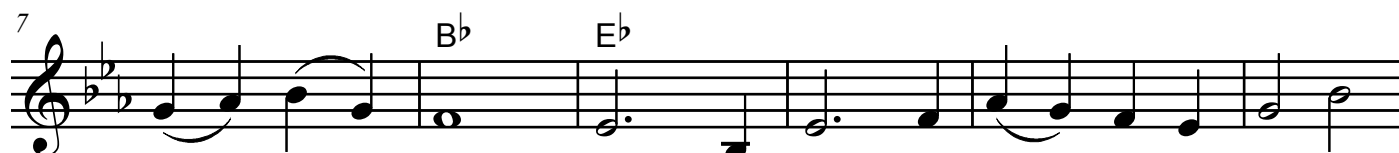


The Minstrel Boy

Irish



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



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 -



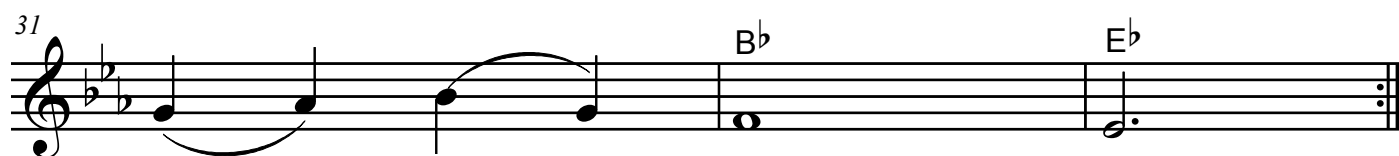
on, and his wild harp slung be - hind him. "Oh Land of
gain, for he broke its chords a - sun - der, and said, "No



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



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



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