

Oh, You Silv'ry Bells

SONG



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DETROIT

call - ing, my love, — Don't you want to take a sleigh-ride, my tur-tle dove? The
shak - ing your head! — Won't you puck-er up your sweet lips, my dear, in-stead? The

speed of the steed, nev - er heed, dear, The star - light is all that we
night is so rare, don't you care, dear, Don't mind if I muss up your

need, dear, Just love me, my hon - ey love, To strains of the sil - v'ry
hair, dear, For love loves the win - ter - time. And strains of the sil - v'ry

bells. Heigh - hol Heigh - hol Heigh - hol A - way we go. —
bells. Heigh - hol Heigh - hol Heigh - hol I love you so. —

CHORUS

Jin - gle, jin - gle, jin - gle, jin - gle, Oh you silv - 'ry bells!

p = f

Sounds so grand, it beats the band When that sweet music swells.

Tales of love, the bells are ring - ing Thro' the hills and dells,

Lis - ten to the sound, stick a - round, stick a - round, Oh you sil - v'ry bells! bells! -