



Magdalen Bells.

Words by Sir John Betjeman.

Music by Colin Windsor

4/4

I see the urn a-against the yew The sun-lit urn of

sculp-tured stone. I see its shap-ely shadows fall On this en-orm-ous

gar-den wall which makes a King-dom of its own.

A gras-sy king-dom

sweet to view

With tig-er lil-ies

still- in- flower

And beds of um-bell- if- er- ae

Ranged in Linn-ae-an

sym- met- ry

All in the sound of Magdalen tower.

A mut-tip-lic-it-

-y of bells A chang-ing cad-ence

rich and deep Swung from those pin-a-cles on high To fill the trees and

flood the sky And rock the sail-ing clouds to sleep

p

Be-fore the spell beg-

Before the

-ins to fail

Be-fore the bells have lost their power

Be-fore the grassy kingdom fade And Ox-ford traffic roar in-vade

<f>

I thank the bells of Magdalen tower

p

Sir John Betjeman

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Dear Mr Windsor,

I played your cassette and enjoyed it, I don't mind a bit about the shortened length. Thank you very much for letting me hear it.

Yours sincerely,

John Betjeman