

# The Minstrel Boy

Irish

D G D

The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of  
The min - strel fell! but the foe - man's chain could not bring his

A D

death you'll find him. His fath - er's sword he has gird - ed  
proud soul un - der. The harp he loved ne'er spoke a -

G D A D Bm

on, and his wild harp slung be - hind him. "Oh Land of  
gain, for he broke its chords a - sun - der, and said, "No

F#m Bm G

Song!" said the war - rior bard, "Though all the world be - tray  
chains shall sul - ly thee, thou soul of love and bra -

D G D

thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful  
v'ry, Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall ne - ver

A D

harp sound shall in praise sla - thee!"  
v'ry!"