



The minstrel boy



IRISH AIR: THE MOREEN

Arthur Edward Johnstone
(1860-1944)

Moderato

S *mf* The Min - strel - boy_ to the war is gone, In the ranks of death_ you'll find_ him; His

A *mf* The Min - strel-boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find_ him; His

T *mf* The Min - strel - boy_ to the war is gone, In the ranks of death_ you'll find_ him; His

B *mf* The Min - strel-boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find_ him; His

S ⁵ 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 *f* *rit.* *a tempo*

S "Land of song!" said the war - rior - bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays — thee, One

A "Land of song!" said the war - rior - bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays — thee, One

T "Land of song!" said the war - rior - bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays — thee, One

B "Land of song!" said the war - rior - bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays — thee, One

13 *poco rit.*

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

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

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

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

mf

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

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

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

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

The minstrel boy

21

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

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

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

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

25

S said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - 'ry! Thy *rit.* *a tempo*

A said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - 'ry! Thy *rit.* *a tempo*

T said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - 'ry! Thy *rit.* *a tempo*

B said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - 'ry! Thy *rit.* *a tempo*

29

S songs were made for the brave and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - 'ry!" *poco rit.*

A songs were made for the brave and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - 'ry!" *poco rit.*

T songs were made for the brave and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - 'ry!" *poco rit.*

B songs were made for the brave and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - 'ry!" *poco rit.*

Arthur Edward Johnstone (1860–1944) was born in London, England. The family moved to New York City where he started studying piano under William Mason at age six. He was educated in the New York City public schools and the College of the City of New York. He taught privately and part-time at Cornell University. He was musical editor for the American Book Company then became executive editor of the Art Publication Society in St. Louis. In St. Louis, he taught at Washington University and the Progressive Series Teachers College. He later moved to Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and operated a private piano studio. He died in Wilkes-Barre. His compositions include orchestral pieces, choral songs and arrangements, and piano pieces. Working with Thomas Edison, he was a pioneer in making music recordings for the phonograph and using recordings as a means for teaching music.

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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