

## The Minstrel Boy

The minstrel boy to the war has 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,  
    "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 chain  
Could not bring that 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!"

