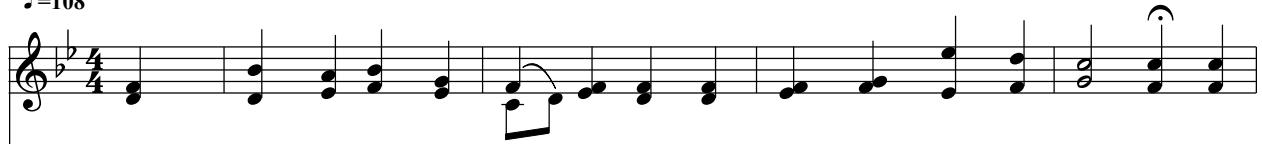


# Proclaim the Tidings

Fronia Smith, 1890

James Henry Fillmore

♩=108



1. Pro - claim the tid - ings near and far, Go tell the bless-èd sto - ry; The  
2. The Lord is ris - en, Oh, re - joice Ye hearts grown sad and wear-y; Let  
3. Death has no sting for those who love This ris - en Lord to fol - low; A-



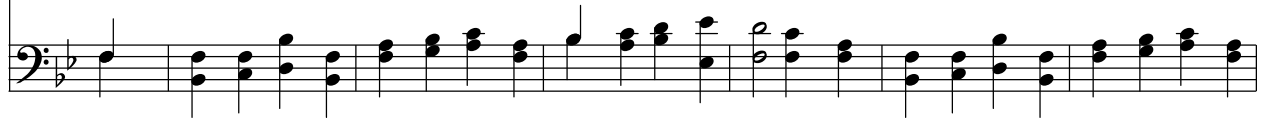
grave has giv - en up its dead— The Lord of life and glo - ry.  
songs of glad - ness swell each voice That bears that won - drous stor - y.  
- cross their hearts the gloom-y grave Throws not its gloom-y sha - dow.



## Refrain



Sing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo-ry hal-le - lu-jah, Sing glo - ry, glo - ry,  
Sing glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Sing glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry,



Glo-ry hal-le - lu - jah.

