

# Irish Song Lyrics

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Minstrel Boy, The  
Thomas Moore

The minstrel boy to the war is gone  
In the ranks of death you will find him  
His father's sword he hath 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 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 bravery!  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free  
They shall never sound in slavery!"