



thro' danger

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS

AIR: I ONCE HAD A TRUE-LOVE

míchael zuíllíam Balpe (1808-1870)

thro' Triep and thro' danzer

M. W. Balfe





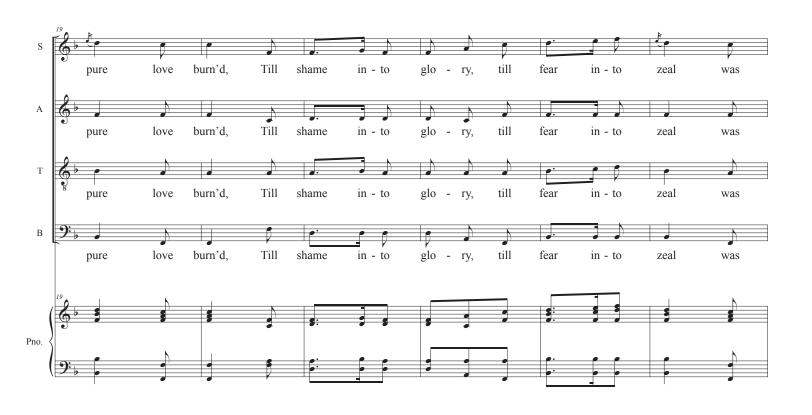
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thro' trief and thro' danzer







