THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

By Rev. Francis Mahony.(Fr Prout)

With deep affection and recollection,

I often think of those Shandon bells.

Whose sounds so wild would In days of childhood

Fling 'round my cradle their magic spells;

On this I ponder, where'er I wander,

And then grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;

While thy bells of Shandon sound far more grand on

The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,

Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine.

While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate.

But all their music spoke naught like thine.

For mem'ry dwelling on each proud swelling

Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,

Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on

The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "Old Adrian's Mole" in,

Their thunders rolling from the Vatican,

With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious,

In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds are sweeter than the dome of Peter

Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly -

Oh! the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on

The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower And kiosk O!

In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,

And loud in air calls men to prayer,

From the tap'ring summit of tall minarets;

Such empty phantom I freely grant them,

But there's an emblem more dear to me­'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on

The pleasant waters of the river Lee.