

The Minstrel Boy

Eleanor McEvoy

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
"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 chains
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again
For he tore its chords asunder;

He said "No chains shall sully thee
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Your songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery!
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
(The minstrel boy to the war has gone)
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
(the songs and sentiments are soldiering on)

Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

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