



o thínk not
my spírítS

AIR: JOHN O'REILLY THE ACTIVE

míchael tuíllíam Balfe
(1808-1870)

O think not my spirits

M. W. Balfe

Allegretto moderato

Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), and Bass (B) vocal staves. Each staff begins with a treble clef (S, A, T) or bass clef (B) and a key signature of one flat. The music is in 6/8 time. The vocal lines are mostly rests, with a final note on the word "Oh!" in each part, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

Allegretto moderato

Piano accompaniment. The right hand (treble clef) plays a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand (bass clef) plays a bass line of eighth notes. The piece is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.



o think not my spir - its

5

S think not my spir - its are al - ways as light, And as free from a pang as they

A think not my spir - its are al - ways as light, And as free from a pang as they

T think not my spir - its are al - ways as light, And as free from a pang as they

B think not my spir - its are al - ways as light, And as free from a pang as they

Pno.

8

S seem to you now, Nor ex - pect that the heart - beam - ing smile of to-night Will re -

A seem to you now, Nor ex - pect that the heart - beam - ing smile of to-night Will re -

T seem to you now, Nor ex - pect that the heart - beam - ing smile of to-night Will re -

B seem to you now, Nor ex - pect that the heart - beam - ing smile of to-night Will re -

Pno.

o think not my spirits

11

S
turn with to - mor - row to bright - en my brow. No:— life is a waste of

A
turn with to - mor - row to bright - en my brow. No:— life is a waste of

T
turn with to - mor - row to bright - en my brow. No:— life is a waste of

B
turn with to - mor - row to bright - en my brow. No:— life is a waste of

Pno.

14

S
wear - i - some hours,— Which sel - dom the rose of en - joy - ment a - dorns; And the

A
wear - i - some hours,— Which sel - dom the rose of en - joy - ment a - dorns; And the

T
wear - i - some hours,— Which sel - dom the rose of en - joy - ment a - dorns; And the

B
wear - i - some hours, Which sel - dom the rose of en - joy - ment a - dorns; And the

Pno.

o think not my spiri'ts

17

S heart that is soon - est a - wake to the flow'rs, Is a - lways the first to be

A heart that is soon - est a - wake to the flow'rs, Is a - lways the first to be

T heart that is soon - est a - wake to the flow'rs, Is a - lways the first to be

B heart that is soon - est a - wake to the flow'rs, Is a - lways the first to be

Pno.

20

S touch'd by the thorns. But send round the bowl, and be hap - py a - while— May we

A touch'd by the thorns. But send round the bowl, and be hap - py a - while— May we

T touch'd by the thorns. But send round the bowl, and be hap - py a - while— May we

B touch'd by the thorns. But send round the bowl, and be hap - py a - while— May we

Pno.

o think not my spiriTs

23

S
nev - er meet worse, in our pil - grim-age here, Than the tear that en - joy - ment may

A
nev - er meet worse, in our pil - grim-age here, Than the tear that en - joy - ment may

T
nev - er meet worse, in our pil - grim-age here, Than the tear that en - joy - ment may

B
nev - er meet worse, in our pil - grim-age here, Than the tear that en - joy - ment may

Pno.

26

S
gild with a smile, And the smile that com - pas - sion can turn to a tear.

A
gild with a smile, And the smile that com - pas - sion can turn to a tear.

T
gild with a smile, And the smile that com - pas - sion can turn to a tear.

B
gild with a smile, And the smile that com - pas - sion can turn to a tear.

Pno.

o think not my spiríts

29

S
A
T
B

The
The
The
The

Pno.

33

S
A
T
B

thread of our life would be dark, Heav - en knows If it were not with friend - ship and
thread of our life would be dark, Heav - en knows If it were not with friend - ship and
thread of our life would be dark, Heav - en knows If it were not with friend - ship and
thread of our life would be dark, Heav - en knows If it were not with friend - ship and

Pno.

o think not my spirits

36

S love in - ter - twin'd; And I care not how soon I may sink to re - pose, When these

A love in - ter - twin'd; And I care not how soon I may sink to re - pose, When these

T love in - ter - twin'd; And I care not how soon I may sink to re - pose, When these

B love in - ter - twin'd; And I care not how soon I may sink to re - pose, When these

Pno.

39

S bless - ings shall cease to be dear to my mind. But they who have loved the

A bless - ings shall cease to be dear to my mind. But they who have loved the

T bless - ings shall cease to be dear to my mind. But they who have loved the

B bless - ings shall cease to be dear to my mind. But they who have loved the

Pno.

o think not my spirits

42

S
fond - est, the pur - est, Too of - ten have wept o'er the dream they be - liev'd; And the

A
fond - est, the pur - est, Too of - ten have wept o'er the dream they be - liev'd; And the

T
fond - est, the pur - est, Too of - ten have wept o'er the dream they be - liev'd; And the

B
fond - est, the pur - est, Too of - ten have wept o'er the dream they be - liev'd; And the

Pno.

45

S
heart that has slum - ber'd in friend - ship se - cur - est Is hap - py in - deed if 'twas

A
heart that has slum - ber'd in friend - ship se - cur - est Is hap - py in - deed if 'twas

T
heart that has slum - ber'd in friend - ship se - cur - est Is hap - py in - deed if 'twas

B
heart that has slum - ber'd in friend - ship se - cur - est Is hap - py in - deed if 'twas

Pno.

o think not my spirits

48

S
nev - er de - ceiv'd. But send round the bowl; while a rel - ic of truth Is in

A
nev - er de - ceiv'd. But send round the bowl; while a rel - ic of truth Is in

T
nev - er de - ceiv'd. But send round the bowl; while a rel - ic of truth Is in

B
nev - er de - ceiv'd. But send round the bowl; while a rel - ic of truth Is in

Pno.

51

S
man or in wom - an, this pray'r shall be mine,— That the sun - shine of love may il -

A
man or in wom - an, this pray'r shall be mine,— That the sun - shine of love may il -

T
man or in wom - an, this pray'r shall be mine,— That the sun - shine of love may il -

B
man or in wom - an, this pray'r shall be mine,— That the sun - shine of love may il -

Pno.

o think not my spiriTs

54

S
lu - mine our youth, And the moon - light of friend - ship con - sole our de - cline.

A
lu - mine our youth, And the moon - light of friend - ship con - sole our de - cline.

T
lu - mine our youth, And the moon - light of friend - ship con - sole our de - cline.

B
lu - mine our youth, And the moon - light of friend - ship con - sole our de - cline.

54

Pno.

rall.

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! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now,
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No: — life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile —
May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.
But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine, —
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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