

I am dwelling on the mountain

William Bradbury

I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flow'rs,
They are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bow'rs.

Refrain:

*Is not this the land of Beulah?
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright!*

I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led, unerring,
To the land I hold today.

Refrain

I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning, rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

Refrain

Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor of burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the cross.

Refrain

Oh, the cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
"Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried the way before thee,"
And the glory lingers near.

Refrain

William Hunter