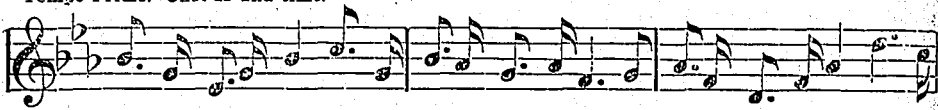
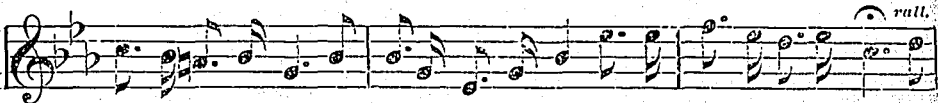
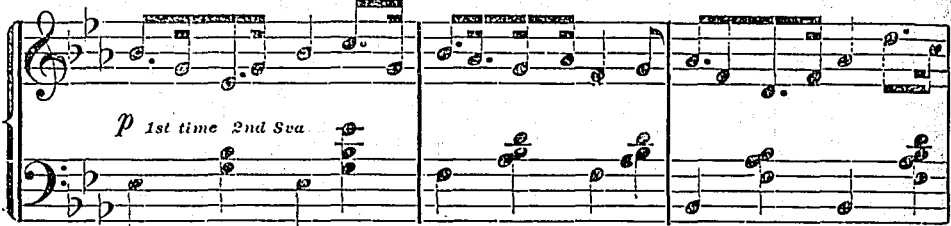


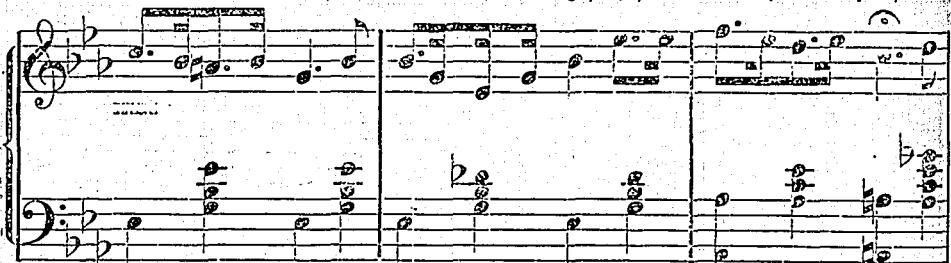
Tempo Primo. Chorus 2nd time.



Round the fire to-night, boys, When every heart's aglow, Though wintry winds be raving, Or  
Round the fire to-night boys, When high the glasses foam, And music's charm is floating A-



si - lent falls the snow, O raise a cho-rus'd song, boys, While bright the hol-y gleams, To -  
round the heav'n of home, O breathe a prayerful sigh, boys, This God day of the year, For



Ireland, grand old Ireland, Dear Ire-land of the streams  
those who died for Ire-land, Or pine in pri - sons drear.

