

HARVESTER OF SORROW

Words and Music by
James Hetfield and Lars Ulrich

Moderately slow

N.C.

E5



N.C.

E5



R.H.

N.C.

Play 3 times

E5



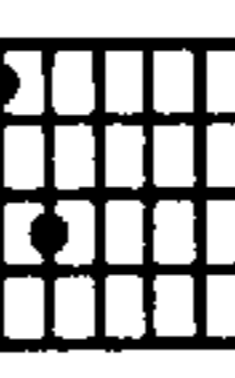
N.C.

E5



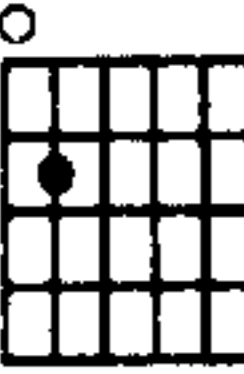
N.C.

F5



N.C.

E5



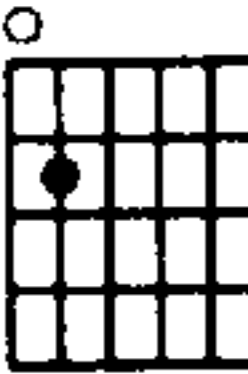
N.C.

F5



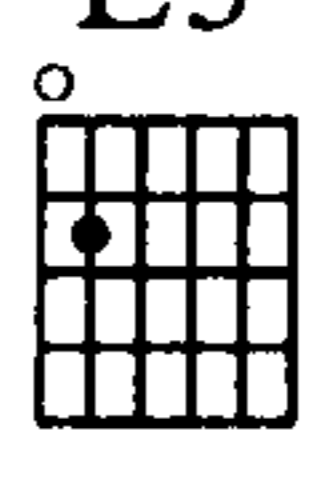
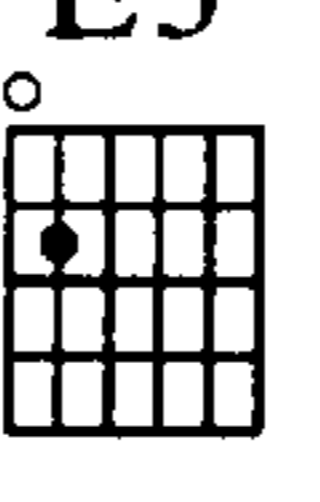
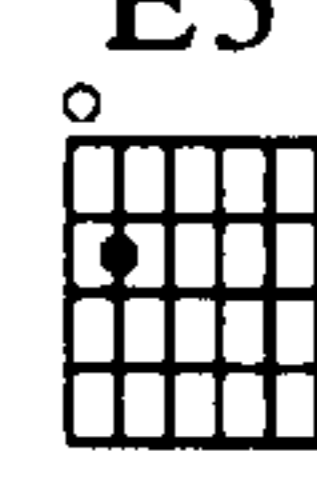
N.C.


E5

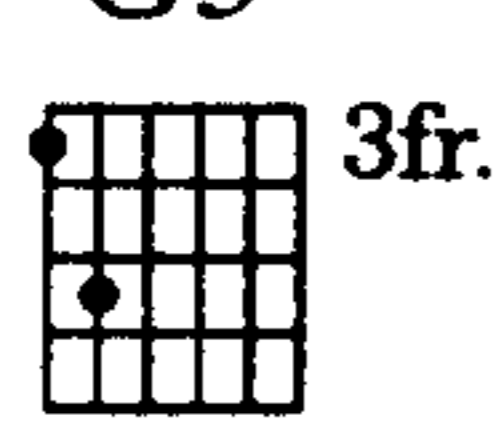
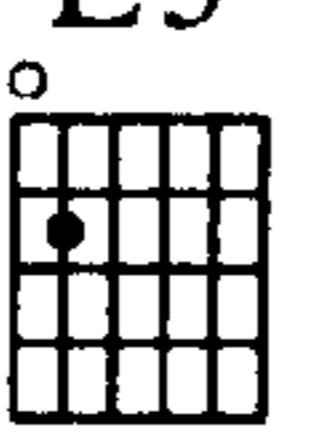
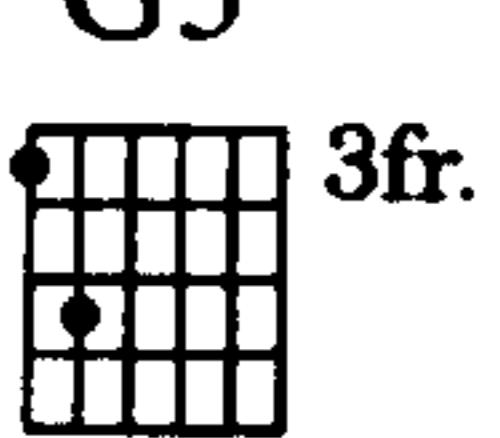



