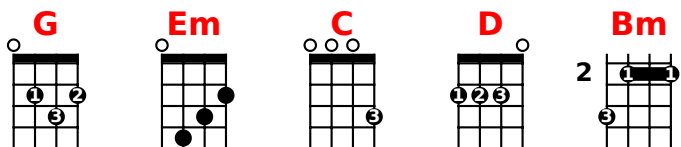


Minstrel Boy

w.Thomas Moore m. Traditional Irish "The Moreen"



Verses 1 & 2 by Thomas Moore are from the 1798 Irish Rebellion
(Verse 3 is from the U.S. Civil War)

Instrumental 1st 2 lines:

[G] The minstrel boy to the war is **[Em]** gone
In the **[C]** ranks of **[G]** death you'll **[D]** find **[G]** him

Verse 1:

[G] The minstrel boy to the war is **[Em]** gone
In the **[C]** ranks of **[G]** death you'll **[D]** find **[G]** him
His **[G]** father's sword he hath girded **[Em]** on
And his **[C]** wild **[G]** harp slung be **[D]**hind **[G]** him
[Em] "Land of Song" cried the **[Bm]** warrior bard
"Tho' **[Em]** all the world be **[C]**trays **[G]** thee
One **[G]** sword, at least, thy rights shall **[Em]** guard
One **[C]** faithful **[G]** harp shall **[D]** praise **[G]** thee"

Verse 2:

[G] The minstrel fell but the foeman's **[Em]** chain
Could not **[C]** bring that **[G]** proud soul **[D]** un**[G]**der
The **[G]** harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a **[Em]**gain
For he **[C]** tore its **[G]** chords a **[D]**sun**[G]**der
[Em] And said, "No chains shall **[Bm]** sully thee
Thou **[Em]** soul of love and **[C]** brav**[G]**'ry
Thy **[G]** songs were made for the pure and **[Em]** free
They shall **[C]** never **[G]** sound in **[D]** slave**[G]**ry

Instrumental Verse:

[G] The minstrel fell but the foeman's **[Em]** chain
Could not **[C]** bring that **[G]** proud soul **[D]** un**[G]**der
The **[G]** harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a **[Em]**gain
For he **[C]** tore its **[G]** chords a **[D]**sun**[G]**der
[Em] And said, "No chains shall **[Bm]** sully thee
Thou **[Em]** soul of love and **[C]** brav**[G]**'ry
Thy **[G]** songs were made for the pure and **[Em]** free
They shall **[C]** never **[G]** sound in **[D]** slave**[G]**ry

Verse 3:

[G] The minstrel boy will return we **[Em]** pray
When we **[C]** hear the **[G]** news we all will **[D]** cheer **[G]** it.
The **[G]** minstrel boy with return one **[Em]** day
Torn per**[C]**haps in **[G]** body, not in **[D]** spi**[G]**rit.
Then **[Em]** may he play on his **[Bm]** harp in peace
In a **[Em]** world such as Heaven in **[C]**ten**[G]**ded.
For **[G]** all the bitterness of man must **[Em]** cease
And **[C]** ev'ry **[G]** battle must be **[D]** en**[G]**ded. **[G]** **[G]** **[G]** **[G]**