

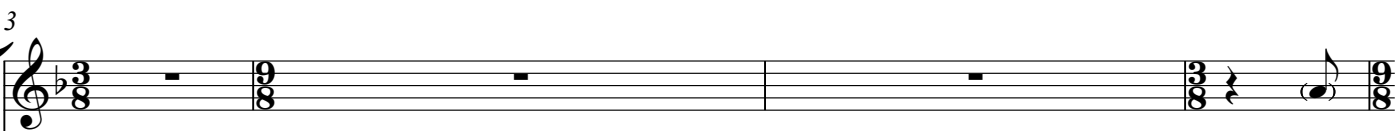
# Blood and Gold

Andy Irvine and Jane Cassidy


$\text{♩} = 95$  [All women sing 1st two lines]

Alt. 

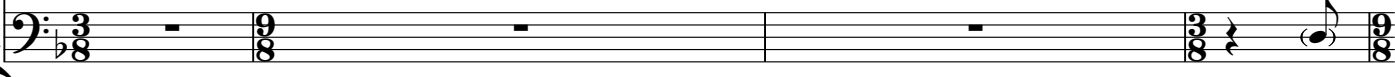
1. On ri - des the cap - tain and three hun - dred sol - dier lads. \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. For when you took my gold and swo - re to fol - low me. \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. You'll weep, you'll die by the keen edge of the sword. \_\_\_\_\_  
 4. Un - furl your rag - ged banners and brace your pale young face. \_\_\_\_\_


Sop. 

2. No  
3. He  
4. Oh


Alt. 

— Out of the mor - ning mist and through the si - lent snow. \_\_\_\_\_  
 — You sold a - way your lives and your li - ber - ty. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. No  
 — All a - lone by the mud - dy Dan - ube shore. \_\_\_\_\_ 3. He  
 — You'll all go in the fire there'll be no hi - ding place. \_\_\_\_\_ 4. Oh


Men. 

Sop. 

Whist - l - ing gai - ly rides the cap - tain at their head. \_\_\_\_\_ Be -  
 mo - re you'll till the soil, no mo - re you'll work the land, \_\_\_\_\_ No  
 gave the or - der for the drum - mers to beat their drum. \_\_\_\_\_ That  
 moth - er hear the drum - beat in the vill - age square. \_\_\_\_\_ O

Alt. 

Whist - l - ing gai - ly rides the cap - tain at their head. \_\_\_\_\_ Be -  
 mo - re you'll till the soil, no mo - re you'll work the land, \_\_\_\_\_ No  
 gave the or - der for the drum - mers to beat their drum. \_\_\_\_\_ That  
 moth - er hear the drum - beat in the vill - age square. \_\_\_\_\_ O

Men. 

mo - re you'll till the soil, no mo - re you'll work the land, \_\_\_\_\_ No  
 moth - er hear the drum - beat in the vill - age square. \_\_\_\_\_ O

Verse 1: Women only  
 Verse 2: Tutti  
 Chorus 1: Tutti  
 Verse 3: Women only  
 Chorus 2: Tutti  
 Verse 4: Tutti  
 Chorus 3: Tutti

10

Sop.  
 hind him sol - dier boys sad - ly wee - ping go.  
 more to the dance you'll go and take girls by the hand.  
 moth - ers all might know the life a sold - ier leads.  
 moth - er that drum's for me to go for a sol - dier there.

Alt.  
 hind him sol - dier boys sad - ly wee - ping go.  
 more to the dance you'll go and take girls by the hand.  
 moth - ers all might know the life a sold - ier leads.  
 moth - er that drum's for me to go for a sol - dier there.

Men  
 more to the dance you'll go and take girls by the hand.  
 moth - er that drum's for me to go for a sol - dier there.

Chorus

12

Sop.  
 Oh lads of mine weep no  
 Oh mo - ther weep for your  
 Moth - ers, sis - ters, wi - - - - - ves, weep for

Alt.  
 Oh lads of mine weep no  
 Oh mo - ther weep for your  
 Mothers, sis - ters, wi - - - - - ves, weep for

Men  
 Oh lads of mine weep no  
 Oh mo - ther weep for your  
 Mothers, sis - ters, wi - - - - - ves, weep for

16

Sop.  
 more. You are gone to kill and die.  
 son. He is gone to kill and die.  
 us. Marked as Cain we lie a - lone.

Alt.  
 more. You are gone to kill and die.  
 son. He is gone to kill and die.  
 us. Marked as Cain we lie a - lone.

Men  
 more. You are gone to kill and die.  
 son. He is gone to kill and die.  
 us. Marked as Cain we lie a - lone.