

Evelyn G of Christminster

Em Am Em

I can see the tow - ers In mind quite clear
Though the birds sing small, And ap - ple and pear
Though the Col - lege stones Are smit with the sun,
Towards the riv - er A peal - ing swells:
The chord - ed keys Wait all in a row,

6 Em Am B7

Not man - y hours' Far - ing from here;
On your trees by the wall Are ripe and rare,
And the grad - uates and Dons Who held you as one
They cost me a quiv - er Those prayer - ful bells!
And the bel - lows wheeze as long a - go.

11 E7 Am Em B7 Em

But how up and go, And brisk - ly bear
Though none ex - cel them, I have no care
Of bright - est brow Still think as they did,
How go to God, Who can re - prove
And the psal - ter lingers, and or - gan - ist's chair;

Oh Oh

16 C G D Em

To Thith - er, and know That are not there?
Why taste or smell them And you not there.
Why haunt with them now Your can - dle is hid?
With so heav - y rod As your swift re - move!
But where are the fingers That once wagged there?