Across the Templed Hills

Lizzie DeArmond, 1908

Ira Bishop Wilson

1. Now sweeps a song of solemn joy, Across the tem - pled
2. The tuneful notes still ring afar, Like bells that gai - ly
3. We hear again the blissful strain, The mes - sage breathed once

hills; From ser - aph harps sweet mu - sic floats, That earth and Heavy - 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.

Hark the song, glad song, O ver - flow - ing all the earth! Hark the

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.

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