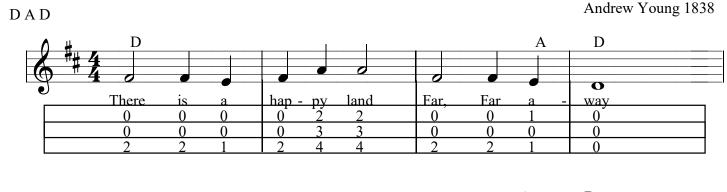
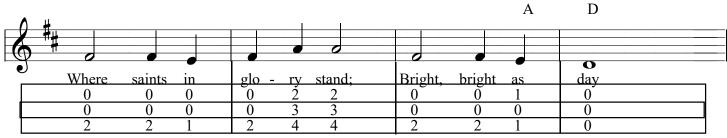
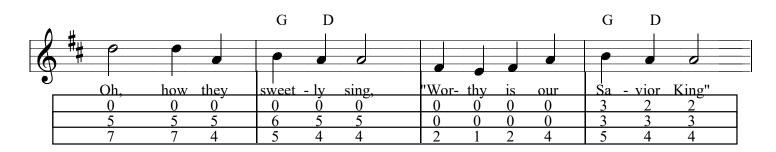
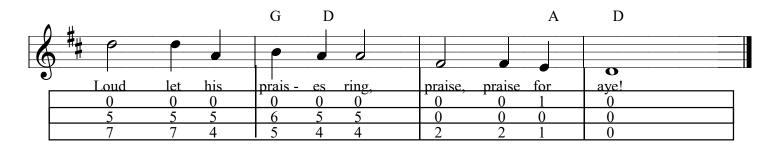
## There is a Happy Land









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

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.