

The Minstrel Boy

Irish

E^b A^b E^b

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

B^b E^b

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 -

A^b E^b B^b E^b C^m

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

G^m C^m A^b

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

E^b A^b E^b

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

B^b E^b

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