

# Brenda Lee, The Angel And The Little Blue Bell

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 pain alone and cry  
No matter hard he try and try  
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 tried his best to ring  
Each Christmas through the years  
But the little blue bell in the steeple tower  
Just cry for Christmas pain to call  
For like I said inspite of all  
Poor little thing he couldn't ring at all

One Christmas eve in the steeple high  
An angle did appear  
She smiled and said to the little blue bell  
I've come to dry yours 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 whole and whole proud little thing  
Just hear him ring