

Let the merry Church Bells ring!

J. S. B. Hodges (1830 - 1915)

Fast

1. Let the mer-ry Church bells ring! Hence with tears and sigh - ing! Frost and cold have

fled from Spring, Life hath con-quired dy - ing. Flow'rs are smil-ing, fields are gay,

Sun - ny is the weath-er; With our ris-ing Lord to-day, All things rise to-

- geth-er, Let the mer-ry Church bells ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!

Let the mer - ry Church bells ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!

2. Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him, with Whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple;
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter;
Resurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter.
Let the merry, &c.

3. Let the past of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth:
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it,
Since the very grave can say,
Christus resurrexit.
Let the merry, &c.