N.C. E5  N.C.

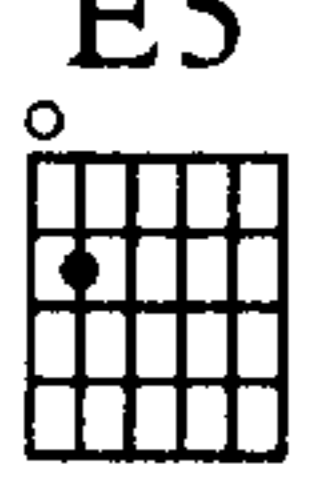
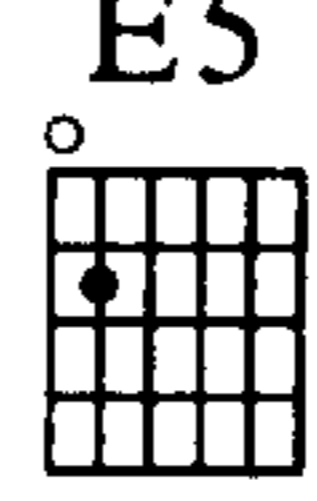


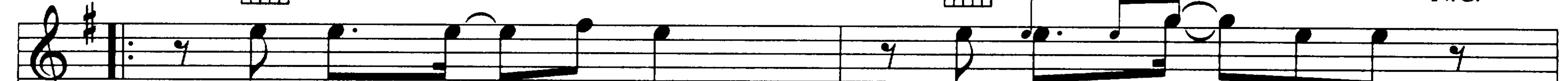
E5  N.C. E5  N.C. E5  N.C.



G5  N.C. E5  N.C. G5  N.C.



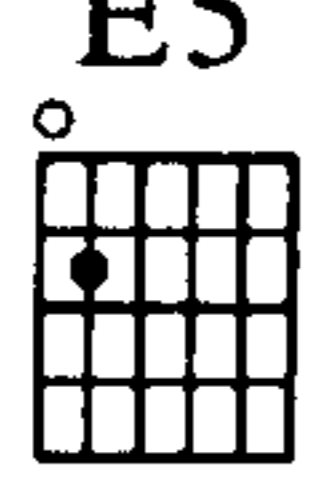
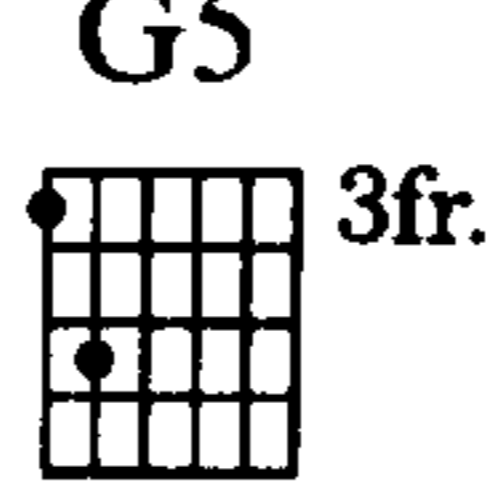
E5  N.C. E5  N.C.

