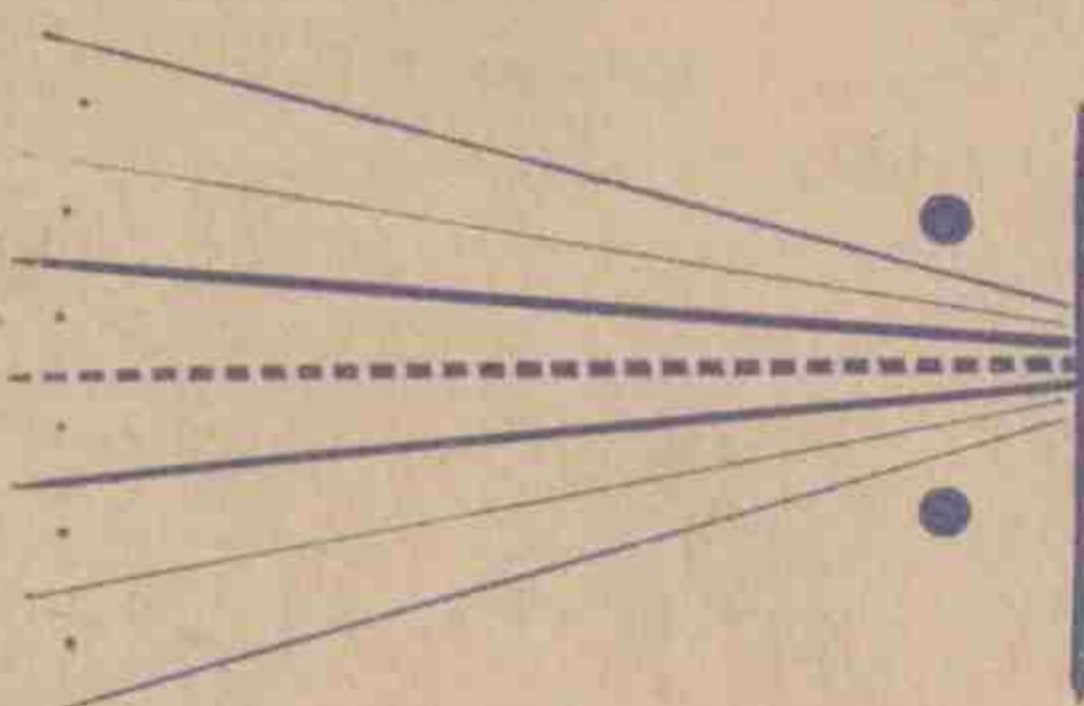
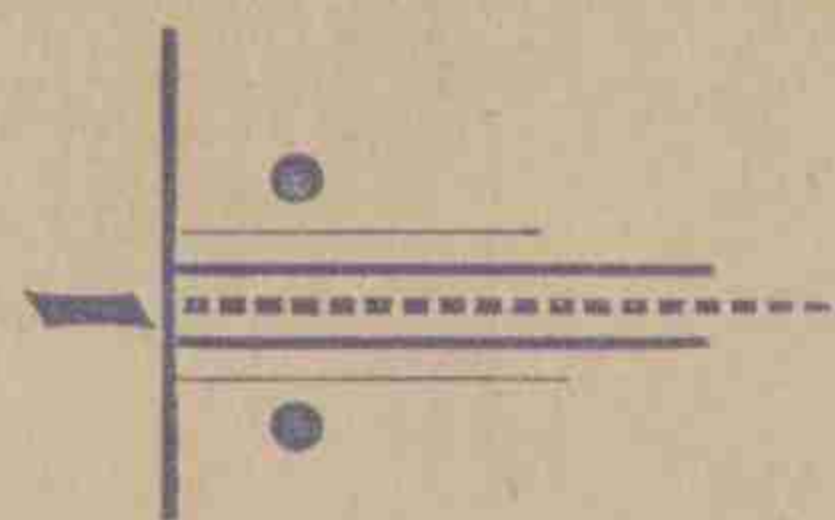


EASTER



BELLS.

• A •

Service • for • Sunday-Schools,

CONSISTING OF

CAROLS, READINGS, and RECITATIONS.



Compiled and Arranged

By J. M. FILLMORE.



CINCINNATI, O.:

FILLMORE BROS.

