

21. There is a happy land 6s & 4s

Andrew Young, 1838

HAPPY LAND, Hindustani air arr. by Leonard P. Breedlove, 1850, *The Southern Harmony* (1854), p. 86 (tune in the middle line)

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.

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.

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.

HAPPY LAND. 6,4,6,4,6,7,6,4.

Leonard P. Breedlove.

Cheerful and animating.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way; } O how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy is our Sa-viour King; Loud, let his prai-ses ring, Praise, praise for aye.
Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day. }

2. Come to the hap-py land, Come, come a-way! } O we shall hap-py be, When from sin and sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.
Why will you doubting stand? Why yet do-lay? }

3. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev'-ry eye; } Then shall his king-dom come, Saints shall share a glo-rious home, And bright a-bove the sun, We'll reign for aye.
Kept by a father's hand, Love can-not die. }