

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

Scotch Air

*p* *p* *p*

1. Oft in the stil - ly night, Ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me, Fond mem - 'ry  
2. When I re - mem - ber all The friends so link'd to - geth - er, I've seen a -

*p* *mf cresc.* *f*

brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me. The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years, The  
round me fall Like leaves in autumn weath - er, I feel like one who treads a - lone Some

*f*

words of love then spo - ken, The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The  
ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, And

*rit.* *pp*

cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken!  
all but he de - part - ed. Thus, in the stil - ly night, Ere slum - ber's chain hath

*pp* *pp* *rit.*

bound me, Sad mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.