

The Bells
By Edgar Allen Poe

Hear the sledges with the bells-
 Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody
 foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically
 wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells-
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!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And an in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she
 gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously
 wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the Future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells-
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells-
 Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency
 tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the
 fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and
 frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor,
 Now- now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows:
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger
 of the bells-
 Of the bells-
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells-
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells.

Hear the tolling of the bells-
 Iron Bells!
What a world of solemn thought their
 monody compels!

In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people- ah, the people-
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All Alone

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone-
They are neither man nor woman-
They are neither brute nor human-

They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls

A paeon from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the paeon of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the paeon of the bells-
Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells-
Of the bells, bells, bells-
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells-
Of the bells, bells, bells:
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells-
Bells, bells, bells-

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.