

The Temple Bells

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE

Music by
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN

Allegretto

5

The

9

Tem-ple bells are ring - ing, The young green corn is spring - ing, And the

11

mar-riage month is draw - ing ve - ry near; I lie hid - den in the grass, And I

14

count the mo-ments pass, For the month of mar-ria-ges is draw - ing near.

17

She is young and ver-y sweet,— From the sil-ver on her feet To the

20 *cresc. mf*

sil - ver and the flow - ers in her hair; And her beau - ty makes me swoon, As the

23

Mogh-ra* trees at noon In - tox-i-cate the hot and quiv - 'ring air.

27 *p*

Ah! I would the hours were fleet— As her sil - ver cir - cled feet, I am

29 *mf*

wear - y of the day-time and the night; I am wear - y un - to death, O my

32 *f*

rose with jas - min breath, With this long - ing for your beau - ty and your light. Ah!

35

Ah! Ah! Ah!

38 *p pp*

Ah! Ah! Ah!

* A strong scented flowering tree.