

Across the Templed Hills  
Lizzie DeArmond, 1908.  
Ira Wilson.

Now sweeps a song of solemn joy  
Across the temped hills;  
From seraph harps sweet music floats,  
That earth and Heaven thrills.

Refrain

Hark the song, glad song,  
Overflowing all the earth!  
Hark the anthem sweet,  
Bringing news of Jesus' birth!  
While the midnight skies  
With a wondrous beauty glow,  
Comes the Christ-Child to dwell below.

The tuneful notes still ring afar,  
Like bells that gaily chime,  
Thro' moonlit skies, from star to star,  
To hail the Christmas-time.

Refrain

We hear again the blissful strain,  
The message breathed once more;  
"All glory be to God!" we cry,  
Whose name our souls adore.

Refrain