War is a Bountiful Jade.

Words by KIRKE LA SHELLE.

Music by JULIAN EDWARDS

With spirit.

War gives to a lover the
The soldier has only to

soldier bold Plunder of country and town.
go and fight, what matter the right or wrong.

My lady's jewels, the miser's gold, And often a king-like
'Tis a gay wild life of glorious strife. And its spice is wine and...
Then mend—
mend。

With the tum tum of the war like drum And the soldier is their
troop ing—come.

And the wenchers of their blood red lips And woo him with ro—flame

He drinks of wine from the
crown.

old est coak In cas tes to sleep he lies.
mend, And polish ev'ry pike And hammer and

sharpen each lance-tip alike; And temper keen each blade.

Now peace aside is laid; And war, war,

cresc.

Pause 24 time only.

War is a bountiful Jade.

Pause 24 time only.

War is a bountiful Jade. 3369-3