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| **Thomas Moore,** ’The Harp that Once ThroughTara Halls’  |
| 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. |  |

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’Erin, Oh Erin’

Like the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frowned on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, oh Erin, thus bright thro' the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, oh Erin, tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchilled by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Thus Erin, oh Erin, \_thy\_ winter is past,
And the hope that lived thro' it shall blossom at last.

’Sublime was the warning’

Sublime was the warning that liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west --
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
*Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain.*
If the fame of our fathers, bequeathed with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights;
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same!
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
*For the Shamrock of Erin and the Olive of Spain!*
Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright,
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
*Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!*
God prosper the cause! -- oh, it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;
Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave,
*Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!*