

# There is a Happy Land Far Far Away

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There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way,  
Come to this hap - py land, Come, come a - way;  
Bright in that hap - py land Beams ev' - ry eye;

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Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day.  
Why will you doub - ting stand, Why still de - lay?  
Kept by a Fa - ther's hand, Love can - not die.

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O how they sweet - ly sing: Wort - hy is our Sa - viour King!  
O we shall hap - py be When, from sin and sor - row free,  
On, then, to glo - ry run; Be a crown and king - dom won,

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Loud let his prai - ses ring, Praise, praise for aye.  
Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.  
And bright a - bove the sun Reign, reign for aye.