

Beulah Land

Words: Edgar Page Stites, 1876

Music: John Robson Sweny



1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its beau-ty now is mine;
2. The Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up-on the breeze Is borne from ev-er ver-nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel-o-dy,



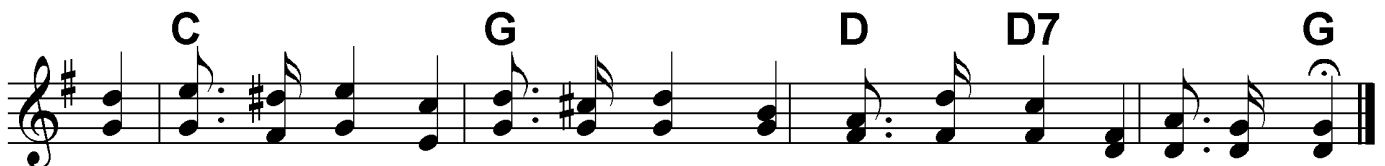
Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
He gent-ly leads me with His hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.
And flowers that nev-er fad-ing grow Where streams of life for-ev-er flow.
And an-gels with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.



O Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,



I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where man-sions are pre-pared for me,



And view the shin-ing glo-ry shore, My heav'n, my home for-ev-er-more.