

Sweet harp of Tara ! no more. no more,  
Shall thy thrilling strains arise ;  
Awoke by the touch of his master hand  
Who loved to sing of his Father-land,  
In stirring melodies.

Yet I fain would touch thy trembling strings,  
In a requiem sad and low :  
Let the daughters of Erin join the strain,  
For the bright ones that never, ah, never again,  
Shall visit us here below.

Sweet bird of song ! though silent now,  
Yet thou never shalt be forgot ;  
From the beautiful shores of thine own green isle,  
To the silvery banks of the flowing Nile,  
Has been heard thy warbling note.

Ah ! couldst thou come on thy pinions light  
From the starry world above ;  
If ought could heighten angelic bliss,  
It might be the homage of hearts that miss  
Thy song, and its notes of love.

Farewell ! farewell ! we shall see thee still ;  
By the rays so grandly bright,  
Of the " fire worshippers " stately pile,  
And the charms of the gentle Nourmahal—  
The harem's sunny light.

Farewell, bright bird, and thy gentle mate,  
We ask thee not to stay ;  
Thou hast often dazzled our earthly sight  
With the varied hues of thy plumage bright,  
And thy wondrous melody.