

THE BON BON COLLECTION



Of New Songs.

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| 1. "WHO'S LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU?" | WHEELER. 40. |
| 2. "WAYWARD BOY'S MOTHER". | BELL. 40. |
| 3. "NOTHING ELSE." (<i>TOPICAL SONG</i>) | STILES. 40. |
| 4. "DON'T LET THE VETERANS SUFFER". | KEOGH. 40. |
| 5. "KITTY TEMPLETON". | HIGGINS. 40. |
| 6. "NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER". | WHEELER. 40. |
| 7. "OVER AND OVER AGAIN". | " 40. |
| 8. "WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL". | " 40. |
| 9. "ANOTHER TAKES OUR PLACE". | WHITMAN. 40. |
| 10. "WHEN THE SHIP I LOVE COMES IN". | WHEELER. 40. |
| 11. <u>THE SEXTON TOLLS THE BELL".</u> | HENNESSY. 40. |
| 12. "SNOW-FLAKES GENTLY KISS HER GRAVE" | WHEELER. 40. |



Lizzie Deacon's Dally

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"THE SEXTON TOLLS THE BELL."

3

(Song and Refrain.)

Words and Music
by MARTIN HENNESSEY.

PIANO.

Andante.

Bell.
Bell.
Bell.

VOICE.

Con espressione.

In a quiet lit - tle vil - lage, O'er shadowed by the hills, Stood a
How of - ten in the twi - light, I sit in si - lent thought, I am
With With in my mind comes crowding, The faces of the dead, With

quaint old church in which the people
star - tled by the sound I know so
whom my life was blended in the
prayed. Out side of this a hallowed spot the
well. The mes-senger of grief with so
past. Un till they laid them here to rest each

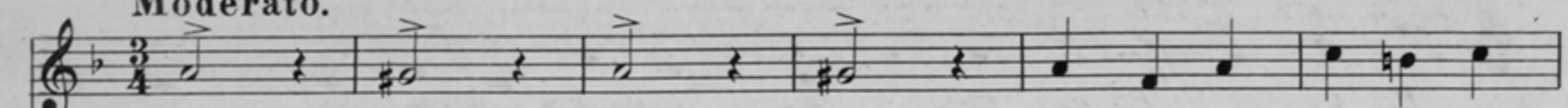
city of the dead, On the graves of which the pleasant sun-shine played. In
much of sorrow fraught, Is the mel - an chol - y tol ling of the bell. In
in his narrow bed, To slumber on as long as time shall play.

Relics of af - fec - tion, Are scattered o'er the ground, An - cient
 saddened med - i - ta - tion, I lis - ten to the sound, Which
 though their mor - tal lives are done, And we no more shall see, The

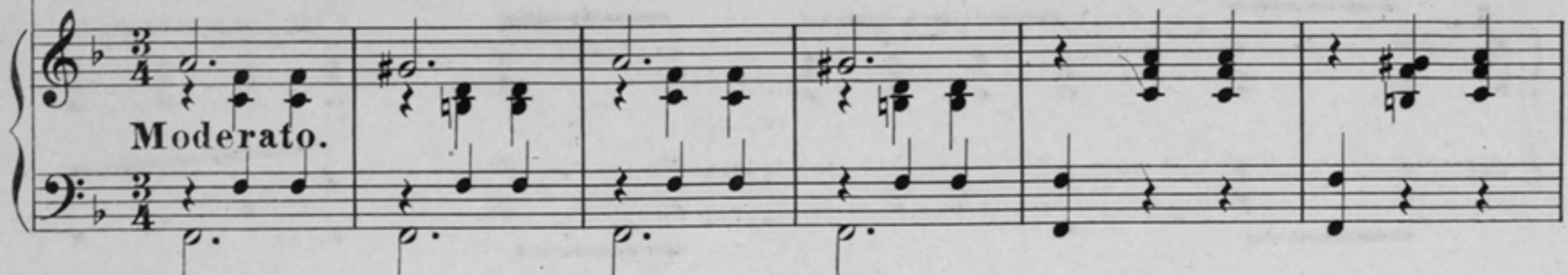
ep - i - taphs half hid - den where they fell. The
 brings to me the far off past a - gain. I
 dear ones whom we all have loved so well. They

sex - ton tolls the bell and closes up the tomb, When -
 stand with in the church - yard be side some gras - sy mound, And
 are not dead but yet live on in mem - o - ry, While

