

# Enter The Haggis, Minstrel Boy

The minstrel boy to the war has gone;  
In the ranks of death you will find him  
His father's sword he has 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 rights shall guard,  
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell! But the foeman's sword  
Couldn't 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!  
My songs remain for the young and free  
They shall never sound in slavery"

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