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# THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS

Sung by

Mr. Webster

the Words by

T. MOORE ESQ.

the Music by

SIR J. STEVENSON Mus. Doc.

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S L O W

The Harp that once thro' 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!

2.

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 shew that still she lives!