



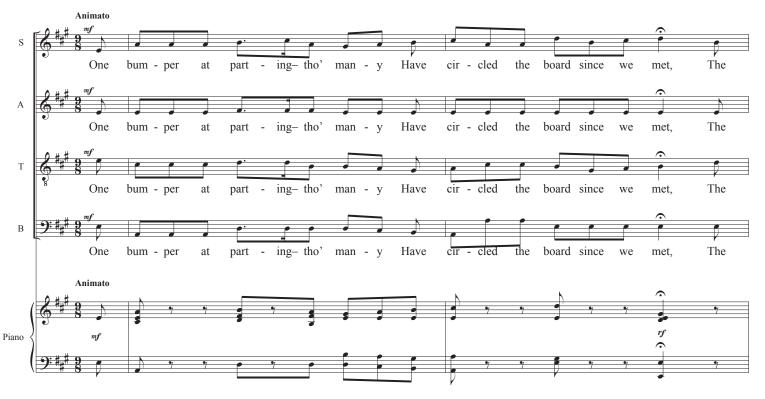
one dumper at partinz

AIR: MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING

míchael zuíllíam Balpe (1808-1870)

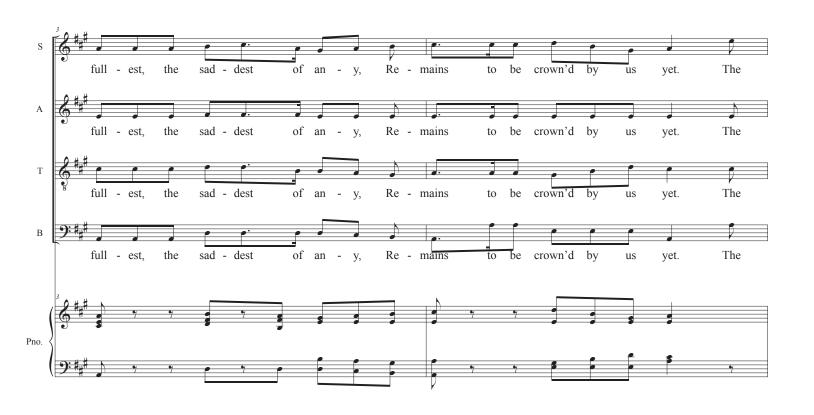
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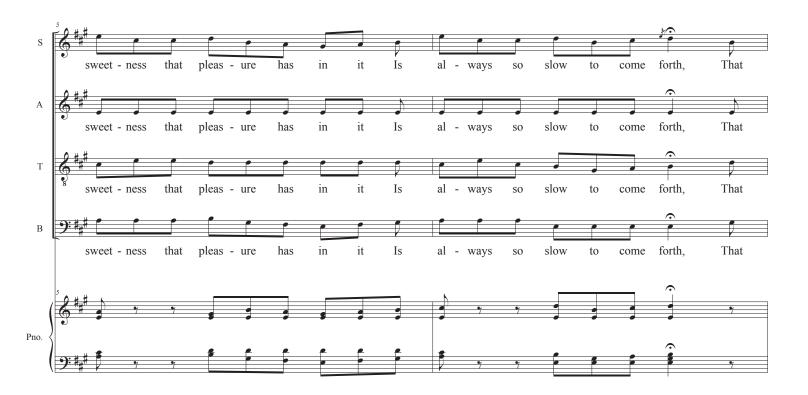
M. W. Balfe

