

Oh hark ! upon the startled air the new year's bells ring out
With clang on clang, and peal on peal, a glad triumphal shout :
Hear Earth within thy silent tomb and echo back the cry,
He will not leave us in the Grave—Where is Death's victory ?

And even as the bells clang out a tremor shakes the snow,
Above, below, before, behind, are voices whispering low :
The hills and dales and woods and streams are speaking to the sky,
“ He will not leave us in the Grave—*Where* is Death's victory ?

They cease—those sounds of hope and faith die off from rill and plain,
But Heaven's angelic choirs take up the never ending strain,
“ All glory, honour, praise and power to Him who dwells on high,
He will not leave them in the Grave—*Where* is Death's victory ?

Ring out, ring out, oh happy bells, the glorious theme again,
Our own Redeemer lives and reigns and we shall live and reign ;
He lives—though erst Earth shook with awe to hear His dying breath,
And Death lies prostrate at His feet, for Love can conquer Death.