

Across the Easter hill-tops

J. R. Fairlamb

Brightly

1. A - cross the East - ern 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 ag - o - ny is past, His suf - fring and His pain, With

mf

6 REFRAIN *f*

sun - light dan - ces in each beam, Up - on this Eas - ter morn
stone or seal His ex - it bar, While men and an - gels sing: Al - le-
glo - rious vic - to - ry at last, Our Sav - iour lives to reign.

10

- lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! The Lord is ris'n to - day; Al - le-

14 *ritard.*

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

ritard.