

Ring forth, holy bells,
Ring forth from your tower,
With music that tells
Of Christ's saving power;
Ring forth in the hearing
Of old men and young,
And greet the God-fearing
With each iron tongue.

Ring forth, merry chime,
Declaring to all
That now is the time
To come to Christ's call;
To matron and maiden,
To father and boy,
To saint and sin-laden,
Give tidings of joy.

Loud, loud be your praise,
That all men may hear
The anthem ye raise,
Resounding and clear;
Proclaim Christ is risen,
Exalted and crowned,
Hath opened death's prison
And set free the bound.

Unchanging God who livest
Enthroned in realms on high.
To men the power Thou givest
Thy name to magnify.
We raise the bells for ringing
With ready mind and will,
And come before Thee bringing
Our hearts, our strength, our
skill.

By union free and willing,
The work of God is done
Our Master's prayer fulfilling
We would in Him be one.
One, as the Church our Mother
Would have her children stand,
Befriending one another,
A strong and steadfast band.

We call from tower and steeple
Upon the day of days,
All faithful Christian people
To worship, prayer and praise.
We ring with joyous gladness
When man and wife are blessed;
We peal in muffled sadness
For loved ones laid to rest.

Our lives, like bells, while
changing
An ordered course pursue,
Through joys and sorrows ranging
May all those lives ring true.
May we through Christ forgiven,
Our faults and failures past,
Attain our place in Heaven
Called home to rest at last.

The sacred bells of England, how gloriously they ring
From ancient tower and steeple, for cottager, for King;
We love to hear their voices while o'er the fields we roam;
How sweet to think their echo may reach our Heavenly home.

Church bells of Happy England, your songs of olden time,
As chanted down the ages for Vespers and for Prime;
On merry Christmas morning, on Holy Easter Day
Fulfil your festal calling; bid Churchfolk up and pray.

Church Bells of Christian England ring out your message wide,
Whene'er Our Lord is blessing the bridegroom and the bride,
Or when the Tenor tolling with passing knell we hear,
May one and all remember, a soul to God draws near.

Bellringers of Old England, who peal in earthly fanes
For Christ, our Lord and Master, who ne'er man's praise
disdains,
Sound ye with iron voices on earth God's high command
Till ye may swell His praises in Heaven's Eternal Land.