

Grapes Of Rath
Spear of Destiny

GRAPES OF WRATH

Am, Dm, G, Am, Dm, G,
Am,
Shuddering his wife lay, hid in her bed. As in fever her man rushed to the
press,

Dm, G, Am, Dm7, Am,
Dm7, Am,
grapes cried and shrieked in the crush, his vine of rage, are the Grapes of
Wrath,

Dm7, Am, E. Am, Dm, G, Am, Dm,
G, Am,
His vine of rage, Carts of iron rattled through his field, fish of steel had
clogged his well,

Dm, G, Am, Dm7, Am,
Dm7, Am,
time is harvest, time to harvest now he spoke. His vines of rage are the
Grapes of Wrath,

Dm7, Am, E,
Am, G, F,
His vines of rage are the Grapes that become, the seeds of his Wrath.

Am, G, F,
And he learned, as he sows , so shall he reap.
Am, G, F,
Am, G, F,
Ah child its not a rave or a game, Give us back our land