

The bells 'cross English fields

Tune: St Anne (Croft) (AKA O God our help in ages past)

Words: Neal Dodge 2025

O Lord, your hand has blessed this land,
With bells that lift our song;
'cross England's fields, they chime so grand,
Proclaiming faith so strong.

Through meadows wide and valleys green,
Their music fills the air;
A timeless song, yet ever keen,
A call to faith and prayer.

Our ringers' art, both strong and true,
With rhythm, tone, and grace,
Speaks of a craft both old and new,
That time cannot erase.

From pointed spires to rising towers,
The changing bells proclaim,
A harmony that binds the hours,
And glorifies your name.

O Lord, who blessed our land with sound,
And hearts with skilful care,
May England's bells forever bound,
In love, with you in prayer.

When time is o'er, and life is past,
So we your grace shall see,
Let England's bells resound their last,
To call us, Lord, to Thee