NEW YORK:

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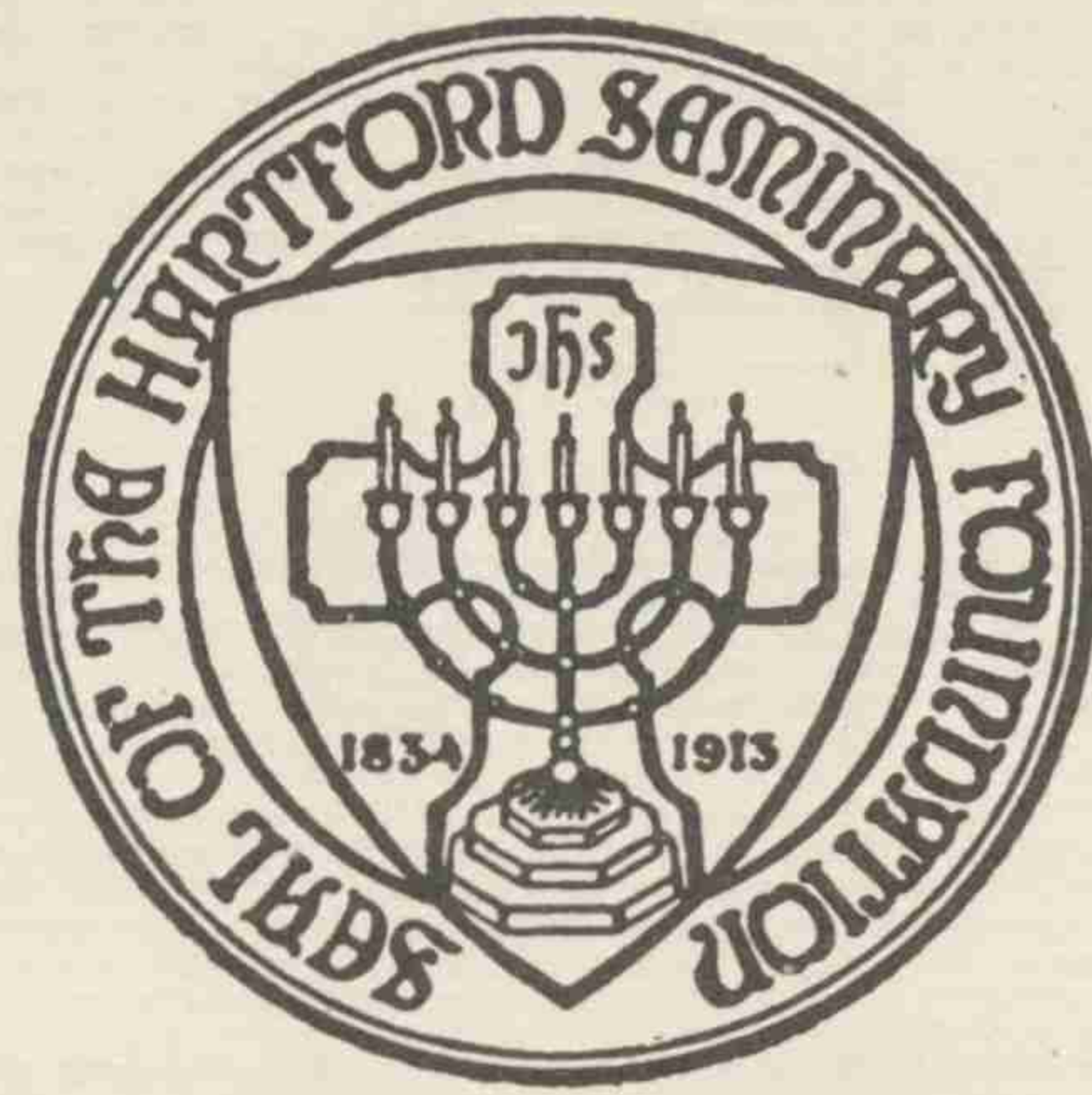
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NOTE.—The Exercise may be
sired. The programme that follo
as Choruses, Quartets, Duets, Solo
dance of recitations are printed, s
The rostrum should be deco

PRESENTED BY

The American Antiquarian Society

No. 1.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.



1. Sweet Easter bells,
2. Be - hold a light
3. Ah! joy-ful heart

1. Sweet
2. Be - hold a light
3. Ah! joy-ful heart

where once was gloom,
and willing feet,



tones a sto - ry tells; O'er all the land . . . the tid-ings
sit with-in the tomb! "Go tell my friends," . . . the Master
here," as - sur - ance sweet! The news was heard . . . as on they

Thy tones a sto - ry tells; O'er all the land
They sit with-in the tomb! "Go tell my friends."
O, blest as - sur - ance sweet! The news was heard



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EASTER BELLS.

NOTE.—The Exercise may be opened with an organ voluntary and an anthem by the choir, if desired. The programme that follows need not be adhered to strictly. The songs may be variously used as Choruses, Quartets, Duets, Solos and Choruses, or as Unisons, as the leader may think best. An abundance of recitations are printed, so that a choice may be made if all are not required.

The rostrum should be decorated with flowers and plants, especially lilies, if they can be had.

