

DONEGORE CHURCH BELL

Oh, it's old that I am growing and my hair is turning grey
And life's pathway backward stretching seems so very far away,
But in my head keeps ringing as on youthful ears they fell,
The soft, full undulating tones of Donegore Church Bell.
Oh, many a weary day has gone since first upon my ear
Your voice came floating on the wind like music loud and clear,
Oh, I'd then a fairyland see in every field and dell
Within a radius of your sound,
Sweet Donegore Church Bell.

There are many lovely places in the world that one can see,
Where nature's land, her bounteous gift has scattered lavishly.
Oh, I'd leave them very gladly and with joy my heart would swell
To hear again the silvery notes of Donegore Church Bell.
There's not a friend or neighbour in all the world around
But has a warm place in his heart for your welcome, cheering sound
And they know it was against your will you sobbed the funeral knell,
Sad Donegore Church Bell.

Wherever Donegore men this world are wandering through
And bells are ringing near them their thoughts fly back to you,
And whether fortune smiles or frowns, no matter where they dwell
Your voice keeps throbbing in their hearts
Sweet Donegore Church Bell.

No kinder, gentler hearts are beating anywhere,
And for blessing on them everyone I make a daily prayer;
Though they have faults like others, no other can excel,
The generous souls you swing above,
Sweet Donegore Church Bell.

So its old that I am growing and my hair is turning grey
And to halt my weary footsteps
Death is waiting on the way;
But, I'd freely die tomorrow were I both strong and well,
If I knew you'd sound above my grave,
Sweet Donegore Church Bell.

Tom Mc Auley