

HEAVY METAL ANTHEM

Words and music written by Don Airey for the occasion of the re-dedication
of the church bells of Great Gransden.

This anthem is dedicated to Victor and Joyce Hughes

We took the bells of Gransden Tower
By fixing ropes and pulleys round and
Hauled them down to the floor.

Seven tons of heavy metal
With Grumpy too and Tinkerbelle
Were pulled right down to the ground.
One century of dust and grime
Fell on Neil Parker in his prime
As he came down from the tower

The bells were placed on pallets four
And then were taken out the door
And heaved right into the yard
We kids were taken out of class
And marched down Middle St. en masse
So we could look at the bells
Peter Adams and Mrs Reece
Even those in classroom three
Got the morning off school

And then at last a piece of luck
Here comes Desie Merrill's truck
He's stopped to look at the bells.
With JCB and powered hoist
We winched those stalwarts by the joists
And on to Desie's van.
The London drive he knows it well
A foundry down in Whitechapel
Is going to work on the bells.

Down in the foundry, looks like a tomb
Charcoal and flux are suffusing the gloom
No-one can see them, all lost and alone
Lord take care of our bells

Cont...

Out pours the metal, into the mould,
Roar and confusion, the furnace takes hold
No-one can see me, all lost and alone
Lord take care of us all

They turned the bells upside down
And then they brought the lathe around
To get the blighters in tune
The horsehair mould was broke in twain
And Phillip George and Donald Lester's names
Were put on the bells
Peter Walker drove his van
To bring them back to Gt Gransden
And haul them back in the tower.

So here we sit in grand array
Say hip hooray to all that heavy metal
Up in the tower
Let Joyce and Victor's choir sing
As Sheila and the crew join in
Celebrating the hour.
Bruce Curry in fine attire
Will soon fulfil our one desire
Sing alleluia on for ever
Alleluia to our endeavour
Instead of going on and on
Let us ask dear Bishop John
To consecrate the bells

Oh little town of Great Gransden
This is the story of your bells.

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