

Dear Harp Of My Country - song lyrics

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DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long.
When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee.
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song.
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
I have wakened thy fondest, thy loveliest thrill,
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country, farewell to thy numbers.
This sweet wreath of song is the bust we shall twine;
Go-sleep, with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.
It the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover.
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.