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Voice from the Old Church Bell

S.K Whiting
Composer

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To
Miss C. A. Doe.

VOICE FROM THE OLD CHURCH BELL

Quartette

Words by

Z. POPE VOSE,

Rockland Me.

Music by

S. K. WHITING.

Band Me. 4th Reg.

Theme of music suggested to the author on viewing an Old Church on the Fairfax Road in Virginia. It had seen the passage of Bonaparte's army, the fortification of some Rebel troops, but now a deserted and dilapidated old building. The windows were broken in, the doors torn from their hinges, and the Old Bell having been thrown from its gudgeons seemed to say "My mournful song, farewell now, O fare well long."



Greene St.

Boston.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co. 277 Washington St.

Firth Pond & Co.
N. York.

J. Church Jr.
Cm.

J. C. Hauser & Co.
Boston.

J. F. Gould
Philad.

E. C. Clapp & Co.
Boston.

Carb Me.
001256
Whi

A VOICE FROM THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

S. K. WHITING.

Doloroso Sentimento.

AIR.

1. Long time, in the bel-fry brown, I've sung; And summoned men to pray. And I've

ALTO.

TENOR.

2. Be-low me, broken the al-ter stands, No saint comes near to pray, And

BASS

rit.

sad-ly toll'd, or mer-ri-ly rung, For dying or wedding day. And

rit.

Freedom is strick-en by Treason's hands, I can on-ly toll to day From the

UNISON.

f

oft at Free-dom's na-tal time, I have hailed the flag of stars. And

f

church, no more, the burial train, And bri-dal par-ty go, And the

f

min-gled the clang of my joy - ous chime, With the sound of the loud Huz - zas!

tread of the ar - mies fill the plain - I toll for the na - tion's woe.

CHORUS. dolce.

Ding, dong, my va - ried song, Sad and slow, or loud and long, loud and long,

Ding, dong, my mournful song, Toll - ing for the brave and strong, brave and strong.

1. 2.

cres. *dim. rit.*

Fall - ing, ringing, soft or strong, Farewell long, Oh, Farewell long.

cres. *dim. rit.*

Fallen low, by Treason's wrong, Sad and slow, my mournful song.

cres. *dim.*