



To the Irish Choral Society, Chicago, IL

Sing, sweet harp

OLD IRISH AIR

Stanford's arrangement of this song for solo voice and piano is included in his collection "The Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore" (1895).

Charles Villiers Stanford

(1852-1924)

ed. David Anderson

Andante

S
Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me Some song of an - cient days, Whose

A
Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me Some song of an - cient days, Whose

T
Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me Some song of an - cient days, Whose

B
Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me Some song of an - cient days, Whose

Sing, sweet harp

5

S sounds, in this sad mem - o - ry, Long - bur - ied dreams shall raise;— Some *mf*

A sounds, in this sad mem - o - ry, Long - bur - ied dreams shall raise;— Some *mf*

T sounds, in this sad mem - o - ry, Long - bur - ied dreams shall raise;— Some *mf*

B sounds, in this sad mem - o - ry, Long - bur - ied dreams shall raise;— Some *mf*

9

S lay that tells of van - ish'd fame, Whose light once round us shone; Of *cresc.*

A lay — that tells of van - ish'd fame, — Whose light once round us shone; Of no - ble *cresc.*

T lay that tells of van - ish'd fame, Whose light once round us shone; Of no - ble *cresc.*

B lay — that tells of van - ish'd fame, Whose light once round us shone; Of no - ble *cresc.*

13

S no - ble pride, now turn'd to shame, And hopes for ev - er gone.— Sing, *mf* *p* *dim.*

A pride, — now turn'd to shame, And hopes for ev - er gone.— Sing, *mf* *p* *dim.*

T pride, now turn'd to shame, And hopes for ev - er gone.— Sing, *mf* *p* *dim.*

B pride, now — turn'd to shame, And hopes for ev - er gone.— Sing, oh, *mf* *p* *dim.*

Sing, sweet harp

18

S sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me; A - like our doom is cast, _____ Both

A sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me; A - like our doom is cast, _____ Both

T sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me; A - like our doom is cast, _____ Both

B sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me; A - like our doom is cast, _____ Both

22 *pp* *rall. molto*

S lost to all but mem - o - ry, We live but in the past.

A lost to all but mem - o - ry, We live but in the past.

T lost to all but mem - o - ry, We live but in the past.

B lost to all but mem - o - ry, We live but in the past.

27 *p*

S How mourn - ful - ly the mid - night air A - mong thy chords doth sigh, _____ As

A How mourn - ful - ly the mid - night air A - mong thy chords doth sigh, _____ As

T How mourn - ful - ly the mid - night air A - mong thy chords doth sigh, _____ As

B How mourn - ful - ly the mid - night air A - mong thy chords doth sigh, _____ As

Sing, sweet harp

32

S if it sought some ech - o there Of voi - ces long gone by;— Of *mf*

A if it sought some ech - o there Of voi - ces long gone by;— Of *mf*

T if it sought some ech - o there Of voi - ces long gone by;— Of *mf*

B if it sought some ech - o there Of voi - ces long gone by;— Of *mf*

36

S chief - tains, now for - got, who seem'd The fore - most then in fame; Of *cresc.*

A chief - tains, now for - got, who seem'd— The fore - most then in fame; Of Bards who, *cresc.*

T chief - tains, now for - got, who seem'd The fore - most then in fame; Of Bards who, *cresc.*

B chief - tains, now for - got, who seem'd The fore - most then in fame; Of Bards who, *cresc.*

40

S Bards who, once im - mor - tal deem'd, Now sleep with-out a name.— In *mf* *dim.*

A once — im - mor - tal deem'd, Now sleep with-out a name.— In vain, in *mf* *dim.*

T once im - mor - tal deem'd, Now sleep with-out a name.— In vain, in *mf* *dim.*

B once im - mor - tal deem'd, Now sleep with-out a name.— In vain, in *mf* *dim.*

Sing, sweet harp

45

S vain, sad Harp, the mid - night air A - mong thy chords doth sigh; In

A vain, sad Harp, the mid - night air A - mong thy chords doth sigh; In

T vain, sad Harp, the mid - night air A - mong thy chords doth sigh; In

B vain, sad Harp, the mid - night air A - mong thy chords doth sigh; In

49 *pp* *rall. molto*

S vain it seeks an ech - o there Of voi - ces long gone by.

