

## For Ireland I'd Not Tell Her Name

The Wolfe Tones

Last[D] eve as I[G] wandered quiet[D] near,  
To the border's of[G] my little[A] farm,  
A[G] beautifull maiden ap[D]peared,  
Whoes lovelyness[G] caused my heart's[D] harm,  
By her daring and[G] love smitten sour,  
And the[D] words from her[A] sweet lips that came,  
To[D] meet her I[G] raced the field[D] o're,  
But for Ireland i'd[G] not tell her[D] name.

[2]

If this[D] beauty but my[G] words would[D] heed  
The words that I[G] speak would be[A] true,  
I'd[G] help her in every[D] need,  
And indeed all her[G] work I would[D] do,  
To[D] win one fond[G] kiss from my love,  
I'd[D] read her ro[A]mances of fame,  
Her[D] champion I[G] daily would[D] prove,  
But for Ireland I'd[G] not tell her[D] name.

[3]

There's a beautiful stately young maid,  
At the nearing of my little farm,  
She's welcoming kind unafraid,  
Her smile is both childlike and warm,  
Her gold hair in masses that grows  
Like amber and sheen is that same,  
And the bloom in her cheeks like the rose,  
But for Ireland I'd not tell her name.