

MY GENTLE HARP (O DANNY BOY)

Ierland

Bew./Bearb./Arr.: Jan Vermulst

Andante espressivo

S
A

1. My gent- le harp, once more I wa- ken, the sweetness
2. Then who can ask for notes of plea- sure, my drooping
3. But come, if yet thy frame can bor- row one breath of

Bar.

1. ^P My gentle harp, once more I wa- - ken, the
2. Then who can ask for notes of plea- - sure, my
3. But come, if yet thy frame can bor- - row one

of thy slumb- ring strain, In tears our
harp, from chords like thine? A- las, the
joy, oh, breathe for me, And show the

sweet-ness of the slumb- ring strain. In
droop- ing harp, from chords like thine? A-
breath of joy, oh, breathe for me, And

last fare- well was ta- ken, and now in
lark's gay morn- ing mea- sure, as ill would
world, in chains and sor- row, how sweet thy

tears our last fare- well was ta- - ken, and
las, the lark's gay morn- ing mea- - sure, as
show the world, in chains and sor- - row, how

tears we meet a- - gain. No light of
suit the swan's de- cline! Or how shall
mu- - sic still can be; How gay- ly,

now in tears we meet a- - gain. ^{mf} Now
ill would suit the swan's de- cline! Or
sweet thy mu- sic still can be; How

joy hath o- ver thee bro- ken, but like those
 I, who love, who bless thee, in- voke thy
 ev'n 'mid gloom sur- roun- ding, thou yet canst

light of joy hath o- ver thee bro- ken, but
 how shall I, who love, who bless thee, in-
 gay- ly, ev'n 'mid gloom sur- roun- ding, thou

harps whose heav'n- ly skill of slav' - ry
 breath for free- dom's strains, when ev'n the
 wake at plea- sure's thrill, like Mem- non's

like those harps whose heav'n- ly skill
 voke thy breath for free- dom's strains,
 yet canst wake at plea- sure's thrill,

dark as thine, hath spo- ken, thou hang'st up
 wreaths in which I dress thee, are sad- ly
 bro- ken i- mage, soun- ding, 'mid de- so-

on mix'd, the wil- lows still.
 la- tion flower's, half chains.
 tune- ful still.

rall. p