

Heralds of Easter

J. M. Thomas, 1891.

The night is past, the heavy night of sorrow,
The creeping hours unsoled and alone;
Lift up your hearts to greet the happy morrow,
Fair cradle of a future yet unknown;
A whisper shakes the curtained grey,
To hail the rising King,
And on the crystal air of day
The bells begin to ring.

Refrain

The bells begin to ring,
The bells begin to ring, to ring, to ring,
And on the crystal air of day
The bells begin to ring,
Ring on, glad bells, ring on.

Again the words of glad release are spoken,
To every soul with leaden grief oppressed,
The year brings back the old immortal token,
And hope returns to ease the burdened breast;
A looka word, we know not how,
Our long resentment goes;
It melts before a sweeter vow,
To vanish like the snows.

Refrain

As light returns, in sudden pallor stealing,
The city starts, her pulses thrill again
For her the breath of vital strength and healing,
Whose streets and alleys teem with myriad men!
In many a hearth her grateful fires
A sacred incense raise,
For still the tameless heart aspires
And burns in prayers and praise.

Refrain