

# Hell's Bells


- [song:1\\_hell\\_s\\_bells.abc](#)
- [song:1\\_hell\\_s\\_bells.mid](#)
- [song:1\\_hell\\_s\\_bells.pdf](#)



## Hell's Bells

Jeff Bigler (1995)


## Verse




1. When I died and went to heaven and had my in - ter -  
 2. "No danc - ers up in heaven a - bove, no legs a - dorned with  
 3. So Meph - i - stoph - el - es came by, and God to him did  
 4. Now when a man ar - rives in Hell and goes in - to the  
 5. And when this man goes off to bed, his room is so close  
 6. And when we bag, the mis - ers have to give us all they've



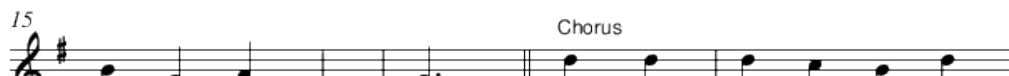
view God asked me to make a list of what I liked to  
 bells. A mor - ris team would make my peo - ple think they were in  
 tell the ben - i - fits of hav - ing mor - ris danc - ers down in  
 pub, and tries to find a qui - et place to sit and eat some  
 by, our sing - ing keeps him wide a - wake un - til the clock strikes  
 got, and none of them can take their leave 'till we de - cide to



do. But when I gave my list to God, He  
 Hell. But wait!" said God that's a good i - dea, I  
 Hell. Old Beel - ze - bub said "This I'll do! It will  
 grub(s). But ev - ery room this man goes in, there's  
 five. And the slum - ber of this wretch - ed man lasts  
 stop. And when we've gone in - - to the pub to



gave this sad re - ply: "I'm sor - ry, but we have no mor - ris  
 know just what we'll do: a mor - ris team in Hell would be the  
 give me great de - light to have my peo - ple suf - fer mor - ris  
 mor - ris danc - ers there. We've eat - en all the food and we have  
 fif - teen min - utes long, cause the next day, it is May Day and the  
 have a glass of beer, we'll raise a toast to Heaven a - bove: "Thank



danc - ers in the sky." danc - ers in the  
 per - fect heaven for you." You'll be the  
 danc - ers day and night." From the  
 drunk up all the beer. 'Cause we're the  
 Win - ster starts at dawn. 'We're the  
 God we're all down here!" 'We're the



un - der-world, we're the mor - ris team from Hell, 'cause a mor - ris danc - er's



heav - en is to be danc - ing on Hell's Bells. We're the danc - ers on Hell's Bells, we



do the job quite well. We're the danc - ers who tor - ment the damned, we're the



danc - - ers on Hell's Bells!

%%stretchlast yes

X:1

T:Hell's Bells

C:Jeff Bigler

O:1995

M:C

L:1/4

K:G major

V:1 clef=treble

"Verse"d |dcBd | cBAc | BAGB | A3 D |\

w:1.~ When I died and went to heaven and | had my in-ter-| view \* |\

w:2.~"No | danc-ers up in | heaven a-bove, no | legs a-dorned with | bells. A  
|\

w:3.~So | Meph-i-stoph-el- | es came by, and | God to him did | tell the |\

w:4.~Now | when a man ar- | rives in Hell and | goes in-to the | pub, and |\

w:5.~And | when this man goes | off to bed, his | room is so close | by, our  
|\

w:6.~And | when we bag, the | mis-ers have to | give us all they've | got, and  
|\

GGAA | BBcc | BGAF | G3 d |\

w:God asked me to make a list of | what I liked to do. But |\

w:mor-ris team would | make my peo-ple | think they were in | Hell. But |\

w:ben-i-fits of | hav-ing mor-ris | danc-ers down in | Hell. Old |\

w:tries to find a | qui-et place to | sit and eat some | grub(s). But |\

w:sing-ing keeps him | wide a-wake un- | til the clock strikes | five.

And~the |\

w:none of them can | take their leave 'till | we de-cide to | stop. And |\

dcBc | cBAc | BAGB | A3 D |\

w:when I gave my | list to God, He | gave this sad re- | ply: "I'm |\

w:wait!" said God that's~a | good i-dea, I | know just what we'll | do: a |\

w:Beel-ze-bub said | "This I'll do! It~will | give me great de- | light to |

w:ev-ery room this | man goes in, there's | mor-ris danc-ers | there. We've |

w:slum-ber of this | wretch-ed man lasts | fif-teen min-utes | long, cause~the  
|\

w:when we've gone in- | to the pub to | have a glass of | beer, we'll |\

GGAA | BBcc | BGAF | G3 ||\

w:sor-ry, but we | have no mor-ris | danc-ers in the | sky." ||\

w:mor-ris team in | Hell would be the | per-fect heaven for | you." ||\

w:have my peo-ple | suf-fer mor-ris | danc-ers day and | night." ||\

w:eat-en all the | food and we have | drunk up all the | beer. ||\

w:next day, it is | May Day and the | Win-ster starts at | dawn. ||\

w:raise a toast to | Heaven a-bove: "Thank | God we're all down | here!"

"Chorus"d/d/ |\

w:\* \* |\

w:You'll be~the |\

w:From the |\

w:'Cause we're~the |\

```

w:'We're the |\
w:'We're the |\
dcBd | cBA c/c/ | BAGB | A3 D/D/ |\
w:danc-ers in the | un-der-world, we're the | mor-ris team from Hell, 'cause a
|\
GGAA | BBc c/c/ | BGAF | G3 d/d/ |\
w:mor-ris danc-er's | heav-en is to be | danc-ing on Hell's | Bells. We're
the |\
d2 B2 | cBAc | BAGB | A3 D/D/ |\
w:danc-ers | on Hell's Bells, we | do the job quite | well. We're the |\
GGAA | BBc c/c/ | BGAF | G3 |]
w:danc-ers who tor- | ment the damned, we're the | danc-ers on Hell's | Bells!
|]

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by Jeff Bigler

When I died and went to heaven and had my interview, God asked me to make a list of what I like to do; But when I gave my list to God, He gave this sad reply: "I'm sorry, but we have no morris dancing in the sky."

"No dancers up in heaven above, no legs adorned with bells. A morris team would make our people think they were in Hell. But "Wait," said God, "that's a good idea; I know just what we'll do. A morris team in Hell would be the perfect heaven for you!"

**Chorus:** *We're dancers in the underworld on the morris team from Hell. 'Cause a morris dancer's heaven is to be dancing with Hell's Bells. We're dancers, of Hell's Bells and we do the job quite well We're the dancers who torment the damned; we're the dancers of Hell's Bells.*

So Mephistopheles arrived and God to him did tell, The benefits of having morris dancers down in Hell. Then Beelzebub said, "This I'll do; it will give me great delight To have my people suffer morris dancing day and night."

*Chorus*

Now when a man arrives in Hell, and goes into the pub, And tries to find a quiet place to sit and eat some grub. But every room this man goes in, there's morris dancers there- We've eaten all the food and we have drunk up all the beer.

*Chorus*

And when this man goes up to bed, his room is so close by Our singing keeps him wide awake until the clock strikes five. And the slumber of this wretched man lasts fifteen minutes long For the next day it is May Day and the Winster starts at dawn.

*Chorus*

When we bag, the misers have to give us all they've got, And none of them can take their leave 'till we decide to stop. And when we've gone into the pub and got a glass of beer, We'll raise a toast to heaven

above, "Thank God we're all down here!"

*Chorus*

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