

O'er the Distant Mountains Breaking

Words: John Monsell, 1863

Music: Johann Strl, 1744.

O'er the distant mountains breaking
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
'Tis the Savior, blessd Lord,
On His bright returning way.

O Thou long expected! Weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
When Thy light I do not see;
O my Savior, blessd Lord,
When wilt Thou return to me?

Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine;
When, O when, shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
O, my Savior, blessd Lord,
When shall I be wholly Thine?

Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Savior, blessd Lord,
In Thy bright, Thy promised land.

With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home.
Come, my Savior, blessd Lord,
Thou hast promised, quickly come!