



LESÓIA HATH A DEAMÍNGE EYE

AIR: NORA CREINA

mícheal tuílliam Balfe
(1808-1870)

Allegro

Piano

f



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Lesbia hath a beaming eye

7

S *p* Les - bia hath a beam - ing eye, But no one knows for whom it beam - eth;

A *p* Les - bia hath a beam - ing eye, But no one knows for whom it beam - eth;

T *p* Les - bia hath a beam - ing eye, But no one knows for whom it beam - eth;

B *p* Les - bia hath a beam - ing eye, But no one knows for whom it beam - eth;

Pno. *p*

11

S Right and left its ar - rows fly, But what they aim at no one dream - eth. Sweet - er 'tis to

A Right and left its ar - rows fly, But what they aim at no one dream - eth. Sweet - er 'tis to

T Right and left its ar - rows fly, But what they aim at no one dream - eth. Sweet - er 'tis to

B Right and left its ar - rows fly, But what they aim at no one dream - eth. Sweet - er 'tis to

Pno.

Lesbía hath a beaming eye

16

S gaze up - on My No - ra's lid that sel - dom ris - es; Few its looks, but ev - 'ry one, Like

A gaze up - on My No - ra's lid that sel - dom ris - es; Few its looks, but ev - 'ry one, Like

T gaze up - on My No - ra's lid that sel - dom ris - es; Few its looks, but ev - 'ry one, Like

B gaze up - on My No - ra's lid that sel - dom ris - es; Few its looks, but ev - 'ry one, Like

Pno.

21

S un - ex - pect - ed light, sur - pris - es! Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My gen - tle, bash - ful

A un - ex - pect - ed light, sur - pris - es! Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My gen - tle, bash - ful

T un - ex - pect - ed light, sur - pris - es! Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My gen - tle, bash - ful

B un - ex - pect - ed light, sur - pris - es! Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My gen - tle, bash - ful

Pno.

Lesbía hath a beaming eye

26

S No - ra Crei - na, Beau - ty lies In man - y eyes, But Love in yours, my No - ra Crei - na,

A No - ra Crei - na, Beau - ty lies In man - y eyes, But Love in yours, my No - ra Crei - na,

T No - ra Crei - na, Beau - ty lies In man - y eyes, But Love in yours, my No - ra Crei - na,

B No - ra Crei - na, Beau - ty lies In man - y eyes, But Love in yours, my No - ra Crei - na,

Pno.

(Measures 31-36 may be omitted.)

31

S Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear! *dim.* *p*

A Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear! *dim.* *p*

T Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear! *dim.* *p*

B Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear! *dim.* *p*

Pno. *cresc.* *f*

Lesbia hath a beaming eye

37

S

A

T

B

Pno.

43

S

A

T

B

Pno.

p

Les - bia wears a robe of gold, But all so close the nymph hath laced it,

p

Les - bia wears a robe of gold, But all so close the nymph hath laced it,

p

Les - bia wears a robe of gold, But all so close the nymph hath laced it,

p

Les - bia wears a robe of gold, But all so close the nymph hath laced it,

Lesbía hath a beaming eye

47

S Not a charm of beau - ty's mould Pre - sumes to stay where Na - ture placed it. Oh! my No - ra's

A Not a charm of beau - ty's mould Pre - sumes to stay where Na - ture placed it. Oh! my No - ra's

T Not a charm of beau - ty's mould Pre - sumes to stay where Na - ture placed it. Oh! my No - ra's

B Not a charm of beau - ty's mould Pre - sumes to stay where Na - ture placed it. Oh! my No - ra's

Pno.

52

S gown for me, That floats as wild as moun - tain breez - es, Leav - ing ev - 'ry beau - ty free To

A gown for me, That floats as wild as moun - tain breez - es, Leav - ing ev - 'ry beau - ty free To

T gown for me, That floats as wild as moun - tain breez - es, Leav - ing ev - 'ry beau - ty free To

B gown for me, That floats as wild as moun - tain breez - es, Leav - ing ev - 'ry beau - ty free To

Pno.

Lesbía hath a beaming eye

57

S sink or swell as Heav - en pleas - es. Yes, my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My sim - ple, grace - ful

A sink or swell as Heav - en pleas - es. Yes, my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My sim - ple, grace - ful

T sink or swell as Heav - en pleas - es. Yes, my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My sim - ple, grace - ful

B sink or swell as Heav - en pleas - es. Yes, my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My sim - ple, grace - ful

Pno.

62

S No - ra Crei - na, Na - ture's dress Is love - li-ness- The dress you wear, my No - ra Crei - na,

A No - ra Crei - na, Na - ture's dress Is love - li-ness- The dress you wear, my No - ra Crei - na,

T No - ra Crei - na, Na - ture's dress Is love - li-ness- The dress you wear, my No - ra Crei - na,

B No - ra Crei - na, Na - ture's dress Is love - li-ness- The dress you wear, my No - ra Crei - na,

Pno.

Lesbía hath a beaming eye

(Measures 67-72 may be omitted.)

67

S Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear! *dim.* *p*

A Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear! *dim.* *p*

T Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear! *dim.* *p*

B Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear! *dim.* *p*

Pno. *cresc.* *f*

73

S

A

T

B

Pno. *f*

Lesbia hath a beaming eye

79 *p*

S Les - bia hath a wit re - fined, But, when its points are glean - ing round us,

A Les - bia hath a wit re - fined, But, when its points are glean - ing round us,

T Les - bia hath a wit re - fined, But, when its points are glean - ing round us,

B Les - bia hath a wit re - fined, But, when its points are glean - ing round us,

Pno. *p*

83

S Who can tell if they're de-sign'd To daz - zle mere - ly, or to wound us? Pil-low'd on my

A Who can tell if they're de-sign'd To daz - zle mere - ly, or to wound us? Pil-low'd on my

T Who can tell if they're de-sign'd To daz - zle mere - ly, or to wound us? Pil-low'd on my

B Who can tell if they're de-sign'd To daz - zle mere - ly, or to wound us? Pil-low'd on my

Pno.

Lesbía hath a beaming eye

88

S No - ra's heart, In saf - er slum - ber Love re - pos - es- Bed of peace! whose rough - est part Is

A No - ra's heart, In saf - er slum - ber Love re - pos - es- Bed of peace! whose rough - est part Is

T No - ra's heart, In saf - er slum - ber Love re - pos - es- Bed of peace! whose rough - est part Is

B No - ra's heart, In saf - er slum - ber Love re - pos - es- Bed of peace! whose rough - est part Is

Pno.

93

S but the crum - pling of the ros - es. Oh! my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My mild, my art - less

A but the crum - pling of the ros - es. Oh! my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My mild, my art - less

T but the crum - pling of the ros - es. Oh! my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My mild, my art - less

B but the crum - pling of the ros - es. Oh! my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My mild, my art - less

Pno.

Lesbía hath a beaming eye

98

S No - ra Crei - na! Wit, tho' bright, Hath no such light As warms your eyes, my No - ra Crei - na,

A No - ra Crei - na! Wit, tho' bright, Hath no such light As warms your eyes, my No - ra Crei - na,

T No - ra Crei - na! Wit, tho' bright, Hath no such light As warms your eyes, my No - ra Crei - na,

B No - ra Crei - na! Wit, tho' bright, Hath no such light As warms your eyes, my No - ra Crei - na,

Pno.

103

S Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear! *dim.* *p*

A Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear! *dim.* *p*

T Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear! *dim.* *p*

B Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear! *dim.* *p*

Pno. *cresc.* *f*

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.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness —
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But, when its points are gleaning round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes —
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh! my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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