



# When The Bells Chime.

Words by DAVID MARCONI.

Music by J.-B. LAFRENIÈRE.

PIANO.

*mf* *p* *ff*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 3/4 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment of chords. The piece begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic, moves to piano (*p*) in the fourth measure, and concludes with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic in the final measure.

Voice.

A sweet lit - tle girl and I..... U - ni - ted once up - pon a

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The lyrics are: "A sweet lit - tle girl and I..... U - ni - ted once up - pon a". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

time..... But I long to be a - nigh..... Her

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "time..... But I long to be a - nigh..... Her". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

when.... the tune - ful bells chime..... In her nit Sun - day at-

tire..... Fair Ga - bri - elle goes.... to pray..... As an..... an-

gel's I ad - mi - red..... Her beau - ti - ful face and gay.....

*p* *p*

Chorus.

A young love - ly girl and I..... Walk close to - geth - er..... Some-

*p-ff*

\* - When the bells chime.

time..... In ex - ta - sy, I pace by..... Her

I. as I hear the bells' chime..... II. rit. D.C. as I hear the bells' chime.....

I  
A sweet little girl and I,  
United once upon a time ;  
But I long to be anigh,  
Her when the tuneful bells' chime,  
In her nit Sunday attire,  
Fair Gabrielle goes to pray ;  
As an angel's I admire,  
Her beautiful face and gay.

CHORUS.

A young lovely girl and I,  
Walk close together sometime,  
In extasy I pace by  
Her as I hear the bells' chime.

II

On Sunday morning at nine,  
When the birds warble their rhyme ;  
I will ask her to be mine,  
While the rythmus bells' yet chime  
As down toward home we stride,  
In joyful glory sublime ;  
Just as two young groom and bride,  
We do hear the Church bells' chime.

CHORUS.

III

I recall the days of yore ;  
That I love her t'is long time,  
But now I wont say any more,  
Until the Sunday bells' chime,  
If one day she will be mine,  
It must be in summer time ;  
In the very bright sunshine,  
We'll be marry when bells' chime.

CHORUS.

When the bells chime,

I  
Nous étions ma mie et moi  
Comme vieilles connaissances,  
Et nous allions, pleins d'émoi,  
A l'aube de nos espérances.  
Dimanche carillonnant  
Faisait prier Gabrielle  
Ainsi qu'un ange charmant,  
Ma Gabrielle, ma belle.

REFRAIN

Le dimanche avec ma mie,  
Tous deux nous rêvions parfois,  
Lorsque la cloche ravie,  
Eveillait l'écho du bois.

II

Viennent encor le dimanche  
Les oiseaux et les refrains,  
La cloche et la voile blanche  
Saluant les cieus sereins !  
Et pour mon âme qui tremble  
Je demanderai sa main,  
Quand refleuriront ensemble  
Les roses de mon jardin.

REFRAIN.

III

Ah ! resongeant à l'ivresse  
De mes amours au matin,  
Mon cœur pousse sa jeunesse  
Vers le dimanche argentin.  
Si jamais revient ma mie  
Que ce soit dans les rayons  
Du ciel des saisons bénies,  
A la voix des carillons !

REFRAIN.