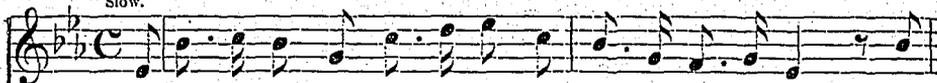


# "THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS."

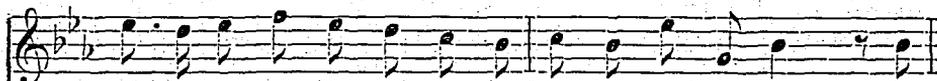
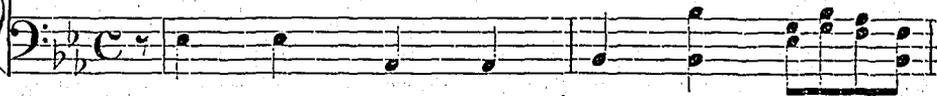
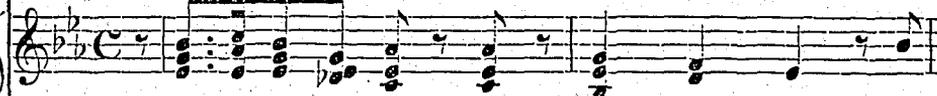
Written by Thomas Moore.

Music by Sir John Stevenson.

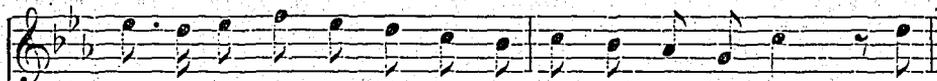
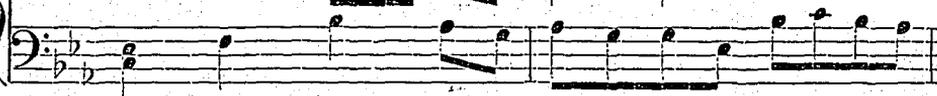
Slow.



1. The harp that once thro' Tara's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now  
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright, The harp of Ta - ra swells; The



hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul were fled: So  
chord a - lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus



sleeps the pride of former days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And  
free - dom now so seldom wakes, The ou - ly throb she gives Is



hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!  
when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

