The minstrel boy
Popular de Irlanda

1. The minstrel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you will find him, His father's sword he halt
   2. The minstrel fell but the foe man's chain Could not bring that proud soul under; The harp he loved ne'er halt

   gird ed on And his wild harp swung be hind him The spoke a gain, For he tore its chords a sun der, And

Arm.: R. J. N.

(Coral Hilarión Eslava) http://coralhilarioneslava.iespana.es
land of Song said the
war - rior bard "Tho'
soul of love brav -

trays thee, One
e - ry, Thy
songs were made for the
poor and free, They_

faith - ful harp shall
shall ne - ver sound in
slav - 'ry.

D.C.

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