THE LEGACY.

When in death I shall calm recline.

With feeling and gaiety

When in death I shall calm recline, O bear my heart to my mistress dear; Tell her it liv'd upon smiles, and wine Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here; Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow, To
sul-ly a heart so brilliant and light; But balmy drops of the
red grape borrow. To bathe the relic from morn till night.

2.
When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door
Whence weary travellers love to call:
Then if some Bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master-waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

3.
Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never, its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!
But when some warm, devoted lover,
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

*In every house was one or two Harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caress'd, the more they excelled in Music." — O'HALLORAN.