

# O'er the gloomy hills of darkness

1840 Manchester Hymnal, #79

O'er the 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  
Soon resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;  
And from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night;  
Chase the darkness  
From their long benighted eyes.

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease;  
So Immanuel's fair dominions  
Shall extend, and still increase,  
Till the kingdoms  
Of the world are all his own.