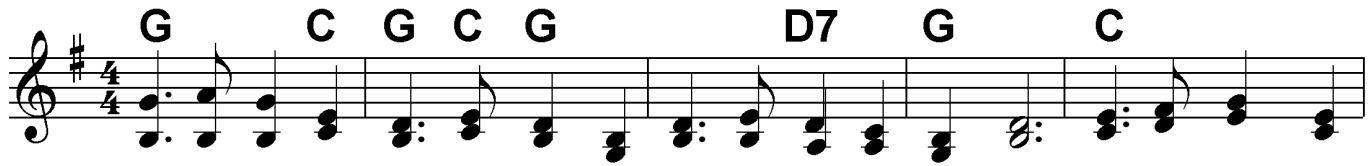


Dwelling In Beulah Land

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 breez-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-ect-ed by God's hand: Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
 bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned: Dwell - ing in the Spir - it here I



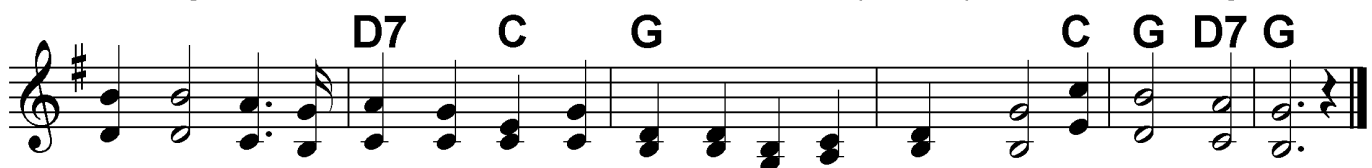
vain to me are call - ing. None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.
 of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing then can reach me — 'tis Beu-lah Land.
 here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu-lah Land.
 learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu-lah Land.



I'm liv - ing on the moun - tain, un - der - neath 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 Beu-lah Land.