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PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

Dear Harp Of My Country.

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DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

(AIR—NEW LANGOLEE.)

(THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.)

In moderate time, with much warmth of expression.

* Dear Harp of my Coun-try! in dark-ness I found thee, The cold chain of silence had
 hung o'er thee long, When proud - ly my own Is - land Harp! I un-bound thee, And

* In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first arose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

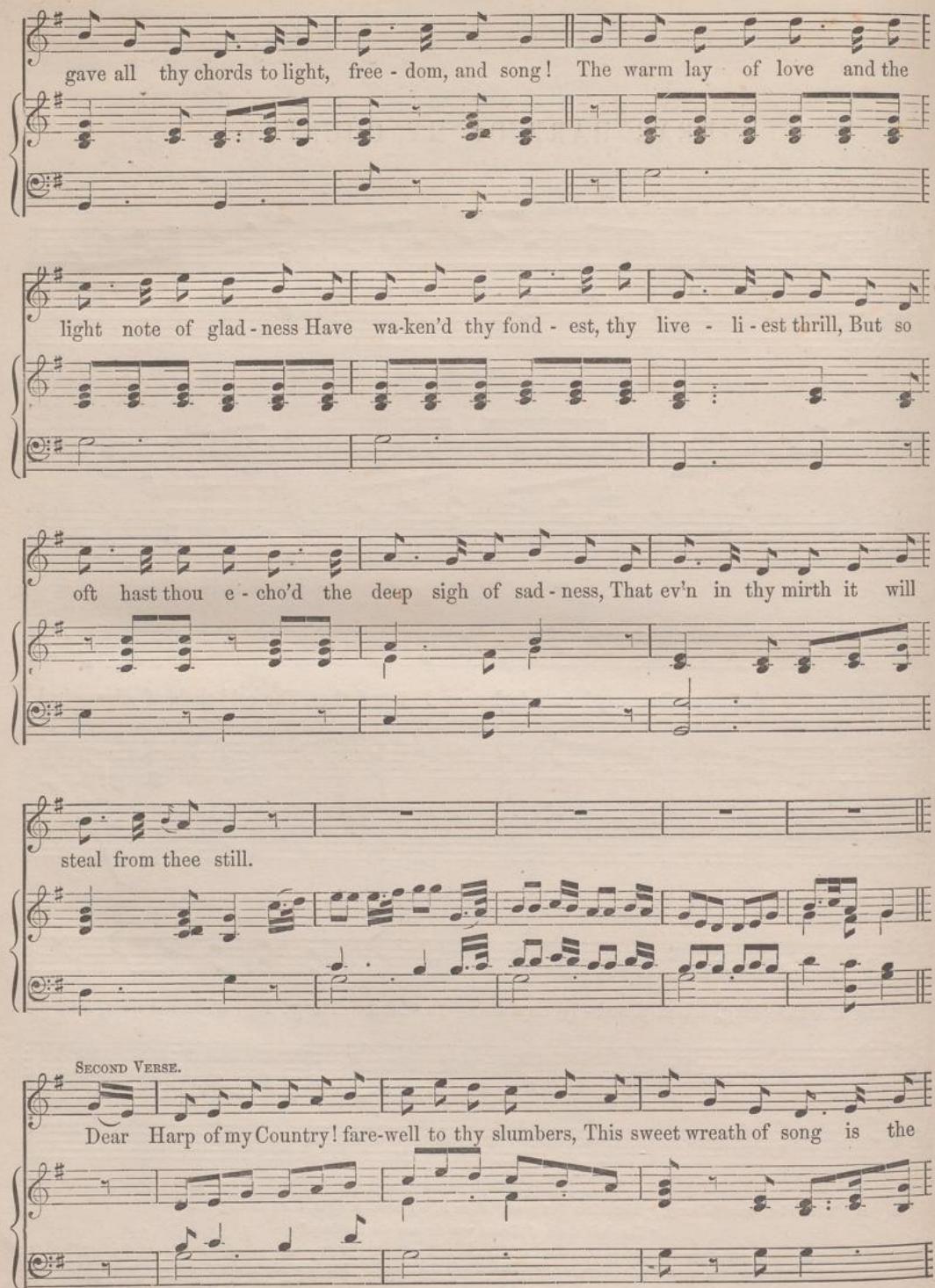
"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention ~~fig~~ precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace, at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the *Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni*, in Miss Brooke's *Relics of Irish Poetry*.

gave all thy chords to light, free - dom, and song! The warm lay of love and the
 light note of glad - ness Have wa-ken'd thy fond - est, thy live - li - est thrill, But so
 oft hast thou e - cho'd the deep sigh of sad - ness, That ev'n in thy mirth it will
 steal from thee still.

SECOND VERSE.

Dear Harp of my Country! fare-well to thy slumbers, This sweet wreath of song is the



last we shall twine; Go, sleep with the sun-shine of fame on thy slum-bers, Till
touch'd by some hand less un - wor - thy than mine. If the pulse of the Pa - tri - ot,
Sol - dier, or Lo-ver, Have throb'b'd at our lay, 'tis thy glo - ry a - lone; I was
but as the wind, pass-ing heed - less-ly o - ver, And all the wild sweetness I
wak'd was thine own!