

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.