



This is a beautiful devotional hymn not only for its depth of meaning, but the beauty of its poetry. It was composed by William Hunter around 1859. The tune by is Rev JW Dadmun. The descriptive nouns and adjectives employed are expressive of the natural beauty of God's Creation and the manner in which He places an appreciation for that beauty in the souls of believers.

I am Dwelling on the Mountain,

I am dwelling on a 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 flowers,
That are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

Chorus:

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 doubt and fears;
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly scattered all the way;
But the spirit led unerring
to the land I hold today. [Chorus]

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 thirst for earthly pleasures,
Nor adorning rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away. [Chorus]

Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the 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. [Chorus]

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 trod the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near." [Chorus]

1 I am dwelling on a 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 flowers, That are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the amaranthine bowers. Every believer resides on higher ground than the common mass of humanity. They are lifted there by the Word and Spirit of God. The Light of God constantly bathes their inner being where no man can enter. That Land of Promise which Moses beheld from Mt. Nebo is as a wilderness compared to that Land to which every saint of God has His destiny. The breath of the Holy Spirit serves as a continual fragrance to those whose love is fixed above. The flowers of faith always bloom near the Fountain of Life which is symbolic of our Lord. The amaranthine flowers are those wonderful flowers of purple tint that never die.

2 I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered weary years, Often hindered in my journey, By the ghosts of doubt and fears; Broken vows and disappointments Thickly scattered all the way; But the spirit led unerring to the land I hold today. [Chorus] When we are too close to the world, we often see the marred remnant of God's Creation – marred by sin and ruin; but from the mountaintop, we have a better perspective of the true beauty of His original art. The higher we ascend the mountain, the less there is of the world about us. We do have memories of our sinful past, but this serves as a reminder of what God has done to change us and make us new. Down on the lowly plain of the world below the mountaintop, we can see all the ill-winds and broken roads which we formerly traveled in our self-wills. But the Holy Spirit, at the moment of our salvation, has lifted us from that muddy path of old and placed our feet on the solid ground of the mountain peak.

3 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 thirst for earthly pleasures, Nor adorning rich and gay, For I've found a richer treasure, One that fadeth not away.

[Chorus] We need drink of the Water of Life daily while traversing this wilderness pilgrimage. In fact, we must make our homes by her flowing waters. There is no water that satisfies as the Water of Life which our Lord provides. Those things that once bore an overbearing and unquenchable appeal now seem as paltry rags of the depraved. The old silken robes we cherished, and gems of exquisite charm, no longer bear a value to us – we have donned the Robe of Righteousness provided by Christ to cover our sins (filth). That Robe never fades and shall be our wedding garment at the last day.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses, Nor the 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.

[Chorus] Do you believe your cross too heavy to bear. Could you bear that cross of Christ as He ascended Mt. Calvary? His cross was a combination of every man's cross added together. If it were given, could you carry a one-hundred-pound sack of gold twenty feet? You would do so if you had to move a mountain! So, this burden of compassion for others, and love of the lost, must not be so heavy as to quench your devotion. Following Christ is the Way of sacrifice, but it is tinged with glory and joy. At your last breath, you will not regret not having that last fling on the town, or amassing more money – no, your thoughts will turn to those eternal considerations that loom larger than any earthly consideration. Will you close your eyes in peace and joy, or go screaming and struggling into the dark doom that is the reward for a life of sin unrepented?

5 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 trod the way before thee, And the glory lingers near."

[Chorus] The tiny cross you bear – is it not the reward of a believer whose burden is made light by our Lord? If it grows too heavy, it may be made much lighter with a dose of renewed faith. We are unable to bear our crosses in our own paths and wills – we must follow our Lord whose shoulders are broad to share our burdens, and His Way is filled with glistening hope!