

The Happy Song

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1894

Francis Burgette Short

$\text{♩} = 97$

1. Oh the joy that we may know when u - nit - ed here be - low— We are
 2. Oh, the rap - ture of the soul, tho' the storm - y bil - lows roll, If in
 3. Oh, the tran - quil peace and love that He giv - eth from a - bove, And the
 4. When our jour - ney here is past, and the twi - light comes at last, When the

march - ing to the pal - ace of the King; With our faith se - rene - ly bright, ev - ery
 Je - sus we are shel - tered from a - larms; We can shout a - loud His praise, who di -
 com - fort that His sac - red pre - sence brings; When He calls His own a - part, and com -
 deep - er shades of ev - ening shall des - cend; What a morn - ing will be ours, in those

Refrain
 bur - den will be light, And to - ge - ther of His mer - cy we shall sing. Sing the
 - rect - ed all our ways, For be - neath us are His ev - er - last - ing arms.
 - munes with ev - ery heart, While we rest be - neath the sha - dow of His wings.
 nev - er fad - ing bowers, When we join the nob - ler song that ne'er shall end.

1.
 song, the hap - py song, That fills with joy the realms of glo - ry,
 Sing the song, the hap - py song that fills with joy

2.
 And praise, and praise His name for - ev - er - more.