"Oh! who would fight?"

"OH! WHO WOULD FIGHT."

Oh! who would fight and march and countermarch,
Be shot for sixpence in a battle-field,
And shovell'd up into some bloody trench
Where no one knows? but let me live my life.

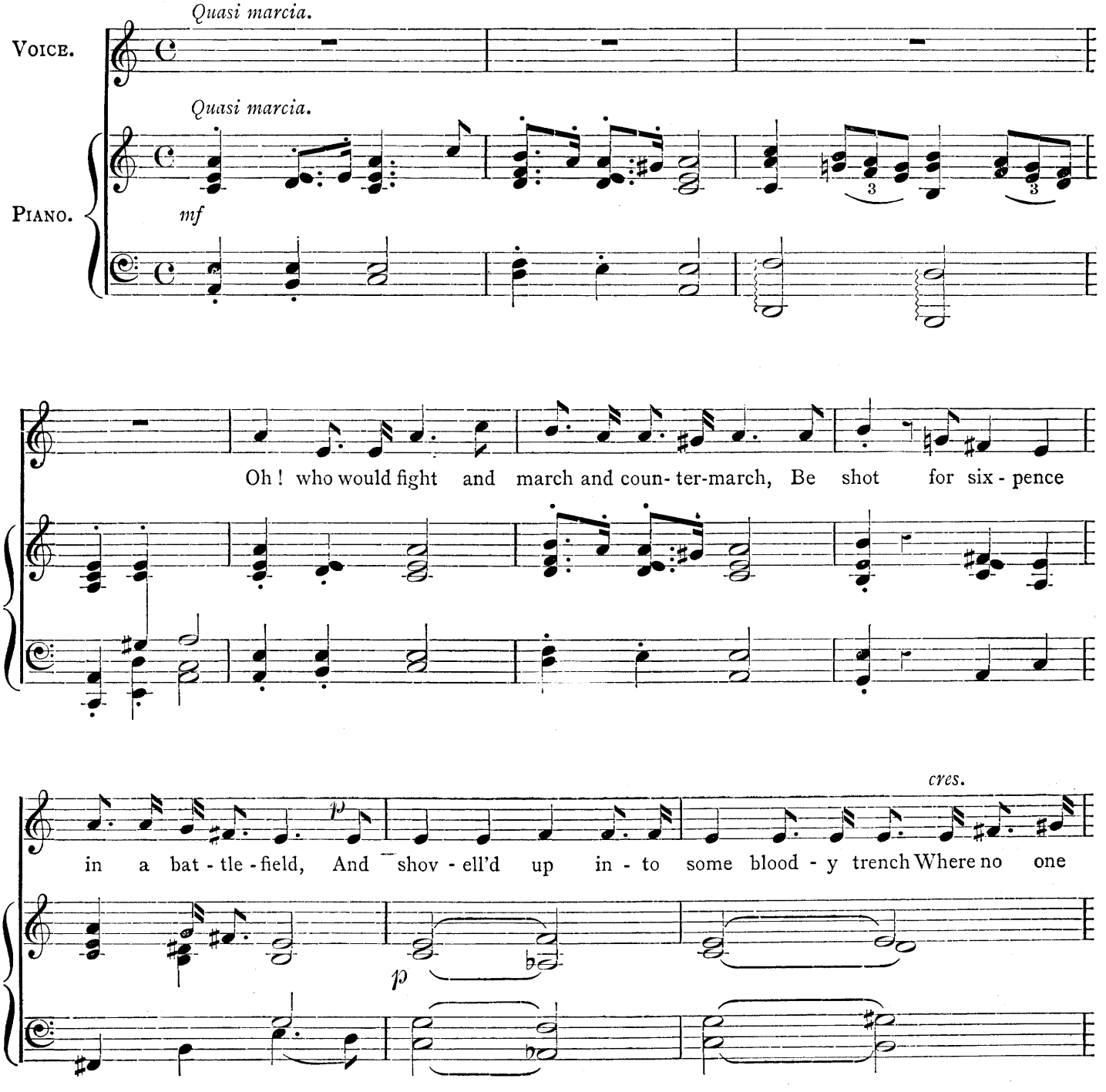
Oh! who would cast and balance at a desk,
Perch'd like a crow upon a three-legg'd stool,
Till all his juice is dried, and all his joints
Are full of chalk? but let me live my life.

