

# Hael's Song

I sing for the wood and the merry, mer ry, doe, I sing for a maid en of

beau ty oh I sing for the love of hon or o ver all, And the

clear, strong call of duty oh. Glad is my heart for the rising of the sun, And

glad is my heart for the e ven fall, And glad ness holds me still in the

[illegible]

bright, clear light of day, When the trum pets of morn give a bat tle call.

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