

The Minstrel Boy

Thomas Moore

D	0 1 3 2 1 0 2 4 8	7 8 5 4 2 3 4 2 1 0
A	0	
D		

The Minstrel boy to the war is gone. In the ranks of death you will find him.

D	0 1 3 2 1 0 2 4 8	7 8 5 4 2 3 4 2 1 0
A	0	
D		

His father's sword he hath girded on, and his wild harp slung behind him.

D	8 7 5 7 8 7 5 4	4 5 2 2 4 5 7 8 8
A		
D		

"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard, "Tho' all the world betrays thee

D	8 0 1 3 2 1 0 2 4 8	7 8 7 5 4~5 2 1 0
A		
D		

One sword at least thy rights shall guard, one faithful harp shall praise thee!"

D	0 1 3 2 1 0 2 4 8	7 8 5 4 2 3 4 2 1 0
A	0	
D		

The minstrel fell! But the foreman's chain could not bring that proud soul under;

D	0 1 3 2 1 0 2 4 8	7 8 5 4 2 3 4 2 1 0
A	0	
D		

The harp he loved ne'er spoke again For he tore its chords asunder;

D	8~8 7 5 7 8 7 5 4	4 5 2~2 4 5 7 8
A		
D		

And said "no chains shall sully thee, Thou soul of love and bravery!"

D	8 0 1 3 2 1 0 2 4 8	8 0 2 3 4 8 9 8~8
A		
D		

Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound in slavery."

D	8 7 5 7 8 7 5 4	4 5 2 2 4 5 7 8 8
A		
D		

"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard, "Tho' all the world betrays thee

D	8 0 1 3 2 1 0 2 4 8	7 8 7 5 4~5 2 1 0
A		
D		

One sword at least thy rights shall guard, one faithful harp shall praise thee!"