

# Michael Pritzl, Ring Them Bells

Ring them bells, ye heathen  
From the city that dreams  
Ring them bells from the sanctuaries  
Cross the valleys and streams  
For they're deep and they're wide  
And the world's on its side  
And time is running backwards  
And so is the bride

Ring them bells St. Peter  
Where the four winds blow  
Ring them bells with an iron hand  
So the people will know  
Oh it's rush hour now  
On the wheel and the plow  
And the sun is going down  
Upon the sacred cow

Ring them bells Sweet Martha  
For the poor man's son  
Ring them bells so the world will know  
That God is one  
Oh the shepherd is asleep  
Where the willows weep  
And the mountains are filled  
With lost sheep

Ring them bells for the blind and the deaf  
Ring them bells for all of us who are left  
Ring them bells for the chosen few  
Who will judge the many when the game is through  
Ring them bells, for the time that flies  
For the child that cries  
When innocence dies

Ring them bells St. Catherine  
From the top of the room  
Ring them from the fortress  
For the lilies that bloom  
Oh the lines are long  
And the fighting is strong  
And they're breaking down the distance  
Between right and wrong