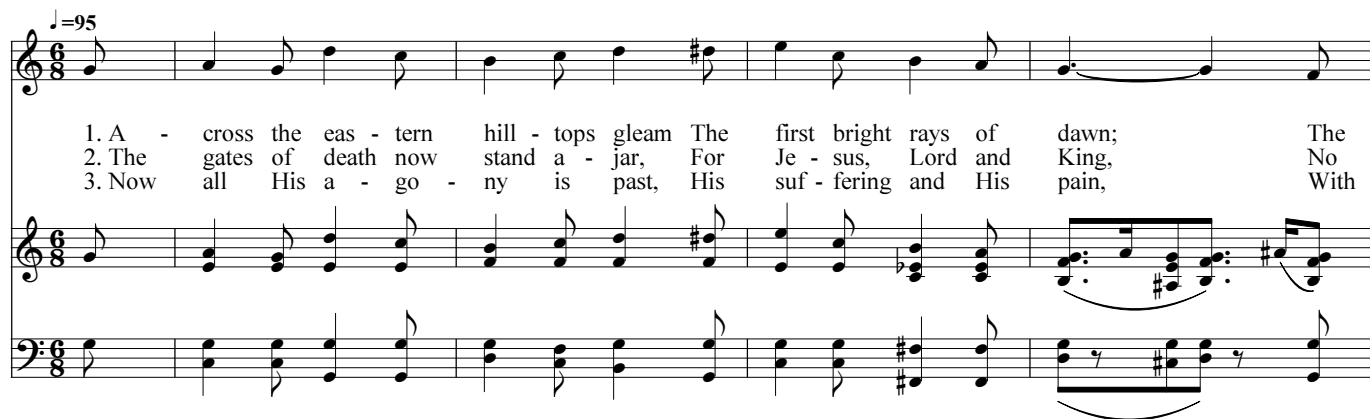


Across the Eastern Hilltops

From the New York Herald, before 1917

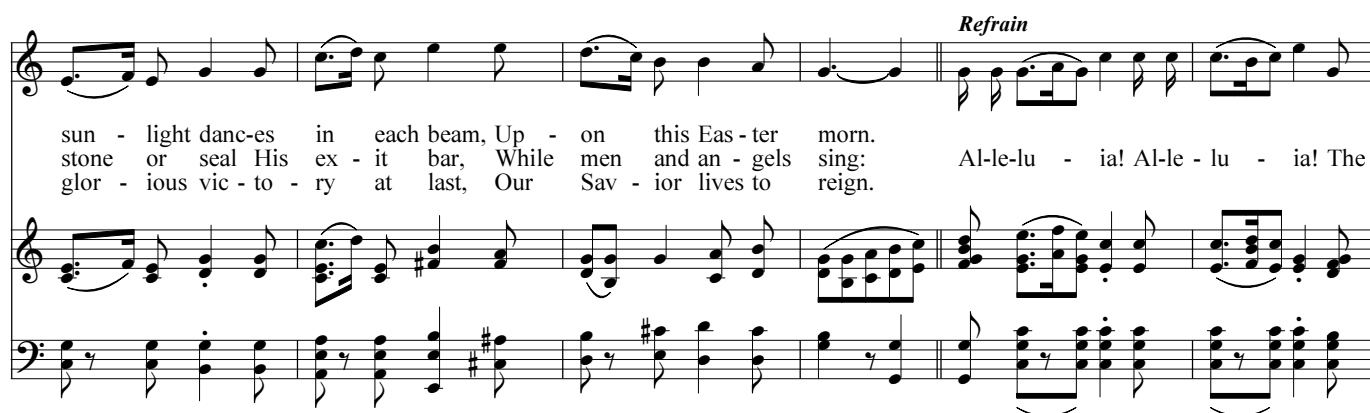
J. R. Fairlamb

$\text{♩} = 95$



1. A - cross the eas - tern hill - tops gleam The first bright rays of dawn; The
2. The gates of death now stand a - jar, For Je - sus, Lord and King, No
3. Now all His a - go - ny is past, His suf - fering and His pain, With

Refrain



sun - light danc-es in each beam, Up - on this Eas - ter morn.
stone or seal His ex - it bar, While men and an - gels sing: Al-le-lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! The
glor - ious vic - to - ry at last, Our Sav - ior lives to reign.

ritard.



Lord is ris-en to - day; Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! The Lord doth reign for aye.