

## THE HARP OF UR

Words & Music: Sheri Bauer-Mayorga

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1.

The Sun was high as the thieves arrived.  
They pushed the door and came inside  
And robbed me of my Tigris pearls  
And stripped me of my gold.

As soldiers watched the ruin of me  
Did they think on mankind's history  
And how we all are tied to this cradle?

CHORUS:

I am the Great Harp of Ur.  
I am the Great Harp of Ur.  
Tell the looters at the vault  
And the soldiers at the door,  
I am so much more  
Than they take me for.

2.

The first to measure night and day,  
The first to press their thoughts in clay,  
The first to take wheels to the road  
Were those who fashioned me.

You'll never see their face or hands.  
Their bones have all become the sand,  
But you would surely see their hearts  
If you would look at me. (CHORUS)

3.

So, wrest me from this fruitless fight.  
Set gold, and pearls, and splinter right.  
Make me whole and you'll have in me  
Your humanity. (CHORUS)

*Recorded by Sheri Bauer-Mayorga on "American Snapshots: 200 Years of American Song"  
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*Learn more about the Lyre of Ur at: [www.lyre-of-ur.com/](http://www.lyre-of-ur.com/)*