

## There is a happy land

There is a happy land,  
far, far away,  
where saints in glory stand,  
bright, bright as day.  
O, how they sweetly sing,  
worthy is our Savior King,  
loud let his praises ring,  
praise, praise for ay.

Come to that happy land,  
come, come away;  
why will ye doubting stand,  
why still delay?  
O, we shall happy be,  
when from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with thee,  
blest, blest for ay.

Bright, in that happy land,  
beams every eye;  
kept by a Father's hand,  
love cannot die.  
O, then to glory run;  
be a crown and kingdom won;  
and, bright, above the sun,  
reign, reign for ay!

Words: Andrew Young, 1838

Music: Happy Land

Meter: 64 64 67 64