

## **Dylan Bob**

### **"Ring Them Bells"**

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by Bob Dylan

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's on its side  
And time is running 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 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 St. 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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