

Phil Ochs, The Bells

D

Hear the sledges with the bells

G D

Silver bells

What a world of merriment

C D

Their melody foretells

C Em A

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle

C Em A

In the icy air of night

C Em A

All the heavens seem to twinkle

C Em A

With a crystalline delight

D Bm

Keeping time, time, time

F#m A

With a sort of Runic rhyme

D

From the tintinnabulation

C D

That so musically wells

D G D A7 D G D

From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells

G A7 D

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 alarum 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.