No. 1. SWEET EASTER BELLS.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

J. H. F.



1. Sweet Easter bells, sweet Easter bells, Thy sil-ver
 2. Be-hold a light where once was gloom, Lo! an-gels
 3. Ah! joy-ful heart and willing feet, "The Lord is

1. Sweet Easter bells, sweet Easter bells,
 2. Be-hold a light where once was gloom,
 3. Ah! joy-ful heart and willing feet,




tones a sto-ry tells; O'er all the land the tid-ings
 sit with-in the tomb! "Go tell my friends," the Master
 here," as-sur-ance sweet! The news was heard as on they

Thy tones a sto-ry tells; O'er all the land
 They sit with-in the tomb! "Go tell my friends,"
 O, blest as-sur-ance sweet! The news was heard





spread, . . . The Lord is ris - - en from the dead.
 said, . . . "Their Lord is ris - - en from the dead."
 sped, . . . "The Lord is ris - - en from the dead."
 the tid - ings spread, is ris - en from the dead.
 the Mas - ter said, "is ris - en from the dead."
 as on they sped, "is ris - en from the dead."

CHORUS.



O, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Sing the joy - ful sto - ry; Speed on the



word, . . . our glorious Lord Is ris - en from the dead.
 Speed on the word, our glorious Lord

No. 2. RESPONSIVE READING.

LEADER. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,

SCHOOL. To an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.

LEADER. Wherein ye greatly rejoice, with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

SCHOOL. Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

LEADER. He was despised and rejected of men.
 SCHOOL. A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.
 LEADER. Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.
 SCHOOL. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities.
 LEADER. The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.
 SCHOOL. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.
 LEADER. He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

No. 3. PRAYER.

No. 4. FOR ME.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

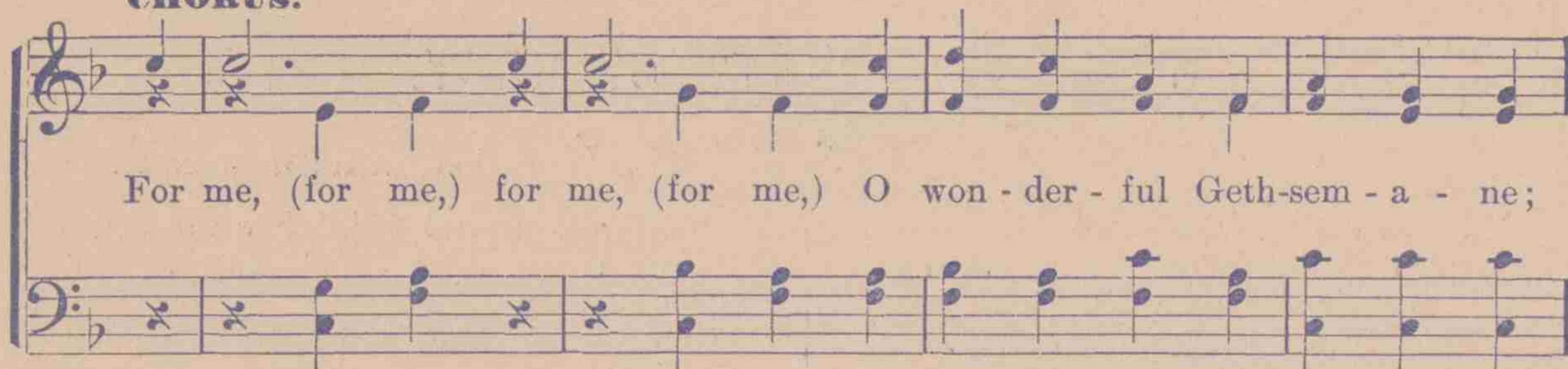
J. H. ROSECRANS.

Andantino.

1. O won - der - ful Geth - sem - a - ne, Thy gar - den sod was pressed for me; For
 2. A - mong the state - ly ol - ive trees The night dews bur - d'ning ev - 'ry breeze, O'er
 3. The crown of thorns, the cup of gall, The cross, the grave, he suf - fered all; Yet,

me the Sav - iour knelt and prayed, A - mid thy gloom - y, gath'ring shade.
 him their chill - ing man - tle spread, Who bowed for me his roy - al head.
 conq'ring, rose in vic - to - ry From all thy woe, Geth - sem - a - ne.

CHORUS.



No. 5. RESPONSIVE READING.

LEADER. And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.

SCHOOL. Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.

LEADER. And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost.

SCHOOL. And behold, there was a man named Joseph, a counsellor, and he was a good man, and a just: (The same had not consented to the counsel and deed of them):

LEADER. He was of Arimathea, a city of the Jews: who also himself waited for the kingdom of God.

SCHOOL. This man went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus.

LEADER. And he took it down, and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulcher that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid.

SCHOOL. And that day was the preparation, and the sabbath drew on.

LEADER. And the women also, which came with him from Galilee, followed after, and beheld the sepulcher, and how his body was laid.

SCHOOL. And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments and rested the sabbath day, according to the commandment.

No. 6. A SABBATH OF REST.

RECITATION BY A CHILD.

SOPHIE W. WEITZEL.

The Lord of life lies dead,
High heaven is hung with gloom;
Yet to their simple, wifely task
They turn them from his tomb.

