

The Minstrel Boy

In a Flowing Manner

The min - strel bo - y to the
war has gone in the ranks of dea - th you will find him. His
fath - er's swo - rd he has gir - ded on and his wild harp slung be -
- hind him. Land of song said the war - ri - or bard though

D G
L.H.

D G Bm A D A

D Bm D G Bm Em7

A7 D Bm F#m

20

G Bm7 G D G D Bm7

all the world be - tra - y thee. One sword at lea - st thy

D G Bm Bm7 A D

rights shall guard one faith - ful harp shall praise thee.

The Minstrel fell! – but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under
 The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again
 For he tore its chords assunder
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free
 They shall never sound in slavery"

