



The Brave and Bonny Host

(For Prince Strongim Scallan, upon his
victory at Myrgan Wood)



Oh see how the mist lies o-ver the field: The morn-ing of



bat-tle is come. Soft in the glen there's the muf-fled



sound of men, and the mur-mur of a bat-tle drum.

chorus



Fill our cups with ale or wine or beer; we will stand to-ge-ther



ne-ver fear; and we'll drink down a toast to the brave and



bon-ny host that fights for the ban-ner of An Tir





1. O, SEE HOW THE MIST LIES OVER THE FIELD...
2. NOW THE LIGHT OF THE SUN SPREADS OVER THE HILL;
IT SCATTERS THE MIST FROM THE GREEN,
AND THERE IN THE CLEAR COME THE WARRIORS OF AN TIR
THEIR BLACK AND GOLDEN BANNER CAN BE SEEN.
CHORUS: FILL OUR CUPS WITH ALE OR WINE OR BEER;
WE WILL STAND TOGETHER, NEVER FEAR;
AND WE'LL DRINK DOWN A TOAST TO THE BRAVE
AND BONNY MOST
THAT FIGHTS FOR THE BANNER OF AN TIR.
3. O, SEE THEM ADVANCE AS A WALL OF STEEL,
EACH MAN WITH HIS SWORD AND HIS SHIELD;
NOW THEY CHARGE WITH A CHEER, FOR THE HONOR OF AN TIR,
TO WIN OR TO DIE UPON THE FIELD.
CHORUS
4. BY MANY A FIRE THERE'S A LADY FAIR,
WHO WAITS FOR HER LOVE TO RETURN;
HER NEEDLE'S IN HER THREADS, OR SHE'S BAKING OF THE
BREADS,
AND DREAMING OF THE TOUCH FOR WHICH SHE YEARNS.
CHORUS
5. TO THE CREST OF THE HILL FIGHT THE BRAVE AND THE BOLD,
WHERE THE SLAIN THICKLY LIE ON THE FIELD;
NOW, ALONE IN THE CLEAR, STAND THE WARRIORS OF AN TIR,
AND THE FOEMAN AT LAST IS FORCED TO YIELD.
CHORUS
6. O, STRIKE UP YOUR LUTE, ALL YE MINSTRELS,
WHOSE SKILL IS RENOWNED FAR AND WIDE;
COME TELL US AGAIN OF THE MIGHTY BAND OF MEN
WHO CARRIED THE BATTLE FOR OUR SIDE.
CHORUS



TRADITIONAL FLUTE, BOTH SLAIN 1874
HARRIS (1774, C. EUROPEAN)

