

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

Irish Air, *Gramachree*

1. The harp that once through Ta-ra's halls, The soul of mu-sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
 2. No more to chiefs and la-dies bright, The harp of Ta-ra swells; The chord, a-lone, that

Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled; So sleeps the pride of form-er days, So
 breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells: Thus Free - dom now so sel-dom wakes, The

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