

The Bells-crd

By Edgar Allen Poe, musical adaptation by Phil Ochs

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 Em
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 D A7 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, 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, 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.