

## The 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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