

## FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

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Farewell my rude Harp and my still ruder Lyre!  
For a season your tones may not fall on my ear;  
At the *bench* will hard labor repress rhyming fire,  
And Fact over Fancy triumphant appear.

Yet I will remember the exquisite pleasure  
For full thirty years freely rendered by you;  
How oft in that time you have proved a rich treasure—  
Still constant abiding and evermore true.

Again and again bring afresh to my mind,  
How in youth your wild minstrelsy ravished my soul  
Till I became daily to musings inclined,  
And strong, gushing impulse that scarce brooked control.

I oft will recall how you chased away sadness,  
As sore family troubles my heart did affright -  
When a fond, faithful partner, whose presence was gladness,  
Was reft from my side—turning day into night!

Nor forget soon the dirges you poured o'er the tomb  
Enclosing both her and our infant so dear;  
Whose soul-stirring notes dissipated my gloom,  
And since have refreshed me through many a year.

Ah, no! those sweet *memories*, fresh in me springing,  
Shall nerve to new efforts in God's holy cause;  
And hearing within me your melodies ringing,  
I'll steadfastly aim at observing His Laws.

THE END.