

Oft in the Stilly Night

THOMAS MOORE

Andantino

1. Oft in the still - y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me,
 2. When I re - mem - ber all The friends, so link'd to - geth - er,
 D.C.—Thus, in the still - y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me.

Fond mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.
 I've seen a - round me fall, Like leaves in win - try weath - er,
 Sad mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

The smiles, the tears Of boy-hood's years, The words of love then spo - ken. The
 I feel like one Who treads a - lone Some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose

eyes that shone, Now dimm'd and gone, The cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken!
 lights are fled, Whose gar - lands dead, And all but he de - part - ed.

D.C.

FIN