

# 14. The Morning-Glory Bells.

Gaily.



Oh, the morn - ing - glo - ry bells are swing - ing, ring - ing,

*p*

swing - ing, ring - ing . un - der my case - ment high.

Pur - ple bells and white ones, pink - ly blush - ing bright ones,

Peal-ing forth their mu-sic to the morn-ing sky. If you're peep-ing  
Dew-drops shin-ing

*Fine.*

When the world is sleep-ing, You may catch them creep-ing up to  
On the sat-in lin-ing, Ten-drils all a turn-ing as the

greet the sun, Fair-y bells a shak-ing, Twist-ed buds a-wak-ing,  
chim-ing swells, Elf-in shapes a danc-ing, Through the leaves a glanc-ing,

Blos-soms all a quak-ing, Love-ly, ev-'ry one. Oh the  
Sil-ver chimes en-tranc-ing, Morn-ing-glo-ry bells.

*rit.*

*rit.*

*D.S. al fine.*