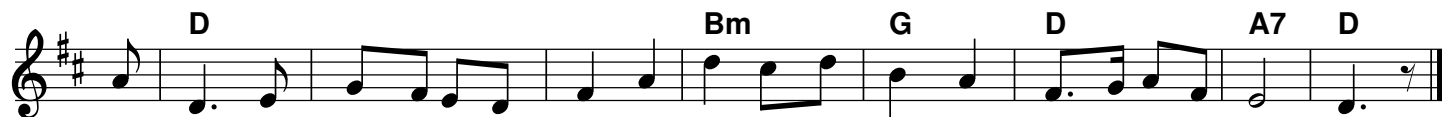


# the Minstrel Boy [D]

*melody: trad. Irish*  
*lyrics: Thomas Moore (3rd verse source unknown)*



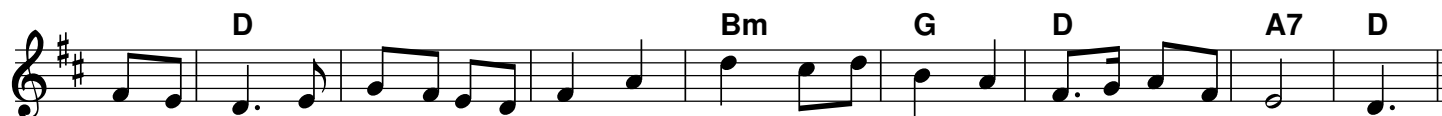
1. The Min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you will find him.



His fath - er's sword he hath gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.



"Land of Song!" cried the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - tray thee,



One sword at least thy right shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"

2.

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain  
 Could not bring that proud soul under.  
 The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,  
 For he tore its chords asunder;  
 And said "No chains shall sully thee,  
 Thou soul of love and brav'ry!  
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free;  
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

3.

The minstrel boy will return one day,  
 When we hear the news, we will cheer it.  
 The minstrel boy will return we pray,  
 Torn in body, perhaps, but not in spirit.  
 Then may he play his harp in peace,  
 In a world such as Heaven intended,  
 For every quarrel of Man must cease,  
 And every battle shall be ended.

# the Minstrel Boy [G]

