

# The Bells

Phil Ochs

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  
All the heavens seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight

Keeping time, time, time  
With a sort of Runic rhyme  
From the tintinnabulation  
That so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells  
Hear the mellow wedding bells  
Golden bells

What a world of happiness  
Their harmony foretells  
Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight  
Through the dances and the yells  
And the rapture that impels

How it swells  
How it dwells  
On the future  
How it tells

From the swinging and the ringing  
Of the molten golden bells  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells  
Of the rhyming and the chiming of the bells

Hear the loud alarm bells  
Brazen bells  
What a tale of terror now  
Their turbulency tells

Much too horrified to speak  
Oh, they can only shriek  
For all the ears to know  
How the danger ebbs and flows

Leaping higher, higher, higher  
With a desperate desire  
In a clamorous appealing  
To the mercy of the fire

With the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells  
With the clamor and the clanging of the bells  
Hear the tolling of the bells  
Iron bells

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels  
For all the sound that floats  
From the rust within our throats  
And the people sit and groan  
In their muffled monotone

And the tolling, tolling, tolling  
Feels a glory in the rolling  
From the throbbing and the sobbing  
Of the melancholy bells

Oh, the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells  
Oh, the moaning and the groaning of the bells