

The Bells of Santiago

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*I have sailed the Southern Ocean for a dozen years or more
But never have we carried such a cargo
For through Atlantic gales we are scudding home to Wales
Carrying the bells of Santiago*

In Valparaiso we were moored, taking copper ore on board
When the word came through of tragedy and pity
Of the fire and the ruin and the women who were lost
That dreadful night in Santiago city
And Vivian he was there looking out for copper ore
When he saw the blackened bells lie where they rolled
He saw that they were beautiful and heard they rang no more
And he knew they had a story to be told

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So Vivian he agreed to transport the bells with speed
To the harbour where our copper barque was lying
And lashed within the trunking in the centre of our hold
Around Cape Horn the bells would soon be flying
And the bells will be shared out to the churches round about
So folks can hear them ringing and feel pity
For the fire and the ruin and the women who were lost
That dreadful night in Santiago city

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Now, I'm just a common sailor, not given much to thought
But standing here, I cannot help but wonder
Why the bells of Santiago should sail half-way round the world,
And if we might perhaps have made a blunder
For the folk of Santiago still have churches, I suppose
But for closure and for memory they'll still yearn
And I wonder if, some day there will ever be a way
For the bells of Santiago to return

*Yes I wonder if some day
There will ever be a way
For the bells of Santiago to return*