

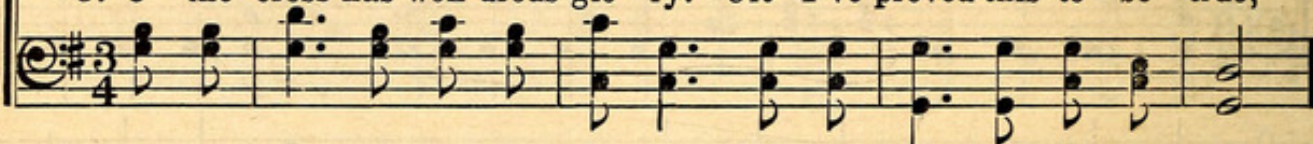
## I Am Dwelling on the Mountain

WILLIAM HUNTER (1811-1877)

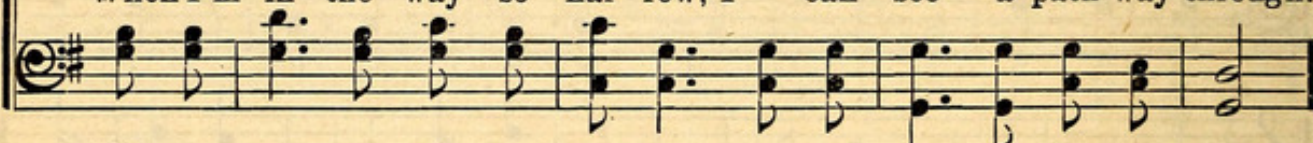
JOHN W. DADMAN (1819-1890)



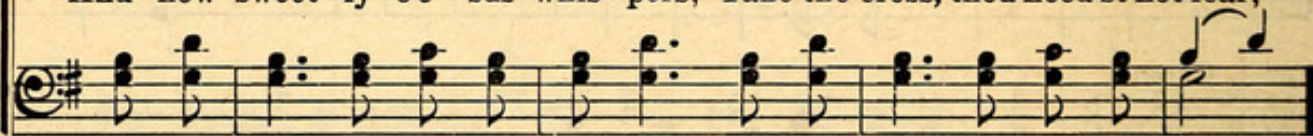
1. I am dwell - ing on the moun - tain, Where the gold - en sun - light gleams
2. I can see far down the moun - tain, Where I wan - dered wea - ry years,
3. I am drink - ing at the foun - tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;
4. Tell me not of heav - y cross - es, Nor of bur - dens hard to bear,
5. O the cross has won - drous glo - ry! Oft I've proved this to be true;



O'er a land whose won - drous beau - ty Far ex - ceeds my fond - est dreams:  
 Oft - en hin - dered in my jour - ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears:  
 For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied:  
 For I've found this great sal - va - tion Makes each bur - den light ap - pear:  
 When I'm in the way so nar - row, I can see a path - way through:



Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flow'rs;  
 Bro - ken vows and dis - ap - point - ments Thick - ly sprin - kled all the way;  
 There's no thirst - ing for life's pleas - ures, Nor a - dorn - ing, rich and gay,  
 And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad - ly count - ing all but dross,  
 And how sweet - ly Je - sus whis - pers, "Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,

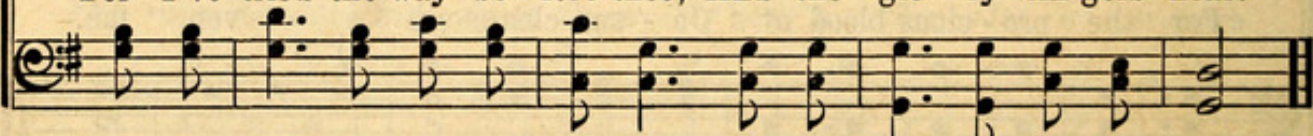


CHORUS *Is not this the land of Beu - lah, Bless - ed, bless - ed land of light,*

*D.S. for Chorus*



They are bloom - ing by the foun - tain, 'Neath the am - a - ran - thine bow'rs.  
 But the Spir - it led, un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.  
 For I've found a rich - er treas - ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.  
 World - ly hon - ors all for - sak - ing For the glo - ry of the cross.  
 For I've tried the way be - fore thee, And the glo - ry lin - gers near."



*Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright?*