

## Where The Church-bells Still Ring

BZN

My countryside, you gave me  
everything you had.  
The sweet perfume of roses  
and the smell of baking bread.  
The black-tailed swallow on the wing  
and the village school so old.  
Your summerdays were blazing hot  
and your winters icy cold.

Where the church-bells still ring  
and the nightingales sing,  
where we spent our youth  
so long ago.  
Where we played in the park  
and we kissed in the dark,  
I will always stay here  
where I belong.

Where the church-bells still ring  
and the nightingales sing,  
I will always be here,  
even dead and gone.

How I recall,  
our childhood passed away.  
Messin' around the backyard,  
hide and seek we used to play.  
My pockets full of jellybeans  
that felt like bars of gold.  
Your summerdays were blazing hot  
and your winters icy cold.