

LET THE PEOPLE SING

For [G] those who are in love there's a [D] song that's warm and [G] tender,
For [C] those who are oppress[G]sed in [D] song we can protest,
So [G] liberate your mind and [D] give your soul [G] expression,
[C] Open up your [G] hearts and I'll [D] sing for you this [G] song.

[chorus]

Let the [G] people sing their stories and their songs,
And the [C] music of their native [G] land,
The lullabies and battle cries and songs of hope and joy,
[A] Join us hand in [D] hand,
[G] All across this ancient land [C] throughout the test of [G] time,
It was music that kept their spirits [Em] free,
Those [A] songs of [D] yours and of [G] mine.

It was back in ancient times The Bard would tell his stories
Of the hero's, of the villain, of the chieftain in the glen
Through Elizabethan times and Cromwellian war and fury
Put pipers to the sword, killed our harpers and our bards.

Ireland land of song your music lives forever,
In your mountains and your valleys in your hills and in your glens,
Our music has survived through famine and oppression,
To the generations gone I will sing for you this song.