

W. O. CUSHING

G. F. ROOT

Ring the bells of heav - en, there is joy to - day, For a soul re -
Ring the bells of heav - en, spread the feast to - day, An - gels swell the

turn - ing from the wild! See the Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way
glad tri - um - phant strain! Tell the joy - ful ti - dings bear it far a - way

Wel - com - ing His wea - ry wan - d'ring child. Glo - ry! Glo - ry! how the
For a pre - cious soul is born a - gain.

an - gels sing; Glo - ry! Glo - ry! how the loud harps ring! 'Tis the ran -

somed ar - my like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the an - them of the free.

3rd CHORUS *Broadly* *pp*

Glo - ry! Glo - ry! how the an - gels sing; Glo - ry! Glo - ry! how the soft harps ring.

RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN (cont.)



'Tis the ran-somed ar-my, like a might-y sea, Peal-ing forth the an-them of the free.

