

The Weld Bank Song

There's a dear little Church that we see every day,
For it stands on the top of a hill,
And the Cross on its tower can be seen far away
With its message to all of goodwill.
'Twas the first to arise when subsided the storm
That had raged for three hundred long years,
And the Chorley-born Catholic feels his heart warm
When the noble old structure he nears.

Refrain:

Weld Bank! Old Weld Bank! God preserve old Weld Bank!
Long may its tower arise, ever welcome to our eyes.
Weld Bank! Old Weld Bank! God preserve old Weld Bank!
Reigning still, on its hill, sweetest spot beneath our skies.

When our sires stole along yonder lane to Burgh Hall
'Twas but little they thought of the time,
When the Mass-bell of Weld Bank would send forth its call,
and that no-one would deem it a crime.
There are three names most dear to a Weld Banker's ear,
They are those of its priest-founders three,
And our children shall ever be taught to revere
The beginners of all we now see.

And whenever that church or its school needs our aid,
In the changes that time brings to view,
We, whose parents beneath its blest shadow are laid,
To our own dear old church will be true.
We will give of our substance and make it more fair
Than ever it appeared in the past;
For we love the old place and each Weld Banker's prayer
Is – to lie near its altar at last.

Words by John Wilson

(The three priest founders are of course the Rev. John Chadwick, who founded the mission; His Eminence, Cardinal Weld, who gave the land; and the Rev. Richard Thompson, who built the present church.)