

HOLD the HARVEST

F. Parnell (1848-1882)

B. Black

Andante (mm=100)

f NOW ARE YOU MEN OR CAT - TLE THEN YOU
(THE) SER - PENT'S CURSE U - PON YOU LIES YOU
(OH) BY THE GOD WHO MADE US ALL THE

TIL - LERS OF THE SOIL? WOULD YOU BE FREE OR
WRITHE WITH - IN THE DUST YOU FILL YOUR MOUTHS WITH
MAS - TER AND THE SERF RISE UP AND SWEAR TO

E - VER - MORE IN RICH MEN'S SER - VICE
BEG - GAR'S SWILL YOU GRO - VEL FOR A
HOLD THIS DAY YOUR OWN GREEN I - RISH

TOIL? THE SHA - DOW OF THE
CRUST YOUR MAS - TERS SET THEIR
TURF! RISE UP! AND PLANT YOUR

DIAL HANGS DARK THAT POINTS THE FA - TAL
BLOOD - STAINED HEELS U - PON YOUR SHAME - FUL
FEET AS MEN WHERE NOW YOU CRAWL AS

HOUR NOW HOLD YOUR OWN OR
HEADS YET THEY ARE KIND: THEY
SLAVES AND MAKE YOUR HAR - VEST

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G F Em

BRAND - ED SLAVES _____ FOR - E - VER CRINGE AND
LEAVE YOU STILL _____ THEIR DITCH - ES FOR YOUR
FIELDS YOUR CAMPS _____ OR MAKE OF THEM YOUR

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1,2 Am F Am

COW'R! _____ THE _____
BEDS! _____ OH _____
GRAVES! _____