

The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls

THOMAS MOORE

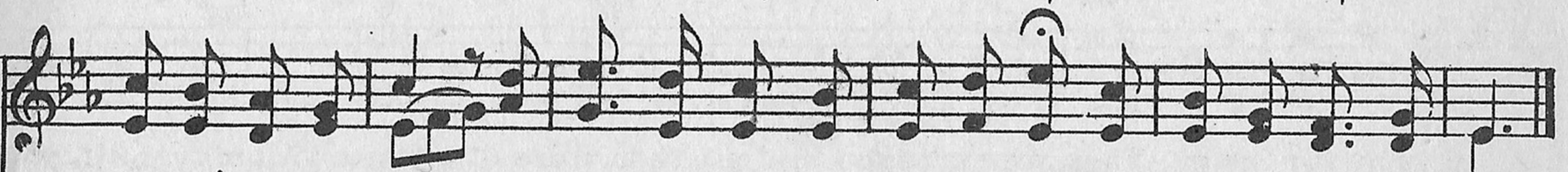
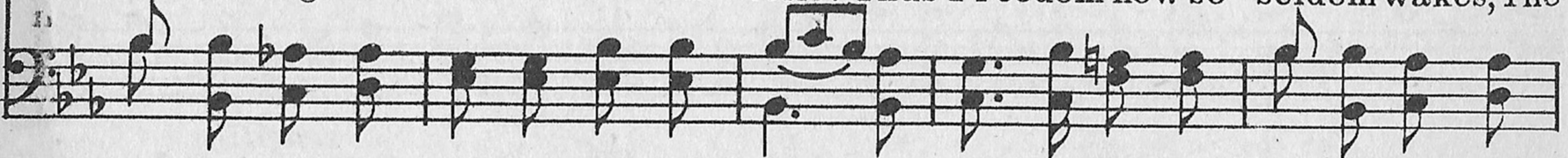
SIR JOHN STEVENSON



1. The harp that once thro' Tara's halls The soul of music shed; Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Tara swells; The chord a-lone that



Ta-ra's walls As tho' that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of former days, So
breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes; The



glo-ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
on-ly throbs she gives Is when some heart, in-dignant, breaks, To show that still she lives.

