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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