

## The Dogs of War

**Em**

Forgive me now, O bleeding piece of Earth!

**D**

I make this vow, thou noblest man of birth--

**C**

**Em**

These butchers will not win the day,

**Am**

But I must measure what I say

**F**

Lest they may see and silence me.

Over thy corse I make this prophecy--

Without remorse, what fury there shall be!

The empty womb, the mourning weeds,

All pity choked with deadly deeds;

Revenge will tell, come hot from Hell!

**B**

**Em**

Chorus: Woe to the hand that shed this blood!

**B**

**Em**

Woe to the land caught in the flood!

**G**

**F**

The tide of times will wash away their choice;

**B**

**Em**

A curse shall light the limbs of men,

**B**

**Em**

And strife shall smite beyond their ken,

**G**

**F**

When spirits calling with a monarch's voice

**Em**

**D**

**Em**

Cry, "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.

Gentles and friends, I pray lend me your ears;

As grief descends, let there be time for tears;

I come to bury, not to praise

Evil lives on beyond our days

And all good word is oft interred.

Strings start here

## The Dogs of War

A-----

Good men have slept, and better men have died;

G---

The King has wept when that the poor have cried.

B-flat-----

A---

What cause withholds you then to care?

-----  
My heart is in the coffin there,

G-----

So bear with me 'til it goes free.

A-----

Woe to the hand that shed this blood!

-----  
Woe to the land caught in the flood!

G-----

The tide of times will wash away their choice;

A-----

A curse shall light the limbs of men,

-----  
And strife shall smite beyond their ken,

G-----

When spirits calling with a monarch's voice

F-----

G-----

A-----

Cry, "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.

'Twould be unkind if I sought to inspire  
Your heart and mind to mutiny and ire;  
I should do men of honor wrong,  
And so I choose to go along,  
To wrong the dead, on my own head.

## The Dogs of War

Strings start here again



Strings do the same thing on these verses and chorus as before, except at the last chorus, which is annotated below. It just has 2 extra notes at the very end.

It is not meet that you should ever learn  
The love complete that worthies would not spurn;  
You are not wood, you are not stone,  
But being men, could you have known  
Just what you had, and not run mad?      CH

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts  
And all my ends are far beyond my arts  
They gave me public leave to speak  
For in this matter I am weak  
And they are strong, but they are wrong

I have no wit, nor words, nor worth, but woe;  
And I admit no more than what you know,  
But had I now the power of speech  
To stir men's blood, to rouse and teach,  
Then let there be a mutiny!

-----A-----  
Woe to the hand that shed this blood!

-----  
Woe to the land caught in the flood!

-----G-----  
The tide of times will wash away their choice;

-----A-----  
A curse shall light the limbs of men,

-----  
And strife shall smite beyond their ken,

-----G-----  
When spirits calling with a monarch's voice

-----F-----G-----A-----  
Cry, "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.

-----A-----C-----D-----

## The Dogs of War

Cry, "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.

Words and music by Lisa Theriot, lyrics adapted from the speeches of Antony in William Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, Act III, scenes one and two.

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