

O'er Those Gloomy Hills of Darkness
William Williams, 1772.
Edward Hopkins, 1879.

O'er those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the Gospel, let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

May the glorious day approaching,
On their grossest darkness dawn,
And the everlasting Gospel,
Spread abroad Thy holy name,
All the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy scepter,
Savior! all the world around.