

## A Warrior Bold

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*Con spirito*

In days of old, when knights were bold, And barons held their sway, A  
So this brave knight in armor bright, Went gayly to the fray; He

warrior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay, — Sang mer - ri - ly his —  
fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had pass'd a - way, — His soul had pass'd a -

lay: My love is young and fair, My love hath gold - en hair, And  
way. The plighted ring he wore Was crushed and wet with gore, Yet

eyes so blue, and heart so true, That none with her compare. So what care I, tho'  
ere he died, he brave-ly cried, "I've kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho'

*cres* - *cen* - *do* *f* *colla voce*

death be nigh, I'll live for love or die, So what care I tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die?  
death be nigh, I've fought for love and die, So what care I tho'

*p* *f* *D.S.*

2. death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, \_\_\_\_\_ I've fought for

*ad lib*  
*piu lento*  
*cres.*

love, For love, — for love I die."

*molto* *rallentando e dim.* *p* *colla voce* *a tempo* *ff*