The spikenard and the myrrh
Their tender hands prepare,

Tender with grief and deft with love,
Then rest in peace and prayer.

One dearest hope lies low;
From earth fades out its best;
Love still may find sweet work to do,
Faith still find Sabbath rest.

No. 7. RESPONSIVE READING.

LEADER. Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulcher, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them.

SCHOOL. And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulcher.

LEADER. And they entered in, and found not the body of Jesus.

SCHOOL. And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments.

LEADER. And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead?

SCHOOL. He is not here, but is risen.

No. 8. HE IS RISEN.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. He is ris - en, he is ris - en, Tell it out with joy - ful voice;
2. He is ris - en, he is ris - en, He hath o - pened heav-en's gate;
3. Bless-ed Lord, let all a - dore thee, Saints on earth and saints in heav'n;

He has burst his three days pris - on, Let the whole wide earth re - joice.
We are free from sin's dark pris - on, Ris - en to a ho - lier state.
Ev - 'ry creature bow be - fore thee, Who hast all their be - ing giv'n.

CHORUS.

Christ is ris - en, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris - en, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Christ is ris - en, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris - en from the dead.

No. 9. HE IS RISEN.

RECITATION.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

"Twas dark when the Marys near Calvary sought
The tomb in the garden with spices they bought,—
The earth with low thunders had scarce ceased to quake,
For the angel who hasted those portals to break.

"Why seek ye the living where should lie the dead?
Not here, he is risen!" the messenger said,
And she of Magdala turned quickly to pray,
"O where have ye laid him? I'll take him away."

"Not here, he is risen!" the wide gaping tomb,
Once dark with death's power, was robbed of its gloom;
For he who had entered its portals had passed
Its night, and come forth on its bright side at last.

"Not here, he is risen!" O spirit, be brave,
Look up from the darkness, the depth of the grave,
Christ lay in its blackness, he suffered its woe,
To triumph o'er death, thy most terrible foe!

"Not here, he is risen!" O heavens most bright,
Throw clearest of dawn on the blackest of night;
"Not here, he is risen!" go, seven-fold blest,
And share with the mourning the joy in thy breast

"Not here, he is risen!" he died for our shame,
He rose by his power to free us from blame;
Go tell to those waiting in sorrow and dread,
The angels proclaim how he rose from the dead.

"Not here, he is risen!" O where is thy sting,
Thou monarch called Death, thou most merciless king?
O where is thy Victory, pitiless grave,
Since Jesus is "risen," the mighty to save?

No. 10. REJOICE THIS EASTER MORNING.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

J. H. F.

1. O re - joice this East - er morn - ing, Lo! the stone is rolled a - way!
 2. Weeping Ma - ry, cease your weep - ing—Wipe a - way those fall - ing tears;
 3. Christ has burst death's bands a - sun - der, They no more our Lord shall bind;

Bring the flow'rs for bright a - dorn - ing, Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day.
 Where your bless - ed Lord was sleep - ing, Lo! an an - gel bright ap - pears.
 While the an - gels look and won - der, Lo! a ris - en Lord we find.

CHORUS.

Christ is ris - en, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris - en, O, re - joice!

Glad with an - thems fill his tem - ple, Sound his praise with heart and voice.

No. 11. REJOICE, YE LITTLE CHILDREN.

RECITATION BY A CHILD.

ANNIE H. STREATOR.

Rejoice, ye little children,
For Christ is risen to-day;
In vain the tomb they guarded—
The stone is rolled away.

The darksome hours are over;
The agony is past;
The lowering clouds have vanished,
And sunshine comes at last.

So sad those hours of trial—
So dark and full of woe;
Yet 'twas for us, dear children,
Our dear Lord suffered so.

He loveth well his children,
And knoweth every need—
Rejoice, for "Christ is risen"—
"Our Lord is risen," indeed!

NOTE.—The Recitation No. 13 properly belongs here, and, if used, should follow No. 11. It is displaced for the convenience of having the song complete on one page.

No. 12. JESUS LOVES THE CHILDREN.

MRS. H. E. J.

MAY BE SUNG BY A NUMBER OF CHILDREN.

J. H. F.

1. Let the lit - tle chil - dren bring Flo - ral trib - utes to our King,
2. They are pre - cious in his sight, Let them bring the lil - ies white,
3. Ob - jects of his care al - way, Wel - come them this East - er day,

Let them join his praise to sing, Je - sus loves the chil - dren;
Let them bring the ros - es bright, Je - sus loves the chil - dren;
List - en to their child - ish lay, Je - sus loves the chil - dren;

Let them join his praise to sing, Je - sus loves the chil - dren.
Let them bring the ros - es bright, Je - sus loves the chil - dren.
Wel - come them this East - er day, Je - sus loves the chil - dren.

No. 13. THE GLADNESS OF RESURRECTION DAY.

