

# Cello Melody

Thomas Moore Traditional

## The Minstrel Boy (The Moreen)

$\text{♩} = 88$     D    G    D    Bm    G    D    A<sup>7</sup>    D

5    D    G    D    G    D    A<sup>7</sup>    D

9    D    A    Em    F<sup>#</sup>m    D    G    D    G    A<sup>7</sup>    D

13    D    G    D    G    Bm    D    A<sup>7</sup>    D    A    D

The Minstrel boy to the war is gone,  
In the ranks of death you will find him;  
His father's sword he has girded on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him;  
"Land of song!" cried the warrior bard,  
"Tho' all the world be trays thee,  
One sword, at least, thy right shall guard,  
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! - but the foeman's chain  
Could not bring that proud soul under;  
The harp he lov'd never spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder;  
He said "No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and brav'ry!  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free  
They shall never sound in slav'ry!"