

Free From His Fetters Grim

Fairfax's ballad from *The Yeomen of the Guard; or, The Merryman and His Maid* (tenor)

Text by *Sir William Schwenck Gilbert* (1839-1911) [Br]

Set by *Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan* (1842-1900) [Br]

Free from his fetters grim
[fri fɹam hɪz 'fɛ.tɛz grɪm]

Free to depart;
[fri tu dɪ.'pɑːt]

Free both in life and limb
In all but heart!
Bound to an unknown bride
For good and ill;
Ah, is not one so tied
A pris'ner still, a pris'ner still?

Free, yet in fetters held
Till his last hour,
Gyves that no smith can weld,
No rust devour!
Although a monarch's hand
Had set him free,
Of all the captive band
The saddest he, the saddest he!

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

