near, Round both the shires they ring them. In steeple远 and

near, A happy noise to hear.
of a Sunday morning My love and I would lie And
see the colored counties And hear the larks so high The
bells would ring to call her In valleys miles away But
And I would turn and here my love would stay.

Among the springing thyme, "Oh, answer—

And we will hear the peal upon our wedding.
chime, And come to church in time.

But

rit.

mp slow

when the snows at Christmas On Bredon top were strown, My

(piano may double parts if desired)
love rose up so early And stole out unknown And

They tolled the one bell only, The

mourners followed after, Groom where was none to see, And
so to church went she, And would not wait for me.
The bells they sound on Bre-don,
And still the stee-ples
hum.

"Come all to church, good peo-ple," Oh,
noisy bells, be dumb; "Come all to church, good people, Oh, noisy bells, be dumb.

hear you, I will come.
I hear you, I will come.

mf a tempo