1. I heard the bells on Christmas Day

their old, familiar carols play,

and wild and sweet, the words repeat

of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought as now this day had come,

the belfries of all Christendom

had rolled along, the unbroken song

of peace on earth, good-will to men!

2. And in despair I bowed my head;

"There is no peace on earth," I said;

"For hate is strong, and mocks the song

of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:

"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;

The Wrong shall fail, the Right prevail,

with peace on earth, good-will to men."