

LEVI

mf BROTHERS

1 Fa - ther, we've some-thing to tell you, A sto - ry of our
 2 Jo - seph died as he wished to, He an - swered du - ty's
 think of his last great bat - tie, A lump comes to my

time. A tra - gic but in - spi - ring tale Of
 call, He sin - gle - han - ded fought the beast That
 throat. It takes a man who knows not fear to

man - hood in its prime. You know you had a do -
 would have killed us all. His blood - stained coat is tri -
 wres - tle with a goat. ALL BROTHERS Carve his name with pride

- zen sons, well now that's not quite true, But
 - bute to his fi - nal sac - ri - fice, His
 and cour - age, let no tear be shed, If