

# The Angel and the Little Blue Bell

[Brenda Lee](#)

At Christmas time in the steeple high  
The bells would proudly ring  
To tell the world of the joy and cheer  
That Christmas day would bring  
But one little bell in the steeple high  
Could only hang alone and cry  
No matter how he tried and tried  
Poor little thing he couldn't ring at all  
All the other bells in the steeple high  
Saw all his lonely tears  
And watched him try his best to ring  
Each Christmas through the years  
But the little blue bell in the steeple tall  
Just cried when Christmas came to call  
For like I said, in spite of all,  
Poor little thing he couldn't ring at all  
One Christmas eve in the steeple high  
An angel did appear.  
She smiled and said to the little blue bell,  
"I've come to dry your tears."  
And on that night so the story's told  
She changed the little blue bell to the purest gold  
With the richest tone to hold and hold,  
Proud little thing, just hear him ring.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>