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Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

Oh! Blame Not The Bard.

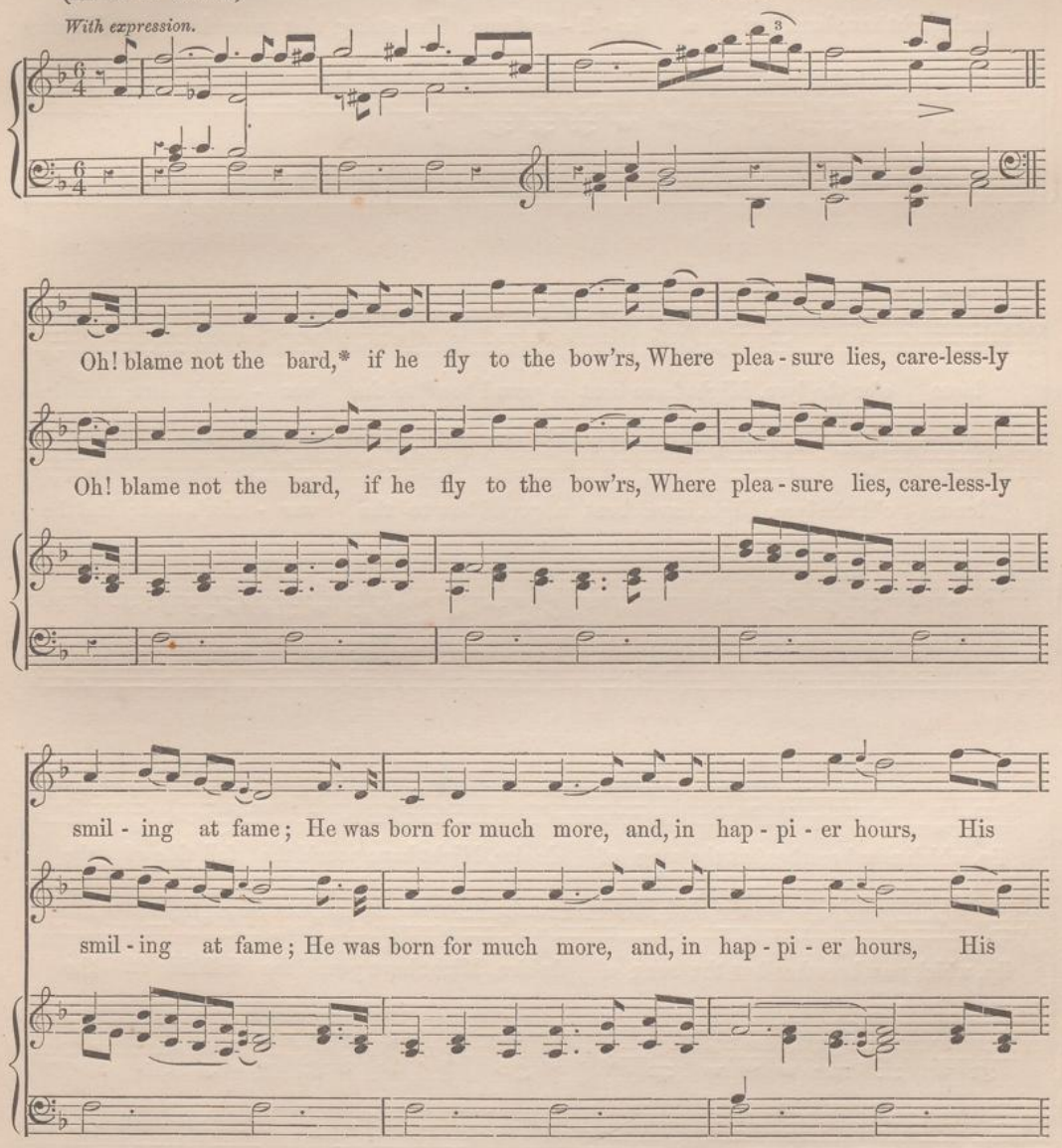
urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608

Visual Library

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

(Air—Kitty Tyrrel.) Harmonized for Two Voices.

With expression.



* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Spencer so severely, and, perhaps, truly describes in his state of Ireland, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them; the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

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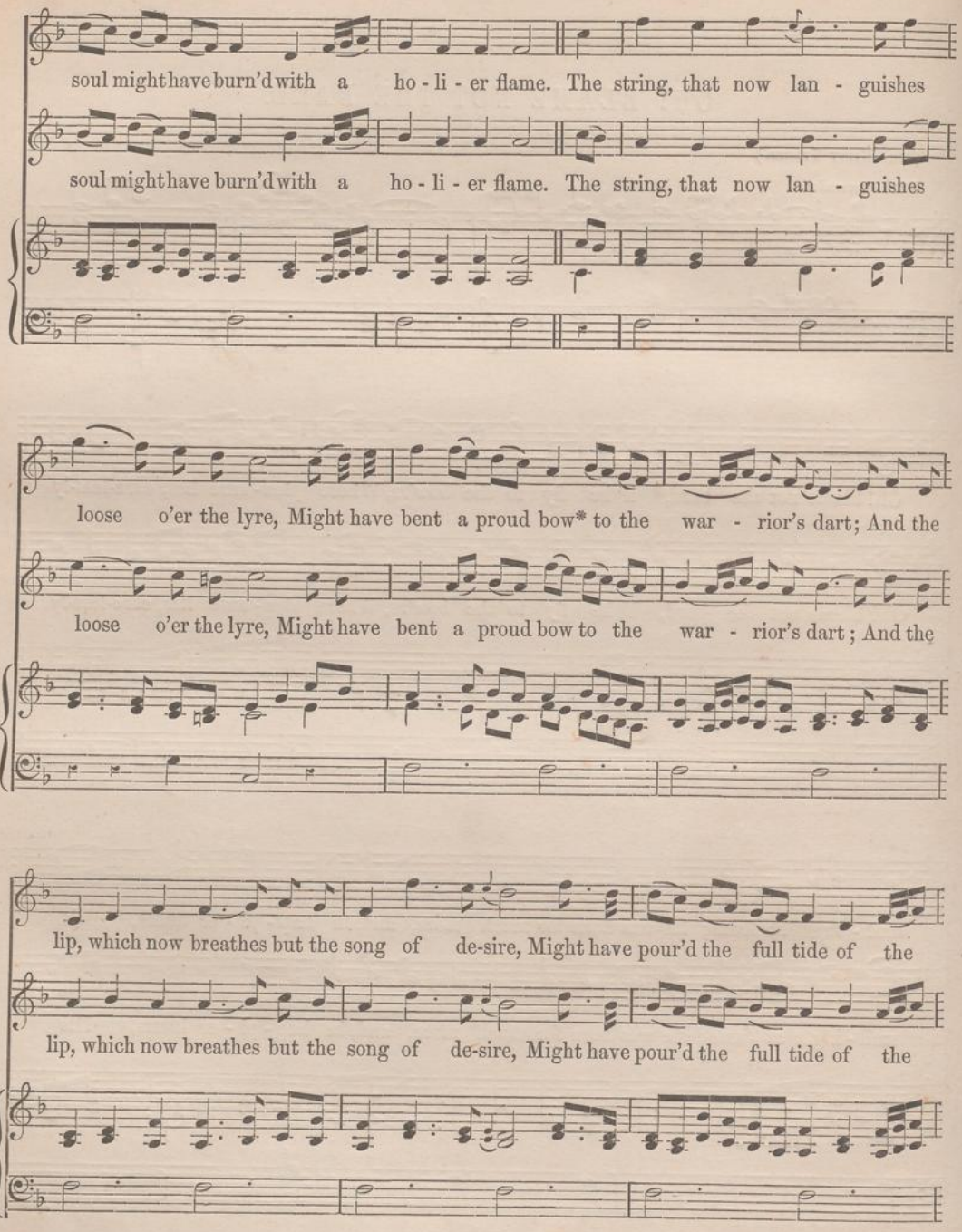
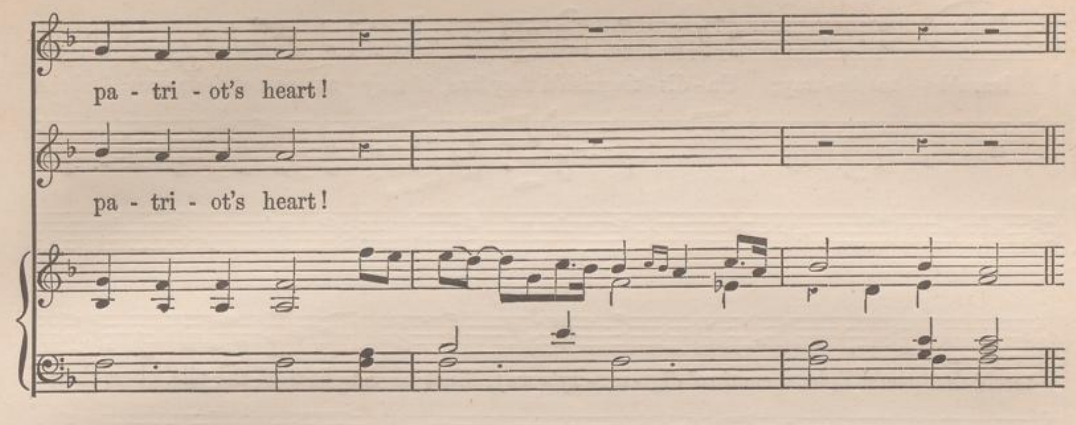
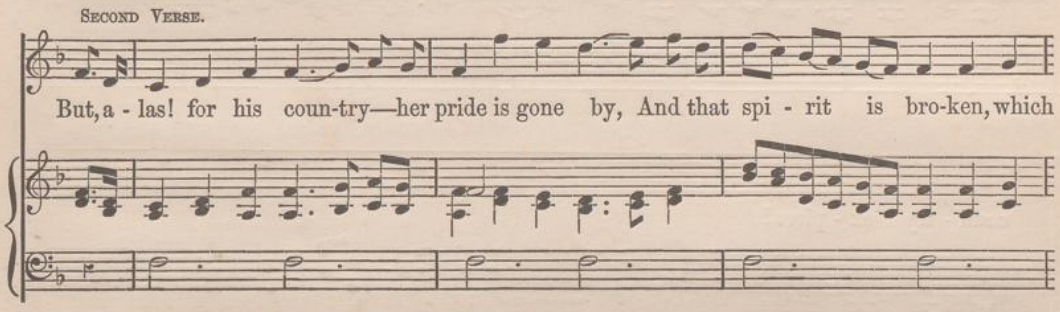
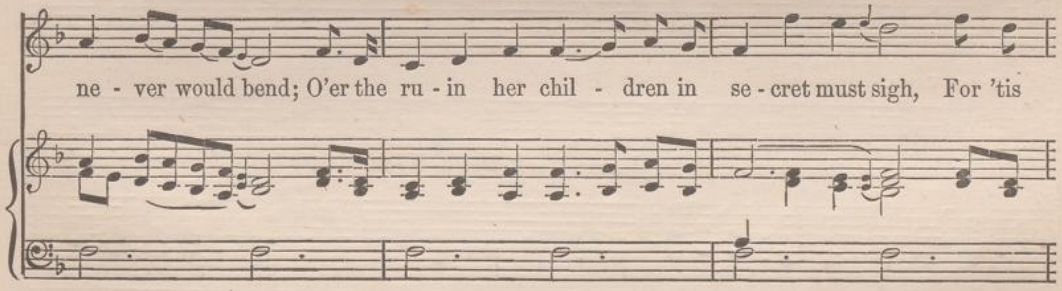


