

Beulah Land

Edgar Page Stites, 1876

John Robson Sweeney

♩=90

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es
2. My Sav - ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com - mun - ion
3. A sweet per - fume up - on the breeze, Is borne from ev - er
4. The ze - phrys seem to float to me, Sweet sounds to Hea - ven's

free-ly mine; Here shines un - dimmed one bliss - ful day, For all my night has
here have we; He gent - ly leads me by His hand, For this is Heav - en's
ver - nal trees, And flow'rs, that ne - ver fad - ing grow Where streams of life for-
mel - o - dy, As an - gels with the white robed throng Join in the sweet re-

Refrain

passed a - way.
bor - der land. O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand, I
- ev - er flow.
- demp - tion song.

look a - way a - cross the sea, Where man-sions are pre - pared for me, And view the shin-ing
glor-y shore, My Heav'n, my home for - ev - er more!