

Brenda Lee, The Angel And The Little Blue Bell

At Christmas time in the steeple high
The bells would proudly ring
To tell the world of the joy and cheer
That Christmas day would bring
But one little bell in the steeple high
Could only pain alone and cry
No matter hard he try and try
Poor little thing he couldn't ring at all

All the other bells in the steeple high
Saw all his lonely tears
And watched him tried his best to ring
Each Christmas through the years
But the little blue bell in the steeple tower
Just cry for Christmas pain to call
For like I said inspite of all
Poor little thing he couldn't ring at all

One Christmas eve in the steeple high
An angle did appear
She smiled and said to the little blue bell
I've come to dry yours tears and on that night
So the story's told, she changed the little blue bell
To the purest gold with the richest tone
To whole and whole proud little thing
Just hear him ring