

The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls

Thomas Moore

 C C7 F
The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
 C G7 C
The soul of music shed;
 D7 G7
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 C G7
As tho' that soul were fled.
 C D7 G7
So sleeps the pride of former days,
 C G7 C F
So glory's thrill is o' er,
 C F C F G7 F
And hearts that once beat high for praise
 C G7 C
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tail of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes;
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart, indignant, breaks,
To show that she still lives.