

# The Minstrel Boy

MOORE (Irish Melodies)

*Moderato*

Doh is E $\flat$  { : s, | d :- r if , m : r . d | m : s ld' : t , d' }

1. The Min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the Min-strel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not

ranks of death you'll find him; His fa-ther's sword he has gird-ed on, And his bring his proud soul un-der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a-gain For he

wild harp slung be-hind him, "Land of song" said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be-tore its chords a-sun-der, And said, "No chain shall sul-ly thee, Thou soul of love and

-trays thee, One sword at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful heart shall praise thee" 2. The brav-er-y! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They ne'er shall sound in slav-'ry!"