

RINGERS REQUIRED

by Frances Mulvey

The bell ringer stands alone in the tower
Surrounded by ropes one to eight,
And thinks with a sigh
Of the youngsters gone by,
How ringing with them was just great.

They have all moved away to towers far off,
New ringers are so hard to find;
The age of the band
Each year gets higher and
They'll soon be all wizened and lined.

People phone up and say, "We'd like to learn."
And make an appointment to view.
But they must be shy
And nobody knows why
Their request they never pursue.

Recruits are required to complete the band aged
Eleven to seventy-five;
They need not be strong
But must want to belong
To a group, to help it survive.

If you have an hour or two spare in the week
One evening and Sunday or more
You soon could be taught-
(an addiction soon caught)
phone four-one-one-seven-o-four.

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