

Muffle the bell !

Dear mother has dropped her head,  
And the light has fled from her eyes,  
While she calls all her children around her bed,  
And to each a blessing supplies.

Muffle the bell !

The reapers are here  
To cut down the long-standing corn ;  
The sheaves are brown, the grain is ripe,  
The garner to adorn.

Muffle the bell !

The prisoner in the cell  
Will hear the step of the warden,  
His doom is fixed, his scaffold built,  
And he will be hung in the morning.

Muffle the bell !

A mighty statesman's work is done,  
And his counsel for our country hath past ;  
The bulletins are out, the excitement is high,  
Soon the flags will be down to half mast.

Muffle the bell !

A sweet woman has fell,  
Fell through the wiles of a traitor ;  
Ye kind hearted sisters, press her close to your breast  
And for your life dare not hate her.

Muffle the bell !

My beloved is ill,  
Some day I was to be his wife ;  
This ring I will keep while my precious one sleeps,  
I loved him as I loved my life.

Muffle the bell !

While the cannons on battlefields roar hot and true,  
Lest they awake my lady love from her pleasant  
dreams  
Of her highland lad in kilts of red and blue.