

HAPPY LAND.

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Andrew Young

Leonard P. Breedlove



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



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



3. Bright in that hap-py land Beams ev-'ry eye;
Kept by a Fa-ther's hand Love can-not die: Then shall His king-dom come, Saints shall share a glo-r'ous home, And bright a-bove the sun We'll reign for aye.

