

Across the Templed Hills

Lizzie DeArmond, 1908

Ira Bishop Wilson

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Now sweeps a song of sol - emn joy A - cross the tem - pled
2. The tune - ful notes still ring a - far, Like bells that gai - ly
3. We hear a - gain the bliss - ful strain, The mes - sage breathed once

hills; From ser - aph harps sweet mu - sic floats, That earth and Heav - en
chime, Thro' moon - lit skies, form star to star, To hail the Christ - mas -
more; "All glo - ry be to God!" we cry, Whose Name our souls a -

Refrain

thrills.
- time. Hark the song, glad song, O - ver - flow - ing all the earth! Hark the
- dore.

an - them sweet, Bring - ing news of Je - sus' birth! While the mid - night skies With a

won - drous beau - ty glow, Comes the Christ - Child to dwell be - low.