

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

THOMAS MOORE

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls.
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852) was an Irish poet and songwriter. His works include "The Minstrel Boy" and "The Last Rose of Summer."