

The Minstrel Boy

The minstrel boy to the war is gone
In the ranks of death you'll find him
His father's sword he hath girded on
And his wild harp slung behind him

Land of Song said the warrior bard
Tho' 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 chains
Could not bring his proud soul under
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again
For he tore its chords asunder

And said "No chains shall sully thee
Thou soul of love and brav'ry
Thy songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery"