

O'er The Gloomy Hills Of Darkness

Verse 1

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

Verse 2

Let the heathen, let the godless,
Let the hopeless pagan see;
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Blessed Gospel, blessed Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

Verse 3

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption, and redemption
Freely purchased, win the day.

Verse 4

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Send the gospel, send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bounds.
Send the gospel, send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bounds.