

HOLD the HARVEST

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tune © B. Black
words F. Parnell
(1848-1882)

Am C G



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

Am G Am Am C



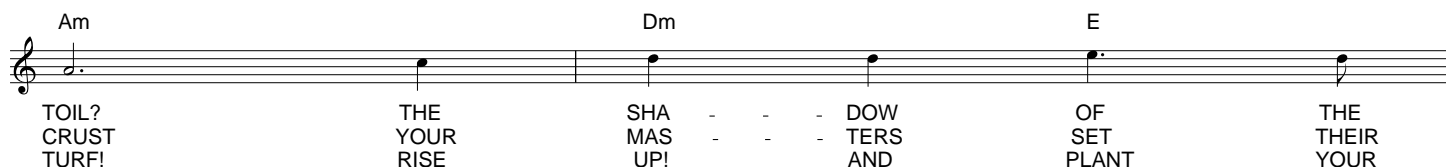
TIL LERS OF THE SOIL? WOULD YOU BE FREE OR
WRITHE WITH IN THE THE DUST YOU FILL YOUR MOUTHS WITH
MAS TER AND THE SERF RISE UP AND SWEAR TO

G F Em



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

Am Dm E



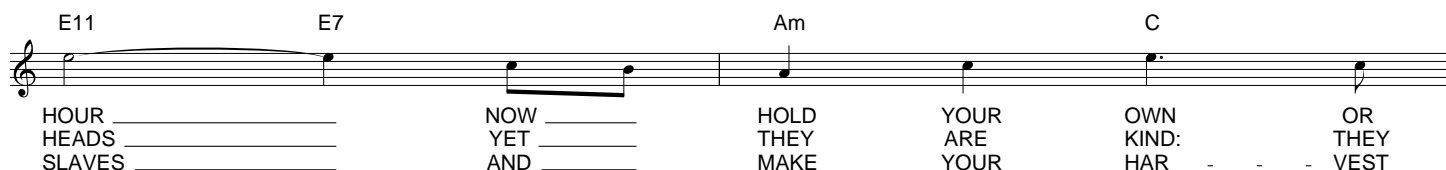
TOIL? THE SHA - - - DOW OF THE
CRUST YOUR RISE MAS - - - TERS SET THEIR
TURF! RISE UP! AND PLANT YOUR

Am G Am F G




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

E11 E7 Am C



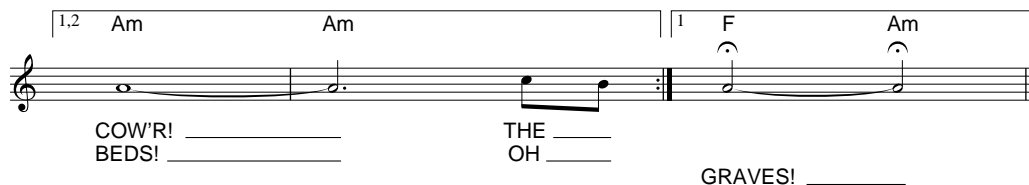
HOUR SLAVES NOW HOLD YOUR OWN OR
HEADS YET THEY ARE KIND: THEY
SLAVES AND MAKE YOUR HAR - - - VEST

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

[1,2 Am Am] | 1 F Am



COW'R! THE
BEDS! OH GRAVES!