

*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!" cried the warrior bard,
"Tho ' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy right 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 braw 'ry!"*

*Thy songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery!*

*The minstrel boy will return one day,
When we hear the news, we will cheer it.
The minstrel boy will return we pray,
Torn in body, perhaps, but not in spirit.
Then may he play his harp in peace,
In a world such as Heaven intended,
For every quarrel of Man must cease,
And every battle shall be ended.*