



come o'er the sea

AIR: CUISHLIH MA CHREE

michael tuilliam balfe
(1808-1870)

Andante

S
A
T
B

p
Come o'er the sea,
p
Come o'er the sea,
p
Come o'er the sea,
p
Come o'er the sea,

Andante

Piano

p
pp

come o'er the sea

9

S Maiden with me, Mine thro' sun - shine, storm, and snows; Seasons may roll,

A Maiden with me, Mine thro' sun - shine, storm, and snows; Seasons may roll,

T Maiden with me, Mine thro' sun - shine, storm, and snows; Seasons may roll,

B Maiden with me, Mine thro' sun - shine, storm, and snows; Seasons may roll,

Pno.

13

S But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes. *f* Let

A But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes. *f* Let

T But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes. *f* Let

B But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes. *f* Let

Pno.

come o'er the sea

18

S fate frown on, so we love and part not; 'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death were thou are not. Then

A fate frown on, so we love and part not; 'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death were thou are not. Then

T fate frown on, so we love and part not; 'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death were thou are not. Then

B fate frown on, so we love and part not; 'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death were thou are not. Then

Pno.

riten. *p*

22 *a tempo*

S come o'er the sea, Maid-en with me, Come wher - ev - er the wild wind blows;

A come o'er the sea, Maid-en with me, Come wher - ev - er the wild wind blows;

T come o'er the sea, Maid-en with me, Come wher - ev - er the wild wind blows;

B come o'er the sea, Maid-en with me, Come wher - ev - er the wild wind blows;

Pno.

a tempo

come o'er the sea

26

S Sea - sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes. *rall.*

A Sea - sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes. *rall.*

T Sea - sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes. *rall.*

B Sea - sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes. *rall.*

Pno. *rall.*

30

S *p* Was not the sea

A *p* Was not the sea

T *p* Was not the sea

B *p* Was not the sea

Pno. *p* *pp*

come o'er the sea

38

S Made for the Free, Land for courts and chains a - lone? Herewe are slaves,

A Made for the Free, Land for courts and chains a - lone? Herewe are slaves,

T Made for the Free, Land for courts and chains a - lone? Herewe are slaves,

B Made for the Free, Land for courts and chains a - lone? Herewe are slaves,

Pno.

42

S But, on the waves, Love and Lib - er - ty's all our own. No

A But, on the waves, Love and Lib - er - ty's all our own. No

T But, on the waves, Love and Lib - er - ty's all our own. No

B But, on the waves, Love and Lib - er - ty's all our own. No

Pno.

come o'er the sea

47

S eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us All earth for - got, and all heav - en a - round us- Then

A eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us All earth for - got, and all heav - en a - round us- Then

T eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us All earth for - got, and all heav - en a - round us- Then

B eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us All earth for - got, and all heav - en a - round us- Then

Pno.

riten. *p*

51 *a tempo*

S come o'er the sea, Maid-en with me, Come wher - ev - er the wild wind blows;

A come o'er the sea, Maid-en with me, Come wher - ev - er the wild wind blows;

T come o'er the sea, Maid-en with me, Come wher - ev - er the wild wind blows;

B come o'er the sea, Maid-en with me, Come wher - ev - er the wild wind blows;

Pno.

a tempo

come o'er the sea

55 *rall.*
S Sea - sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes.

A Sea - sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes.

T Sea - sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes.

B Sea - sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes.

55 *rall.*
Pno.

The musical score is for the song 'come o'er the sea'. It features four vocal parts: Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), and Bass (B), along with a Piano (Pno.) accompaniment. The score begins at measure 55. The vocal parts are written in treble clef (Soprano, Alto, Tenor) and bass clef (Bass). The piano accompaniment is written in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'rall.' (rallentando). The lyrics are: 'Sea - sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes.' The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, with a 'rall.' marking in the right hand.

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.

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death were thou are not.
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty's all our own.
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us —
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

The following are some of the original words of this wild and singular Air; they contain rather an odd assortment of grievances:
Cuishlih ma chree,
Did you but see
How, the rogue, he did serve me;— *Bis*.
He broke my pitcher, he spilt my water,
He kiss'd my wife, and he married my daughter!
O Cuishlih ma chree! &c.
—From *Moore's Irish Melodies*

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