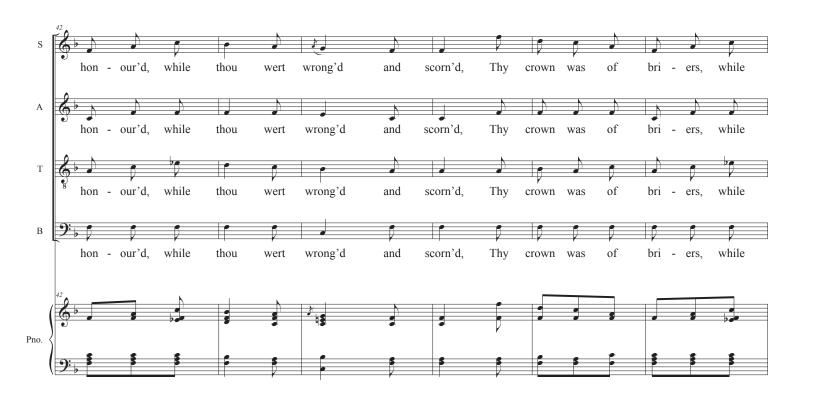


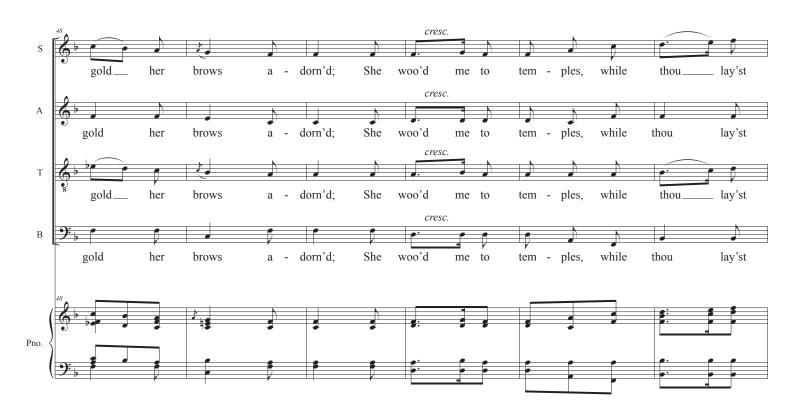
thro' trief and thro' danzer

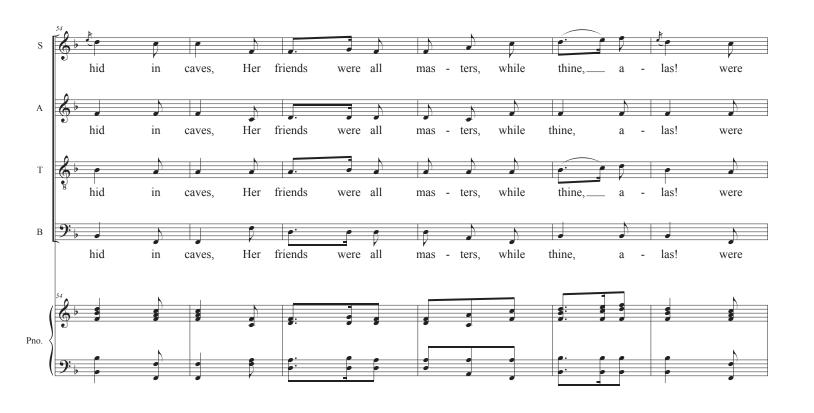


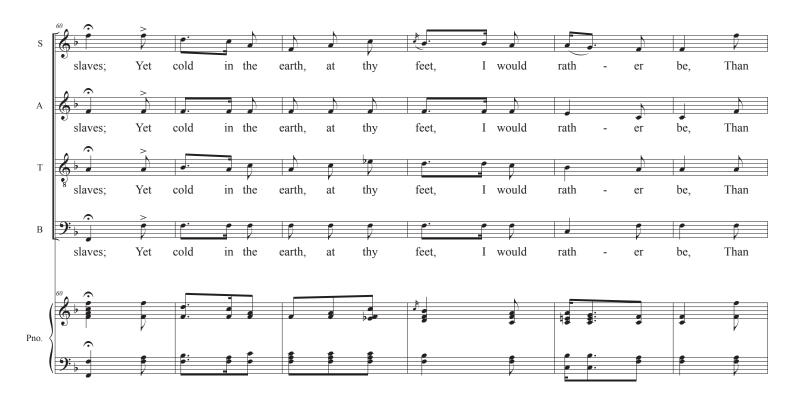


thro' Trief and thro' danzer









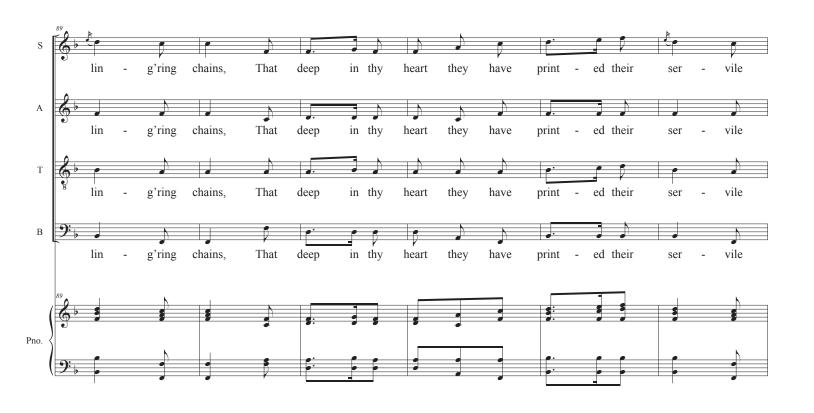


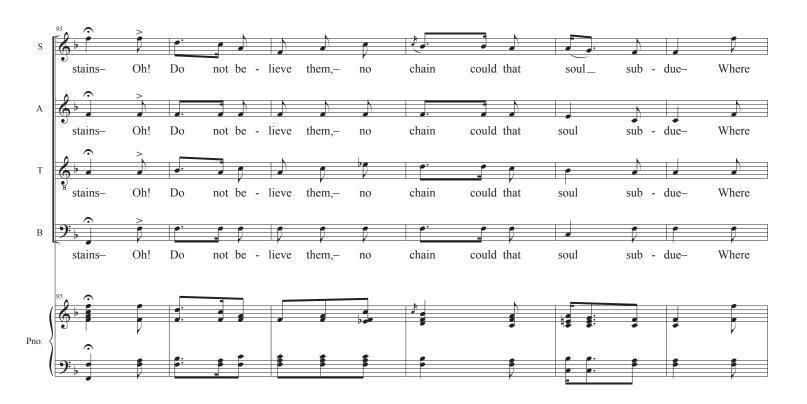


thro' trief and thro' danzer









thro' Trief and thro' danzer



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 in1826. 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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