

## **Bob Dylan**

# **"Ring Them Bells"**

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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 on its side  
And time is running backwards  
And so is the bride.

Ring them bells Saint Peter where the four winds blow  
Ring them bells with an ironhand  
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 Saint 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.

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