

THE BELLS OF MC SHANES

Baltimore
Sun
1942

No more bells from McShane's, they say,
Another old Baltimore passed away;
The foundry silent, the furnaces dead,
The glory of beautiful moments bled-
No more bells for steeples and towers,
For ships and engines, for sylvan bowers,
Ringing for weddings and deaths and cheers-
Bells that were lovely beyond all peer.

Bells for the temples of China, born
In an earlier Baltimore flash of morn;
Bells for the mosques of Turkey, Cathay,
To sound in places so far away.
Huge bells, tiny bells, brazen and loud,
Soft and musical, humble or proud;
Bells for India, Cuba, to loom
Their silvery echoes were strange isles boom.

Bells for rich and bells for poor.
Bells for the little chapel next door,
For the great cathedral in London Town,
Bells of beauty and far renown-
No more bells, McShanes to close,
So the news of the moment goes;
But ever and always somewhere will ring
bell with the Baltimore swerve and swing.