Above the Hills of Time

Thomas Tiplady, 1931

Traditional Irish melody

1. Above the hills of time the cross is gleaming, Fair as the sun when night has turned to day; And from it love’s pure light is richly streaming, To cleanse the heart and banish sin away. To this dear stealing, Tells us that we, in Thee, have been reborn. Like echoes
to sweet temple bells replying Our hearts, O Lord, make answer to Thy

2. The cross, O Christ, Thy wondrous love revealing, A-wakes our hearts as with the light of morn, And pardon o’er our sinful spirits

cross the eyes of men are turning, To-day as in the ages lost to

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love; And we will love Thee with a love un-dying, Till we are

sight; And so for Thee, O Christ, men’s hearts are yearning, As ship-wrecked

love; And we will love Thee with a love un-dying, Till we are

sea-men yearn for morning light.

gathered to Thy home above.