Above the Hills of Time

Thomas Tiplady, 1931

Traditional Irish melody

♩=88

1. A - bove the hills of time the cross is gleam - ing, Fair as the
2. The cross, O Christ, Thy won - drous love re - veal - ing, A - wakes our

sun when night has turned to day; And from it love's pure light is rich - ly
hearts as with the light of morn, And par - don o'er our sin - ful spir - its

stream - ing, To cleanse the heart and ban - ish sin a - way. To this dear
steal - ing, Tells us that we, in Thee, have been re - born. Like e - choes

cross the eyes of men are turn - ing, To - day as in the ag - es lost to
to sweet tem - ple bells re - ply - ing Our hearts, O Lord, make ans - wer to Thy

sight; And so for Thee, O Christ, men's hearts are yearn - ing, As ship-wrecked
love; And we will love Thee with a love un - dy - ing, Till we are

sea-men yearn for morn - ing light.
ga - thered to Thy home a - bove.