

Dwelling in Beulah Land

Unknown; translated by Newman Doo

C. Austin Miles (1911)



1. Back in E - gypt, poor slave was I. Mis - e - ry I suf-fered:
2. Out of E - gypt by the Lamb's blood, part - ed Red Sea I trod.
3. Be - yond Jor - dan, good land Ca - naan has long been my de - sire.
4. On this land bless - ings o - ver - flow, my paths drip with fat - ness.
5. Wild storms, dis - tress, per - se - cu - tion, what are these things to me?



heav - y la - bor, red hot fur - nace, dread - ful dev - il power.
Ob - scured by the wil - der - ness' scare, how dread - ful I felt.
Trust - ing His com - mand I o - beyed, Jor - dan's flow was stopped.
Pret - ty spring time, all things a - fresh, Lo fruit - ful har - vest!
Through Him we more than con - quer - or, His love is with us.



Cloud of old groan cast its sha - dow, trapped me in its dark - ness.
My faith faint - ed, and I mur - mured, foes a - round and with - in.
Glad - ly my feet reached Beu - lah Land, milk and hon - ey flow - ing.
Ex - tra peace, end - less hap - pi - ness, for - ev - er is my rest.
Ef - fort - less, Jer - i - cho fell down. His word is power I trust.



Chorus



Nev - er did I think of O Beu - lah Land!
Far a - way I wan - dered from Beu - lah Land.
Hal - le - lu - jah I dwell in Beu - lah Land. I'm liv - ing on the
Prais - ing my Lord, I dwell in Beu - lah Land.
Vic - to - rious me - lo - dy in Beu - lah Land!





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.