RECITATION BY A CHILD.

O the beauty, O the gladness,
Of that Resurrection day,
Which shall not, through endless ages,
Pass away !

On that happy Easter morning,
All the graves their dead restore ;

Father, sister, child and mother,
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings,
Bring us, Jesus, safe at last ;
To thy cross, through death and judgment
Holding fast.

No. 14. AT HIS DEAR FEET.

RECITATION BY A CHILD.

H. E. J.

While reciting: "These blossoms sweet, I bring to lay at his dear feet," a bouquet of lilies should be held up to the audience.

Although I am a little child,
I love the Saviour, meek and mild ;
And he loves me, as long ago,
He told his dear disciples so ;
And, loving him, these blossoms sweet,
I bring to lay at his dear feet.

I searched among the blossoms fair,
For Easter lilies, rich and rare ;
For mamma said, the Saviour—slain
By cruel Jews—was here again ;
And loving him, these blossoms sweet,
I bring to lay at his dear feet.

My papa said, He died for me,
While nailed upon the cruel tree ;
I know he loves the children dear,
And meets us as we gather here ;
And loving him, these blossoms sweet,
I bring to lay at his dear feet.

I love to sing my Saviour's praise ;
I mean to serve him all my days,
And keep in mind the Golden Rule
I learned when in the Sunday School—
And loving him, these blossoms sweet,
I bring to lay at his dear feet.

No. 15. EASTER LILIES.

RECITATION,

O lily tongues, fair trumpets, tell
The joy of earth today,
The hymn of human gladness swell,
Christ's love and triumph say !

O Crucified ! O Risen One !
Our hearts flow forth to thee,
Rejoicing that thy work is done,
Thy purchased people free.

The grave hath yielded to the skies
The Lord of life and light,
And our dead hopes, renewed may rise
With him, to that fair height.

Voices of nature join the song
That bursts from every heart,
And things of beauty, hidden long,
To joyous life upstart.

Ye lilies, made by his own hand,
And named by his dear word,
As sermons, eloquent ye stand,
And witness to the Lord.

So lily tongues, fair trumpets, tell
The joy of earth today,
The hymn of human gladness swell,
Christ's love and triumph say !


X6 No. 16. THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.



DUET AND CHORUS.

J. H. F.


DUET.




1. How sweet the fra-grance lil - ies yield, The snow-white lil - ies of the field,
 2. The Sav - iour loved these blossoms fair, Which scented all the summer air,
 3. When wide the gold-en gates are thrown, The pure in heart, and they a - lone,


With robes as pure as an - gels wear, A mes-sage still they seem to bear:
 And from their sim - ple beau-ty drew The truth, so old, yet ev - er new:
 Like fra-grant lil - ies, white and fair, Tho' low-ly crowned, shall en-ter there.



CHORUS.



The pure thro' faith and grace, Shall see the Saviour's face,
 The pure in heart, thro' faith and grace, Shall see at last the Saviour's face,




If, like the lil - ies fair, A spot-less robe they wear.
 If, like the lil - ies, pure and fair, A spot-less robe they wear.



No. 17. THE HAPPY EASTER BELLS.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

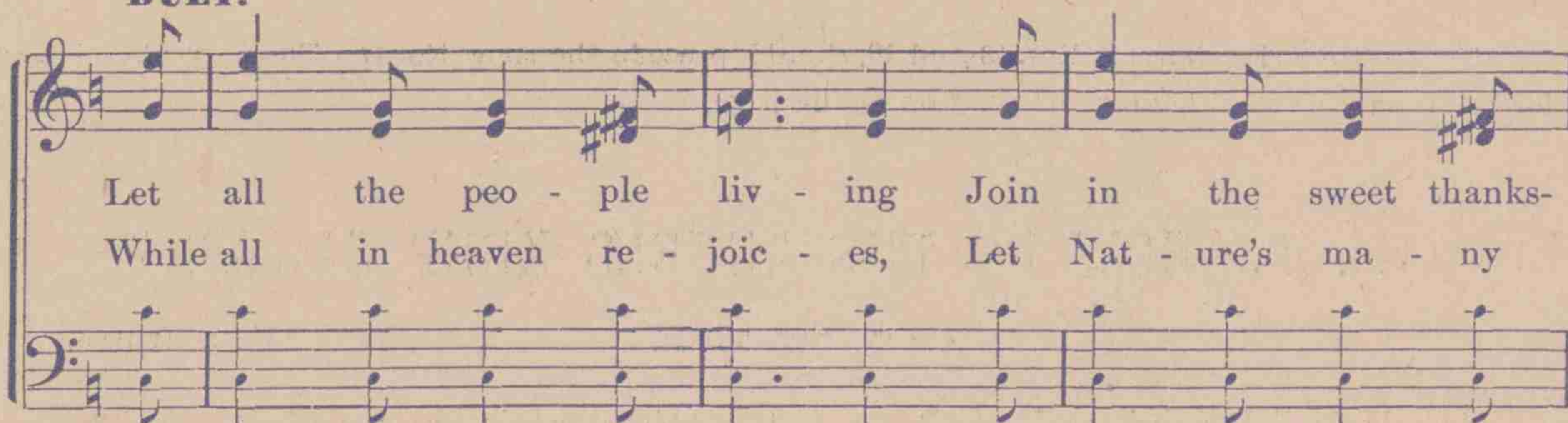
J. H. F.