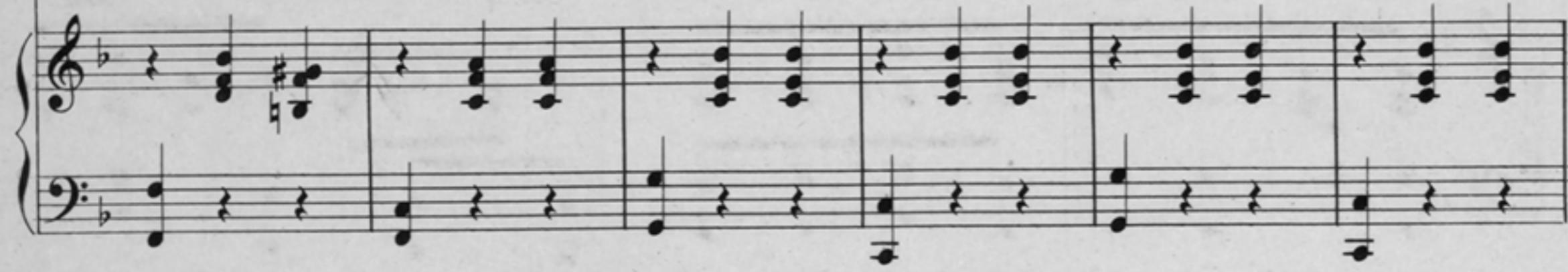
ev - er death a vic - tim claims he tolls the old church bell.
 hear the old church bell ring out its mournful tolls the old sad re - frain.
 still the ag - ed sex - ton slow - ly tolls the old church bell.

REFRAIN.**Moderato.**

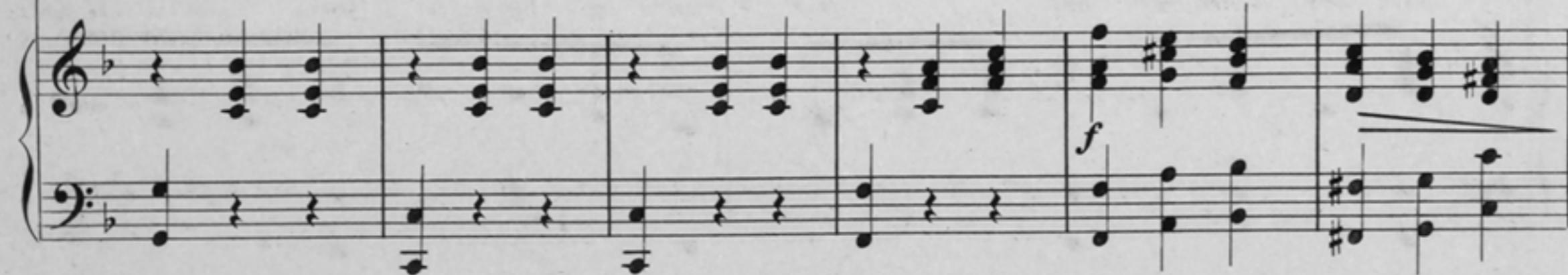
Cling! Clang! Cling! Clang! Out on the night air the



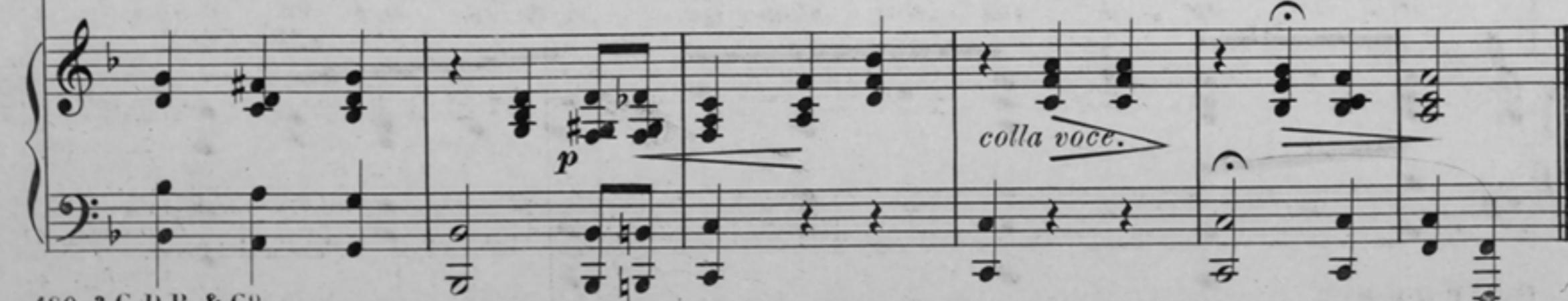
ech - o rang. Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! And



mournful the tale that the old bell sang. All joy for the moment the



sound would dis - pel, All was hushed as the sex - ton tolled the bell.



180-3 C.D.B. & C°

"The Wayward Boy's Mother" Fine pathetic song and chorus by Bell. Price 40 cents.