

Across the Eastern Hilltops  
Anonymous, before 1917.  
J. R. Fairlamb.

Across the eastern hilltops gleam  
The first bright rays of dawn;  
The sunlight dances in each beam,  
Upon this Easter morn.

Refrain

Alleluia! Alleluia!  
The Lord is risen today;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
The Lord doth reign for aye.

The gates of death now stand ajar,  
For Jesus, Lord and King,  
No stone or seal His exit bar,  
While men and angels sing:

Refrain

Now all His agony is past,  
His suffering and His pain,  
With glorious victory at last,  
Our Savior lives to reign.

Refrain