

# Silver Bells Of Memory - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Silver Bells of Memory.

In the hush of eventide,  
Sitting by my cottage door,  
Fancy softly seems to glide  
Backwards to the days of yore;  
And I hear in changeful swells,  
Sweetest tones of melody,  
'Tis the sound of silver bells,  
Silver bells of memory.

Chorus.

Silver bells, silver bells,  
Silver bells of memory;  
Silver bells, silver bells,  
Silver bells of memory.

Many faces have grown old,  
Many forms been laid to rest  
Underneath the churchyard mould,  
Ones I loved the most and best;  
Since I've heard the distant swells,  
Flouting on the winds to me,  
Low and sweet the silver bells.  
Silver bells of memory.-Chorus.

Now I seem to live once more.  
All the dear delightful past,  
Ere the shadows long before  
Sunny skies had overcast;  
When we wandered in the dells,  
Lingered in the flowery lea,  
Listening to the silver bells,  
Now the bells of memory.-Chorus.  
Eggs for Your Breakfast in the Morning  
Sung by T. M. Hengler.

I love to live on the bright green hills,  
I love to live on a farm,  
I love to be where the primrose grows,  
For a country life is a charm ;  
I love to play around the old barn yard,  
Down by the old hay stack.  
Where you hear the little chickens as they cackle, cackle, cackle,  
And the merry little ducks quack, quack.

Chorus.

Quack, quack, quack, goes the pretty little ducks,  
C'hickeus cackle, cackle-that's a warning,  
When the rooster crows-most everybody knows-  
There is eggs for your breakfast in the morning.

I love to be by the bright yellow corn,  
I love to roll on the grass,  
I love to play with the pretty little lambs.  
Along with a pretty little lass;  
I love to be by the old mill stream,  
Down near the pigs and the sow ;

When you get up in the morning, and you see the maid a milking  
Her favorite old Durham cow.-Chorus.