

The Harp of Tom Moore.

Hon. George M. Beebe

Compliments of

Wallace Bruce

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THE HARP OF TOM MOORE.

BY WALLACE BRUCE.

AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF BURNS," "THE HUDSON," "THE
YOSEMITE," AND "OLD HOMESTEAD POEMS."

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THE HARP OF TOM MOORE.

AT THE SCOTCH-IRISH CONGRESS, MAY, 1889, COLUMBIA, TENN.

The top of the morning to Ireland

And the Scotch-Irish Congress to-day !

All hearts respond at the banquet

When the Harp of Tom Moore leads the way.

The bells of the Shandon are ringing

Their music from over the sea,

But sweeter the Harp of her poet

In the mountains of old Tennessee.

The sons of the Shamrock and Thistle
Still cherish the visions of yore,
And the Harp of old Tara awakens
Again to the voice of Tom Moore ;
Each string, with memories sacred,
Is tuned to Liberty's key ;
And the songs that float down the ages
Are always the songs of the free.

It sings of the “Exile of Erin,”

But her exiles are exiles no more,
For the Isle of old Erin has drifted
Close under Columbia’s shore.

“Where liberty is, is my country”
Has guided her over the way,
And Columbia holds in her borders
The heart of old Ireland to-day.

Manhattan and Plymouth and Jamestown

Can boast of their heritage true,

But Mecklenburg's fame is immortal

When we number the stars in the blue ;

The Scotch-Irish-Puritan-Fathers

First drafted the words of the free,

And the speech of Virginia's Henry

Is the crown of Our Liberty's plea.

The sons and the grandsons of heroes
Who fought for freedom and right
With joy hail the dawn of the morning,—
“Mavourneen!” Awake to the light!
The maidens of Lorne and Killarney
Are swelling the chorus to-day,
For the castles of Oban and Blarney
Are only just over the way.

Then welcome, a thrice hearty welcome
To legendry, lyric and lore,
With a pledge and "Guid Hielan' welcome"
To the voice and the Harp of Tom Moore ;
A toast to the Shamrock and Thistle,
And sunshine both sides of the sea,
As Erin clasps hands o'er the ocean
With Columbia in fair Tennessee.

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