

# I've Pitched My Tent in Beulah

Margaret Jenkins Harris, 1908

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$\text{♩} = 95$

1. I long a - go left E - gypt for the prom - ised land, I  
2. I fol - lowed close be - side Him, and the land soon found, I  
3. I start - ed for the high - lands where the fruits a - bound, I  
4. My heart is so en - rap - tured as I press a - long, Each

trust - ed in my Sav - ior, and to His guid - ing hand; He  
did not halt or trem - ble, for Ca - naan I was bound; My  
pitched my tent near Heb - ron, there grapes of Es - chol found, With  
day I find new bless - ings which fill my heart with song; I'm

led me out to vic - t'ry through the great Red Sea, I sang a song of tri - umph, and  
guide I ful - ly trus - ted, and He led me in, I shout-ed, Hal - le - lu - jah! my  
milk and ho - ney flow-ing, and new wine so free; I have no love for E - gypt, it  
ev - er march-ing on - ward to that land on high, Some day I'll reach my man-sion that's

## Refrain

shou - ted, I am free!  
heart is free from sin! You need not look for me, down in E - gypt's sand, For  
has no charms for me.  
build - ed in the sky.

I have pitched my tent far up in Beu-lah land; You tent far up in Beu-lah land;