THE MINSTREL BOY / OVER THE HILLS & FAR AWAY

VERSE 1

The minstrel boy to the wars has gone, in the ranks of death you'll find him. His father's sword he hath girded on, and his wild harp swung behind him. 'Land of song' cried the warrior bard. 'Though all the world be thy's thee, one sword, at least thy rights shall guard, one...

INSTRUMENTAL

faithful harp shall praise thee.'

VERSE 2

The minstrel fell but the foe man's chain could not bring that poor soul under. The harp he loved never spoke a gain for he tore its chords a sun der and said 'No chains shall subtly thee, thou soul of love and bravery, thy songs were made for the pure and free, they shall never sound in slavery.'
O'er the hills and o'er the main, through Flanders Portugal and Spain, King George commands and they obey.

O'er the hills and far away.

There's for ty shillings on the drum for those who'll volunteer to come, to 'list and march a way to day.

O'er the hills and far away.

O'er the main, through Flanders Portugal and Spain, King George commands and they obey.

O'er the hills and far away.

If some should fall and rise no more, as many comrades did before, they'll ask the fife and drums to play o'er the hills and far away.

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they o bey. O ver the hills and far a way.

Far a w ay.