

# List To The Convent Bells - song lyrics

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

LIST TO THE CONVENT BELLS.

List! 'tis music stealing  
Over the rippling sea;  
Bright you moon is beaming  
Over each tower and tree.  
The waves seem list'ning to the sounds.  
As silently they flow,  
O'er coral groves and fairy ground,  
And sparkling caves below.  
List! 'tis music stealing  
Over the rippling sea;  
Bright yon moon is beaming  
Over each tower And tree.  
List! list! list! to the convent bells,  
List to the convent bells.

Music sounds the sweetest  
When on the moonlit sea.  
We sail in our bark (the fleetest)  
To a sweet melody.  
Then as we're gently sailing,  
We'll sing that plaintive strain,  
Which mem'ry makes endearing,  
And home recalls again.  
List! 'tis music stealing  
Over the rippling sea;  
Bright yon moon is learning  
Over each tower and tree.  
List! list! list! to the convent tells,  
List to the convent bells.