



one ðumper
at partínz

AIR: MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING

míchael tuíllíam Balfe
(1808-1870)

one bumper at parting

M. W. Balfe

Animato

S *mf* One bum - per at part - ing- tho' man - y Have cir - cled the board since we met, The

A *mf* One bum - per at part - ing- tho' man - y Have cir - cled the board since we met, The

T *mf* One bum - per at part - ing- tho' man - y Have cir - cled the board since we met, The

B *mf* One bum - per at part - ing- tho' man - y Have cir - cled the board since we met, The

Animato

Piano *mf* *rf*

one bumper at parting

3

S full - est, the sad - dest of an - y, Re - mains to be crown'd by us yet. The

A full - est, the sad - dest of an - y, Re - mains to be crown'd by us yet. The

T full - est, the sad - dest of an - y, Re - mains to be crown'd by us yet. The

B full - est, the sad - dest of an - y, Re - mains to be crown'd by us yet. The

Pno.

5

S sweet - ness that pleas - ure has in it Is al - ways so slow to come forth, That

A sweet - ness that pleas - ure has in it Is al - ways so slow to come forth, That

T sweet - ness that pleas - ure has in it Is al - ways so slow to come forth, That

B sweet - ness that pleas - ure has in it Is al - ways so slow to come forth, That

Pno.

one bumper at parting

7

S sel - dom, a - las, till the min - ute It dies, do we know half its worth! But

A sel - dom, a - las, till the min - ute It dies, do we know half its worth! But

T sel - dom, a - las, till the min - ute It dies, do we know half its worth! But

B sel - dom, a - las, till the min - ute It dies, do we know half its worth! But

Pno.

9

S oh! may our life's hap - py meas - ure Be all of such mo - ments made up; They're

A oh! may our life's hap - py meas - ure Be all of such mo - ments made up; They're

T oh! may our life's hap - py meas - ure Be all of such mo - ments made up; They're

B oh! may our life's hap - py meas - ure Be all of such mo - ments made up; They're

Pno.

one bumper at parting



Soprano (S): born on the bos - om of pleas - ure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

Alto (A): born on the bos - om of pleas - ure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

Tenor (T): born on the bos - om of pleas - ure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

Bass (B): born on the bos - om of pleas - ure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

Piano (Pno.): Accompaniment for the first system.



Soprano (S): *mf* Thro' life as we jour - ney, how pleas - ant To pause and in - hab - it a - while Those

Alto (A): *mf* Thro' life as we jour - ney, how pleas - ant To pause and in - hab - it a - while Those

Tenor (T): *mf* Thro' life as we jour - ney, how pleas - ant To pause and in - hab - it a - while Those

Bass (B): *mf* Thro' life as we jour - ney, how pleas - ant To pause and in - hab - it a - while Those

Piano (Pno.): *mf* Accompaniment for the second system, ending with a *ff* dynamic marking.

one bumper at parting

15

S
few sun - ny spots, like the pres - ent, That 'mid the dull wil - der - ness smile! But

A
few sun - ny spots, like the pres - ent, That 'mid the dull wil - der - ness smile! But

T
8
few sun - ny spots, like the pres - ent, That 'mid the dull wil - der - ness smile! But

B
few sun - ny spots, like the pres - ent, That 'mid the dull wil - der - ness smile! But

Pno.

17

S
Time, like a pit - i - less mas - ter, Cries "On - ward!" and spurs the gay hours— Ah!

A
Time, like a pit - i - less mas - ter, Cries "On - ward!" and spurs the gay hours— Ah!

T
8
Time, like a pit - i - less mas - ter, Cries "On - ward!" and spurs the gay hours— Ah!

B
Time, like a pit - i - less mas - ter, Cries "On - ward!" and spurs the gay hours— Ah!

Pno.

one bumper at parting

19

S
nev - er doth Time trav - el fast - er, Than when his way lies a - mong flow'rs. But

A
nev - er doth Time trav - el fast - er, Than when his way lies a - mong flow'rs. But

T
nev - er doth Time trav - el fast - er, Than when his way lies a - mong flow'rs. But

B
nev - er doth Time trav - el fast - er, Than when his way lies a - mong flow'rs. But

Pno.

21

S
come, may our life's hap - py meas - ure Be all of such mo - ments made up; They're

A
come, may our life's hap - py meas - ure Be all of such mo - ments made up; They're

T
come, may our life's hap - py meas - ure Be all of such mo - ments made up; They're

B
come, may our life's hap - py meas - ure Be all of such mo - ments made up; They're

Pno.

one bumper at parting

23 *riten.*

S born on the bos - om of pleas - ure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

A born on the bos - om of pleas - ure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

T born on the bos - om of pleas - ure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

B born on the bos - om of pleas - ure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

Pno. *riten.*

25 *mf*

S How bril - liant the sun look'd in sink - ing! The wa - ters be - neath him how bright! Oh!

A How bril - liant the sun look'd in sink - ing! The wa - ters be - neath him how bright! Oh!

T How bril - liant the sun look'd in sink - ing! The wa - ters be - neath him how bright! Oh!

B How bril - liant the sun look'd in sink - ing! The wa - ters be - neath him how bright! Oh!

Pno. *mf*

one bumper at parting

28

S trust me, the fare - well of drink - ing Should be like the fare - well of light. We

A trust me, the fare - well of drink - ing Should be like the fare - well of light. We

T trust me, the fare - well of drink - ing Should be like the fare - well of light. We

B trust me, the fare - well of drink - ing Should be like the fare - well of light. We

Pno.

30

S saw how he fin - ish'd, by dart - ing His beam o'er a deep bil - low's brim- So

A saw how he fin - ish'd, by dart - ing His beam o'er a deep bil - low's brim- So

T saw how he fin - ish'd, by dart - ing His beam o'er a deep bil - low's brim- So

B saw how he fin - ish'd, by dart - ing His beam o'er a deep bil - low's brim- So

Pno.

one bumper at parting

32

S fill up, let's shine at our part - ing, In full li - quid glo - ry, like him. And

A fill up, let's shine at our part - ing, In full li - quid glo - ry, like him. And

T fill up, let's shine at our part - ing, In full li - quid glo - ry, like him. And

B fill up, let's shine at our part - ing, In full li - quid glo - ry, like him. And

Pno.

34

S oh! may our life's hap - py meas - ure Of mo - mentslike this be made up! 'Twas

A oh! may our life's hap - py meas - ure Of mo - mentslike this be made up! 'Twas

T oh! may our life's hap - py meas - ure Of mo - mentslike this be made up! 'Twas

B oh! may our life's hap - py meas - ure Of mo - mentslike this be made up! 'Twas

Pno.

one bumper at parting

36 *riten.*
S born on the bos - om of pleas - ure, It dies 'mid the tears of the cup!

A born on the bos - om of pleas - ure, It dies 'mid the tears of the cup!

T born on the bos - om of pleas - ure, It dies 'mid the tears of the cup!

B born on the bos - om of pleas - ure, It dies 'mid the tears of the cup!

36 *riten.*
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.

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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