



# The minstrel boy

AIR: THE MOREEN

**William Rhys-Herbert**  
**(1868-1921)**

*Andante mosso e brillante*

S  
The Min - strel - boy\_ to the war is gone, In the ranks of death\_\_\_ you'll find him; His

A  
The Min - strel-boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find\_\_\_ him; His

T  
The Min - strel-boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death\_\_\_ you'll find\_\_\_ him; His

B  
The Min - strel-boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death\_\_\_ you'll find him; His

5  
S  
fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung\_\_\_ be - hind him-

A  
fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind\_\_\_ him-

T  
fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung\_\_\_ be - hind\_\_\_ him-

B  
fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung\_\_\_ be - hind him-

## The minstrel boy

9

S  
A  
T  
B

“Land of song!” said the war - rior - bard, “Tho’ all the world be - trays — thee, One  
 “Land of song!” said the war - rior - bard, “Tho’ all the world be - trays — thee, One  
 “Land of song!” said the war - rior - bard, “Tho’ all the world be - trays — thee, One  
 “Land of song!” said the war - rior - bard, “Tho’ all the world be - trays — thee, One

*p* *rit.* *f*

13

S  
A  
T  
B

sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise — thee!”  
 sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise — thee!”  
 sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise — thee!”  
 sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise — thee!”

*rit.*

S  
A  
T  
B

The Min - strel fell!— but the foe - man’s chain Could not bring his proud — soul un - der; The  
 The Min - strel fell!— but the foe - man’s chain Could not bring his proud soul un - der; The  
 The Min - strel fell!— but the foe - man’s chain Could not bring his proud — soul un - der; The  
 The Min - strel fell!— but the foe - man’s chain Could not bring his proud — soul un - der; The

*f*

# The minstrel boy

21

S harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its cords a - sun - der; And

A harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its cords a - sun - der; And

T harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its cords a - sun - der; And

B harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its cords a - sun - der; And

25

S said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - er - y! Thy

A said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - er - y! Thy

T said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - er - y! Thy

B said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - er - y! Thy

29

S songs were made for the brave and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - er - y!"

A songs weremade for the brave and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - er - y!"

T songs weremade for the brave and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - er - y!"

B songs weremade for the brave and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - er - y!"

**William Rhys-Herbert** (1868–1921) was born in Ffwrnas, South Wales. As a youth, he showed much musical talent and, saving his money, he bought a harmonium. He became the first organist at Jerusalem Chapel and studied with T. J. Davies of Swansea. He graduated from the London College of Music and went to Canada where he studied at Trinity University, Toronto. He emigrated to the U.S. and was appointed organist at Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and then was organist and choir director at the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis. He directed the Elks Glee Club and was principal accompanist to the Apollo Club. He composed numerous operettas for school performance, cantatas, songs, and part-songs. He also wrote choral music and piano sheet music under the pseudonym “W. H. Rees.” He died in Chicago after a brief illness at age 53.

The Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,  
In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
His father's sword he has girded on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him—  
“Land of song!” said the warrior-bard,  
“Though 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 chain  
Could not bring his proud soul under;  
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its cords asunder;  
And said, “No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery!  
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,  
They shall never sound in slavery!”

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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