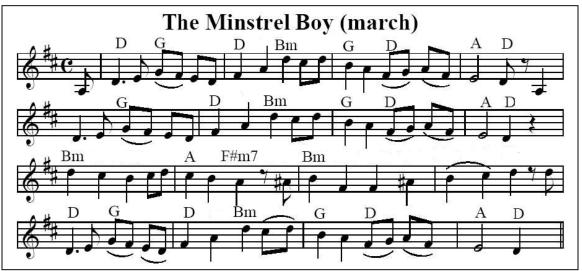
The Minstrel Boy (To The War Has Gone) (Traditional - March)

<INSTRUMENTAL INTRO>

The [D]minstrel [G]boy to the [D]war has [Bm]gone. In the [G]ranks of [D]death you will [A]find [D]him. His father's [G]sword he has [D]girded [Bm]on And his [G]wild harp [D]slung be- [A]hind [D]him.

[Bm]"Land of song," said the [A]warrior [F#m7]]bard "Though [Bm]all the world betray [D]thee, One sword at [G]least thy [D]roads shall [Bm]guard, One [G]faithful [D]heart shall [A]praise [D]thee."

<INSTRUMENTAL BREAK>



The[D]minstrel [G]fell, but the [D]foeman's [Bm]chain Could [G]not bring [D]that proud [A]soul [D]under. The harp he [G]loved never [D]spoke [Bm]again, For he [G]tore its [D]chords [A]asun- [D]der,

[Bm]And said, "No chain shall [A]sully [F#m7]thee Thou [Bm]soul of love and brav- [D]ery. My songs re- [G]main for the [D]pure and [Bm]free. They [G]shall never [D]sound in [A]slav- [D]ery."

<INSTRUMENTAL ENDING BREAK>