

HILLS OF AMETHYST.

HARRY SANDERS.

1 Lift thine eyes un - to the hills, Thou in sad - ness weep-ing; There a joy - ous mur - mer thrills

D. S. Past the hills of Am - e - thyst

D. S.

Fine.

From the an - gels reaping; Death is but the morning mist, Christian, ris-ing o'er thee.

Shines the day of glo - ry.

2 Dost thou miss the golden grain,
Snowy buds immortal?
Would'st thou have them back again,
Look at heaven's portal.

3 Lift Thy tearful eyes in trust,
Christ thy treasures keeping;
He who measures earthly dust
Human tear-drops weeping.

4 Dost thou fear the open grave,
Fear death's narrow prison?
Jesus died the lost to save;
Jesus has arisen.

Dark and still the night may be
Just before the dawning;
Jesus will keep watch with thee,
Jesus brings the morning.