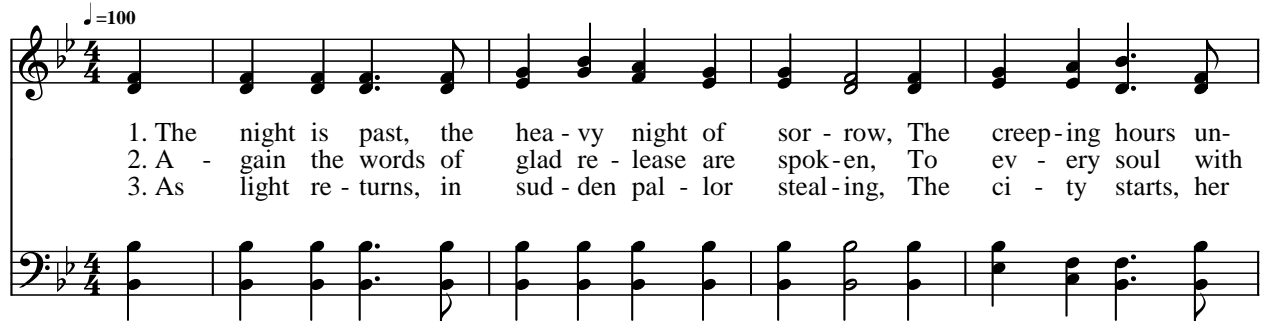


# Heralds of Easter

J. M. Thomas, 1891

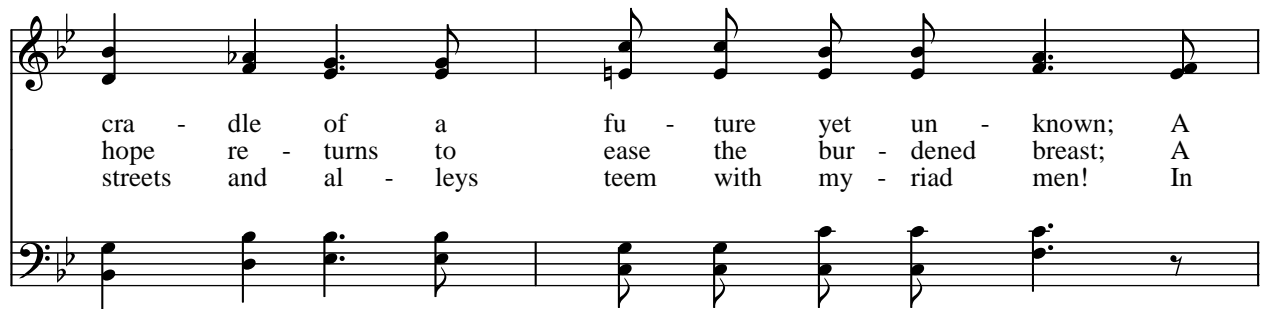
$\text{♩} = 100$



1. The night is past, the hea - vy night of sor - row, The creep - ing hours un -  
2. A - gain the words of glad re - lease are spok - en, To ev - ery soul with  
3. As light re - turns, in sud - den pal - lor steal - ing, The ci - ty starts, her



- sol - aced and a - lone; Lift up your hearts to greet the hap - py mor - row, Fair  
lead - en grief op - pressed, The year brings back the old im - mor - tal tok - en, And  
puls - es thrill a - gain— For her the breath of vi - tal strength and heal - ing, Whose



cra - dle of a fu - ture yet un - known; A  
hope re - turns to ease the bur - dened breast; A  
streets and al - leys teem with my - riad men! In



whis - per shakes the cur - tained grey, To hail the ris - ing King, And  
look— a word, we know not how, Our long re - sent - ment goes; It  
many a hearth her grate - ful fires A sac - red in - cense raise, For

*Refrain*

on the crys - tal air of day The bells be - gin to ring.  
 melts be - fore a sweet - er vow, To van - ish like the snows.  
 still the tame - less heart as - pires And burns in prayers and praise. Oh,

The bells be-gin to ring, The bells be-gin to ring, to ring, to ring, And  
 hark! oh, hark! Oh, hark! oh, hark! Oh, hark! hark!

on the crys-tal air of day The bells be-gin to ring, Ring on, glad bells, ring on.