

Minstrel Boy

Enter the Haggis

The minstrel boy to the war has gone
In the ranks of death you will find him
His father's sword he is girded on
And his wild harp slung behind him "Land of song", cried the warrior bard
"Though all the world betrays thee
One sword at least thy roads shall guard
One faithful heart shall praise thee" The minstrel fell but the foeman's sword
Could not bring that proud soul under
The harp he loved never spoke again
For he tore its cords asunder He said, "No chain shall sully thee
No strength shall taint your bravery
The songs remain for the young and free
They shall never sound in slavery" The minstrel boy to the war has gone
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