

# Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

Harriet Warner Requa, 1881

John William Dadmun

♩=100

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

land whose won - drous beau - ty Far ex - ceeds my fond - est dreams, Where the  
 hin - dered in my jour - ney, By the ghosts of doubt and fears; Brok - en  
 tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sa - tis - fied; There's no  
 found this great sal - va - tion Makes each bur - den light ap - pear; And I  
 in the way so nar - row, I can see a path - way thro'; And how

D.S.—Is not

air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers, They are  
 vows and dis - ap - point - ments, Thick - ly sprin - kled all the way, But the  
 thirst - ing for life's plea - sures, Nor a - dorn - ing rich and gay, For I've  
 love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad - ly count - ing all but dross, World - ly  
 sweet - ly Je - sus whis - pers: "Take the cross, thou need'st not fear, For I've

this the Land of Beau - lah? Bless - èd, bless - èd land of light; Where the

*D.S. al Fine*

bloom-ing by the fount-ain, 'Neath the am - a - ran - thine bow'rs.  
 Spir - it led, un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.  
 found a rich - er trea - sure, One that fad - eth not a - way.  
 hon - ors all for - sak - ing, For the glo - ry of the cross.  
 tried the way be - fore thee, And the glo - ry lin - gers near."

flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.