

sings in his boat on the bay! Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 sound of a voice that is still! Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

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.