

Ring Out, Ye Bells  
Wimsett Boulding, 1915.  
J. H. Wallis.

Ring out, ye bells, your music tells  
Once again the story  
Of that sweet Child, who, undefiled,  
Came from realms of glory;  
Ring in the King who comes to bring  
The reign of God on earth,  
A world of peace and righteousness,  
The old world's second birth.

Ring in the star that shines from far  
God's own light bestowing;  
No other light can break our night,  
Heav'n's own dawn foreshowing;  
It turns above with God's dear love,  
A love that naught can dim,  
'Twill burn and shine, that light divine,  
Till all are drawn to Him.

Ring on, ye bells, your music tells  
Human love is growing;  
That strifes will cease, and tides of peace  
Up the world come flowing;  
Ring in that sea of harmony,  
That flood of human love,  
O'er whose still breast once more will rest  
The Spirit like a dove.

What though your spells, ye Christmas bells,  
Ages have been ringing,  
And angels bright through sin's long night,  
Christmas carols singing;  
Still ring your chime, till every clime  
Has heard the angel throng,  
And every sound is lost and drowned  
In their eternal song.