

Dr. L. Mason

*Slow and soft.*

1. There is a land, a hap-py land, Where tears are wiped a-way From ev-'ry eye by God's own hand, And night is turn'd to day, And night is turn'd to day.



2. There is a home, a hap-py home, Where way-worn trav'l-ers rest, Where toil and lan-guor nev-er come, And ev-'ry man is blest, And ev-'ry man is blest.



3. There is a crown, a daz-zling crown, Be-deck'd with jew-els fair, And priests and kings of high re-nown, That crown of glo-ry wear, That crown of glo-ry wear.

