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The New Year.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go—
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor—
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right—
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out all shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old—
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.