

THE ALLEGHANIAN.



SONGS, DUETTS, GLEES &c. ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

No. 1	Old Bell, Quartette	38 cts nett.
" 2	Jessie (by Lindley) Quartette	38 " "
" 3	I wandered by the brookside	25 " "
" 4	Roll on, silver Moon. Song & Chorus	25 " "
" 5	The Ivy Green. Quartette	38 " "
" 6	Oh for a Home beside the Hill	25 " "
" 7	Alleghanians Boat Glee	25 " "
" 8	Tread Lightly	25 " "



LITH BY SARONY & MAJOR

117 FULTON ST N.Y.

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THE OLD BELL.

3

Composed by

ARRANGED AS A QUARTETT.

H. Russell.

New York, Pub. by FIRTH, POND & C^o, Franklin Sq.

QUASI ALLEGRO

MA CON ANIMA.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system begins with a forte (ff) dynamic and a piano (pp) dynamic. The second system includes a crescendo (Cres.) and decrescendo (dim.) marking. The third system features a piano (pp) and forte (f) dynamic. The fourth system concludes with a final cadence. The score is marked with '8va' in several places, indicating octave transposition. The number 4167 is printed at the bottom center of the page.

1st Ver: For full five hundred years I've swung In my old grey tur-ret high, And

2nd For full five hundred years I've swung In my an-cient tur-ret high, And

3rd For full five hundred years I've swung In my crumbling turret high! 'Tis

many a different theme I've sung As the time went stealing by! I've

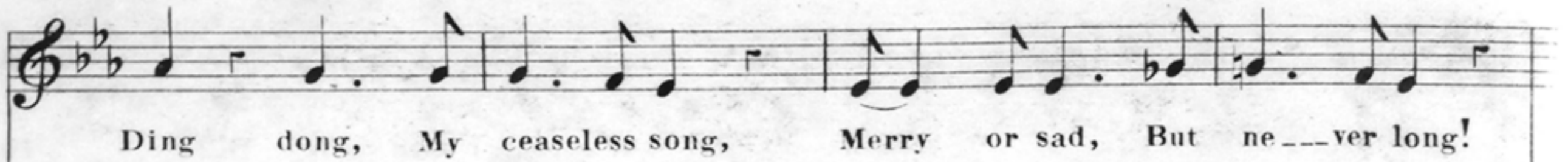
many a different theme I've sung As the time went stealing by.

time my own death song were sung, And with truth before I die!

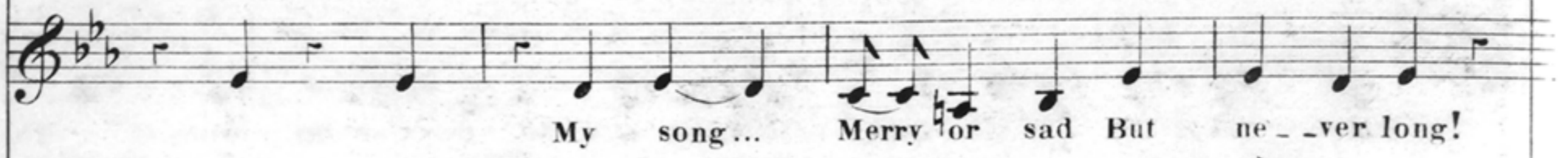
4167

peald the chant of a wedding morn; Ere night, I have sadly toll'd To
 I've swell'd the joy of a country's pride, For a vic-tory far off won; Then
 I never could love the theme they gave My tyrannized tongue to tell; One
 sadly toll'd
 victory won
 to tell

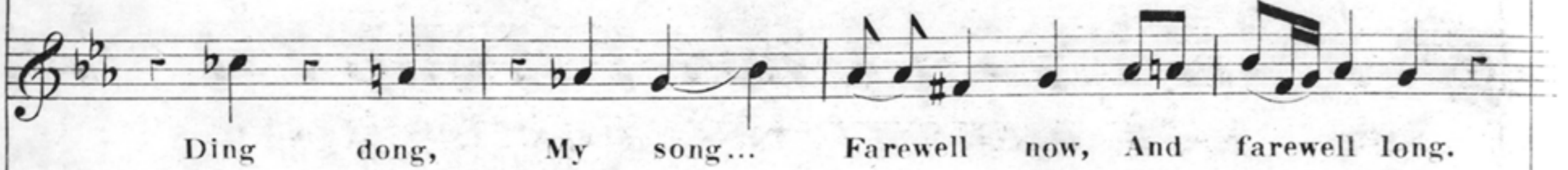
say that the bride was coming love lorn, To sleep in the church yard mould!
 changed to grief for the brave that died, Ere my mirth had well be-gun!
 moment for cra-dle, the next for grave They've worn out the old church bell.



