

# There's a light upon the mountain

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The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music is in a 4/4 time signature. The first staff contains a melody with eighth and quarter notes, and the second staff contains a bass line with quarter and eighth notes. A measure number '5' is placed above the fifth measure of the first staff.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the first staff includes some chords and rests. A measure number '10' is placed above the first measure of this system.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features two staves with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the first staff ends with a long note. A measure number '15' is placed above the first measure of this system.

There's a light upon the mountains,  
And the day is at the spring,  
When our eyes shall see the beauty  
And the glory of the King:  
Weary was our heart with waiting,  
And the night watch seemed so long,  
But His triumph day is breaking  
And we hail it with a song.

In the fading of the starlight  
We may see the coming morn;  
And the lights of men are paling  
In the splendors of the dawn;  
For the eastern skies are glowing  
As with light of hidden fire,  
And the hearts of men are stirring  
With the throbs of deep desire.

There's a hush of expectation  
And a quiet in the air  
And the breath of God is moving  
In the fervent breath of prayer;  
For the suffering, dying Jesus  
Is the Christ upon the throne,  
And the travail of our spirit  
Is the travail of His own.

He is breaking down the barriers,  
He is casting up the way;  
He is calling for His angels  
To build up the gates of day:  
But His angels here are human,  
Not the shining hosts above;  
For the drum beats of His army  
Are the heartbeats of our love.

Hark! we hear a distant music  
And it comes with fuller swell;  
'Tis the triumph song of Jesus,  
Of our King, Immanuel!  
Go ye forth with joy to meet Him!  
And, my soul, be swift to bring  
All thy sweetest and thy dearest  
For the triumph of our King!

Henry Burton