

## **Brenda Lee**

# **"The Angel And The Little Blue Bell"**

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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 in spite 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

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