**Victory Bells**

by Grace Hazard Conkling

(November 11, 1918)

I heard the bells across the trees,  
I heard them ride the plunging breeze  
Above the roofs from tower and spire.  
And they were leaping like a fire,  
And they were shining like a stream  
With sun to make its music gleam.  
Deep tones as though the thunder tolled,  
Cool voices thin as tinkling gold,  
They shook the spangled autumn down  
From out the tree-tops of the town;  
They left great furrows in the air  
And made a clangor everywhere  
As of metallic wings. They flew  
Aloft in spirals to the blue  
Tall tent of heaven and disappeared.  
And others, swift as though they feared  
The people might not heed their cry  
Went shouting VICTORY up the sky.  
They did not say that war is done,  
Only that glory has begun  
Like sunrise, and the coming day  
Will burn the clouds of war away.  
There will be time for dreams again,  
And home-coming for weary men.