

# Day-Break

1. O - ver the hill - tops by dark - ness sur - round - ed  
 2. O - ver the South - land, the bright sun of free - dom  
 3. Rouse, Chris - tians, rouse, lest the day just now break - ing  
 4. Let its bright beams gild each val - ley and moun - tain,  
 5. North give thou up, keep not back, O thou South - land,

Come the first rays of the glim - mer - ing dawn;  
 Shines on dark forms with their man - hood new - found,  
 Fade and be lost in the black - ness of night;  
 Each sa - cred hill - top by he - roes' feet trod,  
 Ye are my wit - ness - es, I am your God:

Souls sleep un - heed - ing, O, haste ye to rouse them,  
 Minds held in bond - age, and hearts crushed and hope - less,  
 Hear their, sad cry, hear the voice of the Mas - ter,  
 Till rock and riv - er re - ech - o the sto - ry,  
 Then sing for glad - ness, ye val - leys and moun - tains,

Ban - ish the, shad - ows un - fold - ing the morn.  
 Souls by sin's fet - ters still heav - i - ly bound.  
 Rouse from your slum - bers, go give them the light.  
 Saved to the Na - tion and saved un - to God.  
 Joy and, sal - va - tion and peace, saith the Lord.

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