

The Minstrel Boy

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(Thomas Moore (1779-1852))

Air "the Moreen" Ancient Irish Air

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him;

"Land of Song!" cried the warrior bard,
(Should) "Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's steel
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;

And 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 slavery!"

ADD LAST VERSE: (American Civil War)

The minstrel boy will return we pray
When we hear the news we all will cheer it
The minstrel boy will return one day
Torn perhaps in body, not in spirit
Then may he play on his harp in peace
In a world such as Heaven has intended
For all the bitterness of man must cease
And every battle must be ended

recorded by Clancy Bros on songs of Rebellion

DC

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