DWELLING IN BEULAH LAND
C. ASustin Miles (1911)

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Far away the noise of strife upon my ear is falling, Then I know the
sins of earth set on ev'ry hand Doubt and fear and things of earth in
vain to me are calling None of these shall move me from Beulah Land. I'm
living on the mountain under a cloudless sky, I'm drinking at the fountain that

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never shall run dry: O yes! I'm feasting on the manna from a bountiful supply. For I am dwelling in Beulah Land.