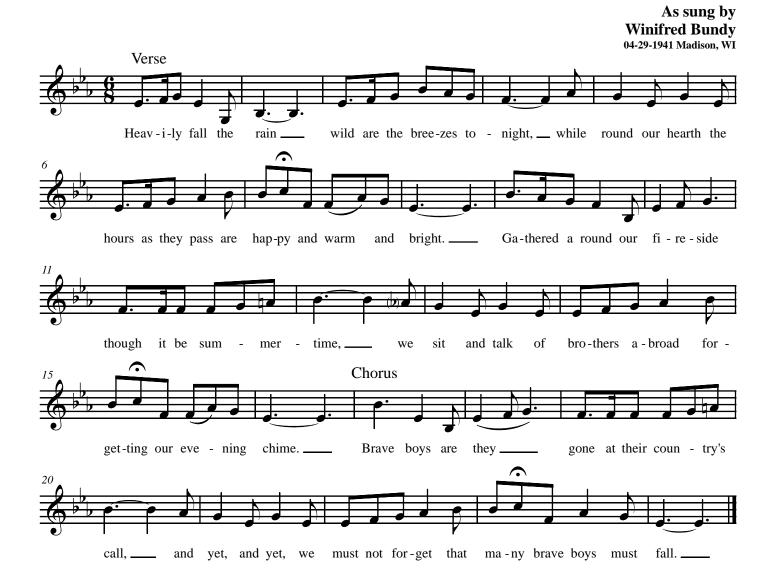
Brave Boys



Verse 1.

Heavily fall the rain
Wild are the breezes tonight,
While round our hearths the hours as they pass
Are happy and warm and bright.
Gathered around our fireside
Though it be summertime,
We sit and talk of brothers abroad
Forgetting our evening chime.

Chorus

Brave boys are they
Gone at their country's call,
And yet, and yet, we must not forget
That many brave boys must fall.

Verse 2.

Thinking no less of them
But loving our country the more,
We send them forth to die if they must
The traitor is at our door.
Oh the dread scene of carnage
Soon to be strewn with graves,
If brothers must fall then bury them where
Our banner shall o'er them wave.

Chorus

2 Brave Boys

Critical Commentary

Transcriptions by MB and Peters, p. 237-8

K.G.