

# Minstrel Boy A capo 2

G G Em  
 the Minstrel boy – to the War is gone,  
 C G D7 G  
 in the Ranks of death you'll Find him;  
 G G Em  
 his Father's sword he has Girded on  
 C G D7 G  
 and his Wild harp slung be-Hind him

Em Bm  
Land of song cried the Warrior bard...  
Em C G  
tho' all the world be-tray-ays thee,  
G G Em  
one Sword at least thy Rights shall guard,  
C G D G  
one Faithful heart shall Praise thee

the Minstrel fell but the Foe man's chain could not  
Bring his proud soul Under;  
the Harp he loved ne'er Spoke a-gain,  
for he Tore it's chords aSunder.

And said no chain shall Sul-ly thee,  
thou Soul of love and Bra-ver-y!  
thy Songs were made for the Pure and Free,  
they Ne'er shall sound in Slavery