1. The hap - py bells are ring - ing, The old and young are
2. The for - ests and the mount - ains, The fields be - side the

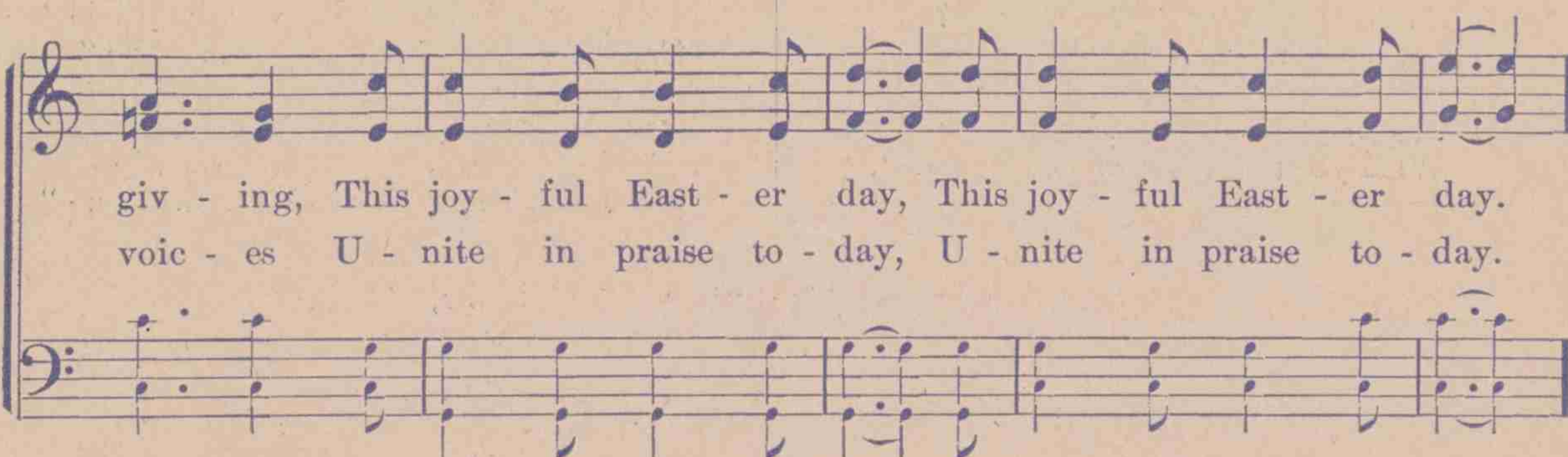
sing - ing A joy - ful East - er lay, A joy - ful East - er lay; A
fountains, And blooms in rich ar - ray, And blooms in rich ar - ray; Send

sweet and tune - ful rhym - ing, A mer - ry, mer - ry chim - ing, A-
prais - es to the Fa - ther, That all re - joice to - geth - er, In

long the glad - some way, A - long the glad - some way.
one en - chant - ing lay, In one en - chant - ing lay.

DUET.


Let all the peo - ple liv - ing Join in the sweet thanks-
While all in heaven re - joic - es, Let Nat - ure's ma - ny



giv - ing, This joy - ful East - er day, This joy - ful East - er day.
voic - es U - nite in praise to - day, U - nite in praise to - day.

CHORUS.


Let all the peo - ple liv - ing Join in the sweet thanks-
While all in heaven re - joic - es, Let Nat - ure's ma - ny



giv - ing, This joy - ful East - er day, This joy - ful East - er day.
voic - es U - nite in praise to - day, U - nite in praise to - day.

D. C.

NOTE.—These Recitations, Nos. 18 and 19, should precede the song No. 17. They are placed here for the convenience of having the song on facing pages.

No. 18. HOW DO THE ANGELS KEEP EASTER?

RECITATION.

AMELIA E. BARR.

Angels, how do you keep Easter?
'Mid your bright and happy throng,
Is it in adoring worship,
And the rapturous New Song?
If so, let our praise not falter
Ere it reach the risen Lord;
But, O! blend the human minor
With your own triumphant chord.

Holy angels, are you silent
While the "spirits justified,"
And the "multitude unnumbered"
Cry, "Behold the Lamb who died!"
Cry, "All hail" and "Hallelujah!"
Christ the Lord for sinners slain?
Are you silent, full of rapture,
Listening to earth's glad refrain—
"Christ the Lord for sinners slain?"

