



'tís ðelíeú'd
that this harp

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP

AIR: GAGE FANE

míchael tuíllíam Balfe
(1808-1870)

'Tis believ'd that this harp

M. W. Balfe

Molto Moderato

Piano

S
A
T
B

p

'Tis be-liev'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee Was a

'Tis be - liev'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee Was a

'Tis be-liev'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee Was a

'Tis be - liev'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee Was a

Pno.

't'is believ'd that this harp

10

S Sy - ren of old, who sung un - der the sea; And who

A Sy - ren of old, who sung un - der the sea; And who

T Sy - ren of old, who sung un - der the sea; And who

B Sy - ren of old, who sung un - der the sea; And who

Pno.

14

S of - ten, at eve, thro' the bright bil - lows rov'd, To *dim.*

A of - ten, at eve, thro' the bright bil - lows rov'd, To *dim.*

T of - ten, at eve, thro' the bright bil - lows rov'd, To *dim.*

B of - ten, at eve, thro' the bright bil - lows rov'd, To *dim.*

Pno.

't'is believ'd that this harp

18

S meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.

A meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.

T meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.

B meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.

Pno.

S

A

T

B

Pno.

't'is believ'd that this harp

S *p* But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in

A *p* But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in

T *p* But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in

B *p* But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in

Pno. *p*

S ³² tears, all the night, her gold ring - lets to steep, Till

A ³² tears, all the night, her gold ring - lets to steep, Till

T ³² tears, all the night, her gold ring - lets to steep, Till

B ³² tears, all the night, her gold ring - lets to steep, Till

Pno. ³²

't'is believ'd that this harp

36

S Heav'n look'd with pit - y on true - love so warm, And *dim.*

A Heav'n look'd with pit - y on true - love so warm, And *dim.*

T Heav'n look'd with pit - y on true - love so warm, And *dim.*

B Heav'n look'd with pit - y on true - love so warm, And *dim.*

Pno.

40

S chang'd to this soft Harp the sea - maid - en's form.

A chang'd to this soft Harp the sea - maid - en's form.

T chang'd to this soft Harp the sea - maid - en's form.

B chang'd to this soft Harp the sea - maid - en's form.

Pno.

't'is believ'd that this harp

S
A
T
B
Pno.

p

S
A
T
B
Pno.

p

Still her bos - om__ rose fair- still__ her__ cheeks smil'd the__ same While her

Still her bos - om rose fair- still her cheeks smil'd the same While her

Still her bos - om__ rose fair- still__ her__ cheeks smil'd the same While her

Still her bos - om rose fair- still her cheeks smil'd the same While her

p

't'is believ'd that this harp

54

S sea - beau - ties grace - ful - ly curl'd round the frame; And her

A sea - beau - ties grace - ful - ly curl'd round the frame; And her

T sea - beau - ties grace - ful - ly curl'd round the frame; And her

B sea - beau - ties grace - ful - ly curl'd round the frame; And her

Pno.

58

S hair, shed - ding tear - drops from all its bright rings Fell *dim.*

A hair, shed - ding tear - drops from all its bright rings Fell *dim.*

T hair, shed - ding tear - drops from all its bright rings Fell *dim.*

B hair, shed - ding tear - drops from all its bright rings Fell *dim.*

Pno.

't'is believ'd that this harp

62

S
o - ver her white arm, to make the gold strings!

A
o - ver her white arm, to make the gold strings!

T
o - ver her white arm, to make the gold strings!

B
o - ver her white arm, to make the gold strings!

Pno.
62

S

A

T

B

Pno.
63

't'is believ'd that this harp

S *p*
Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known Still to

A *p*
Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known Still to

T *p*
Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known Still to

B *p*
Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known Still to

Pno. *p*

S ⁷⁶
min - gle Love's lan - guage with Sor - row's sad tone; Till

A ⁷⁶
min - gle Love's lan - guage with Sor - row's sad tone; Till

T ⁷⁶
min - gle Love's lan - guage with Sor - row's sad tone; Till

B ⁷⁶
min - gle Love's lan - guage with Sor - row's sad tone; Till

Pno. ⁷⁶

't'is believ'd that this harp

80

S thou didst di - vide them, and teach the fond lay To speak *dim.*

A thou didst di - vide them, and teach the fond lay To speak *dim.*

T thou didst di - vide them, and teach the fond lay To speak *dim.*

B thou didst di - vide them, and teach the fond lay To speak *dim.*

Pno.

84

S love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way. *p*

A love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way. *p*

T love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way. *p*

B love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way. *p*

Pno.

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.

'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee
Was a Syren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, through the bright billows roved,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
Till heaven look'd with pity on true-love so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair - still her cheeks smiled the same
While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the frame;
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings
Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings!^o

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
Still to mingle Love's language with Sorrow's sad tone;
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

^oThis thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr. Hudson of Dublin. From Moore's Irish Melodies.

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