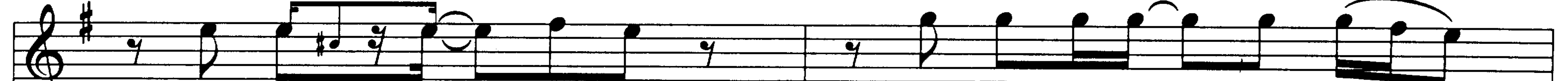


My life suf - fo - cates.
Pure black look - ing clear.

Plant - ing seeds_ of hate.
My work is done_ soon here.



E5  N.C. G5  N.C.



I've loved, turned_ to hate.
Try get - ting back_ to me.

Trapped far be - yond_ my fate.____
Get back which used_ to be.____



E5 N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C.

I give, you take this life that I— for - sake.
 Drink up, shoot in. Let the beat - ings— be - gin.

E5 N.C. G5 3fr. N.C. E5

Been cheat - ed of my youth. You turned this lie— to truth.——
 Dis - trib - u - tor of pain. Your loss be - comes - my gain.—— }

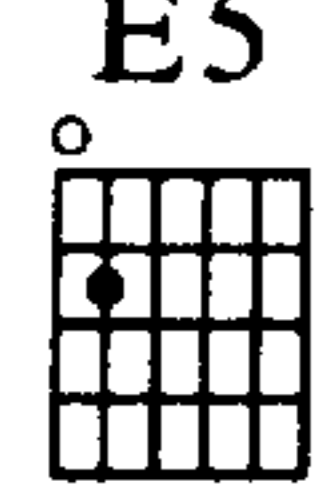
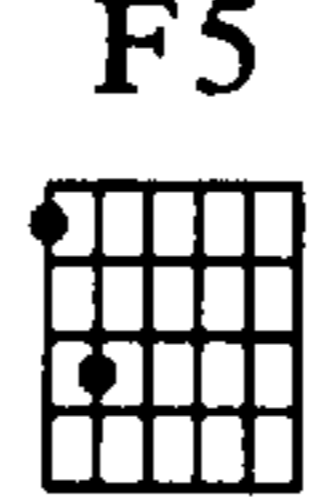
R.H.


N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C.

An - ger, mis - er - y, you'll suf - fer un - to me.

E5 N.C.

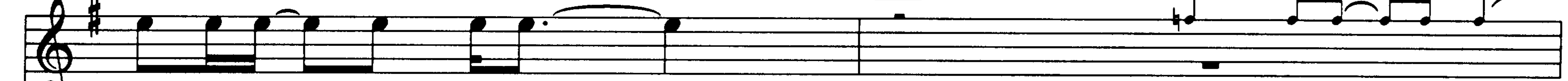
R.H.

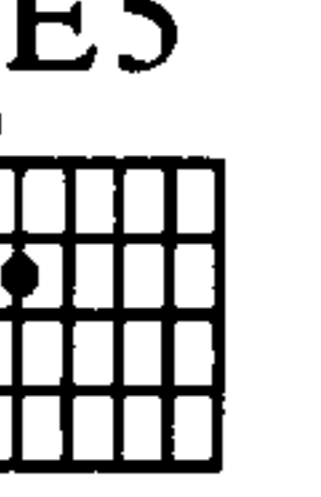
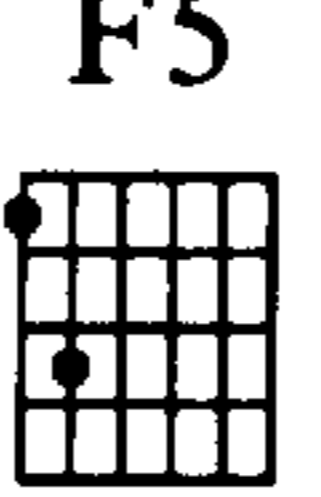
E5  N.C. F5  N.C.



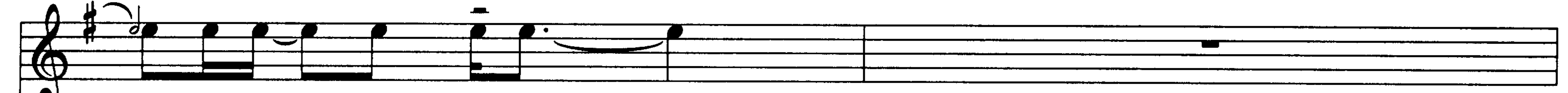
E5  N.C. F5  N.C.

