

The Bold Priest of Bordeaux

A Ballad by Louis A. Their -- 1950

Paul Wessling Collection

D: Disciple

C: Chaminade



D: 1.O tell me, my fa - ther why you haste in the
2.Oh why do they seek you with ___ sword and with
3.The flock is all scat - tered their ___ suf - f'ring is



night Your eyes are so watch - ful your foot steps so
gun. Then tell me, dear Fath - er what crime have you
sore, O tell me, dear Fath - er what can you do



light. C: Lis - ten my ___ son, ___ but ___
done? My son, they would drag me to a
more? My son, I'll bring cour - age and ___



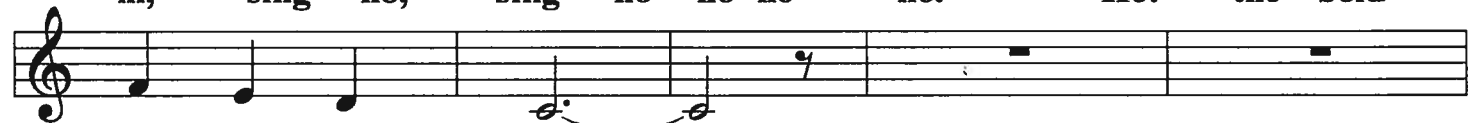
tell it no more the sold - iers of
dun - geon so deep Be cause I'm God's
hope to the weak. I'll bring them their



Sat - an are knock - ing at my door. Chorus: Sing
shep - herd ___ car - ing for his sheep.
Sav - ior whose com ___ fort they seek.



hi, sing ho, sing ho - ho - ho - ho. Ho! the bold



priest of Bor - deaux.

The Bold Priest of Bordeaux
More Verses

**4. Oh fa-ther they'll seize you, this_ work you will rue. The spies will be-
tray you then what will you do? My son, I'll es-cape them and_ hide
'neath a cask. I'll laugh at their search-ing and go back to my task. Sing
Hi....**

**5. Oh how will you hide from those sharp pry-ing eyes? Don quick-ly
dear fa-ther your tink-er's dis-guise. My son I'll de-fy them and_ sell
them my wares. I'll walk in their com-p'ny as they search ev-'ry where.
Sing Hi....**

**6. My fa-ther sad ex-ile will soon be your fate. Your part-ing is vict-'ry
for/the sold-iers of hate. My son, I'll re-turn_ from_ Spain's_ ho-ly
Shrine. And wage a new war-fare till the end of all time. Sing Hi...**

**7. Hell's min-ions sur-round you, your breth-ren are few. 'Gainst evil so
cru-el, oh what can you do? My son, hope and tri-umph will_ come
from the Lord; We'll raise the Queen's ban-ner and rout Sa-tan's
horde. Sing Hi...**