Nay, we know not; but we shall know,
When Life's Passion Days are o'er
And we see our Easter dawning
Break on the eternal shore.
Fair and sweet earth's happy Easters,
Full of hope we could not miss;
But the heavenly Easters coming!
O, their wonder and their bliss!

No. 19. PILGRIM, HEAR THE STORY.

RECITATION.

CLARA J. DENTON.

Pilgrim, list! the sweetest story
Ever borne to mortal ear
Floats afar in ceaseless whispers
Swiftly rising, soft, yet clear.

Pilgrim, now glad tones are lifting
Alleluia to the skies,
Christ is risen, loud thanksgivings
On the wings of song arise.

Pilgrim, bid thy pulses quicken!
'Neath the risen conqueror's word
Falls the Roman seal all broken,
Songs of triumph far are heard.

Pilgrim, yes, thy Master liveth,
Tell the news in sweetest strains,
Bid earth's million tongues repeat it,
Christ has riven terror's chains.

Pilgrim, tell thy heart the story
When life's burdens closely press,
Christ is risen—he is waiting
With his conquering arm to bless.

Pilgrim, smile at griefs that smite thee,
Tune thy heart, glad praise to sing,
Christ is risen! Pilgrim, upward
Rise on faith's exultant wing.

No. 20. MY MOTHER'S SONG.

RECITATION AND SOLO.

A simple word my heart has stirred,
 And thought in fancy strays,
 With half-heard rhyme and rhythmic chime,
 To girlhood's happy days,
 Like far-off bells' faint ringing,
 The memories old are clinging;
 Now faint, now clear, again I hear
 My mother sweetly singing—
 * "Crown Him Lord of all;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all."

Ah! mem'ries sweet, with joys replete,
 How dear those days of old,
 When 'neath our gaze the firelight's blaze
 Shot up its spears of gold!
 I see the kettle swinging,
 The shadows round it clinging,
 Till once again in sweet refrain
 I hear my mother singing—
 * "Crown Him Lord of all;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all."

No lapse of time can still the chime
 Of these far-hidden bells;
 But in my ears, through all these years,
 The old-time music dwells,
 And now 'mid bells clear ringing,
 With holy thoughts upspringing;
 Now faint, now clear, again I hear
 My mother sweetly singing—
 * "Crown Him Lord of all;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all."

*To be sung in soft voice, as below, with a delicate organ accompaniment.



No. 21. RESPONSIVE READING.

LEADER. And I saw, and I heard a voice of many angels round about the throne and the living creatures and the elders;

SCHOOL. And the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands.

LEADER. Saying with a great voice

SCHOOL. Worthy is the Lamb
 and wisdom and might, and honor and

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LEADER. After these things I saw, and behold a great multitude which no man could number, out of every nation and of all tribes and peoples and tongues,

SCHOOL. Standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes and palms in their hands;

LEADER. And they cry with a great voice saying,

SCHOOL. Salvation unto our God, which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb.

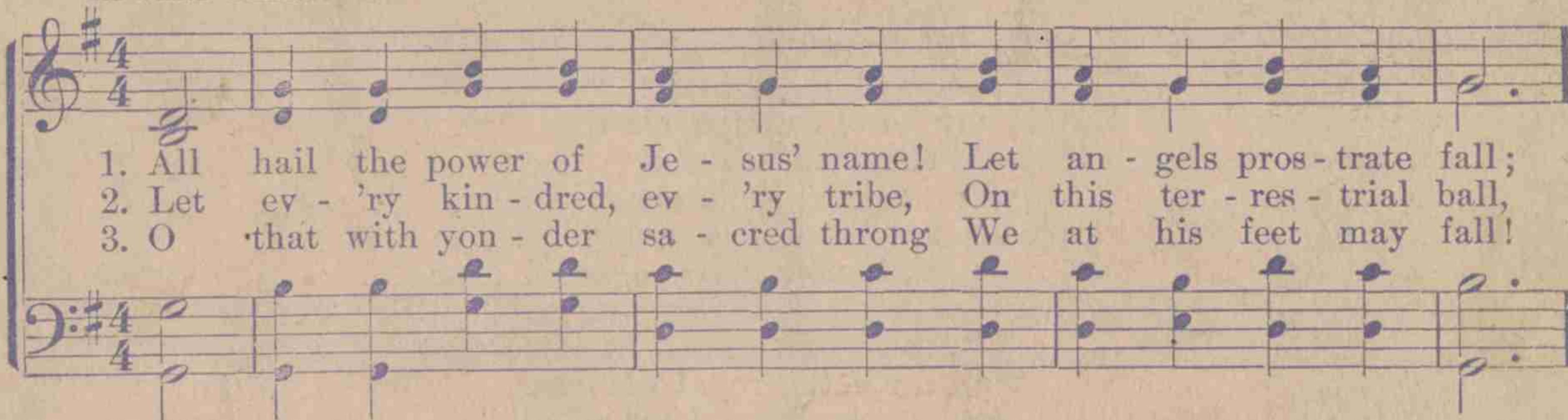
LEADER. And they fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God, saying Amen.

