

The Bell

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Sharon Scholl

$\bullet = 80$ MF vigorously

Soprano

I love thy mus-ic, mel-low bell. I

Piano

S

love thine i - ron chime. To life or death, to heav - en or hell which

Pno.

S

calls the Sons - of Time. Thy voice up on - the

Pno.

13

S

deep the home-bound sea-man hails. It charms his cares to - sleep. It

Pno.

18

S

cheers him as he sails.

Pno.

MP sweeter, more fragile sound

23

S

To house of God and heav'n - ly joys thy

Pno.

28

S

sum - mons called - our sires, and good men thought thy -

Pno.

32

S

sac - red voice dis - armed the thun - der's fires.

Pno.

darker, chest sound

37

S

Soon thy mus - ic - , sad death bell shall lift its notes once more, and

Pno.

41

S

mix my re - quiem with the wind that sweeps - my na - tive shore -

Pno.

46

S

46 P PP

Pno.