

Light O'er The Darkened Hills

LLOYD 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1. Light o'er the dark - en'd hills, Breaks forth at last and fills
2. Glo - ry to God on high, Wide let the ech - o fly!
3. Wel - come the glo - rious morn, Wel - come the hosts new born,
4. Hail, Might - y Con - q'ror, hail! Thy prom - ise will not fail,

The glow - ing sky; See, a new day - spring born, Kin - dles a
His flag un - furl'd Shall tell new won - ders done, Shall boast new
Praise and a - dore. Dis - pers'd the hea - then gloom, Thou - sands to
Thy crown as - sume! Speak from Thy throne on high, Bid the glad

ho - ly morn Burst - ing on lands a - far, While shad - ows fly,
tri - umphs won - His, the im - mor - tal crown, The con - q'ered world.
Christ have come; In Christ there still is room For thou - sands more.
tid - ings fly, And earth to earth re - ply, "The Lord is come."