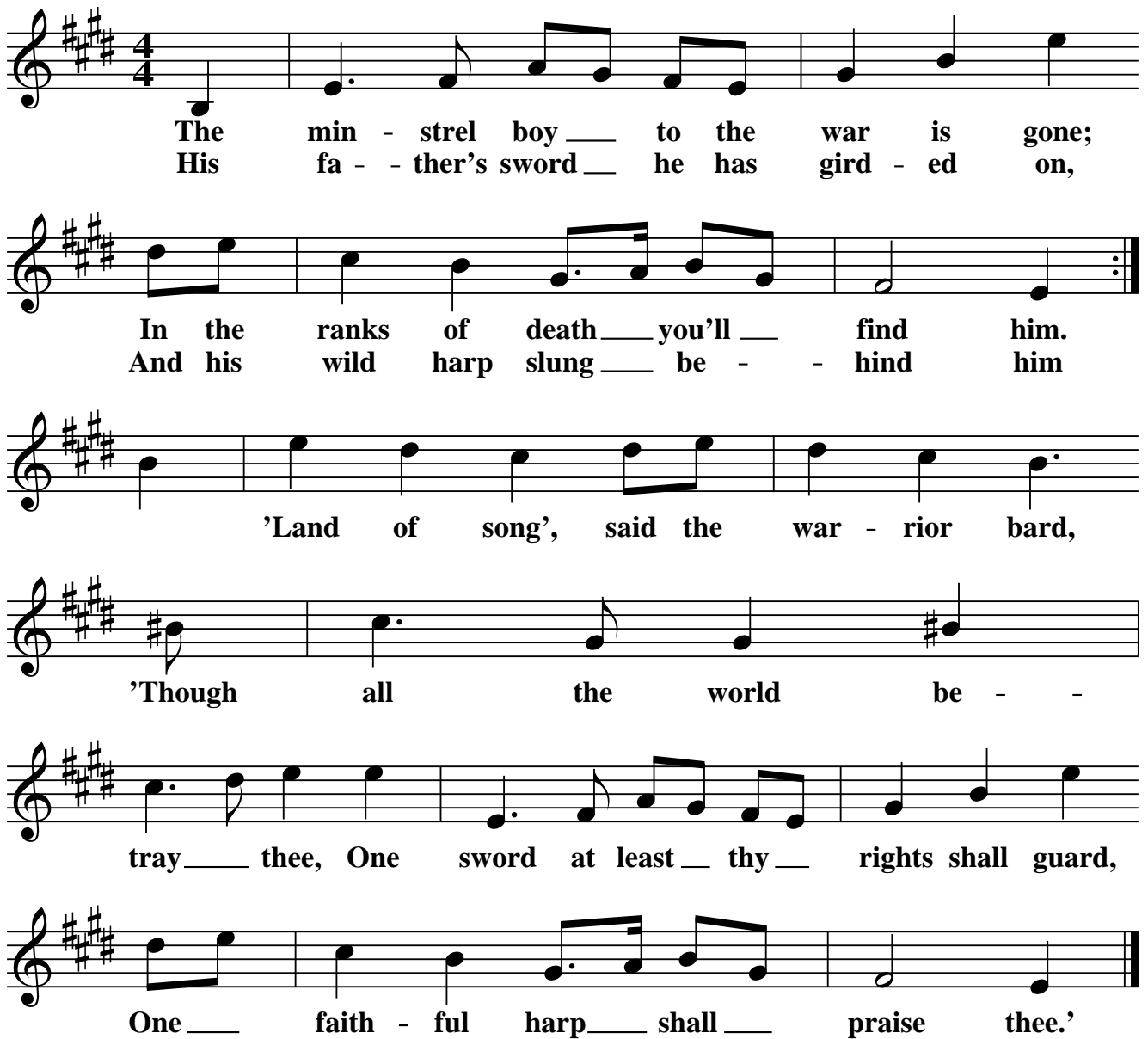


The Minstrel Boy



The minstrel boy to the war is gone;
His father's sword he has girded on,
In the ranks of death you'll find him.
And his wild harp slung behind him
'Land of song', said the warrior bard,
'Though all the world betray thee,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee.'

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(Additional verse that was not in the pamphlet follows:)

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