

Happy Land

A Shape Note Hymn

Leonard Breedlove

There is a hap - py land. Far, far a - way;
Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day.

O how they sweet-ly sing, Wor - thy is our Sa - viour King;

Loud let his prai - ses ring, Praise, praise for aye.

2. Come to the happy land, Come, come away!
Why will you doubting stand? Why yet delay?
O we shall happy be, When from sin and sorrow free
Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.

3. 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.