Dwelling in Beulah Land

1. Far away the noise of strife upon my ear is falling;  
   Then I know the sins of earth beset on every hand;  
   Doubt and fear and things of earth in vain to me are calling;  
   None of these shall move me from Beulah Land.
   * *Refrain:*  
     I’m living on the mountain, underneath a cloudless sky,  
     I’m drinking at the fountain that never shall run dry;  
     Oh, yes! I’m feasting on the manna from a bountiful supply,  
     For I am dwelling in Beulah Land.
2. Far below the storm of doubt upon the world is beating,  
   Sons of men in battle long the enemy withstand;  
   Safe am I within the castle of God’s Word retreating;  
   Nothing then can reach me—’tis Beulah Land.
3. Let the stormy breezes blow, their cry cannot alarm me;  
   I am safely sheltered here, protected by God’s hand;  
   Here the sun is always shining, here there’s naught can harm me;  
   I am safe forever in Beulah Land.
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in contemplation;  
   Hearing now His blessed voice, I see the way He planned;  
   Dwelling in the Spirit, here I learn of full salvation;  
   Gladly I will tarry in Beulah Land.

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