

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 doubting stand?

Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is the  
 Why still de - lay? Oh! we shall hap - py be, When from sin and

Sav - iour King! Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye.  
 sor - row free! Lord, we shall live with Thee! Blest, blest for aye.