

Black Hawk Down, Minstrel Boy

The Minstrel Boy to the war has gone
In the ranks of death you will find him
His father's sword he hath girded on
And his wild harp slung behind 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 foeman's chains
Could not bring this proud soul under
The harp he loved never spoke again
For he tore its chords asunder

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