Ring out the bells for Christmas

J. S. B. Hodges (1830 - 1915)

Ring out the bells for Christmas, The happy, happy day, In winter wild, the Holy Child Within a cradle lay. O wonderful! the Saviour is in a manger lone; His palace is a stable, And Mary's arm His throne.

CHORUS

Ring out the bells for Christmas, The happy, happy day, Ring out the bells for Christmas, The happy, happy day.
2.
On Bethlehem’s quiet hillside,
   In ages long gone by,
In angel notes the Glory floats,
   Glory to God on high!
Yet wakes the sun as joyous
   As when the Lord was born,
And still He comes to greet you
   On every Christmas morn.
   CHORUS. — Ring out the bells, etc.

3.
Where’er His sweet lambs gather
   Within this gentle fold,
The Saviour dear is waiting near
   As in the days of old:
In each young heart you see Him,—
   In every guileless face
You see the Holy Jesus,
   Who grew in truth and grace.
   CHORUS. — Ring out the bells, etc.

4.
In many a darksome cottage,
   In many a crowded street,
In winter bleak, with shivering cheek,
   The homeless child you meet;
Gaze on the pale wan features,
   The feet with wandering sore,
You see the souls He loveth,
   The Christ-Child at the door.
   CHORUS. — Ring out the bells, etc.

5.
Then sing your gladsome carols,
   And hail the new-born Sun;
For Christmas light is passing bright,
   It smiles on every one.
And feast Christ’s little children,
   His poor, His orphan call;
For He who chose the manger,—
   He loveth one and all.
   CHORUS. — Ring out the bells, etc.