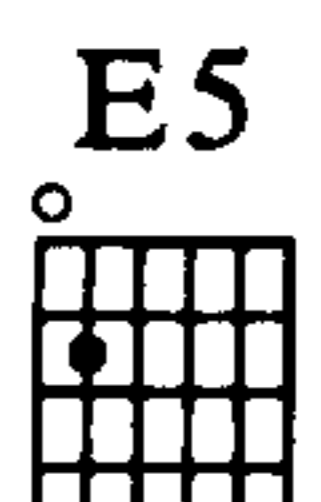
Har - vest - er — of sor - row. ————— (Lan - guage of — the mad.) —




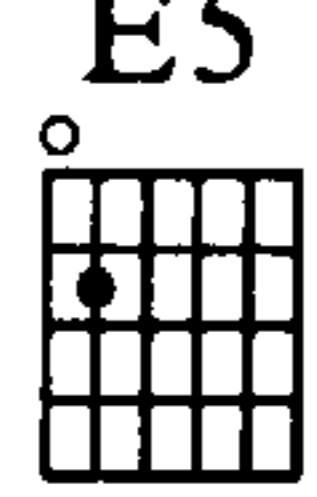
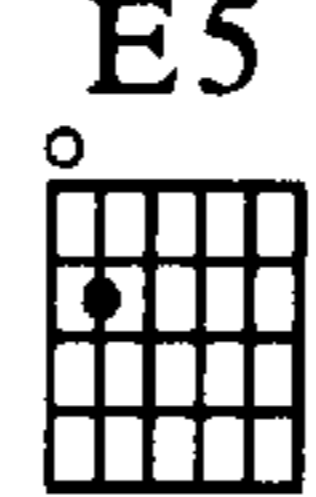
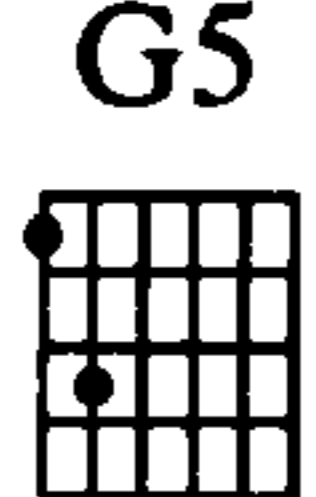

E5  N.C. F5  N.C.


Har - vest - er — of sor - row. —————




1. E5  N.C. E5  N.C.



E5  N.C. E5  N.C. G5  3fr. N.C.



2.
E5
N.C.

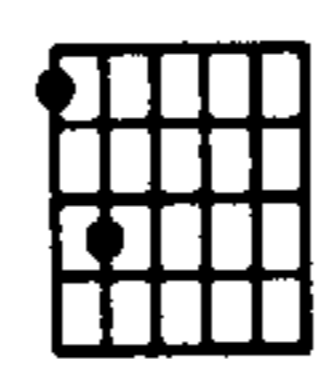
E5 N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C.

