

THE MINSTREL BOY

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

Irish Air, *The Moreen*

mf

1. The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His
2. The min-strel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not bring his proud soul un - der; The

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fa - ther's sword he hath gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung — be - hind him.
harp he lov'd nev - er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der, And

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"Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - tray — thee, One
said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brave - ry! Thy

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sword at least thy — rights shall guard, One — faith - ful harp — shall praise thee."
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slave - ry."