



# Belfast Commercial Chronicle

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## ORIGINAL POETRY

(For the *Belfast Commercial Chronicle*)

### I

Now fair befall thee Bard!  
Who thus had taste to save,  
The simple lays  
Of other days,  
From dull oblivion's grave.

### II

For long had ERIN'S Muse  
In grief unheeded pin'd;  
Her Harp unstrung,  
Neglected hung,  
Sad sighing to the wind.

### III

And silent was that lay  
Which own'd such forceful charm,  
That, lur'd by its strain,  
The warrior Dane \*  
Withheld his murd'rous arm.

### IV

Till cherish'd by thy care,  
Again the Mourner smil'd.  
And by thine aid  
Tearful essay'd  
Her plaintive warbling wild.

### V

And softer rose the strain,  
And sweeter was the tone;

For while each note  
Would gently float,  
It mingled with thine own. †

VI

For this shall Erin's Maids,  
With native melody,  
Thy name prolong,  
Thro' many a song  
Of ancient Minstrelsy.

VII

Then fair befall thee Bard,  
Who thus had taste to save,  
The simple lays  
Of other days,  
From cold oblivion's grave!

\* Alluding to the popular legend of the Danish Chieftain and the Minstrel.

† The Symphonies and Accompaniments to each Tune, are principally composed by Mr. BUNTING.