

The Harp that once

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Melody

Andante moderato.

Key D.

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1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls, The
more to chiefs and la - dies bright The
Soul of Mu - sic shed, New hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As
harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord a - lone that breaks the night Its
if that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is
tale of ru - in tells. Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly thro' she
o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more. 2. No
gives Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks To show that still she lives.