

# The Bells of Malvern

## I

Pale light blossoms slowly in the rising mist.  
It is evening and the hedgerows gleam  
Around the undulating green expanse of fields.

Listen—

It is the clear and treble-noted bells of Malvern  
Forming sounds upon the stillness  
Floating out toward the villages and hills,  
Settling deeply in the waiting stones and roses.

Children at the windows pause, and listen.  
In the fields and lanes and houses  
Men and women breathe the air that brims with ringing,  
Filling with this time and generation stitching sound  
That lingers, resonant, within the good, strong blood;  
Nestling even in the bones and sinews  
Of infants forming in the womb.

## II

Listen Brigham, Willard, Wilford—  
You can hear the slenderest echoes  
Softly throbbing in the hearts  
Of those you called away.

—Randall L. Hall