

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His fathers sword he hath girdled on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
Land of song, said the warrior Bard,
Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword at 'east 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 loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder—
And said no chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery ;
Thy songs were made for the pure and free—
They shall never sound in slavery.