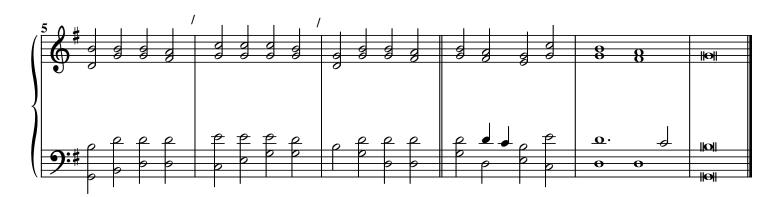
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness

Caersalem Robert Edwards, 1796-1862 S7.87.47





O'er those gloomy hills of darkness, Look, my soul; be still, and gaze; All the promises do travail With a glorious day of grace: Blessèd jubilee! Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness, Let them have the glorious light; And from eastern coast to western May the morning chase the night, And redemption, Freely purchased, win the day. May the glorious day approaching, On their grossest darkness dawn, And the everlasting Gospel, Spread abroad Thy holy Name, All the borders Of the great Immanuel's land.

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel, Win and conquer, never cease; May thy lasting wide dominions Multiply and still increase; Sway thy scepter, Savior! all the world around.

William Williams

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