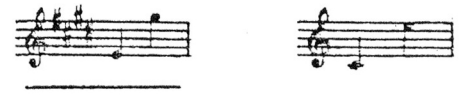


Chimes

^{+) ALICE MEYNELL}

MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG
Op. 54, N^o 2



Moderato (♩ = about 69)

p

Brief, — on a fly - ing

Steadily, without dragging.

mp

Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea *

night, — From the shak - en tow'r, — A flock of

Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea *

bells take flight, — And go with the hour. —

mf

Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea * Tea *

<sup>+) Words taken from *Collected Poems of Alice Meynell*
Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York</sup>

f Like birds from the cote to the gales, — *mp* Ab-rupt— O hark! a fleet of

f *m.g. m.g.m.g.* *m.g. m.g.m.g.* *simile* *mp* *colla voce*

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯

bells set— sails, — And go to the dark, And

mp

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯

go to the dark. — *mf* Sud - den the

p *mf* *p* *mp* *f*

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯

cold airs swing. A - lone, a - loud,

mp *p*

mp *mf*

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

A verse of bells takes wing And flies with the

mp *very distinctly*

m.g. *mp* *in strict time to the end*

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

cloud.

mp *p*

mf *p* *ten. mp* *p* *m.g.*

f *mf* *ten.*

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