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"THE ACADEMY BELL,"

A SONG,

THE WORDS BY

Miss Mary Helen Buckingham.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED
and respectfully dedicated to

Rev. Baynard R. Hall D.D.

By

P. JEWELL, Jr.

30 Cnett.

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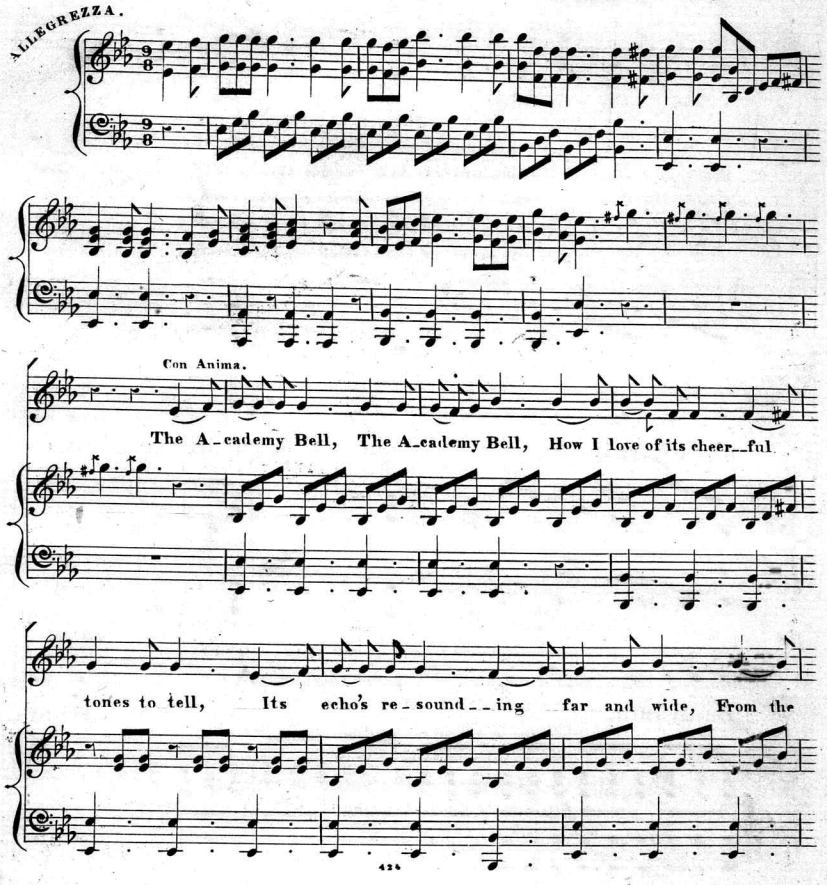
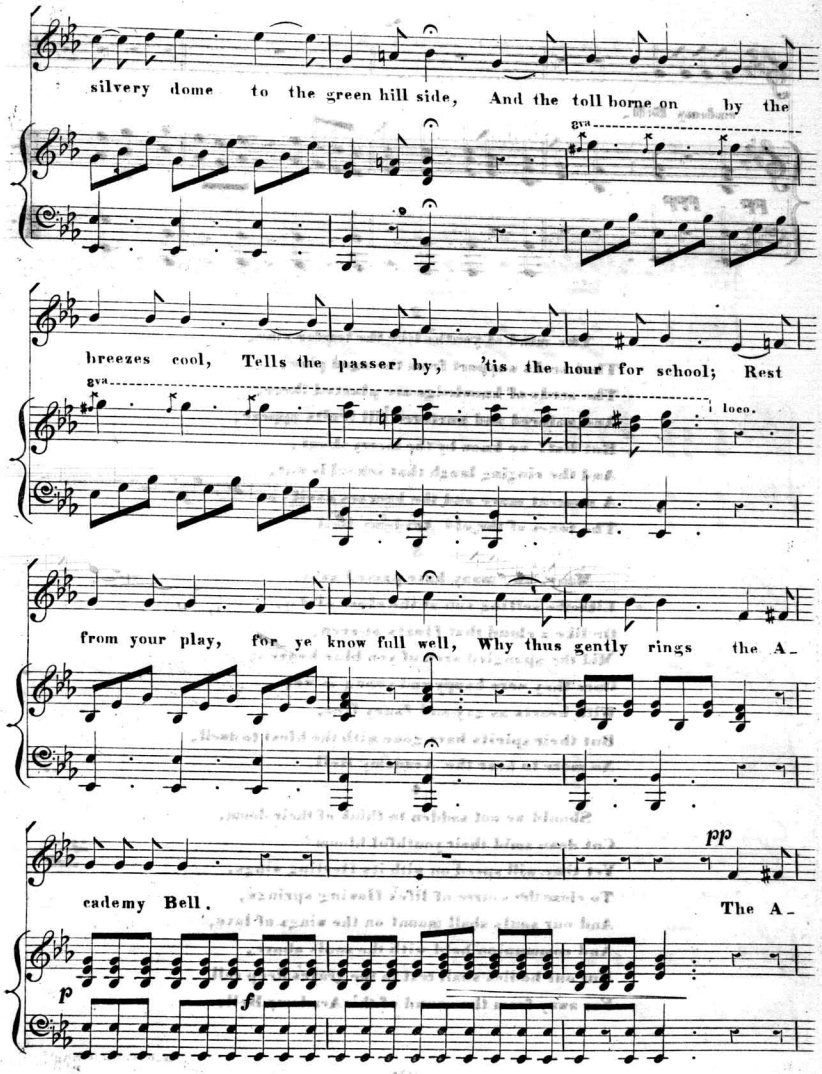
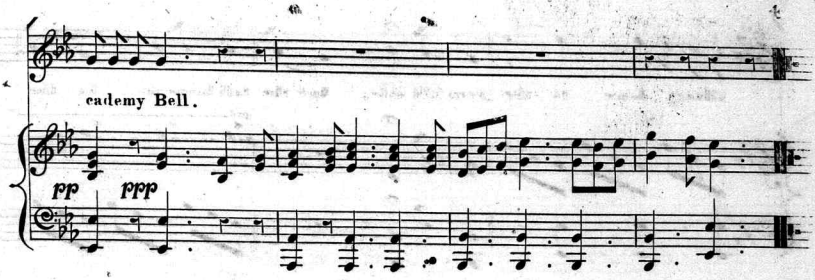
THE ACADEMY BELL.

Words by Miss M. H. Buckingham. Music by P. Jewell Jr.




silvery dome to the green hill side, And the toll borne on by the
gva
breezes cool, Tells the passer by, 'tis the hour for school; Rest
gva
loco.
from your play, for ye know full well, Why thus gently rings the A-
pp
cademy Bell. The A-
p
f



2

The mind of youth's like the tender vine,
That seeks support from the aged pine,
The seeds of knowledge are planted there,
And watered and nurtured 'till fruits appear;
But list! we know by the merry shout,
And the ringing laugh that school is out,
A moment more and the breezes swell
The tones of the old Academy Bell.

3

Many, ah, many have passed away,
Like the setting sun at the close of day,
Or like a cloud that floats at even,
'Mid the spangled arch of yon blue heaven;
Once they were happy and young as we,
With hearts as gay and fancy free,
But their spirits have gone with the blest to dwell,
No more to hear the Academy Bell.

4

Should we not sadden to think of their doom,
Cut down amid their youthful bloom?
Yet time will speed on with its fleeting wings,
To close the source of life's flowing springs,
And our souls shall mount on the wings of love,
And communion hold with the souls above,
But our bodies shall rest in the grave's deep cell
Far away from the sound of th' Academy Bell.

G.W. Guidor Engr.