

I have 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 nought to thine ;  
 For memory 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.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko,  
 In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,  
 And loud in air, calls men to prayer,  
 From the tapering summit of tall minarets.  
 Such empty phantom I freely grant them,  
 But there's an anthem more dear to me ;  
 It's the bells of Shandon,  
 That sound so grand on  
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.