Dwelling In Beulah Land
Words and music by C. Austin Miles, 1911

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breeze-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me; I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His

sins of earth be-set on ev'-ry hand: Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand: Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
sheltered here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand: Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned: Dwelling in the Spir-it here I

vain to me are call-ing. None of these shall move me from Beulah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing then can reach me—'tis Beulah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beulah Land.
learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beulah Land.

I'm liv-ing on the moun-tain, un-derneath a cloud-less sky, I'm
drink-ing at the foun-tain that nev-er shall run dry; O yes! I'm feast-ing on the

man-na from a boun-ti-ful sup-ply, For I am dwell-ing in Beulah Land.