

# The Bells of Rhymney

Judy Collins

Oh What will you give me?  
Say the sad bells of Rhymney  
Is there hope for the future?  
Say the brown bells of Merthyr  
Who made the mine owner?  
Say the black bells of Rhondda  
And who killed the miner?  
Say the grim bells of Blaina  
Put the vandals in court  
Say the bells of Newport  
All would be well if, if, if, if  
Say the green bells of Cardiff  
Why so worried sisters? Why?  
Sang the silver bells of Wye  
And what will you give me?  
Say the sad bells of Rhymney  
Oh What will you give me?  
Say the sad bells of Rhymney  
Is there hope for the future?  
Say the brown bells of Merthyr  
Who made the mine owner?  
Say the black bells of Rhondda  
And who killed the miner?  
Say the grim bells of Blaina

They will plunder willy-nilly,  
Cry the bells of Caerphilly.  
They have fangs, they have teeth,  
Say the loud bells of Neath.  
Even God is uneasy,  
Say the moist bells of Swansea.  
And what will you give me?  
Say the sad bells of Rhymney

Put the vandals in court  
Say the bells of Newport.  
All would be well if, if, if,  
Cry the green bells of Cardiff.  
Why so worried, sisters, why?  
Sang the silver bells of Wye.  
And what will you give me?  
Say the sad bells of Rhymney.