


# The Minstrel Boy

Thomas Moore


Irish Folk

D G D Bm G D




The min - strel boy — to the war is gone in the ranks of death — you'll  
The min - strel fell — but the foe - man's chain could not bring that proud — soul

A D G D Bm




find him. His fath - er's sword - he has gird - ed on and his  
un - der the harp he loved — nev - er spoke a - gain for he

G D A D Bm G F#m A




wild harp slung — be - hind him. "Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Though  
tore its chords — a - sun - der. And said "No chain shall — sul - ly thee, Thou

Bm D G D G



all the world be - tray — thee, One sword, at least, — thy —  
soul of love and brav - er - y thy songs were made — for the

D Bm G D A D



rights shall guard, One — faith - ful harp — shall praise thee."  
pure and free they shall nev - er sound — in slaver - y