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Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas day  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet the words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along the unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Till, ringing, singing on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day,  
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Then from each black, accursed mouth  
The cannon thundered in the South,  
And with the sound the carols drowned  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearth-stones of a continent,  
And made forlorn the households born  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And in despair I bowed my head :  
"There is no peace on earth," I said ;  
"For hate is strong and mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep ;  
"God is not dead ; nor doth He sleep !  
The Wrong shall fail, the Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will to men !"

—Longfellow.



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