

Whitby Bells

Recording in A \flat see
page 2 for transposed
score in key of G

TYG 119

Words and music by
Gus Gomersal



In the ter - ri - ble year fif - teen-thir - ty - nine King Hen - ry com - mit - ted so



foul a crime; Be - cause of his un - end - ing greed He com - mit - ted



his most shame - ful deed. "Go strip Whit-by's ab - bey bare; For



my own soul I have no care. The lead and gold send straight to me; Trans



port the bells on ship by sea." Each day at full tide, Whit-by's bells are



her pride, Each day at full tide, Whit-by's bells are her pride,



And still their voic - es peal and speak, Ring out with joy from out the deep.



Each day at full tide, Whit-by's bells are her pride.

Lyrics on third page



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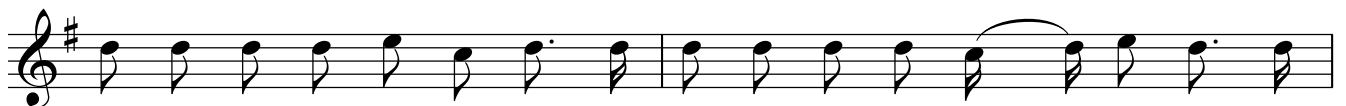
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Lyrics on next page



Whitby Bells

1. In the terrible year fifteen-thirty-nine
 King Henry committed so foul a crime;
 Because of his unending greed
 He committed his most shameful deed.
 “Go strip Whitby’s abbey bare;
 For my own soul I have no care.
 The lead and gold send straight to me;
 Transport the bells on ship by sea.”

CHORUS: Each day at full tide, Whitby’s bells are her pride,
 Each day at full tide, Whitby’s bells are her pride,
 And still their voices peal and speak,
 Ring out with joy from out the deep.
 Each day at full tide, Whitby’s bells are her pride.

2. For Whitby ’twas a bitter day,
 And the gathering folk all knelt to pray;
 The bells that were fair Whitby’s crown,
 Sailing for far London town.
 The wind did rise and the sails did fill,
 And it seemed the King would have his will.
 The wind did fall in sight of land;
 Hushed with wonder the people stand.

CHORUS

3. On a sea like glass and still as a tomb,
 The curse’d ship awaits her doom;
 Timbers did moan and sailors did groan,
 And the curse’d ship sank like a stone.
 Then how the people all did sing,
 As from the depths the bells did ring.
 Whitby’s bells will never sleep,
 They ring forever from the deep.

FINAL CHORUS: (sing twice round as written,
 then repeat final line at end)