

# Minstrel Boy

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

(traditional Irish)

D G D



1.The min - strel boy\_\_ to the war is gone, In the ranks of death\_\_ you'll\_\_  
2.The min - strel fell!\_\_ But the foe - man's chain Could not bring his proud\_\_ soul\_\_

4 A D G



find him; His fa - ther's sword\_\_ he has gird - ed on, And his  
un - der; The harp he loved\_\_ ne - ver spoke a - gain, For he

7 D A D Bm A F#m



wild harp slung\_\_ be - hind him; "Land of Song," said the war - rior bard, "Though  
tore its chords\_\_ a - sun - der; And said "No chains shall\_\_ sul - ly thee, Thou

11 Bm G D



all the world be - trays\_\_ thee, One sword, at least\_\_ thy\_\_  
soul of love and bra - ver - y! Thy songs were made\_\_ for the

14 G D A D



rights shall guard, One\_\_ faith - full harp\_\_ shall\_\_ praise thee."  
pure and free They shall ne - ver sound\_\_ in\_\_ slave - ry!"