Song of the Sword.

Lyric by STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by JULIAN EDWARDS.

Voice.

Piano.

I sing of golden ring, No lay of ladies fair.

I sing of ancient King; No lay of minstrel bold.

serenade to virgin maid, No lover's tender dirge.

rhythm of rhymes of wondrous climes, No ode to gods of old.
Cupid's tune, no antique rune, By me they are abhorred, But
all my days, I'll sing the praise, Of my beloved sword. No
Cupid's tune, no antique rune By me they are abhorred, But
all my days, I'll sing the praise, Of my beloved sword. Then

Song of the sword, 4584-4
Sing, sing the song of the sword, The song of the blade of steel. His trusty sword, the soldiers heard. His first his last appeal.

Song of the sword. 4584-4
Sing, sing of the sword we sing. Our hearts beat in accord; The sword we praise, Ay! our days.

Well sing the song of the sword.

Song of the sword. 4181-4.