

Voice

The Minstrel Boy

(The Moreen)

Thomas Moore

Traditional

$\text{♩} = 88$ D G D Bm G D

The Min - strel boy_ to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you will
Min - strel fell!_ but the foe - man's chain Could not bring that proud soul_

4 A7 D D G D

find him; His fath - er's sword_ he has gird - ed on, And his
un - der; The harp he lov'd_ ne - ver spoke a - gain, For he

7 G D A7 D D A Em F#m D

wild harp slung be - hind him; "Land of song!"cried the war - rior bard, "Tho'
tore its chords a - sund - er; He said "No chains shall_ sull - y thee, Thou

11 G D G A7 D D G

all the world be - trays_ thee, One sword, at least,_ thy_
soul of love and brav' - ry! Thy songs were made_ for the

14 D G Bm D A7 D A D

right shall guard, One_ faith - ful harp_ shall_ praise thee!" The
pure and free They shall ne - ver sound in slav' - ry!"