

# Phil Ochs "The Bells"

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D

Hear the sledges with the bells

G D

Silver bells

What a world of merriment

C D

Their melody foretells

C Em A

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle

C Em A

In the icy air of night

C Em A

All the heavens seem to twinkle

C Em A

With a crystalline delight

D Bm

Keeping time, time, time

F#m A

With a sort of Runic rhyme

D

From the tintinnabulation

C D

That so musically wells

D G DA7 D G D

From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells

G A7 D

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells

Hear the mellow wedding bells

Golden bells

What a world of happiness

Their harmony foretells

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight

Through the dances and the yells

And the rapture that impels

How it swells

How it dwells

On the future

How it tells

From the swinging and the ringing of the molten

golden bells  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells  
Of the rhyming and the chiming of the bells

Hear the loud alarum bells  
Brazen bells  
What a tale of terror now  
Their turbulency tells  
Much too horrified to speak  
Oh, they can only shriek  
For all the ears to know  
How the danger ebbs and flows  
Leaping higher, higher, higher  
With a desperate desire  
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire  
With the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells  
With the clamor and the clanging of the bells

Hear the tolling of the bells  
Iron bells  
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels  
For all the sound that floats  
From the rust within our throats  
And the people sit and groan  
In their muffled monotone  
And the tolling, tolling, tolling  
Feels a glory in the rolling  
From the throbbing and the sobbing  
Of the melancholy bells  
Oh, the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells  
Oh, the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

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