

Beulah Land

Edgar Page Stites, 1876

John Robson Sweney

$\text{♩} = 90$

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine; Here
2. My Sav - ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com - mun - ion here have we; He
3. A sweet per - fume up - on the breeze, Is borne from ev - er ver - nal trees, And
4. The ze - phyr's seem to float to me, Sweet sounds to Hea - ven's mel - o - dy, As

Refrain

shines un - dimmed one bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
gent - ly leads me by His hand, For this is Heav - en's bor - der land. O
flow'rs, that ne - ver fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
an - gels with the white robed throng Join in the sweet re - demp - tion song.

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 glor-y shore, My Heav'n, my home for - ev - er more!