No. 2. "FROM SAND GLASS AND SUNDIAL!"

(THÉ BELL RINGER.)

Allegro.

LE SONNEUR.

From sand glass and sun dial Folks the hour take, Ah! me and Ah! me for the
De mainte horloge on fait l'éloge, Toute horloge n'est
good old times, But di-als want sun shine and hour glasses break, But
pes de moi, Qu'une par-trawler que qui se détraw que

nothing can silence, me or my chimes, Ding dong, ding dong,
et la breloque ma foi. Ding don, ding don,

(c & co 7056)
New fangled clocks are very well, Ding Dong, Ding, Dong,
oui. nul ne pourrait je crois, Ding don, ding don,

But honest folks prefer my bell, While the Burghers
Sonner aussi bien que moi, Nul ne pourrait je

doze. Till the bird of morning crows, I keep time, with my chime,
crois, Sonner aussi bien que moi, E-t-ez! E-t-ez!

Ah! Sleep good people under my care, for Ghosts and Evil Spirits I scare and
Ah! mais surtout nul ne m'entre Et chacun en peut Ju-ger

(C & C 7058)
at the dawn a blessing bestow upon the good old Bells of Bow.

Sleep good people under his care for Ghosts and Evil Spirits he'll scare

Ding dong, ding don, ding dong, ding don, ding don,

DOROTHY.

Sleep good people under his care for Ghosts and Evil Spirits he'll scare

Non! personne ne l'égal et chacun en peut juger

Ding, dong, ding, don, ding, don, ding, don,

CHORUS.

Ding, dong, ding, don, ding, don, ding, don, ding, don,

(C & Cy 7058)
At the dawn a blessing be stow up on the good old Bells the Bells of Bow.

Ding dong ding dong ding dong go the Bells of Bow.

Ding dong Quand il sonne ne, sonne ne l'heure du berger.

Ding dong ding dong ding dong go the Bells of Bow.

Ding dong Quand il sonne ne, sonne ne l'heure du berger.

Ding dong ding dong ding dong go the Bells of Bow.

Ding dong Quand il sonne ne, sonne ne l'heure du berger.

Bell swing eth loving ly. Over a birth and would not a wake other
mother or child, But when its a Bridal it rolls out its mirth, Till re-ments, Pour le beau temps, les a-ver-ses, les

death hushes all its me-lo-dy wild ding dong ding dong, I nais-sances, en-ter-re-ments! ding don ding don

only its chang-ing mood can tell Ding dong ding dong out, nul ne pour-rait, je crois, Ding don ding don

We are old friends I and my Bell, While the Burgh-ers son-ner aus-si bien que moit! Nul ne pour-rait Je

(C&Co 7058)
doze
crois,
Till the bird of morning crows,
I keep time with my

chime
tez!
Ah! sleep good people under my care for

Ghosts and Evil Spirits I scare and at the dawn a

blessing bestow upon the good old Bell of Bow.

(C & Co. 7058)