

Bells, Blessings

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 it die.

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

In this season of happiness,
In this season of joy,
Remember us, the forgotten ones.
Blessings on you all.

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.

In this season of happiness,
In this season of joy,
Remember us, the forgotten ones.
Blessings on you all.

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

In this season of happiness,
In this season of joy,
Let us remember the forgotten ones.
Blessings on us all.

Composer's notes

Tennyson's joyous bells that ring out the old year's darkness, false pride and civic strife, and ring in the New Year's larger heart and kindlier hand, are interleaved with the eloquent plea to "remember us, the forgotten ones"... the street people, the beggars, the refugees.

Close to the *ng* of *ring* where possible, throughout.
In mm. 60-61, *peace* may be sung as an alternative to *Christ*.

Duration: 2:45