A vain it seeks an ech - o there Of voi - ces long gone by.

T vain it seeks an ech - o there Of voi - ces long gone by.

B vain it seeks an ech - o there Of voi - ces long gone by.

54 *p*

S Could'st thou but call those spir - its round, Who once, in bow'r and hall, Sate

A Could'st thou but call those spir - its round, Who once, in bow'r and hall, Sate

T Could'st thou but call those spir - its round, Who once, in bow'r and hall, Sate

B Could'st thou but call those spir - its round, Who once, in bow'r and hall, Sate

Sing, sweet harp

59

S list - 'ning to thy mag - ic sound, Now mute and mould - 'ring all;— But, *mf*

A list - 'ning to thy mag - ic sound, Now mute and mould - 'ring all;— But, *mf*

T list - 'ning to thy mag - ic sound, Now mute and mould - 'ring all;— But, *mf*

B list - 'ning to thy mag - ic sound, Now mute and mould - 'ring all;— But, *mf*

63

S no; they would but wake to weep Their chil - dren's sla - ver - y; Then *cresc.*

A no; — they would but wake to weep — Their chil - dren's sla - ver - y; Then leave them *cresc.*

T no; they would but wake to weep Their chil - dren's sla - ver - y; Then leave them *cresc.*

B no; — they would but wake to weep Their chil - dren's sla - ver - y; Then leave them *cresc.*

67

S leave them in their dream - less sleep, The dead, at least, are free!— Hush, — *mf* *p* *dim.*

A in — their dream - less sleep, The dead, at least, are free!— Hush, — oh, — *mf* *p* *dim.*

T in their dream - less sleep, The dead, at least, are free!— Hush, — oh, — *mf* *p* *dim.*

B in their — dream - less sleep, The dead, at least, are free!— Hush, — oh, — *mf* *p* *dim.*

Sing, sweet harp

72

S
hush, sad Harp, that drear - y tone, That knell of Free - dom's day; Or,

A
hush, sad Harp, that drear - y tone, That knell of Free - dom's day; Or,

T
hush, sad Harp, that drear - y tone, That knell of Free - dom's day; Or,

B
hush, sad Harp, that drear - y tone, That knell of Free - dom's day; Or,

76

rall. molto

S
pp lis - t'ning to its death - like moan, Let me, too, die a - way.

A
pp lis - t'ning to its death - like moan, Let me, too, die a - way.

T
pp lis - t'ning to its death - like moan, Let me, too, die a - way.

B
pp lis - t'ning to its death - like moan, Let me, too, die a - way.

Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me
Some song of ancient days,
Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
Long-buried dreams shall raise;—
Some lay that tells of vanish'd fame,
Whose light once round us shone;
Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
And hopes for ever gone.—
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me;
Alike our doom is cast,
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by;—
Of chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame;
Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name.—
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh;
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.

Could'st thou but call those spirits round,
Who once, in bower and hall,
Sate listening to thy magic sound,
Now mute and mouldering all;—
But, no; they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
The dead, at least, are free!—
Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
That knell of Freedom's day;
Or, listening to its death-like moan,
Let me, too, die away.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

TERMS OF USE

These editions are available as a service to the choral community, offering inexpensive access to public domain literature. Choir resources can purchase other literature still under copyright, especially to support those creating and publishing new compositions and arrangements. These editions have been created using public domain sources under U. S. copyright law. Out of respect to the research, time and effort invested:

please print and issue an edition in its entirety, retaining notices, attributions, and logos.
please do not consider this edition a source for creating another edition.

If recorded, notification and attribution would be appropriate professional courtesies.

For a full description of these requests and more scores, visit:
www.shorchor.net

