

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
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