

MY GENTLE HARP!

AIR—THE COINA OR DIRGE.
With feeling.

1. My gen-tle Harp! once more I wa-ken, The sweetness of thy slumbring
2. And yet, since last thy chord re-sounded, An hour of peace and triumph

strain; In tears our last fare-well was taken, And now in tears we meet a-
came, When many an ar - dent bos-om bounded With hopes that now are turn'd to

gain. No light of joy, hath o'er thee broken, but, like those Harps, whose heav'nly
shame. Yet e-ven then, while Peace was singing Her haleyon song o'er land and

skill, Of slavery dark as thine hath spoken, Thou hang'st up-on . . . the willows still.
sea, Tho' joy and hope to others bringing, She on - ly brought new tears to thee.

3 Then who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas! the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline.
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When even the wreaths in which I dress thee
Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half chains.

4 But, come—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy—O breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be.
How lightly, ev'n 'mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet can'st wake at pleasure's thrill:
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
'Mid desolation tuneful still!