

"DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY."

AIR—NEW LANGOLEE.

THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

In moderate time, with much warmth of expression.

Dear Harp of my country! In darkness I found thee, The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers, This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.

When proudly my own Is-land Harp? I un-bound thee, And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song!
Go, sleep with the sun-shine of fame on thy slumbers, 'Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness Have waken'd thy fondest, thy live-li-est thrill; But so
If the pulse of the pa-tri-ot, soldier, or lover, Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glo-ry a-lone; I was

oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness, That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still;
but as the wind, pass-ing heed-less-ly o-ver, And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thine own!

* In that rebellious, but beautiful song, "When Erin first arose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—
"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gail, near Finn's palace, at Almhalm, where the attending harps, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the ODE TO SAUL, THE SON OF MORNI, IN MISS BROOKE'S RELIQUES OF IRISH POETRY.