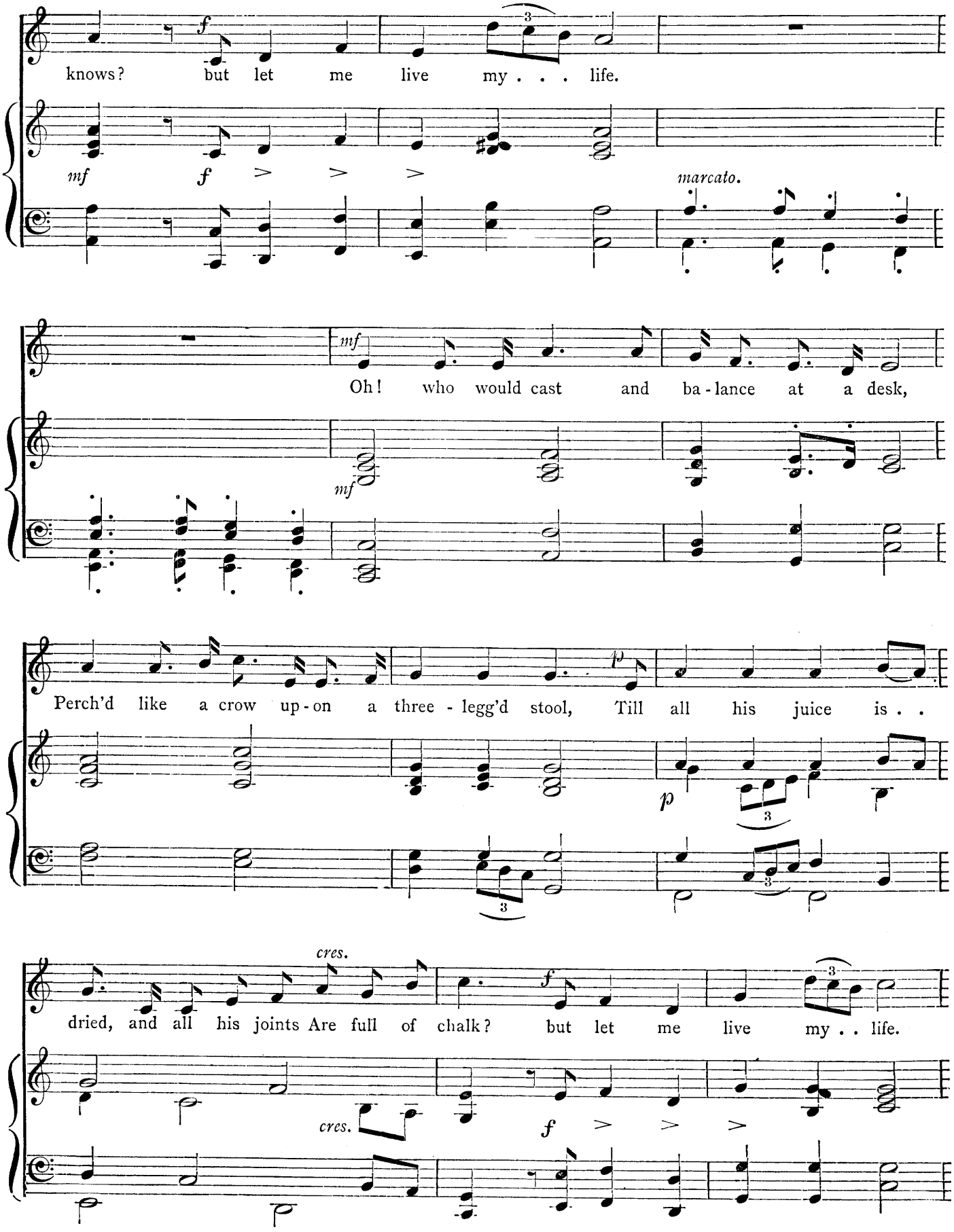
Who'd serve the state? for if I carved my name
Upon the cliffs that guard my native land,
I might as well have traced it in the sands;
The sea wastes all: but let me live my life.

