3 Edgar Allan Poe Songs

3. THE BELL S

Text: Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849)

Huub de Lange (*1955)

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How they tinkle, their melody foretells!

(tell...)

How they tinkle, in the icy air of night!

(tell...)

While the stars that over-sprinkle all the heavens, seem to twinkle with a crystal-line de...
with a crystalline delight;

Kee-ping

light with a crystalline delight; Kee-ping

(time, time, time, in a sort of Ru-nic rhyme, to the tin-tin-na-bu-la-tion that so

time, time, time, to the tin-tin-na-bu-la-tion that so

time, time, time, to the tin-tin-na-bu-la-tion that so

(from the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells from the

mu-si-cal-ly wells (mm...

mu-si-cal-ly wells (mm...

mu-si-cal-ly wells
jing ling and the tink-ling of the bells.

hearing the mellow

wed-ding bells, gol-den bells! gol-den bells! What a world of

hap-pi-ness their har-mo-ny fore-tells!
tells!  Through the bal - my air of night how they ring out

their de - light!  From the mol - ten - gol - den - notes, mol - ten - gol - den -

notes, the mol - ten - gol - den notes, and all in tune, what a

and all in tune, what a
li- quid dit-ty floats to the tur- tel-dove that list-ens, while she gloats on the moon! Oh, from
to the tur- tle-dove that list-ens, while she gloats on the moon!

out the soun-ding cells, what a gush of eu-pho-ny vo lu-

mi-nous-ly wells! How it swells! How it dwells on the
How it tells of the rapture that impels to the swinging and the ringing of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells - to the ryming and the chiming of the bells!
Hear the loud a-la-rum bells bra-zen bells! bra-zen bells! What a tale of ter-ror, now, their tur-bu-len-cy tells! In the start-led ear of night how they scream out their af-fright! Too much hor-ri-fied to speak, they can on-ly shriek, shriek, out of
tune, in a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire, in a mad exposition

...la-tion with the deaf and frantic fire, leaping higher, higher, higher, with a desperate de-

si-re and a resolute endeavor, now now to sit or never, by the side of the pale-faced
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 twangling, and the clanging, how the danger ebbs and
roar! What a horror they outpour on the
flows: yet the ear distinctly tells, in the jangling, and the wrangling, how the danger sinks and
boresom of the palpitating air!
swells, by the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells, of the bells, of the
bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells! of the bells, bells,
bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, in the clamor and the clangor of the

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bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, in the clamor and the clangor of the

bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, in the clamor and the clangor of the
Bells - Iron Bells - What a world of solemn thought their

(oh...)

(oh...)

(oh...)

(oh...)

(oh...)

(oh...)

(oh...)

(oh...)

(oh...)

How we shiver with affright at the

(oh...)

(oh...)

(oh...)

(oh...)

(oh...)

(oh...)
me - lan - cho - ly me - nace of their tone! For ev'ry

sound that floats from the rust within their throats is a

groan.

And the people
they that dwell up in the steeple, all a-
and who, tolling, tolling, tolling, in that lone
muffled monotone, feel a glory in so rolling on the
they are neither man or woman, they are human heart of stone,

neither brute or human, neither brute or human, they are

Ghouls: and their king it is who tolls, as he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls, a
paean from the bells! And his merry bosom swells with the paean of the bells! And he
dances, and he yells; Keeping time, time, time in a sort of Runic rhyme, to the
paean of the bells, 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, 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 to the

moaning and the groaning of the bells.

bells. to the moaning and the groaning of the bells.
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(ah... of the bells. of the bells. of the bells. of the bells.

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