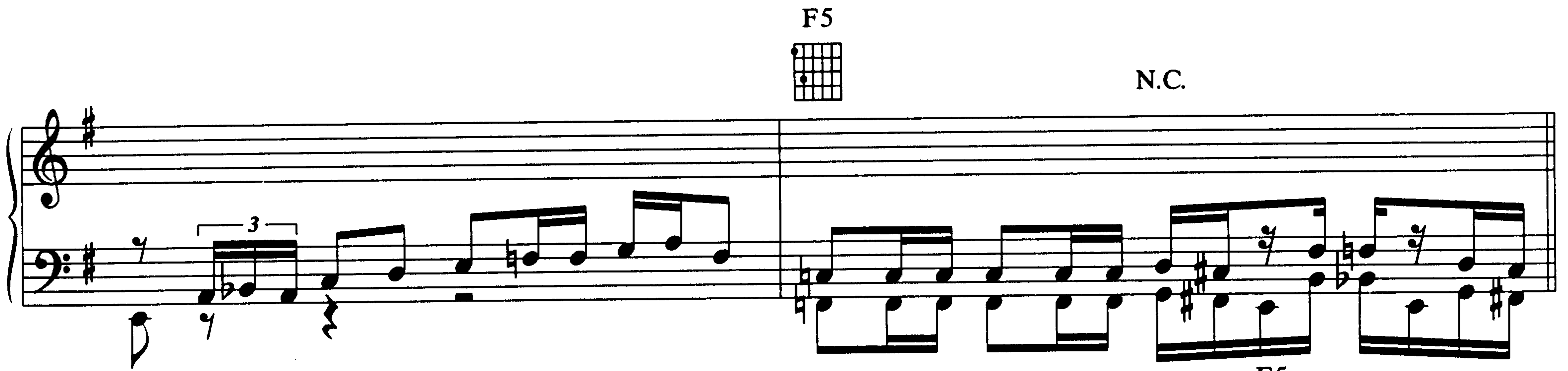
G5 3fr. N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C.

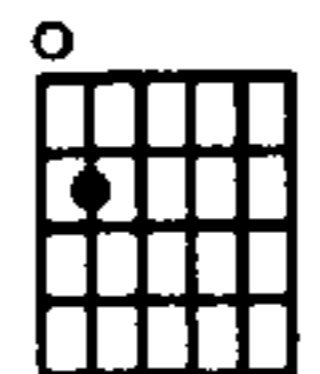
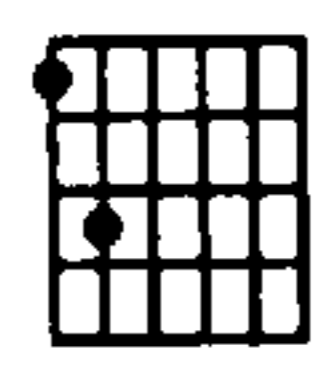
E5 N.C.

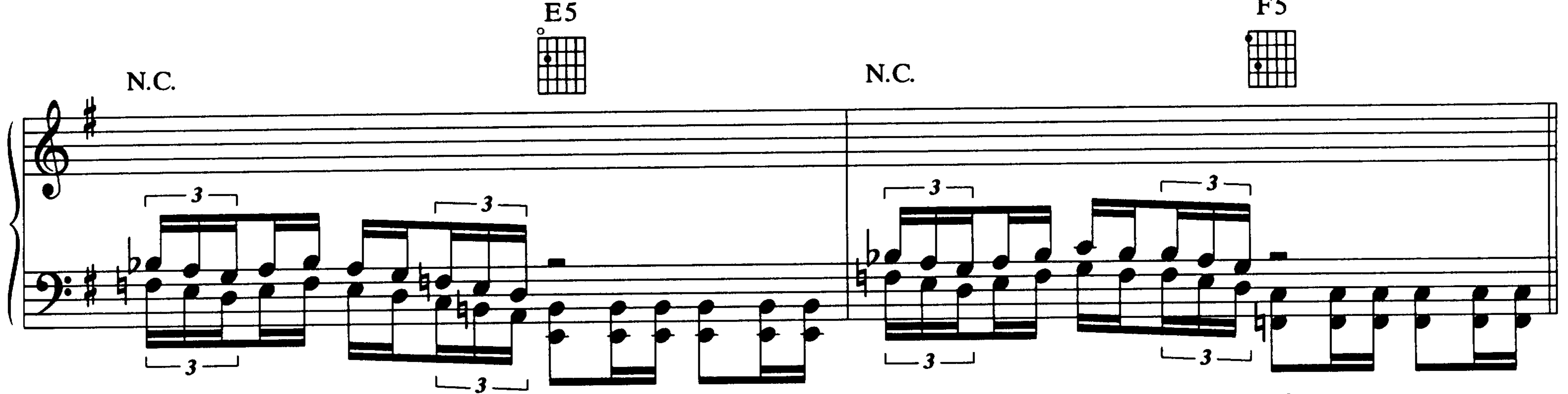
E5 N.C.

