

# I've Pitched My Tent in Beulah

Margaret Jenkins Harris, 1908

$\text{♩} = 95$

1. I long a - go left E - gyp - t for the prom - ised land, I  
 2. I fol - lowed close be - side Him, and the land soon found, I  
 3. I start - ed for the high - lands where the fruits a - bound, I  
 4. My heart is so en - rap - tured as I press a - long, Each

trust - ed in my Sav - ior, and to His guid - ing hand; He  
 did not halt or trem - ble, for Ca - naan I was bound; My  
 pitched my tent near Heb - ron, there grapes of Es - chol found, With  
 day I find new bless - ings which fill my heart with song; I'm

led me out to vic - t'ry through the great Red Sea, I sang a song of tri - umph, and  
 Guide I ful - ly trus - ted, and He led me in, I shout - ed, Hal - le - lu - jah! my  
 milk and ho - ney flow - ing, and new wine so free; I have no love for E - gyp - t, it  
 ev - er march - ing on - ward to that land on high, Some day I'll reach my man - sion that's

*Refrain*

shou - ted, I am free!  
 heart is free from sin! You need not look for me, down in E - gyp - t's sand, For  
 has no charms for me.  
 build - ed in the sky.

1. I have pitched my tent far up in Beu - lah land; You tent far up in Beu - lah land;  
 2.