

HANG UP HIS HARP; HE'LL WAKE NO MORE!

His young bride stood beside his bed,
Her weeping watch to keep;
Hush! hush! he stirred not—was he dead,
Or did he only sleep?

His brow was calm, no change was there,
No sigh had filled his breath;
Oh! did he wear that smile so fair
In slumber, or in death?

“Reach down his harp,” she wildly cried,
“And if one spark remain,
Let him but hear ‘Loch Erroch’s side:’
He’ll kindle at the strain.

“That tune e’er held his soul in thrall;
It never breathed in vain;
He’ll waken as its echoes fall,
Or never wake again.”

The strings were swept; ’twas sad to hear
Sweet music floating there;
For every note called forth a tear
Of anguish and despair.

“See! see!” she cried, “the tune is o’er
No opening eye, no breath:
Hang up his harp; he’ll wake no more;
He sleeps the sleep of death.”