

Blackburn Fiona, 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 tone of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill.
But so oft hast thou echo'd 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 last we shall twine;
Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover
Have throb'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!