The Saeter Girl's Sunday

Melody: Ole Bull, Words: Christopher Hassall



I gaze on the sun that climbs through the air,
While down in the valley below me
They're walking to church, Ah would I was there
At Mass with me dear ones that know me.
For soon as the sun has mounted the hill
And light on the upOlands is falling
Oh then I know well a far valley bell
Rings out from the old tower calling.

I stroll on the hills where winds hurry by And chant lonely pslams from my psalter: No echo returns from mountain or sky, My notes only waver and falter. If only my voice might mingle today Where softly my loved ones are singing; Would Autumn were here and I far away At home where the sweet bells are ringing