SCHOOL. Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever. Amen.

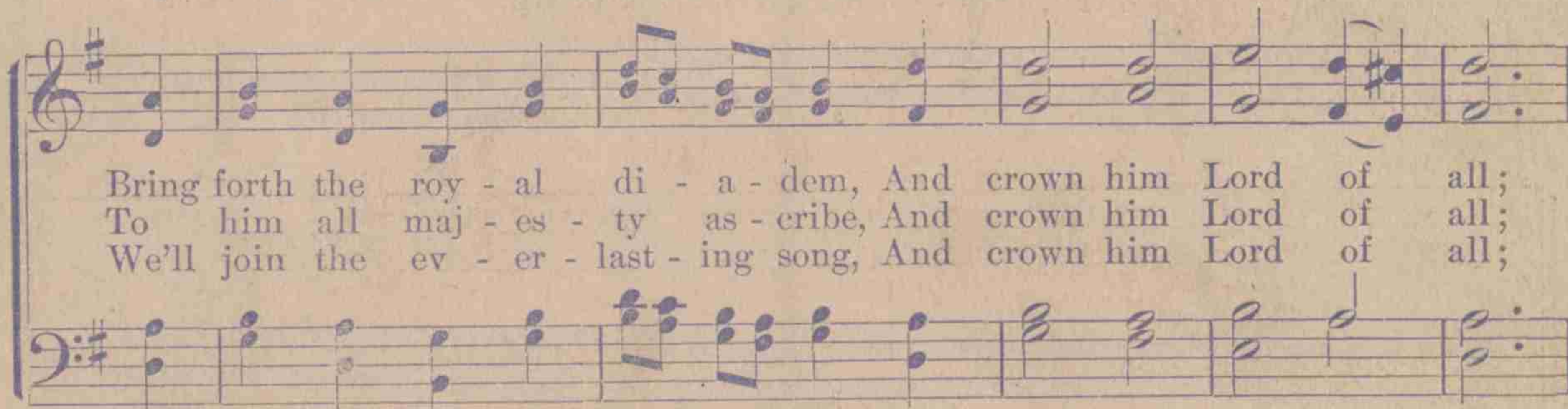
No. 22. CORONATION.

EDWARD PERRONET.

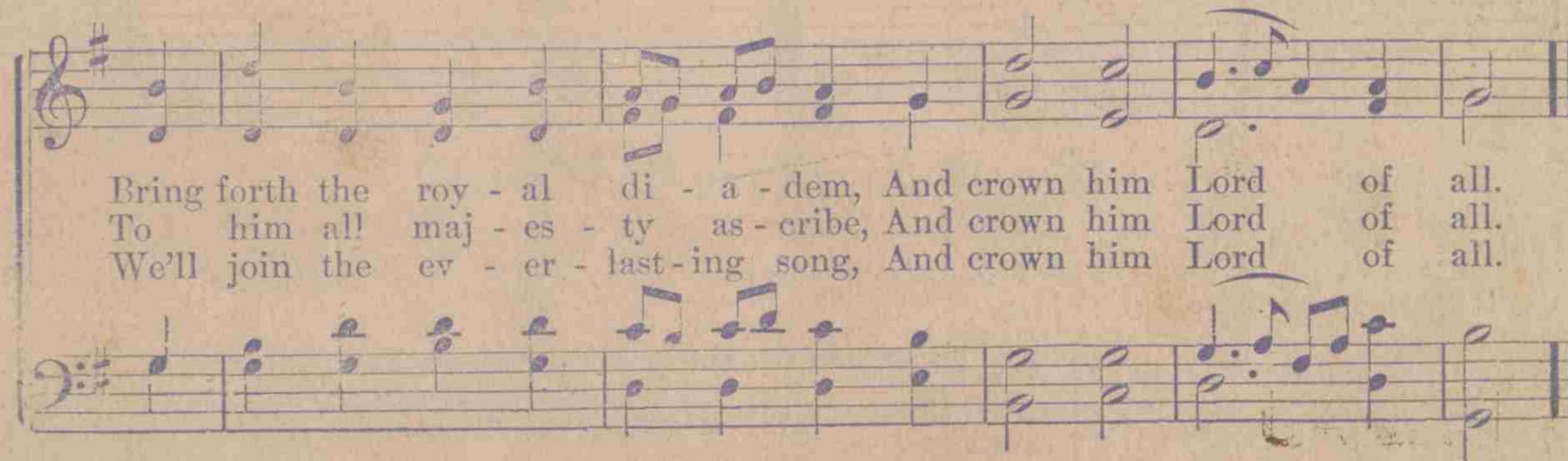
OLIVER HOLDEN.



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
 To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

No. 23. BENEDICTION.