

There Is a Happy Land

Let the saints be joyful in glory. Psa. 149:5 God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. Rev. 21:4

1. There is a hap - py land, far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
2. Come to that hap - py land, come, come a - way; Why will you doubt - ing stand,
3. Bright, in that hap - py land, beams eve - ry eye; Kept by a Fa - ther's hand,

bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, worth - y is our
why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, when from sin and
love can - not die; Oh, then to glo - ry run; be a crown and

Sav - ior King, Loud let His prais - es ring, praise, praise for aye.
sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, blest, blest for aye.
king - dom won; And, bright, a - bove the sun, we reign for aye.

WORDS: Andrew Young, 1838. MUSIC: "Happy Land"; Hindustani melody; *arr.* by Leonard P. Breedlove, 1850. Public Domain.