Ring the Bells of Heaven

1. Ring the bells of heaven! There is joy to-day, For a soul, returning from the wild!
   See, the Father meets him now is reconciled; Yes, a soul is rescued
   Tell the joyful tidings, glad triumphant strain! Tis the ransomed army,

2. Ring the bells of heaven! There is joy to-day! For the wand'ring child.
   Welcoming His weary, wand'ring child.
   From his sinful way, And is born a new a ransomed child.
   Beating forth the anthem of the free.

3. Ring the bells of heaven! Spread the feast to-day! Angels, swell the
   out upon the way, For a precious soul is born again.
   Bear it far away! Like a mighty sea,
   D.S. al Fine

Glo-ry! Glo-ry! How the angels sing; Glo-ry! Glo-ry! How the loud harps ring!

Text: William O. Cushing, 1823-1902
Tune: George F. Root, 18201-1895

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