



*the harp that once  
thro' tara's halls*

AIR: GRAMACHREE

michael wílliam Balfe  
(1808-1870)

# The harp that once thro' Tara's halls

M. W. Balfe

Molto moderato

S  
A  
T  
B

The harp that once thro'

Molto moderato

Piano

*f*  
*p*



# the harp that once thro' tara's halls

5 *cresc.*

S Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on

A Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on

T Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on

B Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on

Pno.

9 *dim.*

S Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled.— So sleeps the pride of

A Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled.— So sleeps the pride of

T Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled.— So sleeps the pride of

B Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled.— So sleeps the pride of

Pno.

# the harp that once thro' tara's halls

13

S for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts, that once beat

A for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts, that once beat

T for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts, that once beat

B for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts, that once beat

Pno.

*cresc.* *mf*

17

S high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

A high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

T high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

B high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

Pno.

*dim.* *p*

# the harp that once thro' tara's halls

21

S  
A  
T  
B

No more to chiefs and

Pno.

25

S  
A  
T  
B

la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord a-lone, that

la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord a-lone, that

la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord a-lone, that

la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord a-lone, that

Pno.

## the harp that once thro' tara's halls

29 *dim.*

S breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus Free - dom now so

A breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus Free - dom now so

T breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus Free - dom now so

B breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus Free - dom now so

Pno. *dim.*

33 *cresc.* *mf*

S sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is when some heart in -

A sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is when some heart in -

T sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is when some heart in -

B sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is when some heart in -

Pno. *cresc.* *mf*

# the harp that once thro' tara's halls

37

S dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives. *dim. p*

A dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives. *dim. p*

T dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives. *dim. p*

B dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives. *dim. p*

Pno. 37 *p*

The musical score consists of five staves. The top four staves are for vocal parts: Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), and Bass (B). Each vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are 'dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.' The vocal lines are marked with a dynamic of *dim. p* (diminuendo piano). The piano accompaniment (Pno.) is on the bottom staff, starting at measure 37. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats. The piano part begins with a dynamic of *p* (piano) and includes various chords and melodic lines.

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.

The harp that once through 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.

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 show that still she lives.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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