

There Is a Happy Land

Andrew Young, 1838.

Leonard Breedlove, 1850.

There is a happy land, far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day.  
Oh, how they sweetly sing, worthy is our Savior king,  
Loud let His praises ring, praise, praise for aye.

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

Bright, in that happy land, beams every eye;  
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die.  
Oh, then to glory run; be a crown and kingdom won;  
And, bright, above the sun, we reign for aye.