

# The bells are ringing glad and sweet

D. E. Hervey

1. The bells are ring-ing glad and sweet Be - neath th'a - dor - ing an - gels' feet, And

6 in our hearts are glad tho'ts born By ju - bi - lant bells of Christ - mas morn; For,

10 in a man - ger, poor and low, Was born the Christ - child, years a - go; And

14 shep - herds, on the hills a - far, Were told the ti - dings by a star.

18 CHORUS

Oh, ring, glad bells, ring loud and sweet The song the a - ges

22

shall re - peat, Which an - gels sing on Christ - mas still, Of

25

*f* "Peace on earth," *p* Of "Peace on earth," *f* Of "Peace on earth, to men good-will."

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 descend 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