

# Thomas Moore Medley

arr. by Philip Martin

It is not the tear at this moment shed Th. Moore

Moderato

*espressura* *It* is not the tear at this

mo-ment shed, When the cold huf has just breakt o'er him, That can tell how be-laid was the

Friend that's Fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de-plore him. 'Tis the tear, thro' ma-my a

long day wept 'Tis life's whole path o'er shad-ed, 'Tis the y one re-membrance

Fond-ly kept When all light-er griefs have Fad-ed. *8v*

Thy his mem-ory, like some ho-ly light, kept a-

live in our hearts will im-prove them, For worth shall look fair-er and truth more bright When we  
fit - as before  
as before

think how he lived but to love them And as fresh-er flowers the sad per-fume Where  
accompaniment as before

low-ied - saints are ly-ing So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom, From the  
as before

im-age he left there in dy-ing. poco rit..

# The Meeting of the Waters

There is

## Allegretto grazioso

not in the wide world a vall-ey so sweet, As that vale in whose bosom the bright wa-ters meet; Oh, the

last rays of fee-ling and life must de-part, Ere the bloom of that vall-ey shall fade from my heart, Ere the

bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that hat-we had