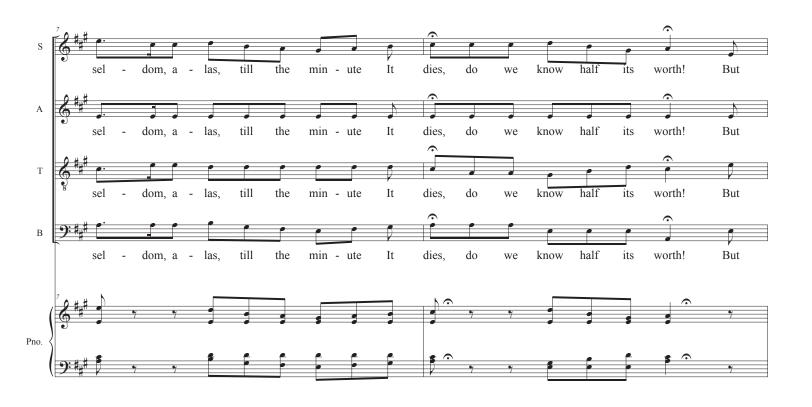


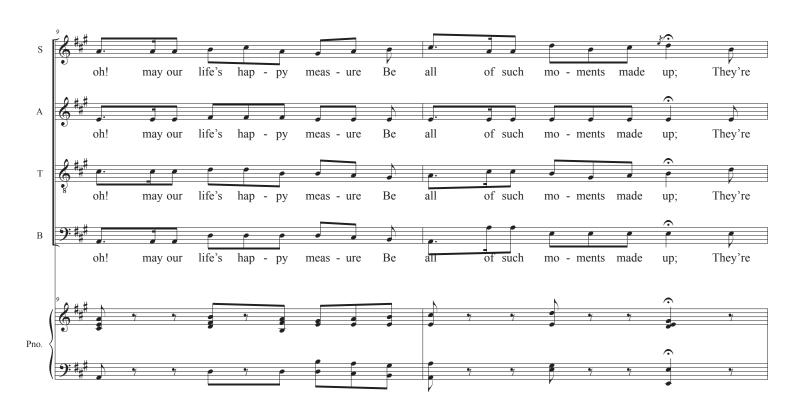


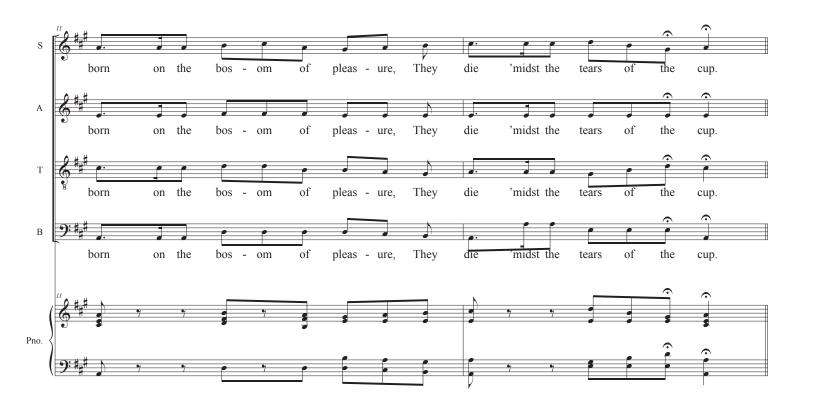
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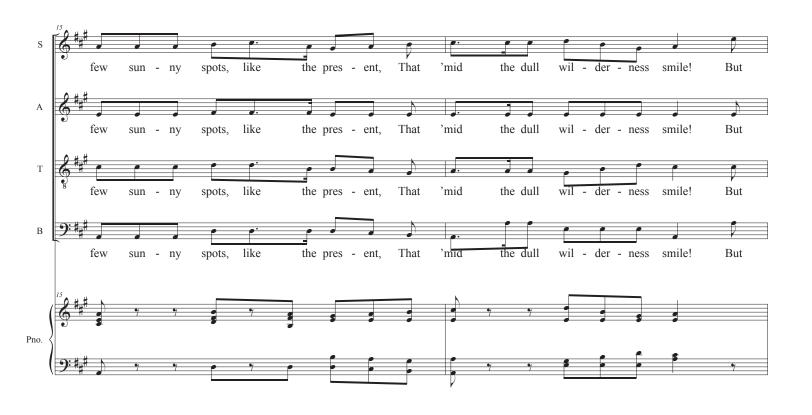






