







2. Press up the hill! Others have climbed before thee this rough slope, and now are calmly resting on its top, where the soft dews distil.

3. Press up the hill!
It is the mount, the holy mount of God:
dread not the steepness of the narrow road,
nor the air sharp and chill.

4. Press up the hill!
By it the radiant city-gate is won,
and from its height we see the rising sun:
then upward, upward still!

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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