The bells are ringing glad and sweet

D. E. Hervey

in our hearts are glad tho'ts born
By ju - bi - lant bells of Christ - mas morn; For,
in a man - ger, poor and low,
Was born the Christ - child, years a - go; And
shep - herds, on the hills a - far,
Were told the ti - dings by a star.

1. The bells are ring - ing glad and sweet
Beneath th'a - dor - ing an - gels' feet, And
18. Oh, ring, glad bells, ring loud and sweet The song the ages add

22. shall repeat, Which angels sing on Christmas still, Of


2. O Christ-child, in a manger born, The stars sang on Thy birthday morn. While cradled on Thy mother's breast, The wise men sought Thy place of rest; Then peace descendend on the earth, In honour of Thy lowly birth. Ah! Thou hast died for us, and them Who hailed Thee King at Bethlehem. — CHORUS

3. Oh, song, adown the centuries roll'd! Oh, song, which never can grow old! O Christ-child, born a cross to bear, That we, at last, a crown might wear, Let us, like shepherds, to Thy feet Bring love, as tribute-offering meet, And worship there, while angels sing In praise of Jesus Christ, our King. — CHORUS

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)