



thro' gríef and
thro' danger

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS

AIR: I ONCE HAD A TRUE-LOVE

míchael tuílliam Balfe
(1808-1870)

thro' grief and thro' danger

M. W. Balfe

Andantino

S
A
T
B

thro' grief and thro'

thro' grief and thro'

thro' grief and thro'

thro' grief and thro'

Andantino

Piano

mf

p

thro' grief and thro' danger

7

S dan - ger thy smile hath cheer'd my way, Till hope seem'd to bud from each

A dan - ger thy smile hath cheer'd my way, Till hope seem'd to bud from each

T dan - ger thy smile hath cheer'd my way, Till hope seem'd to bud from each

B dan - ger thy smile hath cheer'd my way, Till hope seem'd to bud from each

Pno.

13

S thorn — that round me lay; The dark - er our for - tune, the bright - er our

A thorn that round me lay; The dark - er our for - tune, the bright - er our

T thorn — that round me lay; The dark - er our for - tune, the bright - er our

B thorn that round me lay; The dark - er our for - tune, the bright - er our

Pno.

thro' grief and thro' danger

19

S pure love burn'd, Till shame in - to glo - ry, till fear in - to zeal was

A pure love burn'd, Till shame in - to glo - ry, till fear in - to zeal was

T pure love burn'd, Till shame in - to glo - ry, till fear in - to zeal was

B pure love burn'd, Till shame in - to glo - ry, till fear in - to zeal was

Pno.

25

S turn'd; Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spir - it felt free, And

A turn'd; Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spir - it felt free, And

T turn'd; Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spir - it felt free, And

B turn'd; Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spir - it felt free, And

Pno.

thro' grief and thro' danger

31 *cresc.*

S
ble's'd e'en the sor - rows that made me more dear to thee.

A
ble's'd e'en the sor - rows that made me more dear to thee.

T
ble's'd e'en the sor - rows that made me more dear to thee.

B
ble's'd e'en the sor - rows that made me more dear to thee.

Pno.

36 *p*

S
Thy ri - val was

A
Thy ri - val was

T
Thy ri - val was

B
Thy ri - val was

Pno.

thro' grief and thro' danger

42

S hon - our'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd, Thy crown was of bri - ers, while

A hon - our'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd, Thy crown was of bri - ers, while

T hon - our'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd, Thy crown was of bri - ers, while

B hon - our'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd, Thy crown was of bri - ers, while

Pno.

48

S gold her brows a - dorn'd; She woo'd me to tem - ples, while thou lay'st

A gold her brows a - dorn'd; She woo'd me to tem - ples, while thou lay'st

T gold her brows a - dorn'd; She woo'd me to tem - ples, while thou lay'st

B gold her brows a - dorn'd; She woo'd me to tem - ples, while thou lay'st

Pno.

thro' grief and thro' danger

54

S hid in caves, Her friends were all mas - ters, while thine, — a - las! were

A hid in caves, Her friends were all mas - ters, while thine, a - las! were

T hid in caves, Her friends were all mas - ters, while thine, — a - las! were

B hid in caves, Her friends were all mas - ters, while thine, a - las! were

Pno.

60

S slaves; Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rath - er be, Than

A slaves; Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rath - er be, Than

T slaves; Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rath - er be, Than

B slaves; Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rath - er be, Than

Pno.

thro' grief and thro' danger

66 *cresc.*

S wed what I lov'd not, or turn — one thought from thee.

A wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

T wed what I lov'd not, or turn — one thought from thee.

B wed what I lov'd not, or turn — one thought from thee.

Pno.

71 *p*

S They slan - der thee

A They slan - der thee

T They slan - der thee

B They slan - der thee

Pno.

mf *p*

thro' grief and thro' danger

77

S sore - ly, who say thy vows are frail— Hadst thou been a false one, thy

A sore - ly, who say thy vows are frail— Hadst thou been a false one, thy

T sore - ly, who say thy vows are frail— Hadst thou been a false one, thy

B sore - ly, who say thy vows are frail— Hadst thou been a false one, thy

Pno.

83

S cheek_ had look'd less pale. They say, too, so long thou hast worn_ those

A cheek had look'd less pale. They say, too, so long thou hast worn those

T cheek_ had look'd less pale. They say, too, so long thou hast worn_ those

B cheek had look'd less pale. They say, too, so long thou hast worn those

Pno.

thro' grief and thro' danger

89

S lin - g'ring chains, That deep in thy heart they have print - ed their ser - vile

A lin - g'ring chains, That deep in thy heart they have print - ed their ser - vile

T lin - g'ring chains, That deep in thy heart they have print - ed their ser - vile

B lin - g'ring chains, That deep in thy heart they have print - ed their ser - vile

Pno.

95

S stains- Oh! Do not be - lieve them,- no chain could that soul sub - due- Where

A stains- Oh! Do not be - lieve them,- no chain could that soul sub - due- Where

T stains- Oh! Do not be - lieve them,- no chain could that soul sub - due- Where

B stains- Oh! Do not be - lieve them,- no chain could that soul sub - due- Where

Pno.

thro' grief and thro' danger

101 *cresc.*
S shin - eth thy spir - it, there lib - er - ty shin - eth too!
A shin - eth thy spir - it, there lib - er - ty shin - eth too!
T shin - eth thy spir - it, there lib - er - ty shin - eth too!
B shin - eth thy spir - it, there lib - er - ty shin - eth too!

101
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.

Thro' grief and thro' danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;
Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honor'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale.
They say, too, so long thou hast worn those ling'ring chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
Oh! Do not believe them, — no chain could that soul subdue—
Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too!

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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