

# The Bells of St. Mary's

D A D

Douglas Furber  
Emmett Adams 1917

D G

The bells of Saint Ma - ry's I hear they are

	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
0	0	0	2	3	5	5	6	6	6	6
	0	0	1	2	4	4	5	5	6+	

D G D

cal - ling, the young love, the true love to come from the

0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	6	6	5	5	3	4	4	5	3	3
7	7	5	4	4	2	3	3	4	2	2

A D G

sea. And now my be - lo - ved, when red leaves are fal - ling, The

1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
0	0	0	0	2	3	5	5	6	6	6
1		0	0	1	2	4	4	5	5	6+

D G D G D A D

bells, the bells, ring out, ring out, for you and me.

0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		
5	5	6	6	5	5	6	6	5	6	5
7	6+	5	4	7	6+	5	4	7	8	7

The bells of St. Mary's at sweet even time,  
Shall call me, beloved, to come to your side  
And out in the valley in sound of the sea  
I know you'll be waiting , yes, waiting for me.

At the porch of St. Mary's, I'll wait there for you,  
In your soft wedding dress with its ribbons of blue,  
In the church of St. Mary's, sweet voices shall sing.  
For you and me, dearest, the wedding bells ring.