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CAMP SONG
of the 69th Regt.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

IRISH SONG

Words by the

Revd. Francis Mahony.

ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

BY

T. D. SULLIVAN.

3

NEW YORK
Published by JOHN J. DALY 419 Grand St

M 1640
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BELLS OF SHANDON

Words by the

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.
(Father Prout.)

MODERATO.

Chimes.

p dolce.

ad lib.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.

2. I've heard Bells chiming full many a clime in, Tolling sublime in ca - thedral shrine, While

With deep affection and recollection, I often think of those Shandon Bells, Whose

dol.

at a glibe rate brass tongues would vi_brate, But all their mu - sic spoke naught like thine; For

sound so wild, would in days of childhood, Fling round my cradle their magic spells. On

mem'ry dwell-ing on each proud swelling Of thy bel-fry knell-ing its bold notes free, Made the

ritard.

this I pon-der, where e'er I wander, And thus grow fonder sweet Cork of thee; With thy

ritard. — colla voce.

CHORUS.

Bells of Shan-don sound far more grand on The pleasant waters of the river Lee Made the

Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on The pleasant waters of the river Lee. With thy

cresc.

Bells of Shan-don sound far more grand on The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

ANOTHER VERSION.

2d I've heard Bells

Andantino.

With deep af_

chiming full many a clime in, Tolling sub_lime in ca_ thedral shrine, While at a

fection and recol_lection, I often think of those Shandon Bells, Whose sound so

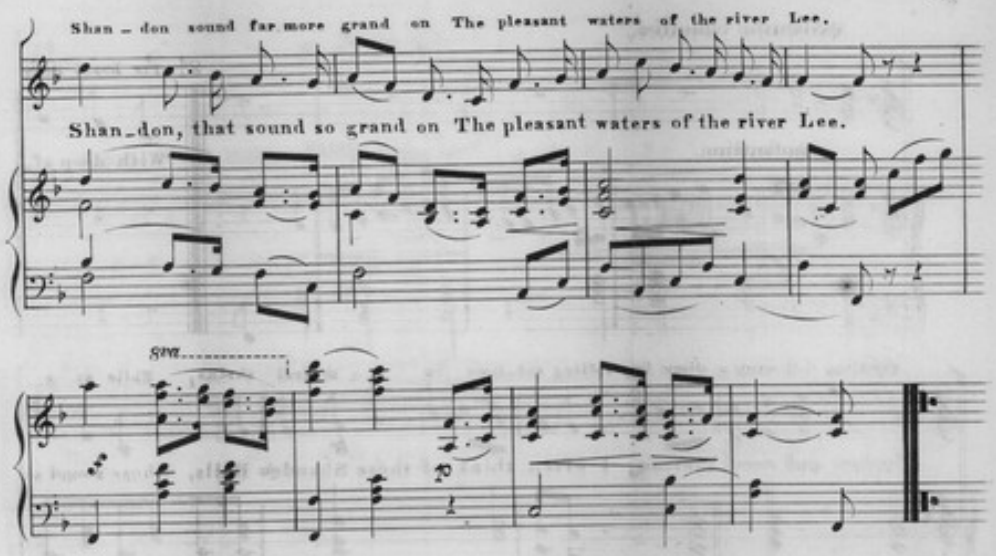
glibe rate brass tongues would vibrate, But all their mu_ sic spoke naught like thine; For mem'ry

wild would in days of childhood, Fling round my cradle their magic spells. On this I

cresc.

dwell_ing on each proud swell_ing Of thy belfry knell_ing its bold notes free, Made the Bells of

pon_der, where'er I wan_der, And thus grow fonder sweet Cork of thee; With thy Bells of



III

I've heard bells tolling "Old Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious,
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter, than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
O! the Bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

CHORUS. O! the Bells &c.

IV

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom, I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me,
Tis the Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

CHORUS. Tis the Bells &c.

Quider, Engraver.
N.Y.

Filed Feb. 3. 1862