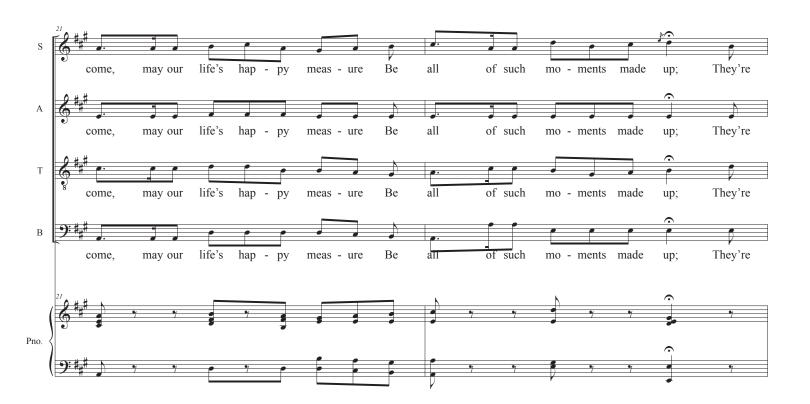






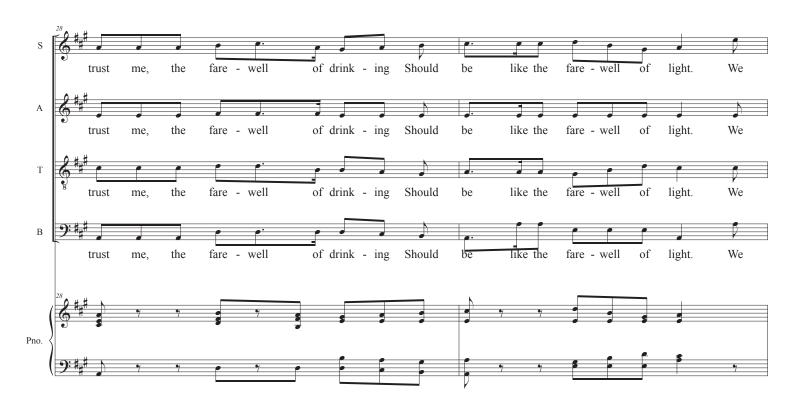


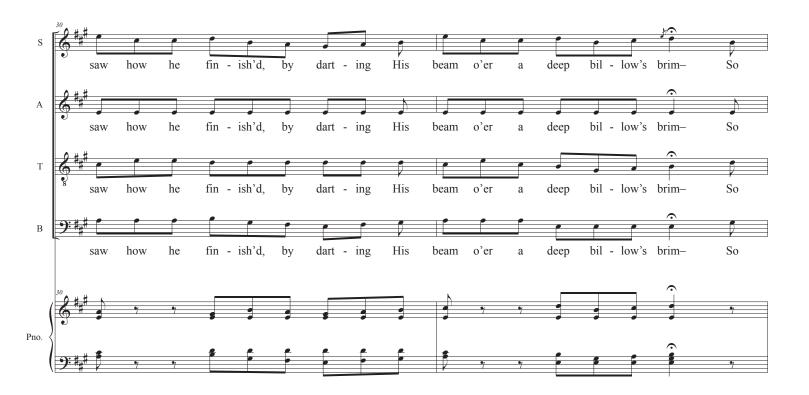


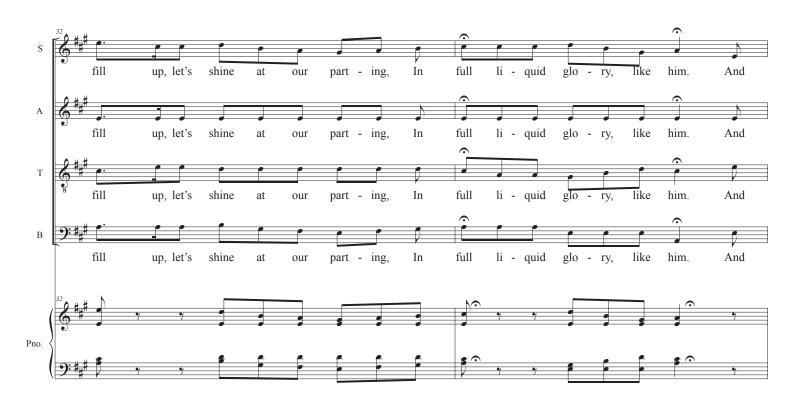




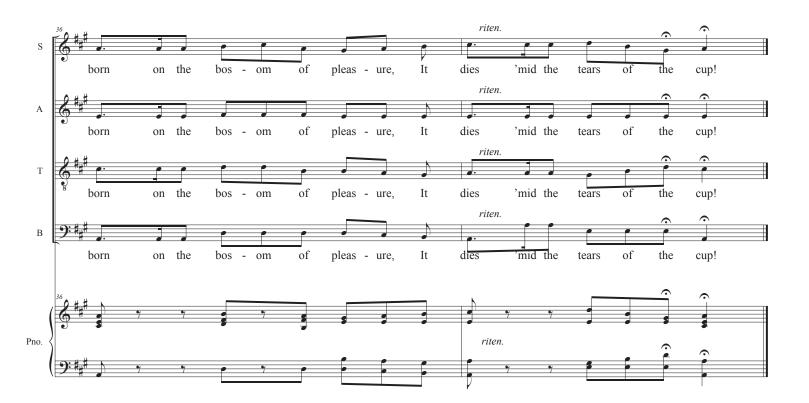












J. Alfred Novello (1859)

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.

One bumper at parting — though many Have circled the board since we met, The fullest, the saddest of any, Remains to be crown'd by us yet. The sweetness that pleasure has in it Is always so slow to come forth, That seldom, alas, till the minute It dies, do we know half its worth! But oh! may our life's happy measure Be all of such moments made up; They're born on the bosom of pleasure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

Though life as we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours —
Ah! never doth Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flow'rs.
But come, may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

How brilliant the sun look'd in sinking! The waters beneath him how bright! Oh! trust me, the farewell of drinking Should be like the farewell of light. We saw how he finish'd, by darting His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—So fill up, let's shine at our parting, In full liquid glory, like him. And oh! may our life's happy measure Of moments like this be made up! 'Twas born on the bosom of pleasure, It dies 'mid the tears of the cup!

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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