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C. Austin Miles.

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
 2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
 3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me, I am safe-ly
 4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His

sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
 bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand; Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
 sheltered here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shining,
 bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I

vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.
 of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing there can reach me-'tis Beu-lah Land.
 herethere'snaughtcan harmme, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land.
 learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.

CHORUS.

I'm liv-ing on the moun-tain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
 Praise God!

drink-ing at the foun-tain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feast-ing on the

Dwelling In Beulah Land.

