

John Mcdermott

"The Harp That Once"

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The harp that once : to oombayga and family

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 the 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

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