

# THE ZEBULON RECORD

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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 him die.

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

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

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

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The verses we reproduce above have been taken from "In Memoriam," the famous poem written by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, following the death of his friend, Henry Hallam.

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