

# 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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8

1,2 Am F Am

COW'R! \_\_\_\_\_ THE \_\_\_\_\_  
BEDS! \_\_\_\_\_ OH \_\_\_\_\_  
GRAVES! \_\_\_\_\_