The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls - song lyrics

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THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls the soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls as if that soul had 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 but seldom wakes; the only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks, to show that still she lives.