

# The Everlasting Hills

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1899. Music: Ira Sankey.

Oh, the music rolling onward,  
Through the boundless regions bright,  
Where the King in all His beauty  
Is the glory and the light!  
Where the sunshine of His presence  
Every wave of sorrow stills,  
And the bells of joy are ringing  
On the everlasting hills.

Oh, the music rolling onward  
Like a mighty ocean tide  
Oft I seem to hear its echoes,  
While to earth they softly glide!  
And there comes to me a vision  
That my soul with rapture thrills,  
For I stand by faith uplifted  
On the everlasting hills.

When I wake amid the splendor  
That I see but dimly now,  
And behold the crown of jewels  
That adorns my Savior's brow,  
Where eternal spring abideth,  
And the sky no darkness fills  
How my grateful heart shall praise Him  
On the everlasting hills.