land, far, far a-way,      O how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy is our Sav-ior, King, Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye.  
 Where saints in glo-ry stand, bright, bright as day;



2. Come to that hap-py land, come, come a-way,      O we shall hap-py be When from sin and sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.  
 Why will ye doubt-ing stand, why yet de-lay;



3. Bright in that hap-py land beams ev-'ry eye,      Then shall His kingdom come, Saints shall share a glor'ous home, And bright a-bove the sun We'll reign for aye.  
 Kept by a Fa-ther's hand, love can-not die;

