



no, not more welcome

AIR: LUGGELAW

michael william balfe
(1808-1870)

Moderato

Piano

mf

no, not more welcome

S *p*
No, not more wel - come the fair - y num - bers Of mu - sic fall on the sleep - er's

A *p*
No, not more wel - come the fair - y num - bers Of mu - sic fall on the sleep - er's

T *p*
No, not more wel - come the fair - y num - bers Of mu - sic fall on the sleep - er's

B *p*
No, not more wel - come the fair - y num - bers Of mu - sic fall on the sleep - er's

Pno. *p*

S ¹⁰
ear, When half a - wak - ing from fear - ful slum - bers, He thinks the

A ¹⁰
ear, When half a - wak - ing from fear - ful slum - bers, He thinks the

T ¹⁰
ear, When half a - wak - ing from fear - ful slum - bers, He thinks the

B ¹⁰
ear, When half a - wak - ing from fear - ful slum - bers, He thinks the

Pno. ¹⁰

no, not more welcome

13

S full quire of heav'n is near— Than came that voice, when, all for -

A full quire of heav'n is near— Than came that voice, when, all for -

T full quire of heav'n is near— Than came that voice, when, all for -

B full quire of heav'n is near— Than came that voice, when, all for -

Pno.

16

S sak - en, This heart long had sleep - ing lain, Nor thought its

A sak - en, This heart long had sleep - ing lain, Nor thought its

T sak - en, This heart long had sleep - ing lain, Nor thought its

B sak - en, This heart long had sleep - ing lain, Nor thought its

Pno.

no, not more welcome

Lento

19

S cold pulse would ev - er wak - en To such be - nign bless - ed sounds a - gain. —

A cold pulse would ev - er wak - en To such be - nign bless - ed sounds a - gain. —

T cold pulse would ev - er wak - en To such be - nign bless - ed sounds a - gain. —

B cold pulse would ev - er wak - en To such be - nign bless - ed sounds a - gain. —



Lento

19

Pno.



Tempo 1

23

S

A

T

B



Tempo 1

23

Pno.

mf



no, not more welcome

30 *p*

S Sweet voice of com - fort! 'twas like the steal - ing Of sum - mer wind thro' some wreath - ed

A Sweet voice of com - fort! 'twas like the steal - ing Of sum - mer wind thro' some wreath - ed

T Sweet voice of com - fort! 'twas like the steal - ing Of sum - mer wind thro' some wreath - ed

B Sweet voice of com - fort! 'twas like the steal - ing Of sum - mer wind thro' some wreath - ed

Pno. *p*

34

S shell- Each se - cret wind - ing, each in - most feel - ing Of all my

A shell- Each se - cret wind - ing, each in - most feel - ing Of all my

T shell- Each se - cret wind - ing, each in - most feel - ing Of all my

B shell- Each se - cret wind - ing, each in - most feel - ing Of all my

Pno.

no, not more welcome

37

S soul — ech - oed to its spell. 'Twas whis - per'd balm- 'twas sun - shine

A soul ech - oed to its spell. 'Twas whis - per'd balm- 'twas sun - shine

T soul — ech - oed to its spell. 'Twas whis - per'd balm- 'twas sun - shine

B soul ech - oed to its spell. 'Twas whis - per'd balm- 'twas sun - shine

Pno.

40

S spok - en!- I'd — live years of grief and pain To have my

A spok - en!- I'd live years of grief and pain To have my

T spok - en!- I'd — live years of grief and pain To have my

B spok - en!- I'd live years of grief and pain To have my

Pno.

no, not more welcome

Lentando

43

S
long — sleep of sor - row brok - en By such be - nign — bless - ed sounds a - gain. —

A
long — sleep of sor - row brok - en By such be - nign — bless - ed sounds a - gain. —

T
long — sleep of sor - row brok - en By such be - nign — bless - ed sounds a - gain. —

B
long — sleep of sor - row brok - en By such be - nign — bless - ed sounds a - gain. —

Lentando

43

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.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When half awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full quire of heaven is near --
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell --
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell.
'Twas whisper'd balm -- 'twas sunshine spoken! --
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign blessed sounds again.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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