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 Knocklarna
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 happily the future
Of happiness tells,
To all who shall list to
Old Limerick's bells.

Poem submitted by 'R' to the Limerick Chronicle 22 May 1906.