

## **I Am Dwelling On A Mountain**

### **Aka: Is Not This the Land of Beulah**

Written by Harriet W Re Qua or William Hunter 1882

I am dwelling on a mountain, where the gold-en sun-light gleams  
O'er a land whose won-drous beau-ty, far ex-ceeds my fond-est dreams.  
Where the air is pure, ethereal, La-den with the breath of flow-ers.  
They are bloom-ing by the foun-tain, 'Neath the am-a-ran-thine bow'rs

#### **Refrain**

**Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Bless-ed, Bless-ed land of li-ght  
Where the flow-ers bloom for-ev-er, and the sun is al-ways bright.**

I can see far down the moun-tain, where I wan-dered wea-ry years.  
Of-ten hin-dered in my jour-ney, by the ghosts of doubt and fears.  
Brok-en vows and dis-ap-point-ments, thick-ly sprin-kled all the way.  
But the Spir-it lead un-err-ing, to the land I hold do-day

#### **Refrain**

I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, where I ev-er would a-bide,  
for I've tast-ed life's pure riv-er, and my soul is sa-tis-fied.  
There's noThirst-ing for life's plea-sures, nor a-dorn-ing rich and ga-y  
For I've found a rich-er trea-sure, one that fad-eth not a-way.

#### **Refrain**

**Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Bless-ed, Bless-ed land of ligh-t  
Where the flow-ers bloom for-ev-er, and the sun is al-ways bright**