

## O Beulah Land

*"I saw the Holy City, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven..." (Rev. 21:2)*

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1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine;  
 2. My Sav-iour comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;  
 3. A sweet per-fume up-on the breeze, Is borne from ev-er-ver-nal trees;  
 4. The ze-phys seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's mel-o-dy;

Here shines un-dimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.  
 He gent-ly leads me by His hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.  
 And flowers that nev-er-fad-ing grow Where streams of life for-ev-er flow.  
 As an-gels with the white-robbed throng, Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

O Beau-lah Land, sweet Beau-lah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand;

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

And view the shin-ing glo-ry shore: My heaven, my home for-ev-er-more!