

Beulah Land

Edgar Page Stites

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F

I've reached the land of corn and wine, And
My Sav - ior comes and walks with me, And
A sweet per - fume up - on the breeze Is
The zeph - yrs seem to float to me Sweet

3 C⁷ F

all its rich - es free - ly mine; Here shines un - dimmed one
sweet com - mu - ion here have we; He gen - tly leads me
born from ev - er - ver - nal trees, And flow'rs that nev - er -
sounds of heav - en's mel - o - dy, As an - gels with the

6 C⁷ F

bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a - way. O
by His hand For this is heav - en's bor - der - land.
fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow;
white-robed throug Join in the sweet re - demp - tion song.

9 C F C⁷ F

Beu - lah Land, sweet Beu - lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand, I

13 C C⁷ F F⁷

look a - way a - cross the sea, Where man - sions are pre - pared for me, And

17 B^b F C F

view the shin - ing glo - ry - shore, My heav'n, my home for - ev - er more!