



come, rest
on this bosom

AIR: LOUGH SHEELING

michael wílliam Balfe
(1808-1870)

come, rest on this bosom

M. W. Balfe

Andante

S

A

T

B

Andante

Piano

p dolce



come, rest on this bosom

5

S
A
T
B

Pno.

Come, —
Come,
Come,
Come,

9

S
A
T
B

Pno.

rest in — this — bos - om, my — own strick - en — deer, Tho' the
rest in — this — bos - om, my own strick - en deer, Tho' the
rest in this — bos - om, my own strick - en — deer, Tho' the
rest in this bos - om, my own strick - en deer, Tho' the

come, rest on this bosom

13

S
herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here; Here

A
herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here; Here

T
herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here; Here

B
herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here; Here

Pno.

17

S
still is the smile, that no cloud can o'er - cast, And a

A
still is the smile, that no cloud can o'er - cast, And a

T
still is the smile, that no cloud can o'er - cast, And a

B
still is the smile, that no cloud can o'er - cast, And a

Pno.

come, rest on this bosom

21

S heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

A heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

T heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

B heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Pno.

S

A

T

B

Pno.

p dolce

come, rest on this bosom

29

S Oh! _____

A Oh! _____

T Oh! _____

B Oh! _____

Pno.

33

S what was love made for, if 'tis not the same Thro' _____

A what was love made for, if 'tis not the same Thro' _____

T what was love made for, if 'tis not the same Thro'

B what was love made for, if 'tis not the same Thro' _____

Pno.

come, rest on this bosom

37

S joy and thro' tor - ment, thro' glo - - - ry and shame? I

A joy and thro' tor - ment, thro' glo - - - ry and shame? I

T joy and thro' tor - ment, thro' glo - - - ry and shame? I

B joy and thro' tor - ment, thro' glo - - - ry and shame? I

Pno.

41

S know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart? I but

A know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart? I but

T know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart? I but

B know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart? I but

Pno.

come, rest on this bosom

45

S know that I love thee, what - ev - - er thou art.

A know that I love thee, what - ev - - er thou art.

T know that I love thee, what - ev - - er thou art.

B know that I love thee, what - ev - - er thou art.

Pno.

S

A

T

B

Pno.

p dolce

come, rest on this bosom

53

S
A
T
B

p
Thou hast
p
Thou hast
p
Thou hast
p
Thou hast

Pno.

57

S
A
T
B

call'd me thy an - gel in mo - ments of bliss, Still thy
call'd me thy an - gel in mo - ments of bliss, Still thy
call'd me thy an - gel in mo - ments of bliss, Still thy
call'd me thy an - gel in mo - ments of bliss, Still thy

Pno.

p

come, rest on this bosom

61

S An - gel I'd be, 'mid the hor - - rors of this, Thro' the

A An - gel I'd be, 'mid the hor - - rors of this, Thro' the

T An - gel I'd be, 'mid the hor - - rors of this, Thro' the

B An - gel I'd be, 'mid the hor - - rors of this, Thro' the

Pno.

65

S fur - nace, un - shrink - ing, thy steps to pur - sue, And

A fur - nace, un - shrink - ing, thy steps to pur - sue, And

T fur - nace, un - shrink - ing, thy steps to pur - sue, And

B fur - nace, un - shrink - ing, thy steps to pur - sue, And

Pno.

come, rest on this bosom

69

S shield thee, and save thee, or per - - - ish there too!

A shield thee, and save thee, or per - - - ish there too!

T shield thee, and save thee, or per - - - ish there too!

B shield thee, and save thee, or per - - - ish there too!

69

Pno.

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, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart?
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy angel in moments of bliss,
Still thy Angel I'd be, 'mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, – or perish there too!

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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