

# O'er The Plains

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O'er the plains the dark-ness deep-ens, Shades of night, a-bove, be-



- low, All a - round a gloom - y sil - ence



Speak a world of sin and woe: Faith and Hope, at-tent are



watch-ing For the to-kens of the morn: Through the chill night



air is glow - ing Love, be - liev - ing, yet for - lorn!