Day-Break

1. Over the hill-tops by darkness surround-ed
   Come the first rays of the glimmering dawn;
   Souls sleep unheeding, O, haste ye to rouse them,
   Banish the, shadows unfolding the morn.

2. Over the South-land, the bright sun of free-dom
   Shines on dark forms with their man-hood new-found;
   Minds held in bondage, and hearts crushed and hopeless,
   Souls by sin's fetters still heavily bound.

3. Rouse, Chris-tians, rouse, lest the day just now break-ing
   Fade and be lost in the blackness of night;
   Hear their, sad cry, hear the voice of the Mas-ter,
   Rouse from your slum-bers, go give them the light.

4. Let its bright beams gild each val-ley and moun-tain,
   Each sacred hill-top by heroes' feet trod,
   Till rock and riv-er re-ech-o the sto-ry,
   Saved to the Na-tion and saved un-to God.

5. North give thou up, keep not back, O thou South-land,
   Ye are my wit-ness-es, I am your God:
   Then sing for glad-ness, ye val-leys and moun-tains,
   Joy and, sal-va-tion and peace, saith the Lord.

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