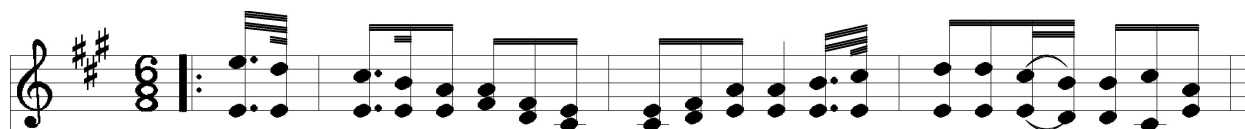


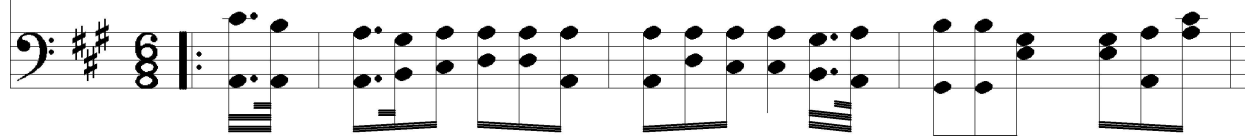
The Meeting of the Waters

Thomas Moore

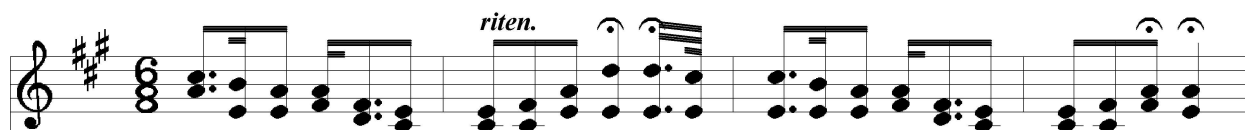
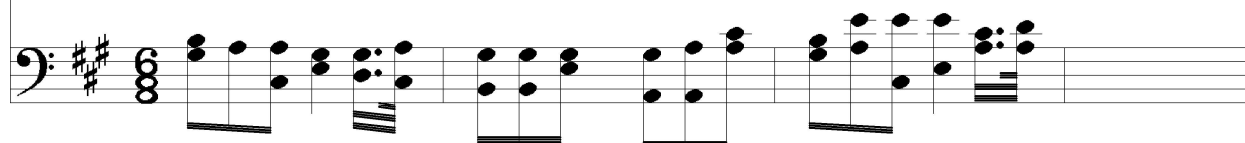
Sir John Stevenson



1. There is not in the wide world a val-ley so sweet, as that vale in whose_ bos- som the
2. Twas that friends, the be-loved of my bos-om, were near. Who_ made ev-'ry dear_ scenes of en-

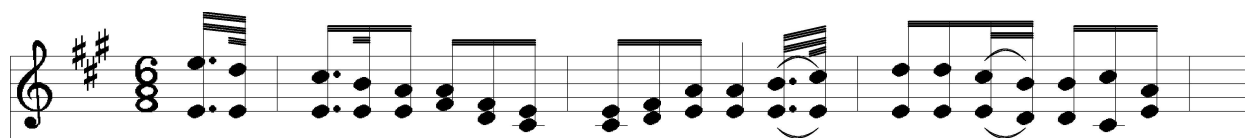


- 1 bright wa-ters meet; Oh, the last rays of___ feel-ing and life must de -part, Ere the
2. chant-ment more dear, and who felt how the___ best charms of na-ture i -prove, when we

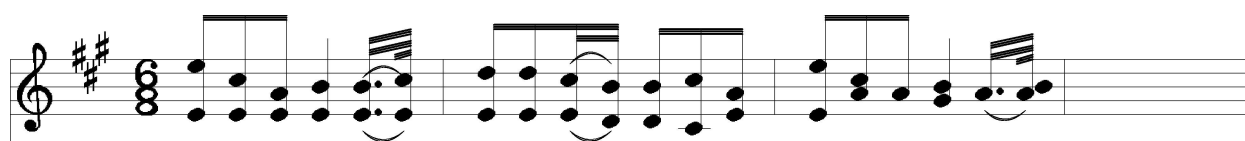
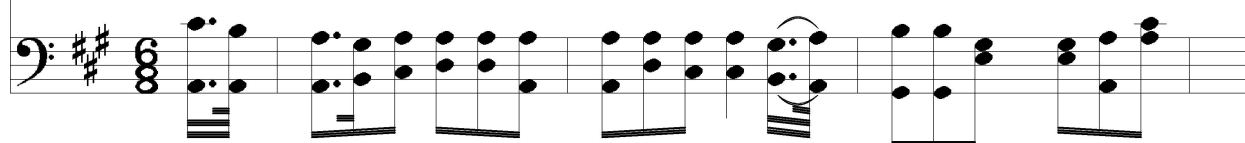


- 1 bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart
2. see them re - flec-ted from looks that we love. When we see them re - flec-ted from looks that we love.

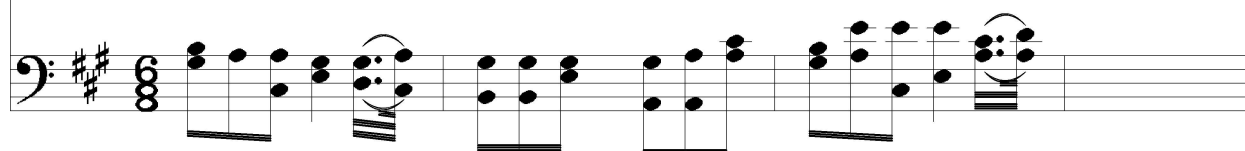




1. Yet it was not that na - ture had shed o'er that scene Her__ pur-est of__ cry-stal and
2. Ah! Sweet vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest, In thy bos-om of__ shade with the



1. bright-est of green; 'Twas__ not her soft__ ma-gic of stream-let or hill. Oh!__
2. friends I love best, Where the storms that we__ feel in this cold world should cease. And our



1. no- it was some-thing more ex-qui-sit still. Oh__ no- it was some-thing more ex - qui - sit still.
2. hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min-gled in peace. And our hearts, like thy wa-ters, be min-gled in peace.

