

Three Peals of Bells

Mary Frances Tupper, 1863, 1864

Scott Werdebaugh, 2019

Thoughtfully (♩=113)

1. The Christ-mas bells! What glad wild notes They fling a - gainst the win - try sky, And
2. The new year's chimes! One mourn-ful bell Booms sad - ly from the still church tower; It
3. An - oth - er peal! A week has fled, A - gain the mer - ry bells are heard; And
4. We do not know what joy may here Up - on his on - ward path be shed, But

how their clang - ing i - ron throats Catch back the ech - oes ere they die! For
tolls the old year's part - ing knell, It tells the old year's dy - ing hour! But,
the old raf - ters o - ver - head Seem in their dust and cob - webs stirred; For,
this we pray, that each new year May pour new bless - ings on his head! And

man - y hun - dred years a - go Was born in - to this world be - low, A
sud - den - ly the hills a - round Vi - brate a - gain the mer - ry sound Of
through Old Eng - land's breadth and length, All hearts, all tongues u - nite their strength, To
as each Christ - mas - tide comes round, May he more Chris - tian - like be found, Till,

hum - ble Babe— a might-y King— Whom end - less praise the an - gels sing, While men a - dore.
bells, that on the night-air break, Bid - ding all thank - ful hearts a - wake, The glad world o'er.
tell how smiles on Eng - land's heir A lit - tle in - fant soft and fair, His first - born son.
full of hon - ours, full of days, He pass - es to the life of praise, On earth be - gun.