

THE MARRIAGE BELL.

BY J. H. R. BAYLEY.

'Tis sweet to hear those notes of fire,
Struck from the minstrel's burning lyre;
There is a joy that swells the soul,
When music charms "the flowing bowl"—
A pleasure in some well-known voice,
That bids the loneliest heart rejoice;
An ecstasy that springs from song—
A rapture in the social throng!
But where's there an endearing spell
That gladdens like the marriage bell?
It falls upon the lover's ear
Like strains from some diviner sphere;
The tale it tells the young and gay,
Whose life hath been one summer's day,

Is coloured with a future bliss,
Too heavenly for a world like this:
It hath a soul-inspiring tone,
Which stirs the spirit sad and lone,
And sheds a lively influence round,
Wherever flies its merry sound!

It mellows down the lorn one's heart
To meet its fate, and bear the smart;
And wafts the aged back once more
In fancy to those scenes of yore,
When early joys and feelings grew,
And vow to vow proved firm and true!
Yes, one and all, from youth to age,
From the unlettered to the sage,
Have felt that life hath not a spell
That gladdens like the marriage bell!

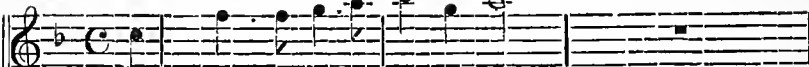
IF LOVE AND ALL THE WORLD WERE YOUNG.


S'r W. Raleigh.

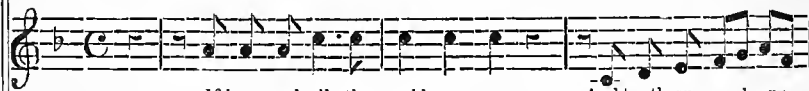
GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.


Music by S. Webbe.

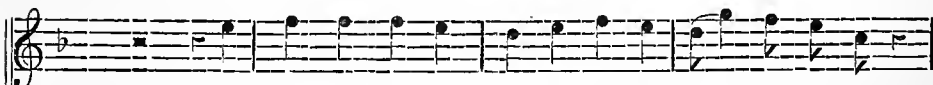
Moderato.

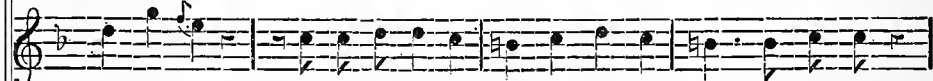
ALTO. 
If love and all the world were young,

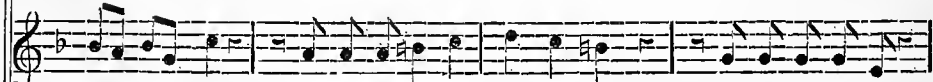
1st TENOR. 
If love and all the world were young, And truth on ev' - ry

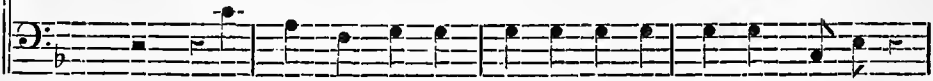
2d TENOR. 
If love and all the world were young, And truth on ev' - ry

BASS. 
If love and all the world were young,


Thy fan - cied plea - sures might me move, And I might lis - ten


shepherd's tongue, Thy fan cied pleasures might me move, And I might lis - ten


shepherd's tongue, Thy fancied pleasures might me move, And I might lis ten


Thy fan - cied pleasures might me move, And I might lis - ten

THE BRITISH MINSTREL AND

p to thy love, *f* I might lis - ten to thy love. *p* But time drives
p to thy love, *f* I might lis - ten to - - thy love. *p* But time drives flocks from
p to thy love, *f* I might lis - ten to thy love *p* But time drives flocks from
p to thy love I might lis - ten to thy love. *f* But time drives flocks from

flocks from field to fold; The ri - vers rage, ri - - vers rage, and
 field to fold; The ri - vers rage, the ri - vers rage,
 field to fold, The ri - vers rage - - -
 field to fold, The ri - vers rage - - - rage and

p hills grow cold, hills - - grow cold, Then droop - ing Phi - lo - mel is dumb.
p and hills grow cold, and hills grow cold, Then droop - ing Phi - lo - mel is dumb, And
p - - and hills grow cold, Then droop - ing Phi - lo - mel is dumb, And
p hills grow col - - grow cold, Then droop - ing Phi - lo - mel is dumb, And

piu lento.

Then drooping Phi lo - mel is dumb, And age complains of

piu lento.

age complains of care to come, Then drooping Phi-lo - mel is dumb, And age complains of

piu lenta.

age complains of care to come, Then drooping Phi-lo - mel is dumb, And age complains of

piu lento.

age complains of care to come, Then drooping Phi-lo - mel is dumb, And age complains of calande.

In a pastoral manner.

care to come. thy beds of ro-ses, Thy cap, thy

p

care to come. Thy gowns, thy belts, thy beds of roses, Thy cap, thy

p

care to come. Thy gowns, thy belts, thy beds of roses, thy cap, thy

p

care to come. thy belts, thy beds of roses, thy cap, thy

f

kir - tle, and thy po-sies, All these in me, in me can no thing

f

kir - tle, and thy po-sies, All these in me, in me can nothing

f

kir - tle, and thy po sies, All these in me in me can nothing

f

kir - tle, and thy po sies All these in me can no - thing

move, To live with thee and be thy love. and

move, To live with thee and be - - thy love. If youth could last, and

move, To live with thee and be thy love. If youth could last, and

move, To live with thee and be thy love.

love re - main, Had joy no date, and age no pain, Then these de-

love re - main, Had joy no date, and age no pain, Then these de-

love re - main, Had joy no date, and age no pain, Then these de-

Had joy no date, and age no pain, Then these de-

lights my mind might move, And I might lis - ten to thy love.

lights my mind might move, And I might lis - ten to thy love.

lights my mind might move. And I might lis - ten to thy love.

lights my mind might move, And I might lis - ten to thy love.