


There's a Light Upon the Mountains

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Henry Burton, 1840-1930

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Maunce L. Wostenholm, 1887





1. There's a light up-on the moun-tains, And the day is at the spring,
2. In the fad-ing of the star-light We may see the com-ing morn;
3. There's a hush of ex-pec-ta-tion And a qui-et in the air,
4. He is break-ing down the bar-riers, He is cast-ing up the way;
5. Hark! we hear a dis-tant mu-sic, And it comes with full-er swell;



When our eyes shall see the beau-ty And the glo-ry of the King:
And the lights of men are pal-ing In the splen-dors of the dawn;
And the breath of God is mov-ing In the fer-vent breath of prayer;
He is call-ing for His an-gels To build up the gates of day:
'Tis the tri-umph-song of Je-sus, Of our King, Im-man-u-el!



Wea-ry was our heart with wait-ing, And the night-watch seemed so long,
For the east-ern skies are glow-ing As with light and hid-den fire,
For the suf-fering, dy-ing Je-sus Is the Christ up-on the throne,
But His an-gels here are hu-man, Not the shin-ing hosts a-bove;
Go ye forth with joy to meet Him! And, my soul, be swift to bring



But His tri-umph day is break-ing, And we hail it with a song.
And the hearts of men are stir-ring With the throbs of deep de-sire.
And the tra-vail of our spir-it Is the tra-vail of His own.
For the drum-beats of His ar-my Are the heart-beats of our love.
All thy sweet-est and thy dear-est For the tri-umph of our King! A-MEN.

