

# Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

Harriet Warner Re Qua, 1882

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$\text{♩} = 100$

1. I am dwell - ing on the mount - ain, Where the gold - en sun - light  
 2. I can see far down the mount - ain, Where I wan - dered wea - ry  
 3. I am drink - ing at the fount - ain, Where I ev - er would a -  
 4. Tell me not of hea - vy cross - es, Nor the bur - dens hard to  
 5. Oh, the cross has won - drous glo - ry! Oft I've proved this to be

gleams O'er a land whose won - drous beau - ty Far ex - ceeds my fond - est  
 years, Of - ten hin - dered in my jour - ney, By the ghosts of doubt and  
 - bide, For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sa - tis -  
 bear, For I've found this great sal - va - tion Makes each bur - den light ap -  
 true; When I'm in the way so nar - row, I can see a path - way

dreams, Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of  
 fears; Brok - en vows and dis - ap - point - ments, Thick - ly sprin - kled all the  
 - fied; There's no thirst - ing for life's plea - sures, Nor a - dorn - ing rich and  
 - pear; And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad - ly count - ing all but  
 thro'; And how sweet - ly Je - sus whis - pers: "Take the cross, thou need'st not

D.S.—Is not this the Land of Beu - lah? Bless - èd, bless - èd land of

flowers, They are bloom - ing by the fount - ain, 'Neath the am - a - ran - thine bow'rs.  
 way, But the Spir - it led, un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.  
 gay, For I've found a rich - er trea - sure, One that fad - eth not a - way.  
 dross, World - ly hon - ors all for - sak - ing, For the glo - ry of the cross.  
 fear, For I've tried the way be - fore thee, And the glo - ry lin - gers near."  
 light; Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.