

The Angels ring their far eternal chime,
And mortal men are stirred to make reply:
Across the wastes and wilds of Space and
Time,
They quicken to that pulsing make the

They quicken to that pulsing melody.

To soldiers of the Master, sword in hand,—

To lonely souls that kneel in silent cells,

In that great language all can understand,

Float the good tidings of the Christmas

Bells.