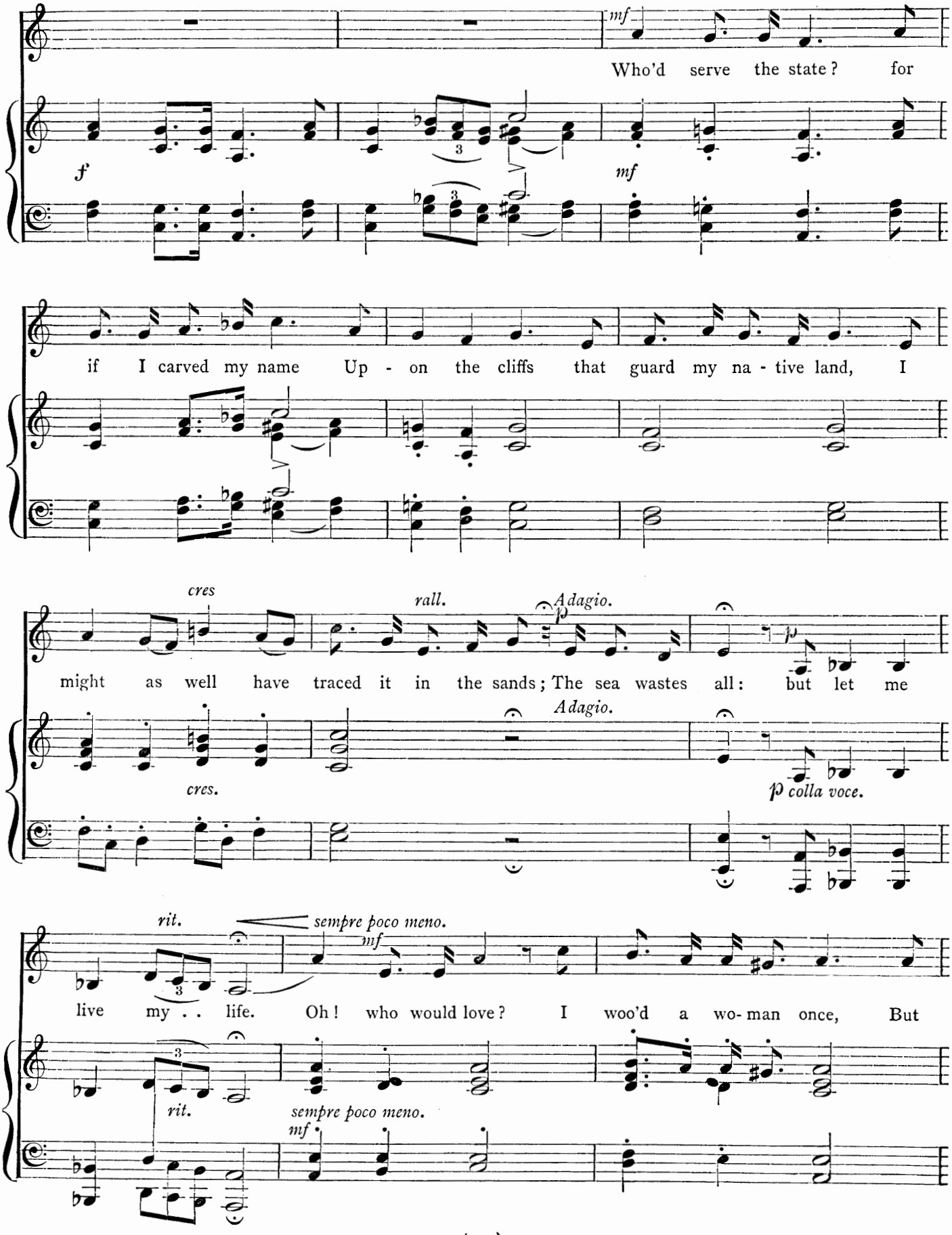
Oh! who would love? I woo'd a woman once,
But she was sharper than an eastern wind,
And all my heart turn'd from her, as a thorn
Turns from the sea: but let me live my life.

OH! WHO WOULD FIGHT AND MARCH.

W. G. CUSINS.




knows? but let me live my . . . life.
mf
f
marcato.
mf
Oh! who would cast and ba-lance at a desk,
mf
Perch'd like a crow up-on a three-legg'd stool, Till all his juice is . .
p
p
cres.
dried, and all his joints Are full of chalk? but let me live my . . life.
cres.
f


mf
Who'd serve the state? for
f
mf
if I carved my name Up - on the cliffs that guard my na - tive land, I
cres
rall.
Adagio.
might as well have traced it in the sands; The sea wastes all: but let me
cres.
Adagio.
p colla voce.
rit.
sempre poco meno.
mf
live my . . life. Oh! who would love? I woo'd a wo- man once, But
rit.
sempre poco meno.
mf

she was sharp - er than an east - ern wind, And all my heart turn'd from

p

cres. *Tempo 1mo.*

her, as a thorn Turns from the sea; but let me live my . . life, but

f *ff*

Tempo 1mo.

cres. *mf* *f*

molto rit. *a tempo.*

let me live my . . life.

ff molto rit. *f a tempo.*