

## Limerick Bells

Sweet bells of St Mary's,  
 Sweet bells of old time,  
 On green banks of Shannon  
 Why silent your chime?  
 Break forth into music  
 O'er valleys so fair,  
 By lonely Knockfiarna  
 And groves of Adare.  
 Awake the far echoes,  
 Ringmoylan's fair dells,  
 Shall hark to the sound of  
 Old Limerick bells.

Wake Cratloe's far highlands  
 And mountains of Clare  
 Beyond Ardnacrusha  
 Thy notes shall repair;  
 The voices of Shannon  
 Shall join with each chime,  
 Rolling on to the ocean  
 In music sublime,  
 Till mountain and valley  
 In unison swells,  
 In the clang and the peal of  
 Old Limerick's bells.

May clamour and passion  
 Be hushed as you toll,  
 Melodious and cadent,  
 Our bosoms control.  
 Let all who love Erin  
 In harmony join,  
 No longer discordant,  
 By Shannon and Boyne.  
 Then haply the future  
 Of happiness tells,  
 To all who shall list to  
 Old Limerick's bells.