

Bells

by Thomas Traherne

Bells are but Clay that men refine
 And raise from duller Ore;
Yet now, as if they were divine,
They call whole Cities to adore;
Exalted into Steeples they
Disperse their Sound, and from on high
Chime in our Souls; they ev'ry way
 Speak to us through the Sky:
 Their iron Tongues
 Do utter Songs,
And shall our stony Hearts make no Reply!

