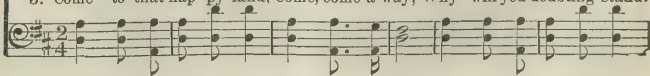




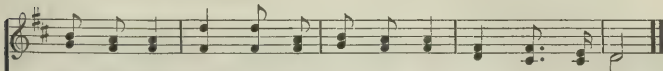
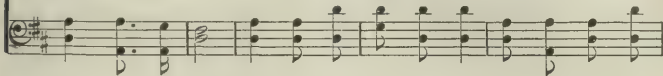
1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
2. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand.
3. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; Why will you doubting stand?



Happy Land.



Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, "Wor - thy is our
Love can - not die. Oh, then, to glo - ry run; Be a crown and
Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and



Sav - ior King;" Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
king-dom won; And bright, a - bove the sun, Reign ev - er - more.
sor - row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev - er - more.

