

# Light O'er The Darkened Hills

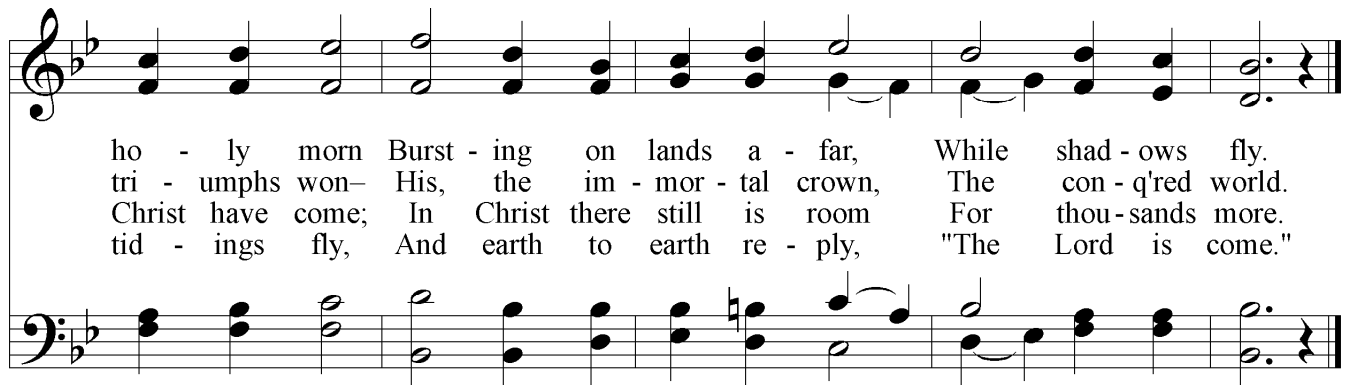
LLOYD 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.



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."