



oh, had t̃ue some
bríght líttle ísle
of our ot̃ur

AIR: SHEELAH NA GUIRA

míchael tuíllíam Balfe
(1808-1870)

oh, had we some bright little isle of our own

M. W. Balfe

Andantino

Piano

Pno.



oh, had we some bright little isle of our own

S *p* Oh! — had we some bright lit - tle isle of our own, In a

A *p* Oh! had we some bright lit - tle isle of our own, In a

T *p* Oh! — had we some bright lit - tle isle of our own, In a

B *p* Oh! had we some bright lit - tle isle of our own, In a

Pno. *p*

S ¹³ blue sum - mer o - cean, far off and a - lone, Where a

A ¹³ blue sum - mer o - cean, far off and a - lone, Where a

T ¹³ blue sum - mer o - cean, far — off and a - lone, Where a

B ¹³ blue sum - mer o - cean, far off and a - lone, Where a

Pno. ¹³

oh, had we some bright little isle of our own

17

S leaf nev - er dies in the still bloom - ing bow'rs, And the

A leaf nev - er dies in the still bloom - ing bow'rs, And the

T leaf nev - er dies in the still bloom - ing bow'rs, And the

B leaf nev - er dies in the still bloom - ing bow'rs, And the

Pno.

21

S bee__ ban - quets__ on thro' a whole year of flow'rs; *f* Where the

A bee ban - quets on thro' a whole year of flow'rs; *f* Where the

T bee__ ban - quets__ on thro' a whole year of flow'rs; *f* Where the

B bee ban - quets on thro' a whole year of flow'rs; *f* Where the

Pno.

oh, had we some bright little isle of our own

25

S
sun loves to pause With so fond a de - lay, That the

A
sun loves to pause With so fond a de - lay, That the

T
sun loves to pause With so fond a de - lay, That the

B
sun loves to pause With so fond a de - lay, That the

Pno.

29

S
night on - ly draws A thin veil o'er the day; Where

A
night on - ly draws A thin veil o'er the day; Where

T
night on - ly draws A thin veil o'er the day; Where

B
night on - ly draws A thin veil o'er the day; Where

Pno.

oh, had we some bright little isle of our own

33

S
sim - ply to feel that we breathe, that we live, _____ Is

A
sim - ply to feel that we breathe, that we live, _____ Is

T
sim - ply to feel that we breathe, that we live, _____ Is

B
sim - ply to feel that we breathe, that we live, _____ Is

Pno.

37

S
worth _____ the _____ best _____ joy that life else - where can give. *riten.*

A
worth the best joy that life else - where can give. *riten.*

T
worth _____ the _____ best _____ joy that life else - where can give. *riten.*

B
worth the best joy that life else - where can give. *riten.*

Pno.

oh, had we some bright little isle of our own

Pno.

p

Pno.

S

p

There with souls ev - er ar - dent and pure as the clime, We should

A

p

There with souls ev - er ar - dent and pure as the clime, We should

T

p

There with souls ev - er ar - dent and pure as the clime, We should

B

p

There with souls ev - er ar - dent and pure as the clime, We should

Pno.

oh, had we some bright little isle of our own

54

S love, as they lov'd in the first gold - en time; The _____

A love, as they lov'd in the first gold - en time; The

T love, as they lov'd in the first gold - en time; The _____

B love, as they lov'd in the first gold - en time; The

Pno.

58

S glow of the sun - shine, the balm of the air, Would _____

A glow of the sun - shine, the balm of the air, Would

T glow of the sun - shine, the balm of the air, Would _____

B glow of the sun - shine, the balm of the air, Would

Pno.

oh, had we some bright little isle of our own

62

S steal to our hearts, and make all summer there. With af -

A steal to our hearts, and make all summer there. With af -

T steal to our hearts, and make all summer there. With af -

B steal to our hearts, and make all summer there. With af -

Pno.

66

S fec - tion as free From de - cline as the bow'rs, And, with

A fec - tion as free From de - cline as the bow'rs, And, with

T fec - tion as free From de - cline as the bow'rs, And, with

B fec - tion as free From de - cline as the bow'rs, And, with

Pno.

oh, had we some bright little isle of our own

70

S hope, like the bee, Liv - ing al - ways on flow'rs, Our — *p*

A hope, like the bee, Liv - ing al - ways on flow'rs, Our — *p*

T hope, like the bee, Liv - ing al - ways — on flow'rs, Our — *p*

B hope, like the bee, Liv - ing al - ways on — flow'rs, Our — *p*

Pno. *p*

74

S life should re - sem - ble a long day of light, And our

A life should re - sem - ble a long day of light, And our

T life should re - sem - ble a long day of light, And our

B life should re - sem - ble a long day of light, And our

Pno. *p*

78 *riten.*
 S death — come — on, — ho - ly and calm as the night.
 A death come on, ho - ly and calm as the night. *riten.*
 T death — come — on, — ho - ly and calm as the night. *riten.*
 B death come on, ho - ly and calm as the night. *riten.*

78 *riten.*
 Pno. *riten.*

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.

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And, with hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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