

### *The Heavenly Bell*

The bell, the bell, the heavenly bell,  
With all-embracing and rhythmic knell,  
From realm empyrean it casts its spell,  
This bell, the heavenly bell.

The crickets chirp and the linnets sing,  
The cars dash by and the signals ring,  
Yet I hear them not when I feel the swing  
Of the bell, this heavenly bell.

The noises of water, fire and air,  
The beasts who roar from earthly lair  
In volume, they cannot compare  
With the bell, the heavenly bell.

The babbling brooklet's high soprano,  
The mighty Niagra's bourdon low,  
The rapid rivers—all echo  
This bell, the heavenly bell.

The thunders of volcanic mount,  
The waltzes played by bubbling fount  
But imitate in feeble sound  
The bell, this heavenly bell.

The muezzin's cry, the temple gong,  
The chant of monks in vesper song,  
To our soul recall the mighty tongue  
Of the bell, the heavenly bell.

The funeral dirage with tempo slow,  
The concert o'er the radio  
All earthly music ... 'tis but a shadow  
Of the bell, this heavenly bell.

From highest heaven this rhythm 'round  
To lowest avichi doth rebound

## The Heavenly Bell

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Ascend and descend this soundless sound  
Of the bell, the heavenly bell.

The pipes of Krishna and of Pan,  
The instruments Jubal made for man,  
But imitate on earthly plane,  
The bell, this heavenly bell.

In the beginning was the Word,  
The Word was with God before it was heard,  
The source of life, this Ineffable Word  
Was the bell, the heavenly bell.

O rapturous rhythms, divine melody!  
O Song of Songs, sublime symphony!  
O mystic music, heavens harmony!  
Thou bounteous, blissful bell!

O learn to use thine inner ear,  
And thou in time, O man will hear  
This music from the utmost sphere  
Of the bell, the heavenly bell.

To Will Levington Comfort  
August 24, 1925