

# 407 Encamped along the hills of Light

John H. Yates

Ira D. Sankey



1. En - camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris - tian sol - diers,  
 2. His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of  
 3. On eve - ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar -



rise. And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing  
 God. We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph  
 ray. Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And on - ward to the



skies. A - gainst the foe in vales be - low Let  
 trod. By faith, they like a whirl - wind's breath, Swept  
 fray. Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With



all our strength be hurled. Faith is the vic - to -  
 on o'er eve - ry field. The faith by which they  
 truth all girt a - bout, The earth shall trem - ble



Refrain

ry, we know, That o - ver - comes the world.  
con - qu'ed death Is still our shin - ing shield. Faith is the  
'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.

vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry! O glo - ri - ous

vic - to - ry, that o - ver - comes the world.