



Nay, tell me not, dear

AIR: DENNIS, DON'T BE THREATENING

Michael William Balfe
(1808-1870)

Allegro

Piano

f *dim.*

S
Nay, tell me not, dear, that the gob - let drowns One charm of feel - ing, one fond re - gret; Be -

A
Nay, tell me not, dear, that the gob - let drowns One charm of feel - ing, one fond re - gret; Be -

T
Nay, tell me not, dear, that the gob - let drowns One charm of feel - ing, one fond re - gret; Be -

B
Nay, tell me not, dear, that the gob - let drowns One charm of feel - ing, one fond re - gret; Be -

Pno. *p*

nay, tell me not, dear

11

S lieve me, a few of thy an - gry frowns Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.

A lieve me, a few of thy an - gry frowns Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.

T lieve me, a few of thy an - gry frowns Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.

B lieve me, a few of thy an - gry frowns Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.

Pno.

15 *cresc.*

S Ne'er hath a beam Been lost in the stream That ev - er was shed from thy form or soul; The

A *cresc.*

A Ne'er hath a beam Been lost in the stream That ev - er was shed from thy form or soul; The

T *cresc.*

T Ne'er hath a beam Been lost in the stream That ev - er was shed from thy form or soul; The

B *cresc.*

B Ne'er hath a beam Been lost in the stream That ev - er was shed from thy form or soul; The

15

Pno.

may, tell me not, dear

19

S spell of those eyes, The balm of thy sighs, Still float on float on the sur - face, and by bowl. Then *p*

A spell of those eyes, The balm of thy sighs, Still float on the sur - face, and hal - low by bowl. Then *p*

T spell of those eyes, The balm of thy sighs, Still float on the sur - face, and hal - low by bowl. Then *p*

B spell of those eyes, The balm of thy sighs, Still float on the sur - face, and hal - low by bowl. Then *p*

Pno.

23

S fan - cy not, dear - est, that wine can steal One bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like

A fan - cy not, dear - est, that wine can steal One bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like

T fan - cy not, dear - est, that wine can steal One bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like

B fan - cy not, dear - est, that wine can steal One bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like

Pno. *p*

may, tell me not, dear

27

S
founts that a - wak - en the pil - grim's zeal, The bowl but bright - ens my love for thee.

A
founts that a - wak - en the pil - grim's zeal, The bowl but bright - ens my love for thee.

T
founts that a - wak - en the pil - grim's zeal, The bowl but bright - ens my love for thee.

B
founts that a - wak - en the pil - grim's zeal, The bowl but bright - ens my love for thee.

Pno.

31

S

A

T

B

Pno.

f

dim.

nay, tell me not, dear

37

S *p* They tell us the Love in his fair - y bow'r Had two blush-ros - es, of birth di - vine; He

A *p* They tell us the Love in his fair - y bow'r Had two blush-ros - es, of birth di - vine; He

T *p* They tell us the Love in his fair - y bow'r Had two blush-ros - es, of birth di - vine; He

B *p* They tell us the Love in his fair - y bow'r Had two blush-ros - es, of birth di - vine; He

Pno. *p*

42

S sprin - kled the one with a rain - bow'sshow'r, But bath'd the oth - er with man - tling wine.

A sprin - kled the one with a rain - bow'sshow'r, But bath'd the oth - er with man - tling wine.

T sprin - kled the one with a rain - bow'sshow'r, But bath'd the oth - er with man - tling wine.

B sprin - kled the one with a rain - bow'sshow'r, But bath'd the oth - er with man - tling wine.

Pno.

nay, tell me not, dear

46 *cresc.*

S
Soon did the buds That drunk of the floods Di - still'd by the rain - bow de - cline and fade; While

A
Soon did the buds That drunk of the floods Di - still'd by the rain - bow de - cline and fade; While

T
Soon did the buds That drunk of the floods Di - still'd by the rain - bow de - cline and fade; While

B
Soon did the buds That drunk of the floods Di - still'd by the rain - bow de - cline and fade; While

Pno.

50

S
those which the tide Of ru - by had dyed All blush'd in - to beau - ty, like thee, — sweet maid! Then *p*

A
those which the tide Of ru - by had dyed All blush'd in - to beau - ty, like thee, — sweet maid! Then *p*

T
those which the tide Of ru - by had dyed All blush'd in - to beau - ty, like thee, sweet maid! Then *p*

B
those which the tide Of ru - by had dyed All blush'd in - to beau - ty, like thee, sweet maid! Then *p*

Pno.

nay, tell me not, dear

54

S
fan - cy not, dear - est, that wine can steal One bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like

A
fan - cy not, dear - est, that wine can steal One bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like

T
fan - cy not, dear - est, that wine can steal One bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like

B
fan - cy not, dear - est, that wine can steal One bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like

Pno.
p

58

S
founts that a - wak - en the pil - grim's zeal, The bowl but bright - ens my love for thee.

A
founts that a - wak - en the pil - grim's zeal, The bowl but bright - ens my love for thee.

T
founts that a - wak - en the pil - grim's zeal, The bowl but bright - ens my love for thee.

B
founts that a - wak - en the pil - grim's zeal, The bowl but bright - ens my love for thee.

Pno.

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.

Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The spell of those eyes,
The balm of thy sighs,
Still float on the surface, and hallow by bowl.
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us the Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bathed the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds
That drunk of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow decline and fade;
While those which the tide
Of ruby had dyed
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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