

# Oft in the stilly night

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

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

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, *Fine*

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. al Fine*