

THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN

Irish Bards
1756

C - G C C - Dm C
 THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE
 F C Dm7 C
 YET WHEREVER THOU ART SHALL SEEM ERIN TO ME
 C - Am G C - Dm C - G - C
 IN EXILE THY BOSOM SHALL STILL BE MY HOME
 F C Dm7 -G7 C
 AND THINE EYES MAKE MY CLIMATE WHEREVER WE ROAM

C - G C C - Dm C
 TO THE GLOOM OF SOME DESERT OR COLD ROCKY SHORE
 F C Dm7 C
 WHERE THE EYE OF THE STRANGER CAN HAUNT US NO MORE
 C - Am G C - Dm C-G-C
 I WILL FLY WITH MY COULIN, AND THINK THE ROUGH WIND
 F C Dm7 G7 C
 LESS RUDE THAN THE FOES WE LEAVE FROWNING BE-HIND

C - G C C - Dm C
 AND I'LL GAZE ON THY GOLD HAIR, AS GRACEFUL IT WREATHES
 F C Dm7 C
 AND HANG O'ER THY SOFT HARP AS WILDLY IT BREATHES
 C - Am G C - Dm C-G- C F
 NOR DREAD THAT THE COLD-HEARTED SAXON WILL TEAR ONE CHORD
 C Dm7 - G7 C
 FROM THAT HARP, OR ONE LOCK FROM THAT HAIR