Happy Land
Tune: Leonard P. Breedlove, 1850
Words: Andrew Young, 1838
Meter: Particular Meter: 6,4,6,4,6,7,6,4

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 yet 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 ev'ry eye,
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die;
Then shall His kingdom come,
Saints shall share a glorious home,
And bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye.