



how dear to me  
the hour

AIR: THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE

michael wílliam Balfe  
(1808-1870)

# how dear to me the hour

M. W. Balfe

Andante

S  
A  
T  
B

*p*  
How  
*p*  
How  
*p*  
How  
*p*  
How

Andante

Piano

*mf*  
*f*

# how dear to me the hour

3

S dear to me the hour when day - light dies, And sun - beams melt a - long the

A dear to me the hour when day - light dies, And sun - beams melt a - long the

T dear to me the hour when day - light dies, And sun - beams melt a - long the

B dear to me the hour when day - light dies, And sun - beams melt a - long the

Pno. *p*

6

S si - lent sea, For then sweet dreams of oth - er days a - rise, And

A si - lent sea, And

T si - lent sea, For dreams of oth - er days a - rise, And

B si - lent sea, And

Pno. *f* *p*

## how dear to me the hour

9

S  
mem - 'ry breathes her ves - per — sigh to thee; For then — sweet dreams of — oth - er —

A  
mem - 'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to thee;

T  
mem - 'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to thee; For dreams of — oth - er —

B  
mem - 'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to thee;

Pno.

*riten.* *Adagio* *a tempo* *f*

12

S  
days — a - rise, And mem - 'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to — thee. —

A  
And mem - 'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to — thee. —

T  
days a - rise, And mem - 'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to — thee. —

B  
For dreams a - rise, a - rise, And mem - 'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to — thee. —

Pno.

*riten.* *Adagio*

# how dear to me the hour

Tempo 1

S  
And, *p*

A  
And, *p*

T  
And, *p*

B  
And, *p*

Pno.  
*mf*

19

S  
as I watch the line of light, that plays A - long the smooth wave tow'rd the

A  
as I watch the line of light, that plays A - long the smooth wave tow'rd the

T  
as I watch the line of light, that plays A - long the smooth wave tow'rd the

B  
as I watch the line of light, that plays A - long the smooth wave tow'rd the

Pno.  
*p*

## how dear to me the hour

22

S  
burn - ing west, I long to tread that gold - en path of rays, And

A  
burn - ing west, And

T  
burn - ing west, I long to tread that path of rays, And

B  
burn - ing west, And

Pno.

25

S  
think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest; I long to tread that gold - en

A  
think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest;

T  
think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest; To tread that gold - en

B  
think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest;

Pno.

*riten.* *Adagio* *a tempo* *f*

*riten.* *Adagio* *a tempo*

*riten.* *Adagio* *a tempo* *f*

*riten.* *Adagio* *a tempo*

*riten.* *Adagio* *a tempo* *f*

# how dear to me the hour

28

S path \_\_\_\_\_ of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of \_\_\_ rest! \_\_\_\_\_

A \_\_\_\_\_ And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of \_\_\_ rest! \_\_\_\_\_

T path \_\_\_\_\_ of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of \_\_\_ rest! \_\_\_\_\_

B That gold-en, gold - en path, And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of \_\_\_ rest! \_\_\_\_\_

Pno.

*riten.* *Adagio*

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.

How dear to me the hour when day-light dies,  
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,  
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,  
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays  
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,  
I long to tread that golden path of rays,  
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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