

Corrs

"The Minstrel Boy"

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The Minstrel Boy- to the war is gone
In the rank of death- you'll- find him
His father's sword- he has girded on
And his wild harp slung- be-hind 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 forman's chain
Could not bring his proud- sail- under
The Harp he loved- ne'er spoke again
For he tore it's chords- a-sunder

And said "No chains shall- sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery.
Thy songs were made for the pure and the free,
They- shall never sound- in- slavery"

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