

The Same Sweet Bells Are Ringing - song lyrics

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The Same Sweet Bells are Ringing.
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Words and Music by Arthur Sinclair.

There's a picture in my mem'ry of a happy country home,
Where a mother and her children dwelt for years:
There's a picture in my mem'ry of a father, stern And old,
And a daughter who once fled that home in tears.
On a Sabbath morning early, as the church bells sweetly rang,
From the nest of joy and comfort where the happy birdlings sang;
I can see the scene before me, as a mother begged And prayed,
And the picture of the daughter who had strayed.

Chorus.
The same sweet bells are ringing, the same sweet birds are singing,
The same sweet vines are clinging to the home of her youth In the lane;
The same sweet lips are sighing, the same sweet eyes are crying,
The same sad heart is dying, but she'll never return again.

She was guiltless as an angel, so the story goes, they say,
But the passion of a father little heeds;
So, with bitter hate and anger in a frenzied mood, one day,
He drove her forth to taste life's bitter weeds.
'Twas in vain the mother pleaded for the one whom she loved best,
And in vain her voice came ringing. "Oh, come, daughter, on me rest!"
Then the door was swiftly opened, and just like a caged bird
The child she loved had gone, without one word.- Chorus.

But hark! to the bitter wailing of the storm-'tis a dreadful night,
As over the deck of the ferry there darts a flash of light;
And lo! 'midst the raging torrent that falls from the starless dome,
A form leaps out in anguish and sinks in the troubled foam.
All the past is now forgotten, and when dawn shines o'er the deep,
There a a soul at rest forever, there's a broken heart asleep.- Chorus