

TARA

A LOW, round hill with earthen mounds o'er-
spread,
Covered with waving grass and purpling heath,
Looks down upon the rolling plains of Meath —
And this is Tara — all its glory fled —
Here Kings and Chieftains met in muster dread,
And famous champions sought the victor's
wreath,
While music from the pulsing harp did breathe
To laud the living and extol the dead!

Now sounds no harp by Tara's crumbling walls;
Like Tyre and Nineveh in dust it sits,
The plaintive curlew o'er it sadly calls,
And the gray bat above its ruin flits;
But when the midnight wind makes mournful
sigh,
Then ghosts of mighty heroes gather nigh!