

The Bells
Phil Ochs

The bells
Music by Phil Ochs
Lyrics by Edgar Allen Poe

D **G** **D**
Hear the sledges with the bells, silver bells,
C **D**
what a world of merriment their melody foretells !
C **Em** **A** **C** **Em** **A**
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle in the icy air of night,
C **Em** **A** **C** **Em** **A**
all the heavens seem to twinkle with a crystalline delight.
D **Bm** **F#m** **A**
Keeping time, time, time with a sort of runic rhyme,
D **C** **D**
from the tintinnabulation that so musically wells.
D **G** **D** **A** **D** **G** **D**
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
G **A** **D**
from the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

D **G** **D**
Hear the mellow wedding bells, golden bells,
C **D**
what a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
C **Em** **A** **C** **Em** **A**
Through the balmy air of night, how they ring out their delight,
C **Em** **A** **C** **Em** **A**
through the dances and the yells, and the rapture that impels.
D **Bm** **F#m** **A**
How it swells, how it dwells, on the future, how it tells,
D **C** **D**
from the swinging and the ringing of the molten golden bells.
D **G** **D** **A** **D** **G** **D**
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
G **A** **D**
of the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

D **G** **D**
Hear the loud alarum bells, brazen bells,
C **D**
what a tale of terror now their turbulency tells !
C **Em** **A** **C** **Em** **A**
Much too horrified to speak, oh, they can only shriek,
C **Em** **A** **C** **Em** **A**

for all the ears to know, how the danger ebbs and flows.

D **Bm** **F#m** **A**
Leaping higher, higher, higher with a desperate desire,
D **C** **D**
in a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire.
D **G** **D** **A** **D** **G** **D**
With the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
G **A** **D**
with the clamor and the clanging of the bells.

D **G** **D**
Hear the tolling of the bells, iron bells,
C **D**
what a world of solemn thought their monody compels !
C **Em** **A** **C** **Em** **A**
For all the sound that floats, from the rust within our throats,
C **Em** **A** **C** **Em** **A**
and the people sit and groan in their muffled monotone.
D **Bm** **F#m** **A**
And the tolling, tolling, tolling feels a glory in the rolling,
D **C** **D**
from the throbbing and the sobbing of the melancholy bells.
D **G** **D** **A** **D** **G** **D**
Oh, the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
G **A** **D**
oh, the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

D **G** **D**
Hear the sledges with the bells, silver bells,
C **D**
what a world of merriment their melody foretells !
C **Em** **A** **C** **Em** **A**
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle in the icy air of night,
C **Em** **A** **C** **Em** **A**
all the heavens seem to twinkle with a crystalline delight.
D **Bm** **F#m** **A**
Keeping time, time, time with a sort of runic rhyme,
D **C** **D**
from the tintinnabulation that so musically wells.
D **G** **D** **A** **D** **G** **D**
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
G **A** **D**
from the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.