



# the time i've lost in wooing

AIR: PEASE UPON A TRENCHER

michael william balfe  
(1808-1870)

*Allegretto*

S  
The time I've lost in woo - ing, In watch - ing and pur - su - ing The

A  
The time I've lost in woo - ing, In watch - ing and pur - su - ing The

T  
The time I've lost in woo - ing, In watch - ing and pur - su - ing The

B  
The time I've lost in woo - ing, In watch - ing and pur - su - ing The

*Allegretto*

Piano  
*mf*

# the time i've lost in tuooing

5

S light, that lies In wom - an's eyes, Has been my heart's un - do - ing. Tho'

A light, that lies In wom - an's eyes, Has been my heart's un - do - ing. Tho'

T light, that lies In wom - an's eyes, Has been my heart's un - do - ing. Tho'

B light, that lies In wom - an's eyes, Has been my heart's un - do - ing. Tho'

Pno.

9

S Wis - dom oft has sought me, I scorn'd the lore she brought me, My

A Wis - dom oft has sought me, I scorn'd the lore she brought me, My

T Wis - dom oft has sought me, I scorn'd the lore she brought me, My

B Wis - dom oft has sought me, I scorn'd the lore she brought me, My

Pno.

# the time i've lost in tuooing

13

S on - ly books Were wom - an's looks, And fol - ly's all they've taught me.

A on - ly books Were wom - an's looks, And fol - ly's all they've taught me.

T on - ly books Were wom - an's looks, And fol - ly's all they've taught me.

B on - ly books Were wom - an's looks, And fol - ly's all they've taught me.

Pno.

*riten.* *rall.*

S Her smile when Beau - ty grant - ed, I hung with gaze en - chant - ed, Like

A Her smile when Beau - ty grant - ed, I hung with gaze en - chant - ed, Like

T Her smile when Beau - ty grant - ed, I hung with gaze en - chant - ed, Like

B Her smile when Beau - ty grant - ed, I hung with gaze en - chant - ed, Like

Pno.

*mf*

# the time i've lost in tuooing

21

S him the Sprite, Whom maids by night Oft meet in glen that's haunt - ed. Like

A him the Sprite, Whom maids by night Oft meet in glen that's haunt - ed. Like

T him the Sprite, Whom maids by night Oft meet in glen that's haunt - ed. Like

B him the Sprite, Whom maids by night Oft meet in glen that's haunt - ed. Like

Pno.

25

S him, too, Beau - ty won me, But while her eyes were on me, If

A him, too, Beau - ty won me, But while her eyes were on me, If

T him, too, Beau - ty won me, But while her eyes were on me, If

B him, too, Beau - ty won me, But while her eyes were on me, If

Pno.

# the time i've lost in tooing

29

S *riten.* once their ray Was turn'd a - way, Oh! *rall.* winds could not out - run me.

A *riten.* once their ray Was turn'd a - way, Oh! *rall.* winds could not out - run me.

T *riten.* once their ray Was turn'd a - way, Oh! *rall.* winds could not out - run me.

B *riten.* once their ray Was turn'd a - way, Oh! *rall.* winds could not out - run me.

Pno. *riten.* *rall.*

S *mf* And are those fol - lies go - ing? And is my proud heart grow - ing Too

A *mf* And are those fol - lies go - ing? And is my proud heart grow - ing Too

T *mf* And are those fol - lies go - ing? And is my proud heart grow - ing Too

B *mf* And are those fol - lies go - ing? And is my proud heart grow - ing Too

Pno. *mf*

# the time i've lost in wooing

37

S cold or wise For bril - liant eyes A - gain to set it glow - ing? No,

A cold or wise For bril - liant eyes A - gain to set it glow - ing? No,

T cold or wise For bril - liant eyes A - gain to set it glow - ing? No,

B cold or wise For bril - liant eyes A - gain to set it glow - ing? No,

Pno.

41

S vain, a - las! th'en - deav - our From bonds so sweet to sev - er; Poor

A vain, a - las! th'en - deav - our From bonds so sweet to sev - er; Poor

T vain, a - las! th'en - deav - our From bonds so sweet to sev - er; Poor

B vain, a - las! th'en - deav - our From bonds so sweet to sev - er; Poor

Pno.

# the time i've lost in wooing

45

S Wis - dom's chance A - gainst a glance Is now as weak as ev - er.

A Wis - dom's chance A - gainst a glance Is now as weak as ev - er.

T Wis - dom's chance A - gainst a glance Is now as weak as ev - er.

B Wis - dom's chance A - gainst a glance Is now as weak as ev - er.

45

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.

The time I've lost in wooing,  
In watching and pursuing  
The light, that lies  
In woman's eyes,  
Has been my heart's undoing.  
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,  
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,  
My only books  
Were woman's looks,  
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,  
I hung with gaze enchanted,  
Like him the Sprite,  
Whom maids by night  
Ofit meet in glen that's haunted.  
Like him, too, Beauty won me,  
But while her eyes were on me,  
If once their ray  
Was turn'd away,  
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?  
And is my proud heart growing  
Too cold or wise  
For brilliant eyes  
Again to set it glowing?  
No, vain, alas! th' endeavour  
From bonds so sweet to sever;  
Poor Wisdom's chance  
Against a glance  
Is now as weak as ever.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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