

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

Performed by: Ellen Emma Power

Composed by: Father Prout

With deep affection and recollection,
I often think on those Shandon Bells.
That sound so wild would, in days of childhood,
Flinging around my cradle its magic spells.

Where e'er I wander on you I'll ponder,
And thus grow fonder, sweet land of thee;
May the Bells of Shandon, that sounds more grander,
On the pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I heard bells chiming, full many a clime in,
Thunder is roaring from the Vatican.
And cymbals roaring and the goodness flowing,
In the special turrets of Notre Dame.

Where e'er I'll wander on you I'll ponder,
And thus grow fonder, sweet land of thee;
May the Bells of Shandon, that sounds more grander,
On the pleasant waters of the River Lee.