On A Sunday Morning - song lyrics

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ON A SUNDAY MORNING.
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By Harry Braham.

I've been in many countries, I have been in many climes,
Across the seas has been my lot to roam;
But I feel a thrill of pleasure when I hear the merry Chimes
Of the Sunday morning bells that ring at home.
No country is so free, what ever lt may be,
The rich and poor themselves alike enjoy:
When in the labor blest, with happiness and rest,
Nothing then to mar his pleasure or annoy.

Chorus.
On a Sunday morning, on a Sunday morn,
When the bells so merrily do ring;
Ev'ry one then may, in his own peculiar way,
Enjoy himself at home on Sunday morning.

When does the postman rest the feet that travel many miles,
And go to see his girl on whom he's sweet;
And the copper 'round the corner, yes, indulge in Sunday smiles
Before he chases drunkards off his beat.
In spite of temperance wails, the Sunday closing fails,
Tho' the raising of the tariff was a shock.
The liquor-saloons close, yes but ev'ry body knows
That half of New York's booz'd by nine o'clock.

Chorus.
On a Sunday morning, on a Sunday morn,
When the bells so merrily do ring;
The curtains they are drawn, all saloons look quite forlorn,
But they work the little side-door Sunday morning.

Where is it Mrs. Brown upon a Sunday wants to go?
To chapel and her best dress she will don;
She kneels in fervent pray'r but you should hear her "Mamma O,"
What a lovely jacket Mrs. Jones has on.
And those who have no clothing, lie in bed as I suppose,
Quite warmly 'neath the blankets shelter curlet:
Yea, on Sunday, day of rest, they will tell You bed's the best
To peruse the "Herald" and the "Morning World."

Chorus.
On a Sunday morning, on a Sunday morn,
When the bells so merrily do ring;
The rich contribute great to the foreign mission plate,
But forget the poor at home on Sunday morning.