

Gordon Lightfoot

"Ring Them Bells"

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Ring them bells ye heathen from the city that dreams
Ring them bell from the sanctuaries, 'cross the valleys
and streams
For they're deep and they're wide, and the world's on
its side
And time is a-runnin' backwards and so is the bride

Ring them bells St. Peter where the four winds blow
Ring them bells with an iron hand so the people will
know
Oh, it's rush hour now on the wheel of the plow
And the sun is a-goin' 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
For the shepherd is asleep where the willow weep
And the mountains are filled with lost sheep

Ring them bells for the blind and the deaf
Ring them bells 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 who cries when innocence dies

Ring them bells St. Catherine from the top of the roof
Ring the bells from the fortress for the lilies that bloom
For the lines are long and the fighting is strong
And they're breakin' down the distance between right
and wrong

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