

Now All The Bells Are Ringing

Anonymous

John Bacchus Dykes, 1823 - 1876

mel. 1 2 3 4 5

1.) Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Now all the
2.) Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! O has - ten
3.) Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Still, Je - sus!

6 7 8 9 10

bells are ring - ing To wel - come Eas - ter Day, And we with joy are
we to meet - Him With our com - pan - ions dear, With love and awe to
we a - dore Thee With faith which may not fail; Still, as we kneel be -

11 12 13 14 15

sing - ing Our car - ol sweet and gay; For Je - sus hath a - ris - en
greet Him, As He is draw - ing near; Once dead, our Je - sus liv - eth
fore Thee, We hear Thee say, "All hail!" Thou, who art now de - scend - ing

16 17 18 19 20

From Jo - seph's rock - y cave, Hath burst His three days' pri - son, And
Who ne'er a - gain may die, Yet still His death He plead - eth Be
To raise us up - to Thee, An Eas - ter - tide un - end - ing Grant

21 22 23 24 25 26

tri - umphed o'er the grave. fore the throne on high. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
us in heav'n to see.