

The Story Of The Bells - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE STORY OF THE BELLS.

Copyright, 1890, by M. Witmark & Sons.

Written and Composed by Arthur West.

Bells, bells, I love to hear them play every day;
Bells, bells, I love to hear them when they are gay;
Oh! what tales of woe they tell
When they're rung for a funeral knell;
Oh! what tales of joy they swell,
And they seem to say:

Chorus.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, when will those bells stop ringing?
Old and young, rich and poor, sweethearts are constantly bringing;
Dame Fortune smiles on one another she brings to the ground.
But so it will be with the boys and the girls as long as the world goes 'round.

Belle, belle, I love to hear them play every day;
Belle, bells, I love to hear them when they are gay;
When they come, both he and she,
With the baby on their knee,
Innocently full of glee,
Hark! they seem to say:

Chorus.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, when will those bells stop ringing?
Old and young, rich and poor, joy to their hearts they are bringing;
Dame Fortune smiles on one while others with none are found,
But so it will be with the boys and the girls as long as the world goes 'round.

Bells, bells, I dread to hear them play every day;
Bells, bells, how we all fear them when they're not gay;
Tolling for a friend that's gone
To that great eternal borne,
Whence no one can e'er return
Till the judgment day.

Chorus.

I Ding, dong, ding, dong, when will those bells stop ringing?
Old and young, rich and poor, dearly to life we are clinging;
Dame Fortune plays until she brings every one to the ground.
But so it will be with the boys and the girls as long as the world goes 'round.