

# Ring Them Bells

[Sufjan Stevens](#)

Ring them bells, ye heathen from the city that dreams  
Ring them bells from the sanctuaries cross the valleys and streams  
For they're deep and they're wide and the world's on its side  
And time is running backwards and so is the bride  
Ring them bells St. Peter where the four winds blow  
Ring them bells with an iron hand, so the people will know  
Oh, it's rush hour now on the wheel and the plow  
And the sun is going down upon that sacred cow  
Ring them bells Sweet Martha for the poor man's son  
Ring them bells so the world will know that God is one  
Oh, the shepherd is asleep where the willows weep  
And the mountains are filled with lost sheep  
Ring them bells for the blind and the deaf  
Ring them bells for all of us who are left  
Ring them bells for the chosen few  
Who will judge the many when the game is through  
Ring them bells for the time that flies  
For the child that cries when innocence dies  
Ring them bells St. Catherine from the top of the room  
Ring them from the fortress for the lilies that bloom  
Oh, the lines are long and the fighting is strong  
And they're breaking down the distance between right and wrong

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