



i'd mourn the hopes that leave me

AIR: THE ROSE TREE

michael william Balpe
(1808-1870)

Andante

S
A
T
B

Andante

Piano



I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME

3

S

A

T

B

Pno.

cresc.

p

riten.

a tempo

S

I'd___ mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had__ left me too; I'd___

a tempo

A

I'd___ mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left me too; I'd

a tempo

T

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy___ smiles had__ left me too; I'd___

a tempo

B

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left me too; I'd

a tempo

Pno.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME

8

S weep when friends de - ceive me, If thou wert, like them, un - true. But while I've thee be - fore me, With *cresc.* *f*

A weep when friends de - ceive me, If thou wert, like them, un - true. But while I've thee be - fore me, With *cresc.* *f*

T weep when friends de - ceive me, If thou wert, like them, un - true. But while I've thee be - fore me, With *cresc.* *f*

B weep when friends de - ceive me, If thou wert, like them, un - true. But while I've thee be - fore me, With *cresc.* *f*

Pno. *cresc.* *f*

11

S heart so warm and eyes so bright, No clouds can lin - ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light. *riten.* *dim.* *a tempo*

A heart so warm and eyes so bright, No clouds can lin - ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light. *riten.* *dim.* *a tempo*

T heart so warm and eyes so bright, No clouds can lin - ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light. *riten.* *dim.* *a tempo*

B heart so warm and eyes so bright, No clouds can lin - ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light. *riten.* *dim.* *a tempo*

Pno. *riten.* *a tempo*

i'd mourn the hopes that leave me

14

S

A

T

B

Pno.

mf

17

S

A

T

B

Pno.

cresc.

riten.

p

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME

20 *a tempo*

S 'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me: 'Tis

A 'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me: 'Tis

T 'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me: 'Tis

B 'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me: 'Tis

Pno. *a tempo*

23 *cresc.*

S not in joy to charm me, Un - less joy be shar'd with thee. One min - ute's dream a - bout thee Were

A not in joy to charm me, Un - less joy be shar'd with thee. One min - ute's dream a - bout thee Were

T not in joy to charm me, Un - less joy be shar'd with thee. One min - ute's dream a - bout thee Were

B not in joy to charm me, Un - less joy be shar'd with thee. One min - ute's dream a - bout thee Were

Pno. *cresc.* *f*

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME

26 *riten.* *dim.* *a tempo*

S
worth a long, an end - less year Of wak - ing bliss with - out thee, My own love, my on - ly dear!

A
worth a long, an end - less year Of wak - ing bliss with - out thee, My own love, my on - ly dear!

T
worth a long, an end - less year Of wak - ing bliss with - out thee, My own love, my on - ly dear!

B
worth a long, an end - less year Of wak - ing bliss with - out thee, My own love, my on - ly dear!

26 *riten.* *a tempo*

Pno.

29

S

A

T

B

29 *mf*

Pno.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me

32

S

A

T

B

Pno.

cresc.

riten.

p

35

S

A

T

B

Pno.

a tempo

And tho' the hope be gone, love, That long spar - kled o'er our way, Oh!

a tempo

And tho' the hope be gone, love, That long spar - kled o'er our way, Oh!

a tempo

And tho' the hope be gone, love, That long spar - kled o'er our way, Oh!

a tempo

And tho' the hope be gone, love, That long spar - kled o'er our way, Oh!

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME

38

S we shall jour - ney on, love, More safe - ly, with - out its ray. Far bet - ter lights shall win me, A -

A we shall jour - ney on, love, More safe - ly, with - out its ray. Far bet - ter lights shall win me, A -

T we shall jour - ney on, love, More safe - ly, with - out its ray. Far bet - ter lights shall win me, A -

B we shall jour - ney on, love, More safe - ly, with - out its ray. Far bet - ter lights shall win me, A -

Pno.

cresc. *f*

41

S long the path I've yet to roam— The mind that burns with - in me, And pure smiles from thee at home.

A long the path I've yet to roam— The mind that burns with - in me, And pure smiles from thee at home.

T long the path I've yet to roam— The mind that burns with - in me, And pure smiles from thee at home.

B long the path I've yet to roam— The mind that burns with - in me, And pure smiles from thee at home.

Pno.

riten. *dim.* *a tempo*

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me

44

S

A

T

B

Pno.

mf

47

S

A

T

B

Pno.

cresc.

riten.

p

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME

50 *a tempo*

S Thus, when the lamp that light - ed The trav - 'ler at first goes out, He

A Thus, when the lamp that light - ed The trav - 'ler at first goes out, He

T Thus, when the lamp that light - ed The trav - 'ler at first goes out, He

B Thus, when the lamp that light - ed The trav - 'ler at first goes out, He

Pno.

53 *cresc.*

S feels a - while be - night - ed, And looks round in fear and doubt. But soon, the pros - pect clear - ing, By

A feels a - while be - night - ed, And looks round in fear and doubt. But soon, the pros - pect clear - ing, By

T feels a - while be - night - ed, And looks round in fear and doubt. But soon, the pros - pect clear - ing, By

B feels a - while be - night - ed, And looks round in fear and doubt. But soon, the pros - pect clear - ing, By

Pno.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me

56 *riten.* *dim.* *a tempo*
S cloud - less star - light on he treads, And thinks no lamp so cheer - ing As the light which Heav - en sheds.

A *riten.* *dim.* *a tempo*
cloud - less star - light on he treads, And thinks no lamp so cheer - ing As the light which Heav - en sheds.

T *riten.* *dim.* *a tempo*
cloud - less star - light on he treads, And thinks no lamp so cheer - ing As the light which Heav - en sheds.

B *riten.* *dim.* *a tempo*
cloud - less star - light on he treads, And thinks no lamp so cheer - ing As the light which Heav - en sheds.

56 *riten.* *a tempo*
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.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me:
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me,
Along the path I've yet to roam —
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As the light which Heaven sheds.

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

