



tuhen thro' lífe  
unólést tue rove

ON MUSIC

AIR: BANKS OF BANNA

mícheal tuílliam Balfe  
(1808-1870)

# When thro' life's troubles we rove

M. W. Balfe

Andante

S

A

T

B

Piano

Andante

*p*

*pp*

# When thro' life unblest we rove

4

S When thro' life un - blest we rove, Los - ing all that

A When thro' life un - blest we rove, Los - ing all that

T When thro' life un - blest we rove, Los - ing all that

B When thro' life un - blest we rove, Los - ing all that

Pno.

7

S made life dear, Should some notes we us'd to love, In

A made life dear, Should some notes we us'd to love, In

T made life dear, Should some notes we us'd to love, In

B made life dear, Should some notes we us'd to love, In

Pno.

# When thro' life's tribles the rove

10

S days \_\_\_\_\_ of boy - hood, meet our ear, Oh! how wel - come

A days of boy - hood, meet our ear, Oh! how wel - come

T days of boy - hood, meet our ear, Oh! how wel - come

B days \_\_\_\_\_ of boy - hood, meet our ear, Oh! how wel - come

Pno.

13

S breathes the \_\_\_\_\_ strain! Wak - 'ning thoughts that \_\_\_\_\_ long have slept;

A breathes the strain! Wak - 'ning thoughts that long have slept; \_\_\_\_\_

T breathes the strain! Wak - 'ning thoughts that \_\_\_\_\_ long have slept;

B breathes the \_\_\_\_\_ strain! Wak - 'ning thoughts that long have slept;

Pno.

# When thro' life's tribles the rove

16

S  
Kin - dling for - mer\_ smiles a - gain In fad - ed eyes that long have wept. *riten.*

A  
Kin - dling for - mer\_ smiles a - gain In fad - ed eyes that long have wept. *riten.*

T  
Kin - dling for - mer\_ smiles a - gain In fad - ed eyes that long have wept. *riten.*

B  
Kin - dling for - mer smiles a - gain In fad - ed eyes that long have wept. *riten.*

Pno.  
*riten.*

20

S

A

T

B

Pno.  
*p* *pp*

# When thro' life unblest the rove

23

S Like the gale, that sighs a - long Beds of o - ri -

A Like the gale, that sighs a - long Beds of o - ri -

T Like the gale, that sighs a - long Beds of o - ri -

B Like the gale, that sighs a - long Beds of o - ri -

Pno.

26

S en - tal flow'rs, Is the grate - ful breath of song, That

A en - tal flow'rs, Is the grate - ful breath of song, That

T en - tal flow'rs, Is the grate - ful breath of song, That

B en - tal flow'rs, Is the grate - ful breath of song, That

Pno.

# When thro' life's tribles the rove

29

S  
once \_\_\_\_\_ was heard \_\_\_\_\_ in hap - pier hours; Filled with balm, the

A  
once was heard in hap - pier hours; Filled with balm, the

T  
once was heard in hap - pier hours; Filled with balm, the

B  
once \_\_\_\_\_ was heard \_\_\_\_\_ in hap - pier hours; Filled with balm, the

Pno.

32

S  
gale sighs \_\_\_\_\_ on, Tho' the flow'rs have \_\_\_\_\_ sunk in death;

A  
gale sighs on, Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death; \_\_\_\_\_

T  
gale sighs on, Tho' the flow'rs have \_\_\_\_\_ sunk in death;

B  
gale sighs \_\_\_\_\_ on, Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death;

Pno.

# When thro' life tumbles the rose

35

S So, when pleas - ure's dream is gone, Its mem - 'ry lives in Mu - sic's breath. *riten.*

A So, when pleas - ure's dream is gone, Its mem - 'ry lives in Mu - sic's breath. *riten.*

T So, when pleas - ure's dream is gone, Its mem - 'ry lives in Mu - sic's breath. *riten.*

B So, when pleas - ure's dream is gone, Its mem - 'ry lives in Mu - sic's breath. *riten.*

Pno. *riten.*

39

S

A

T

B

Pno. *p* *pp*



# When thro' life tumbles the rove

42

S Mu - sic, oh how faint, how weak, Lan - guage fades be -

A Mu - sic, oh how faint, how weak, Lan - guage fades be -

T Mu - sic, oh how faint, how weak, Lan - guage fades be -

B Mu - sic, oh how faint, how weak, Lan - guage fades be -

Pno.

45

S fore thy spell! Why should Feel - ing ev - er speak, When

A fore thy spell! Why should Feel - ing ev - er speak, When

T fore thy spell! Why should Feel - ing ev - er speak, When

B fore thy spell! Why should Feel - ing ev - er speak, When

Pno.

# When thro' life's tribles we rove

48

S  
thou \_\_\_\_\_ canst breathe \_\_\_\_\_ her soul so well? Friend - ship's balm - y

A  
thou canst breathe her soul so well? Friend - ship's balm - y

T  
thou canst breathe her soul so well? Friend - ship's balm - y

B  
thou \_\_\_\_\_ canst breathe \_\_\_\_\_ her soul so well? Friend - ship's balm - y

Pno.

51

S  
words may \_\_\_\_\_ feign, Love's are e'en more \_\_\_\_\_ false than they;

A  
words may feign, Love's are e'en more false than they; \_\_\_\_\_

T  
words may feign, Love's are e'en more false than they;

B  
words may \_\_\_\_\_ feign, Love's are e'en more false than they;

Pno.

# When thro' life unblest we rove

54

S Oh! 'tis on - ly mu - sic's strain Can sweet - ly soothe, and not be - tray. *riten.*

A Oh! 'tis on - ly mu - sic's strain Can sweet - ly soothe, and not be - tray. *riten.*

T Oh! 'tis on - ly mu - sic's strain Can sweet - ly soothe, and not be - tray. *riten.*

B Oh! 'tis on - ly mu - sic's strain Can sweet - ly soothe, and not be - tray. *riten.*

Pno. *riten.*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a four-part vocal ensemble (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano. The score covers measures 54 to 57. The vocal parts are written in treble clef (Soprano, Alto, Tenor) and bass clef (Bass). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff. The lyrics are: "Oh! 'tis on - ly mu - sic's strain Can sweet - ly soothe, and not be - tray." The tempo marking *riten.* (ritardando) is placed above the vocal staves and below the piano staff in measures 55 and 56. The music features a melodic line in the voices and a supporting piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

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.

When thro' life unblest we rove,  
Losing all that made life dear,  
Should some notes we used to love,  
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,  
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!  
Wakening thoughts that long have slept;  
Kindling former smiles again  
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along  
Beds of oriental flowers,  
Is the grateful breath of song,  
That once was heard in happier hours;  
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,  
Tho' the flowers have sunk in death;  
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,  
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,  
Language fades before thy spell!  
Why should Feeling ever speak,  
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?  
Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
Love's are even more false than they;  
Oh! 'tis only music's strain  
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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