



the young  
may moon

AIR: THE DANDY O

michael wílliam Balfe  
(1808-1870)

# the young may moon

M. W. Balfe

Allegro

S

A

T

B

Piano

Allegro

*mf*

# the young may moon

S *p* The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow - worm's lamp\_ is gleam - ing, love, How

A *p* The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow - worm's lamp is gleam - ing, love, How

T *p* The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow - worm's lamp\_ is gleam - ing, love, How

B *p* The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow - worm's lamp is gleam - ing, love, How

Pno. *p*

9 S *riten.* *a tempo* sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, When the drow - sy world is dream - ing, love! Then a -

A *riten.* sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, When the drow - sy world is dream - ing, love! Then a -

T *riten.* sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, When the drow - sy world is dream - ing, love! Then a -

B *riten.* sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, When the drow - sy world is dream - ing, love! Then a -

Pno. *riten.* *a tempo*

## the young may moon

13

S  
wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear! 'Tis nev-er too late for de - light, my dear! And the

A  
wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear! 'Tis nev-er too late for de - light, my dear! And the

T  
wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear! 'Tis nev-er too late for de - light, my dear! And the

B  
wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear! 'Tis nev-er too late for de - light, my dear! And the

Pno.

17

*riten.* *a tempo*

S  
best of all ways, To length - en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

A  
*riten.* *f*  
best of all ways, To length - en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

T  
*riten.* *f*  
best of all ways, To length - en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

B  
*riten.* *f*  
best of all ways, To length - en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Pno.

*riten.* *a tempo* *f*

# the young may moon

S  
A  
T  
B

Pno. *mf*

S  
A  
T  
B

Now all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the sage, his star - watch keep - ing, love, And

Now all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the sage, his star - watch keep - ing, love, And

Now all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the sage, his star - watch keep - ing, love, And

Now all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the sage, his star - watch keep - ing, love, And

Pno. *p*

## the young may moon

30 *riten.* *a tempo*

S I, whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case - ment peep - ing, love. Then-a -

A I, whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case - ment peep - ing, love. Then-a -

T I, whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case - ment peep - ing, love. Then-a -

B I, whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case - ment peep - ing, love. Then-a -

Pno. *riten.* *a tempo*

34

S wake, till rise of sun, my dear! The sa - ge's glass we'll shun, my dear; Or, in

A wake, till rise of sun, my dear! The sa - ge's glass we'll shun, my dear; Or, in

T wake, till rise of sun, my dear! The sa - ge's glass we'll shun, my dear; Or, in

B wake, till rise of sun, my dear! The sa - ge's glass we'll shun, my dear; Or, in

Pno.

# the young may moon

38 *riten.* *a tempo*  
S watch - ing the flight Of bod - ies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.  
A watch - ing the flight Of bod - ies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.  
T watch - ing the flight Of bod - ies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.  
B watch - ing the flight Of bod - ies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.

38 *riten.* *a tempo*  
Pno. watch - ing the flight Of bod - ies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.

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.

The young May moon is beaming, love,  
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,  
How sweet to rove  
Through Morma's grove,  
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!  
Then awake! the heavens look bright, my dear!  
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!  
And the best of all ways,  
To lengthen our days,  
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,  
But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,  
And I, whose star,  
More glorious far,  
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.  
Then – awake, till rise of sun, my dear!  
The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear;  
Or, in watching the flight  
Of bodies of light,  
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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