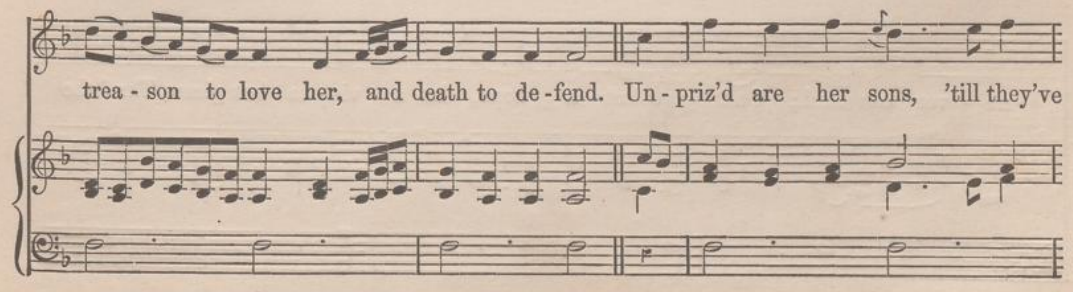
* It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following:—"So that Ireland, (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years), was now become the land of concord." LLOYD'S *State Worthies*. Art. 'The Lord Grandison.'

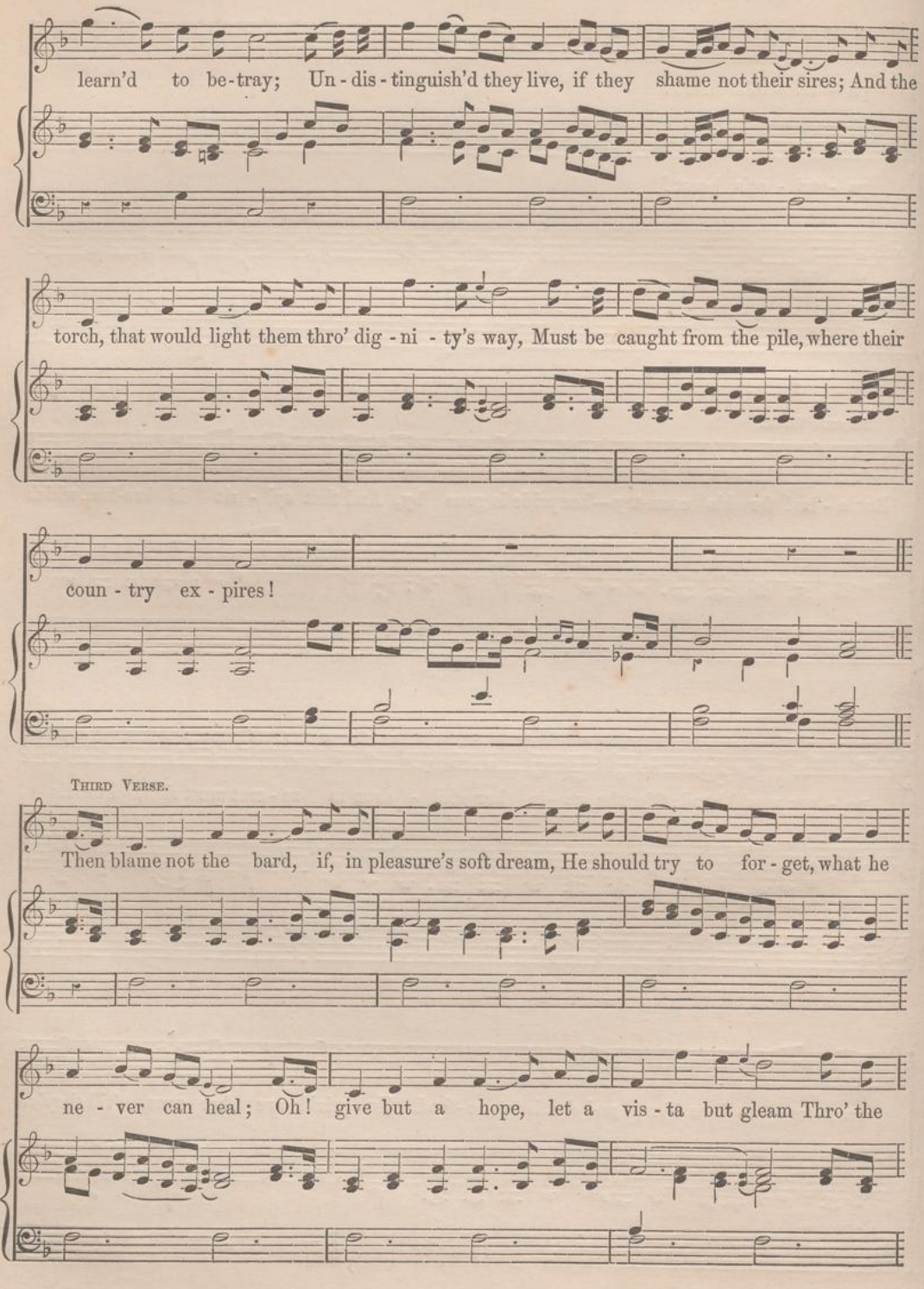


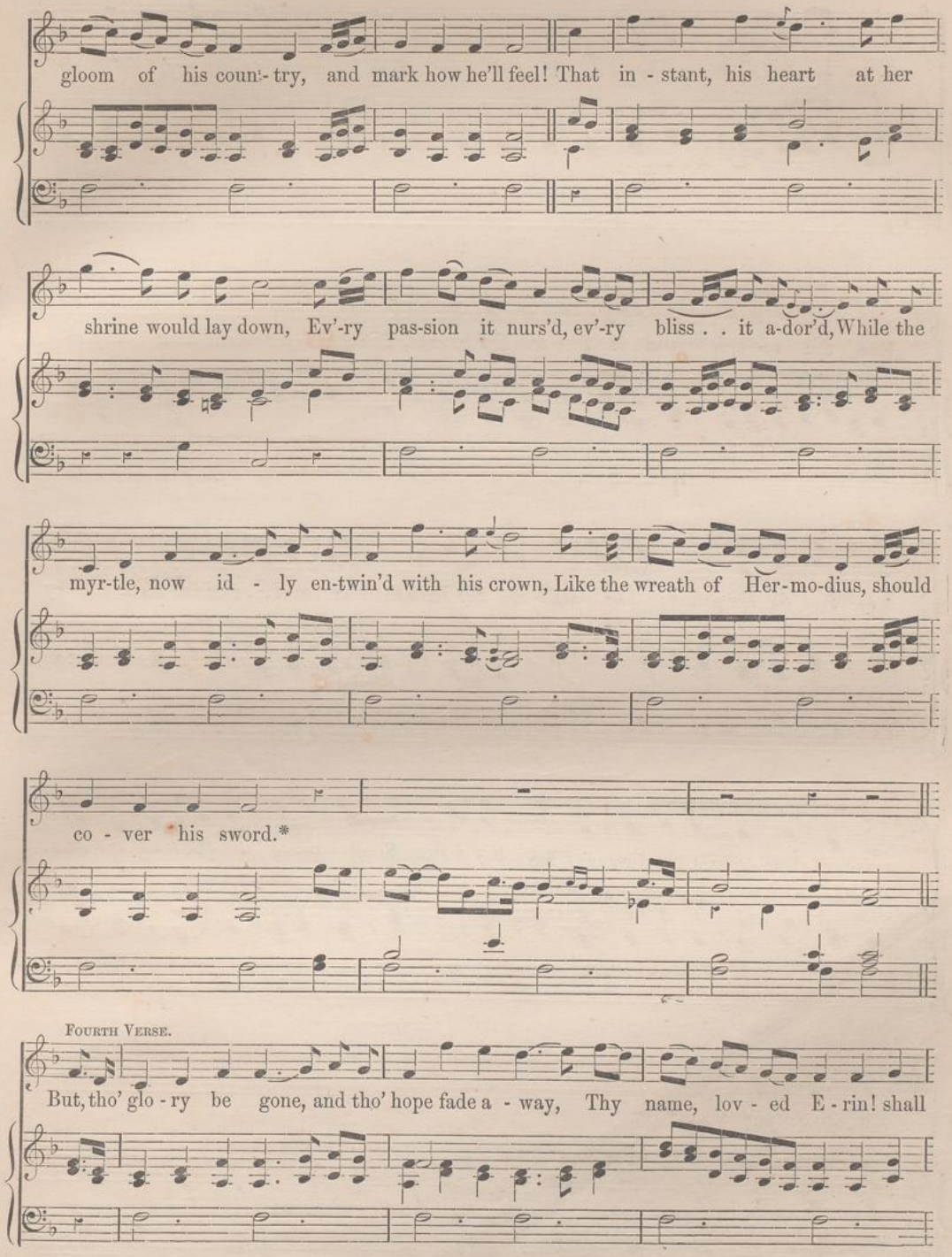
SECOND VERSE.








learn'd to be-tray; Un-dis-tinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires; And the
torch, that would light them thro' dig-ni-ty's way, Must be caught from the pile, where their
coun-try ex-pires!
THIRD VERSE.
Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream, He should try to for-get, what he
ne-ver can heal; Oh! give but a hope, let a vis-ta but gleam Thro' the



* See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, Εν μυρτω κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω,—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

