

# Across the Eastern Hilltops

From the New York Herald, before 1917

James Remington Fairlamb (1838–1908)

♩=95

1. A - cross the eas - tern hill - tops gleam The first bright rays of dawn; The sun - light danc-es  
2. The gates of death now stand a - jar, For Je - sus, Lord and King, No stone or seal His  
3. Now all His a - go - ny is past, His suf - ferings and His pain, With glor - ious vic - to-

*Refrain*

in each beam, Up - on this Eas - ter morn.  
ex - it bar, While men and an - gels sing: Al-le-lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! The Lord is ris-en to-  
ry at last, Our Sav - ior lives to reign.

*ritard.*

- day; Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! The Lord doth reign for aye.