

POETRY OF THE BELLS

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Poetry of the bells by Jr Batchelder

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JR BATCHELDER

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COLLECTED BY
SAMUEL BATCHELDER, JR



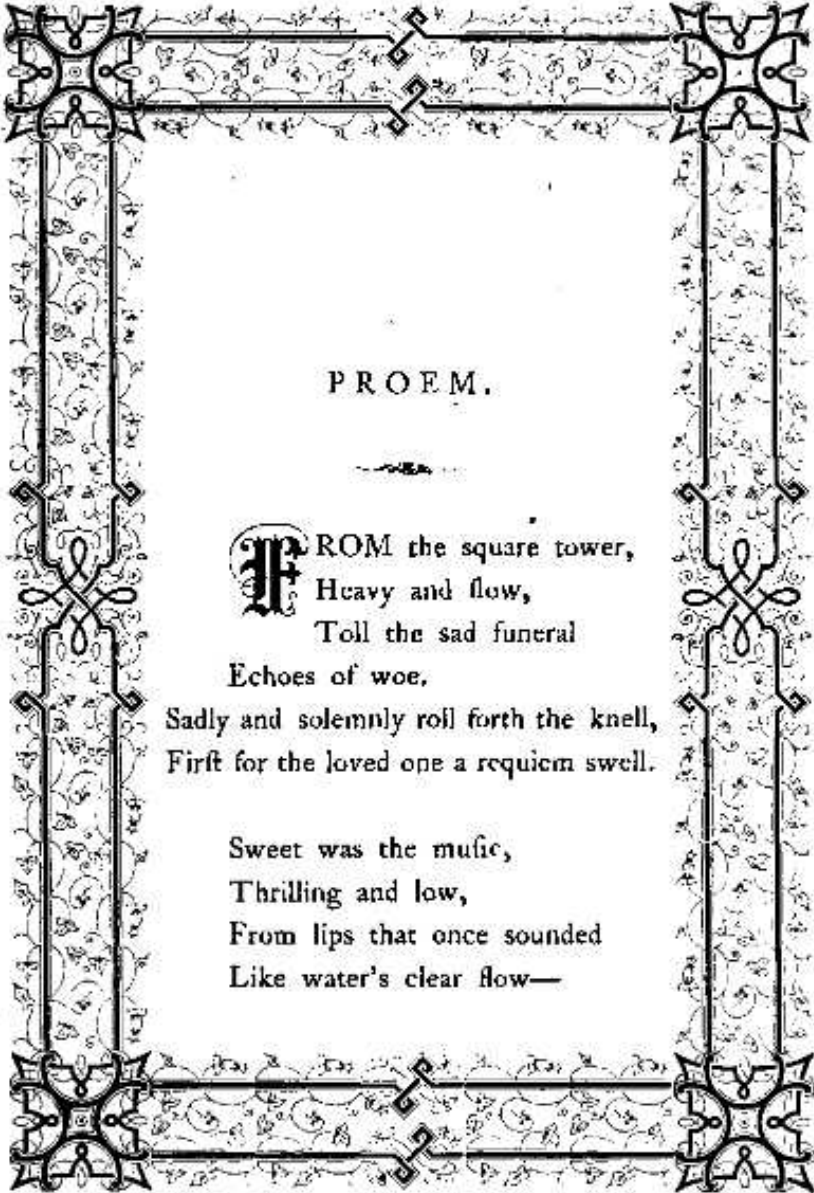
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1858

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Gift of:-
Elisabeth Whitney Putnam

" To call the fold to Church in time,
 We chime.
When joy and mirth are on the wing,
 We ring.
When we lament a departed soul,
 We toll."



PROEM.

FROM the square tower,
Heavy and slow,
Toll the sad funeral

Echoes of woe.

Sadly and solemnly roll forth the knell,
First for the loved one a requiem swell.

Sweet was the music,
Thrilling and low,
From lips that once sounded
Like water's clear flow—

Through din and disorder and changes
of time,
In his heart there was pealing a heav-
enly chime.

Ring from the belfry,
Loudly and clear,
Waves of loved harmonies,
He cannot hear ;
For the voice that once chanted
On earth the glad strain,
Exalted to glory,
Repeats it again.
Then why should he listen
To hope's earthly bells ?
For all is fruition
Where joyful he dwells.

Ring from the tower,
Merrily, clear,
Over the Bride,
Whose vows are made here.
Cheerfully, hopefully, wedded in heart,
What God joins together no creature
shall part.

Ring from the belfry,
Gently a peal
What time hath in keeping
Of woe or of weal—
For the Infant unconsciously brought
to acquire
In waters baptismal the Spirit of fire.

Ring out over hill-side,
Chime out over sea,

The gospel's glad sound,
To the bond and the free;
Bid the deaf and the blind and the
lame to the feast,
And tell to the nations the tidings of
Peace.

Isabella James.

— — — — —
THE BELL AT SEA.

WHEN the tide's billowy swell
Had reached its height,
'Then pealed the Rock's lone
Bell
Sternly by night.

Far over cliff and surge,
Swept the deep sound,

Making each wild wind's dirge
Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone
The sailor blessed,
Steering through darkness on,
With fearless breast.

E'en thus may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be!

Mrs. Hemans.