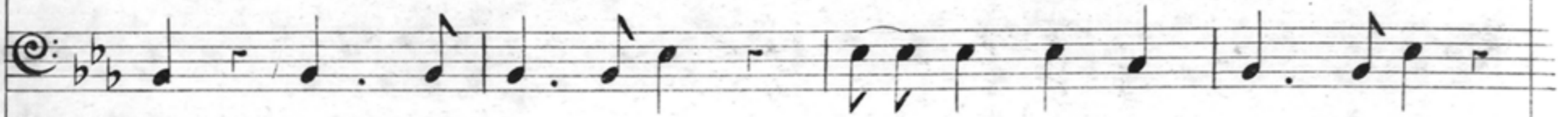
Ding dong, My ceaseless song, Merry or sad, But ne...ver long!

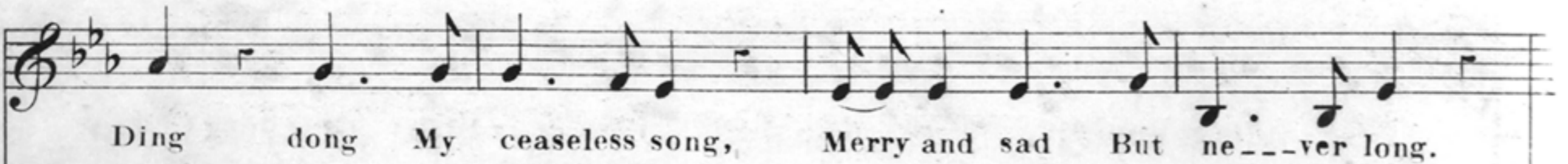


My song... Merry or sad But ne...ver long!




Ding dong, My song... Farewell now, And farewell long.

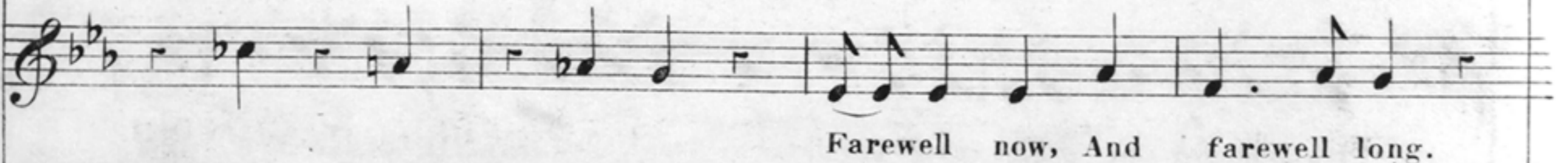




Ding dong My ceaseless song, Merry and sad But ne...ver long.



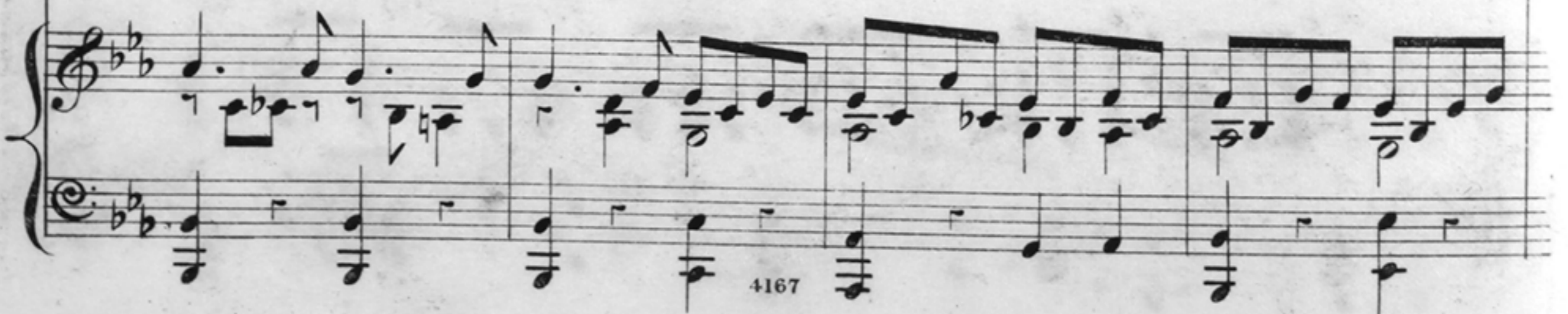
My song Merry or sad, But ne...ver long!



Farewell now, And farewell long.




Ding dong My ceaseless song



Ding dong, My ceaseless song, Merry and sad, But never long. Ding dong,
 Ding dong, My ceaseless song, Merry or sad, But never long. Ding dong,
 Ding dong, My changeful song, Farewell now, And farewell long. Ding dong,

8va
Legato.

Ding dong ding, Ding dong Bell, Ding dong Bell, Ding dong Bell.
 Ding dong ding, Ding dong Bell, Ding dong Bell, Ding dong Bell.
 Ding dong ding, Ding dong Bell, Ding dong Bell, Ding dong Bell.

8va
fz