Small Group for verse

Printed at Leipzig

No more to chiefs and la- dies bright, Th

harp of Ta— ra swells, The chord a-lone that breaks at night Its

tale of ru-in tells Thus Free-dom now so seld-om wakes The

on- ly throb she gives Is when some heart in- dig— nant breaks, To

Revised 1930

And said, "No chains shall

sul-ly thee, Thou soul of love and bravery! Thy songs were made for the

Sustained legato.

pure and free They shall ne-ver sound in sla—ve-ry." "Land

—of song," said the war-rior Bard, "One faith-ful harp shall

praise thee One faith-ful harp shall praise thee. "Dear Land of

song," said the war-rior bard. "One faithful harp shall praise thee. The