

How often do I hear thee, CHRIST CHURCH BELL,
 Tolling the quarters through the busy day,
 And, with repeated, monitory knell,
 Announce, the moments still refuse to stay,
 Till midnight, when the Hour-host hie away
 Amidst the sound of thy Cathedral swell !
 Then do I start from vigil, and essay
 To catch these by the skirts, who from me fly,
 All spectral, fleeting in a wild array,
 And, to my hailing, give me but " Good-bye !"
 Good-bye for ever, HOURS !—but, CHRIST CHURCH
 BELL,
 Through hours, days, weeks, and ages coming long,
 May'st thou continue, day and night, to tell
 Of Time's soft flight, with thy loud iron tongue.