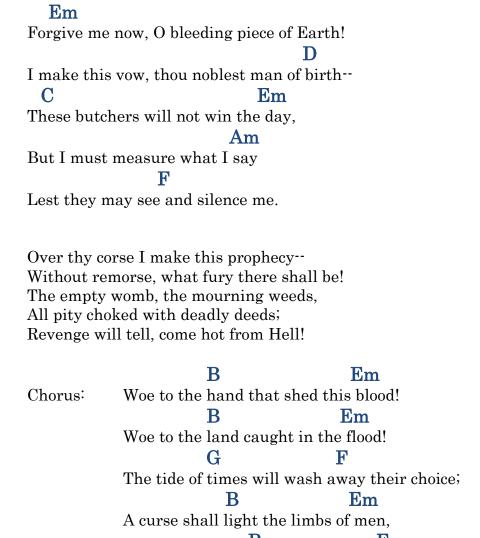
The Dogs of War



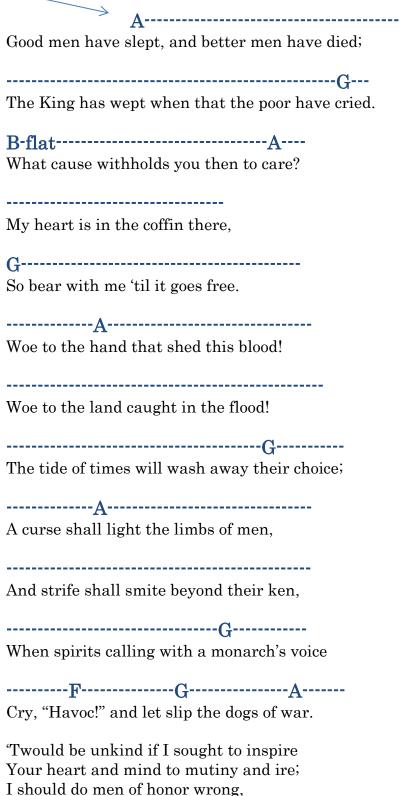
And strife shall smite beyond their ken,

When spirits calling with a monarch's voice

Cry, "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.

Gentles and friends, I pray lend me your ears; As grief descends, let there be time for tears; I come to bury, not to praise Evil lives on beyond our days And all good word is oft interred.

The Dogs of War



I should do men of honor wrong, And so I choose to go along, To wrong the dead, on my own head. Strings start here again

The Dogs of War

Strings do the same thing on these verses and chorus as before, except at the last chorus, which is annotated below. It just has 2 extra notes at the very end.

It is not meet that you should ever learn
The love complete that worthies would not spurn;
You are not wood, you are not stone,
But being men, could you have known
Just what you had, and not run mad?
CH

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts And all my ends are far beyond my arts They gave me public leave to speak For in this matter I am weak And they are strong, but they are wrong

I have no wit, nor words, nor worth, but woe; And I admit no more than what you know, But had I now the power of speech To stir men's blood, to rouse and teach, Then let there be a mutiny!

-----Λ------Λ

| Woe to the hand that shed this blood! |
|--|
| Woe to the land caught in the flood! |
| G |
| The tide of times will wash away their choice; |
| A curse shall light the limbs of men, |
| And strife shall smite beyond their ken, |
| G |
| When spirits calling with a monarch's voiceGA |
| Cry, "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war. |
| A |

The Dogs of War

Cry, "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.

Words and music by Lisa Theriot, lyrics adapted from the speeches of Antony in William Shakespeare's <u>Julius Caesar</u>, Act III, scenes one and two. © 2013, Raven Boy Music