

See the Gold upon the Hills  
J. H. Saxton.  
Arranged from Mendelssohn.

See the gold upon the hills,  
See the opal in the sky;  
Trembling dawn each valley fills,  
Christ's own morning draweth nigh.

His the kingdom, His the crown,  
His the ages yet to be;  
All the lands of fair renown,  
And the islands of the sea.

All the hungers of the race,  
All the wounds from which men cry:  
All are met in Jesus' grace;  
He doth heal and satisfy.

None are strangers to His care,  
Royal gifts for all are free;  
All mankind His brethren are,  
And the world His Galilee.

Victor He, when conquerors fail,  
King o'er all, when monarchs die;  
He shall through the earth prevail,  
Win the last long victory.

His the gold upon the hills,  
His the light across the sea;  
His the purpose that fulfills,  
His the day that is to be.