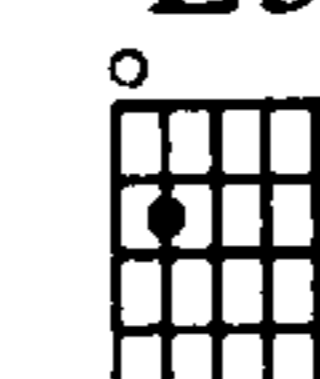
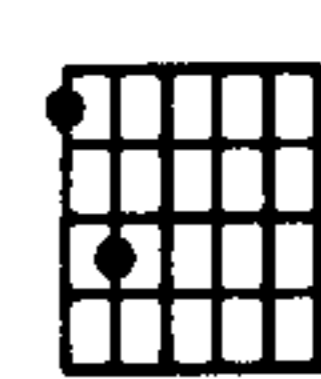
R.H. 3

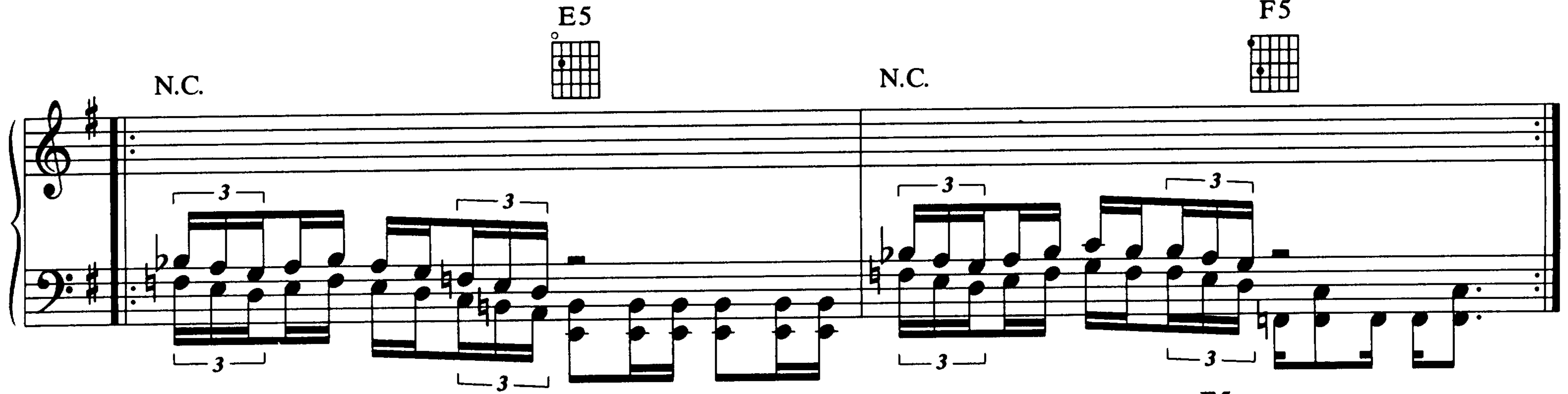
F5  N.C.



N.C.  N.C. 



N.C.  N.C. 



 N.C. 



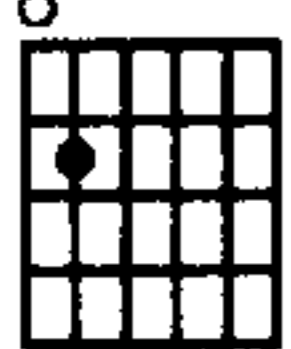
N.C.   N.C.



All have said— their prayers.



E5



N.C.

E5

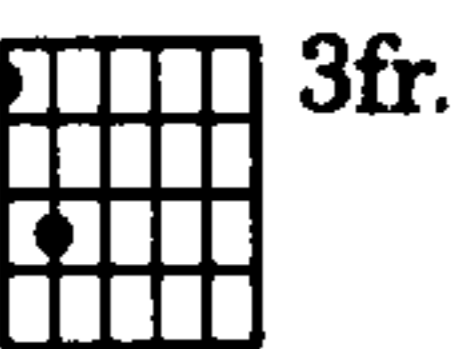


N.C.

