

The Minstrel Boy - song lyrics

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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's girded on.
And the wild harp strung behind him;
"Land of song, " said the warrior hard,
"Though all the world betray thee,
One sword at least its right shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chains
Could not keep his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne er spoke again,
He tore the strings 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!"