

Lyrics by Thomas More

Third verse, source unknown (American Civil War)

The Min-strel boy - to the war is gone, In the ranks of death - you will find him; His
 fa-ther's sword - he hath gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung - be - - hind him;
 "Land of Song!" cried the warr - - ior bard, "Tho'
 all the world be - - trays - - - thee, One
 sword, at least, - thy - right shall guard, One faith-ful harp - shall - praise thee!"

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