In - vade their - night - mares.

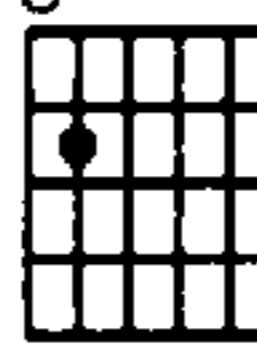
To see in - to - my eyes.

G5



N.C.

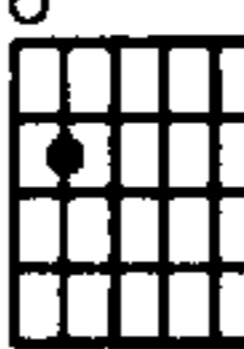
E5



You'll find where mur - der lies.

R.H.

E5



N.C.

N.C.

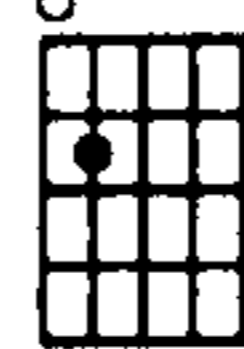
In - fan - ti - cide.

F5



N.C.

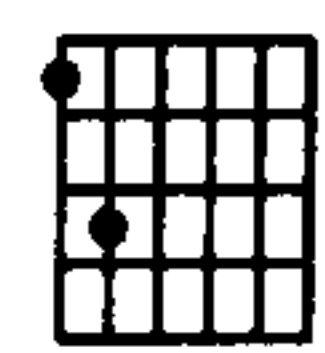
E5



N.C.

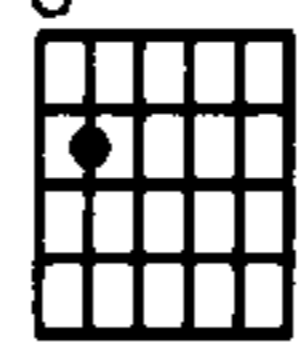
Har - vest - er of sor - row.

F5



N.C.

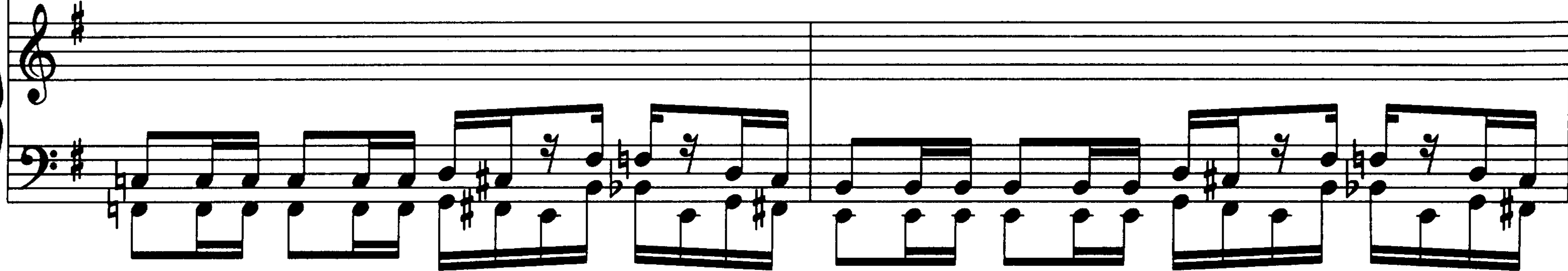
E5



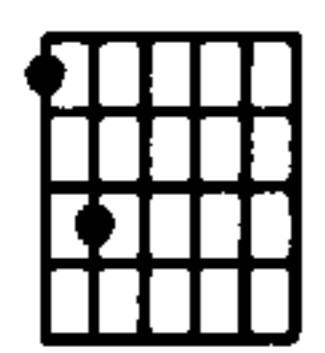
N.C.



