

The Song Of The Steeple - song lyrics

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THE SONG OF THE STEEPLE.

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By Edmund E. Price and Monroe H Rosenfeld.

I am sitting to-night within the twilight,
Dreaming of the happy days gone by,
When a child in the home of my kindred
I roamed 'neath nature's sunny sky.
The old school-house, I remember it well,
The church of my father that shadowed the dell,
And methinks I can hear in my dreaming still
The song of the steeple on the hill.

Chorus.

Hear those bells, those chiming bells;
Ah! what joy their music tells!
And methinks I can hear within my dreaming still
The song of the steeple on the hill.

'Tis the song that recalls to me the golden hours
Drifted in the days of long ago,
When I strolled o'er the meadows with my sweet Helene,
And stood neath the bells, chiming low.
'Twas there fond words in the twilight fell
From lips of the maiden I loved, ah! so well;
And methinks, as of yore, I can hear them still
In the song of the steeple on the hill.-Chorus.

Ah! well I remember now the Christmas bells,
Ringing with their gladness o'er the snow,
And the welcome music of the Easter morn,
That seem'd from the skies above to flow.
But dearer far are the chimes to me
Of the wedding bells that ring their glee,
And they linger, methinks, with my dreaming still
In the song of the steeple on the hill.-Chorus.