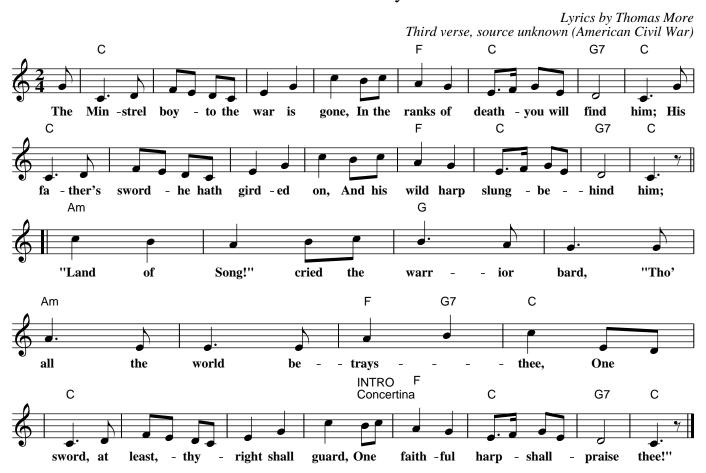
Concertina

The Minstrel Boy in C



The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain 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! The minstrel boy will return one day, When we hear the news, we will cheer it. The minstrel boy will return we pray, Torn in body, perhaps, but not in spirit. Then may he play his harp in peace, In a world such as Heaven intended, For every quarrel of Man must cease, And every battle shall be ended.

Concertina intros KT only on instrumental break

Not too fast

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