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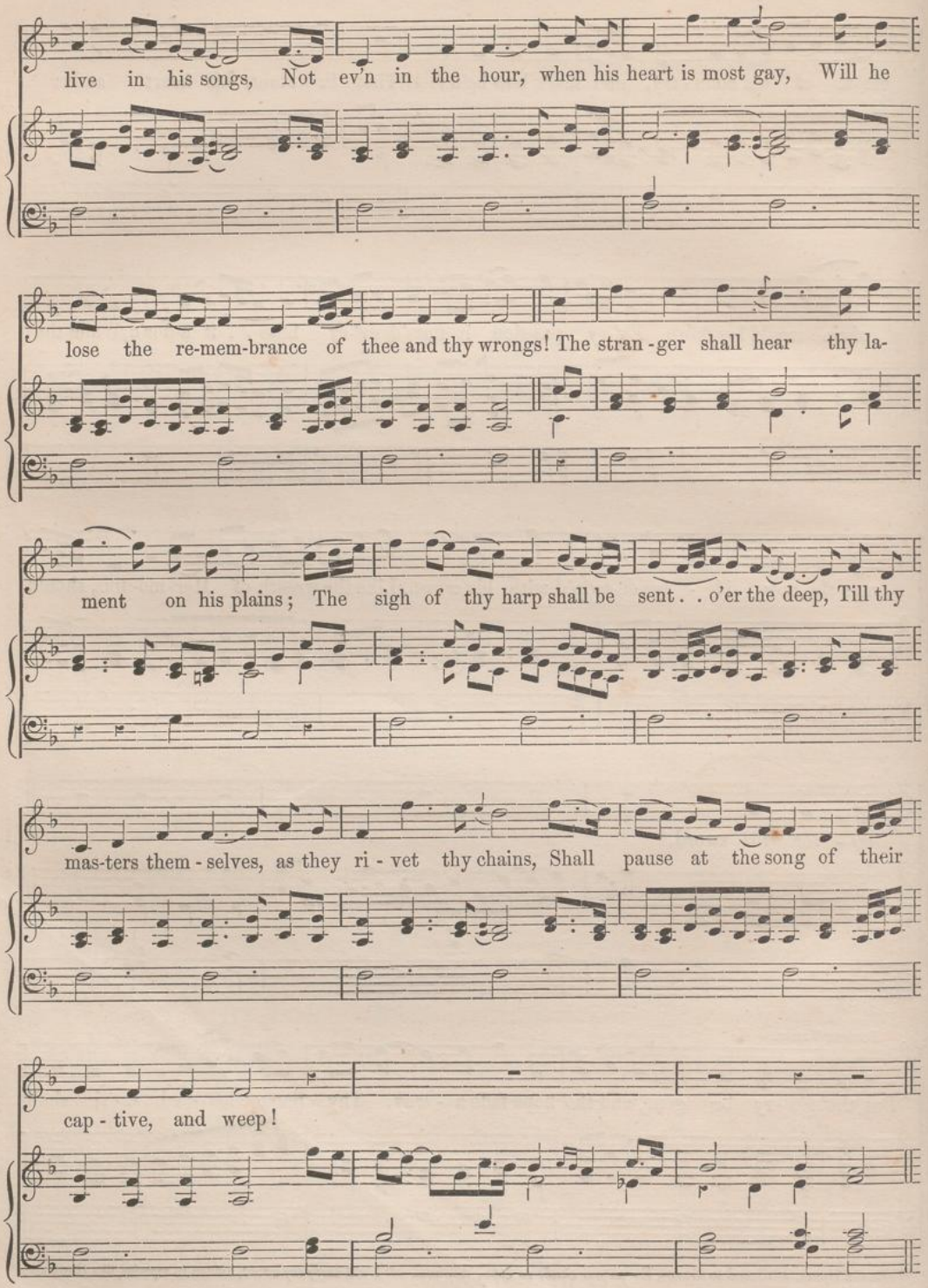
live in his songs, Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay, Will he
lose the re-mem-brance of thee and thy wrongs! The stran-ger shall hear thy la-
ment on his plains; The sigh of thy harp shall be sent . . o'er the deep, Till thy
mas-ters them-selves, as they ri-vet thy chains, Shall pause at the song of their
cap-tive, and weep!