



DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY

AIR: NEW LANGOLEE

mícheál tuilliam BALFE
(1808-1870)

Larghetto

S
A
T
B

Larghetto

Piano



dear harp of my country

S *p* Dear Harp of my Coun - try! in dark - ness I found thee, The cold chain of si - lence had

A *p* Dear Harp of my Coun - try! in dark - ness I found thee, The cold chain of si - lence had

T *p* Dear Harp of my Coun - try! in dark - ness I found thee, The cold chain of si - lence had

B *p* Dear Harp of my Coun - try! in dark - ness I found thee, The cold chain of si - lence had

Pno. *p*

S ⁸ hung o'er thee long; When proud - ly, my own Is - land Harp, I un - bound thee And

A ⁸ hung o'er thee long; When proud - ly, my own Is - land Harp, I un - bound thee And

T ⁸ hung o'er thee long; When proud - my own Is - land Harp, I un - bound thee And

B ⁸ hung o'er thee long; When proud - my own Is - land Harp, I un - bound thee And

Pno. ⁸

Dear harp of my country

11

S gave all thy chords to light, free - dom and song! The warm lay of love and the

A gave all thy chords to light, free - dom and song! The warm lay of love and the

T gave all thy chords to light, free - dom and song! The warm lay of love and the

B gave all thy chords to light, free - dom and song! The warm lay of love and the

Pno.

14

S light note of glad - ness Have wak - en'd thy fond - est, thy live - li - est thrill; But so

A light note of glad - ness Have wak - en'd thy fond - est, thy live - li - est thrill; But so

T light note of glad - ness Have wak - en'd thy fond - est, thy live - li - est thrill; But so

B light note of glad - ness Have wak - en'd thy fond - est, thy live - li - est thrill; But so

Pno.

dear harp of my country

17

S oft hast thou ech - o'd the deep sigh of sad - ness, That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still. *pp* *rall.*

A oft hast thou ech - o'd the deep sigh of sad - ness, That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still. *pp* *rall.*

T oft hast thou ech - o'd the deep sigh of sad - ness, That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still. *pp* *rall.*

B oft hast thou ech - o'd the deep sigh of sad - ness, That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still. *pp* *rall.*

Pno. *pp* *rall.*

Tempo 1

21

S

A

T

B

Pno. *p*

Dear harp of my country

26 *p*

S Dear Harp of my Coun - try! Fare - well to thy num - bers This sweet wreath of song is the

A Dear Harp of my Coun - try! Fare - well to thy num - bers This sweet wreath of song is the

T Dear Harp of my Coun - try! Fare - well to thy num - bers This sweet wreath of song is the

B Dear Harp of my Coun - try! Fare - well to thy num - bers This sweet wreath of song is the

Pno. *p*

30

S last we shall twine; Go, sleep with the sun - shine of Fame on thy slum - bers, Till

A last we shall twine; Go, sleep with the sun - shine of Fame on thy slum - bers, Till

T last we shall twine; Go, sleep the sun - shine of Fame on thy slum - bers, Till

B last we shall twine; Go, sleep the sun - shine of Fame on thy slum - bers, Till

Pno.

dear harp of my country

33

S touch'd by some hand less un - wor - thy than mine; If the pulse of the pa - tri - ot,

A touch'd by some hand less un - wor - thy than mine; If the pulse of the pa - tri - ot,

T touch'd by some hand less un - wor - thy than mine; If the pulse of the pa - tri - ot,

B touch'd by some hand less un - wor - thy than mine; If the pulse of the pa - tri - ot,

Pno.

36

S sol - dier, or lov - er, Have throbb'd at our lay 'tis thy glo - ry a - lone; I was

A sol - dier, or lov - er, Have throbb'd at our lay 'tis thy glo - ry a - lone; I was

T sol - dier, or lov - er, Have throbb'd at our lay 'tis thy glo - ry a - lone; I was

B sol - dier, or lov - er, Have throbb'd at our lay 'tis thy glo - ry a - lone; I was

Pno.

dear harp of my country

39

S
but as the wind, pass - ing heed - less-ly o - ver, And all the wild sweet-ness I wak'd was thy own!

A
but as the wind, pass - ing heed - less-ly o - ver, And all the wild sweet-ness I wak'd was thy own!

T
but as the wind, pass - ing heed - less-ly o - ver, And all the wild sweet-ness I wak'd was thy own!

B
but as the wind, pass - ing heed - less-ly o - ver, And all the wild sweet-ness I wak'd was thy own!

Pno.
pp

rall.

J. Alfred Novello
(1859)

Michael William Balfe (1808-1870) was born in Dublin, Ireland, and studied music in Ireland and London. At age 16, he became violinist in the Drury Lane orchestra and was celebrated as a singer throughout the region. His patron, Count Mazzara, took him to Italy, where he studied composition in Rome and Milan. His first dramatic piece was produced in Milan in 1826. He sang at the Paris Italian Opera and in Italian theaters until 1835, also producing several Italian operas, and sang in New York City in 1834. He returned to England and was a successful composer of English operas, at times residing in Paris and Vienna. He retired in 1864 and died in Rowney Abbey, Hertfordshire. His compositions include a number of operas, cantatas, glees, and part-songs.

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long;*
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine;
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

*In that rebellious but beautiful song, “When Erin first rose,” there is, if I recollect right, the following line,
“The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep.”

The chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure or rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of “a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Gaul’s palace at Ahnhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of silence, and flung themselves among the ranks.” See also the Ode to Gaul, the son of Morni in Miss Brooke’s *Reliques of Irish Poetry*.
—From *Moore’s Irish Melodies*.

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