

FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

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Farewell to my harp, for a time I forget thee,  
Though partner of mine thou hast been so long—  
If parted, I wander, yet oft I'll regret thee,  
For sad was thy ditty, unworthy thy song.  
How oft have I strove in youth's brightest hours,  
For my country to cull, from its wild shady bowers,  
A name of remembrance as fair as thy flowers—  
A wreath to my harp, my loved Glanford for thee.

Though oft thou hast sung in the dark hours of sorrow,  
And breathed in the whirlwinds of sadness and pain,  
Yet still ye may witness a brighter to-morrow,  
With hope, tune thy chords on a happier strain ;  
No more then shall grief, with its blighting commotion,  
Encumber thy lay or molest thy devotion,  
But sing with that pure and pleasing emotion,  
As first it awoke, my loved Glanford for thee.

FINIS.