

(Better World. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.)

John Lyth

1. There is a bet - ter world a - bove, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!
 2. No clouds e'er pass a - long its sky, Hap - py land! Hap - py land!
 3. But tho' we're sin - ners ev - 'ry one, Je - sus died, Je - sus died,

Where all is peace, and joy, and love, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!
 No teardrops glis - ten in the eye, Hap - py land! Hap - py land!
 And tho' for - lorn, con - demned, un - done, Je - sus died, Je - sus died,

And all are free from ev - 'ry care, And an - gels of the Lord are there,
 They drink the gush - ing streams of grace, And gaze up - on the Saviour's face,
 All may be cleansed from ev - 'ry stain, All may be crowned with bliss a - gain,

And harps of God, and mansions fair, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!
 Whose brightness fills the ho - ly place, Hap - py land! Hap - py land!
 And in that land of pleas - ure reign, Je - sus died, Je - sus died.