

# The Easter Lilies

Susan Ketcham Bourne, 1892

E. P. Tate, 1900

♩=100

1. The Eas - ter lil - ies shed their rich per - fume, And greet the morn - ing  
 2. Let hap - py child - ren hail their ris - en Lord, And in - fant voic - es  
 3. To - day, ye bells, ring out a joy - ful chime, With cheer - ful tones and  
 4. O Lord of Life! on this bright Eas - ter morn, Ac - cept the trib - ute

of the re - sur - rect - ion; So let our spir - its sweet - ly bud and bloom, And  
 soft - ly sing His glo - ry; Let ev - ery Chris - tian spread the heav'n - ly word, And  
 mer - ry notes of glad - ness; And greet once more the hap - py Eas - ter time, And  
 of our a - do - ra - tion; May life di - vine in ev - ery soul be born, And

*Refrain*

♩=115

yield the of - fring of a pure af - fect-ion.  
 tell a - gain the bless - ed Eas - ter sto - ry! We ring the bells of Eas - ter - tide! We sing the  
 bid each mourn - ing heart dis - pel its sad - ness.  
 rise frm sin and death to sull sal - va - tion.

praise of Him who died! We hail the day when He a - rose, Tri - umph - ant o - ver all His foes.