(Lan - guage of the mad.) Har - vest - er of sor - row.

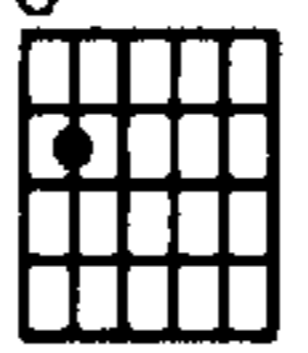


F5

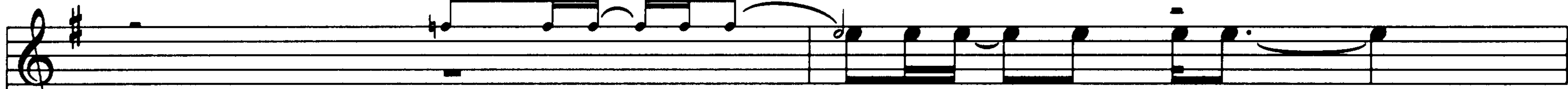


N.C.

E5



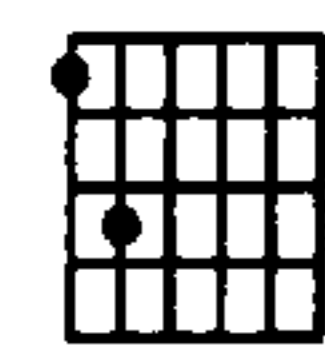
N.C.



(Lan - guage of the mad.) Har - vest - er of sor - row.

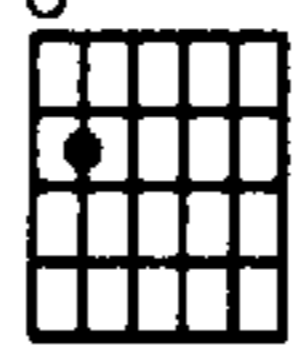


F5

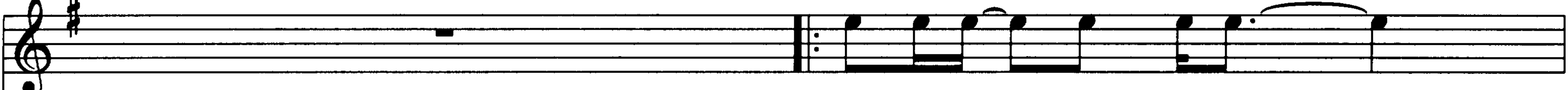


N.C.

E5



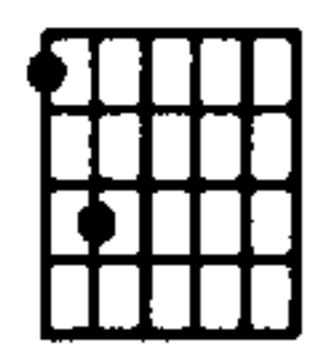
N.C.



Har - vest - er of sor - row.



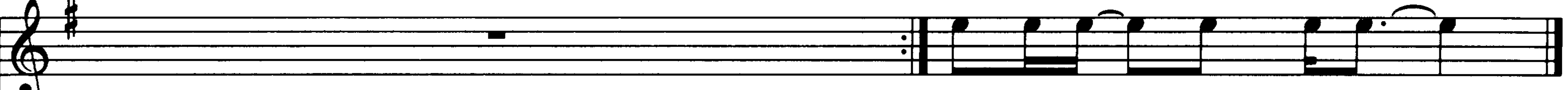
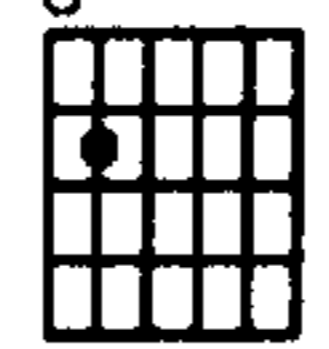
F5



N.C.

Play 4 times

E5



Har - vest - er of sor - row.

