

Ira Hayes

Townes Van Zandt

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Ballad Of Ira Hayes

Tabbed by Milos Protic

Capo on the 2nd fret

Verce

**D**

**G**

Come gather round me, people, there s a story I would tell

**A7**

**G**

**D**

About a brave young Indian, you should remember well;

**D**

**G**

Frome the land of the Pima Indians, a proud and noble band,

**A7**

**G**

**D**

Who farmed the Phoenix Valley in Arizona land.

Down their ditches for a thousand years the aparkling weater rushed  
Till the white man stole their water rights and their sparklin water hushed  
Now Ira s folks were hungry and their land grew crops of weeds  
When war came Ira volunteered and forgot the white man s greed.

Chorus

**D**

**G**

Call him drunken Ira Hayes, He won t answer anymore;

**A7**

**G**

**D**

Not the whiskey drinkin indian, not the marine that went to war.