**Christmas Bells**

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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 how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

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!"

Questions on Bell poems:

1. Read the three poems. The topic of the poems are all the same with bells. How does the poet develop, so the topics image is different in each poem?
2. What is the tone of each poem? How does the imagery affect the tone?
3. What poetic elements do you see in the poems above. Find at least three and give an example of that element.
4. Which poem do you like better and why?

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."

**The Bells stanza I from the Bells**

Edgar Allan Poe

Hear the sledges with the bells--

 Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

 In the icy air of night!

 While the stars that over sprinkle

 All the heavens, seem to twinkle

 With a crystalline delight;

 Keeping time, time, time,

 In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

 Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

**Ring Out Wild Bells, from Ring Out Wild Bells**

Alfred Tennyson

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.