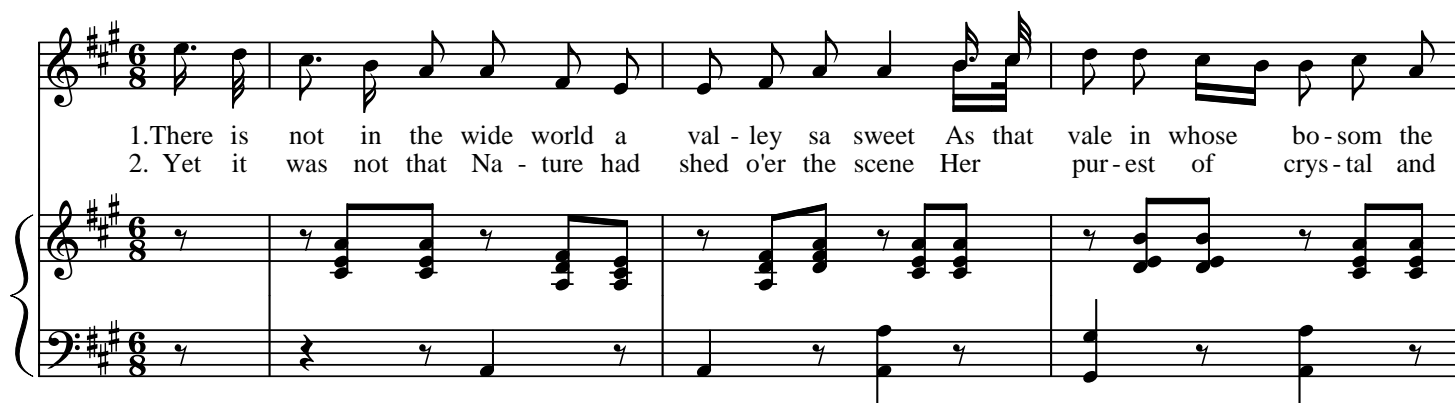


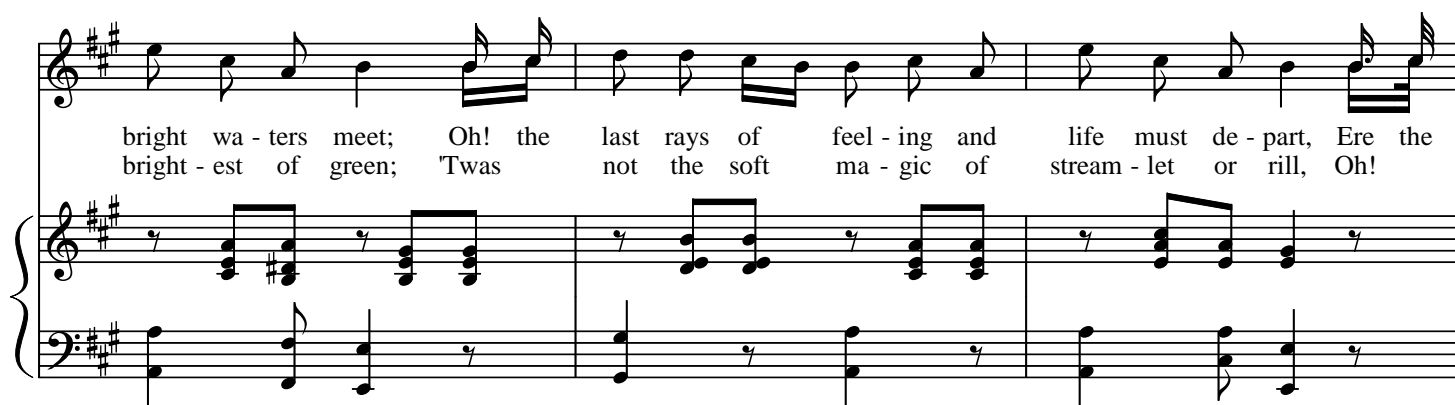
The meeting of the waters

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

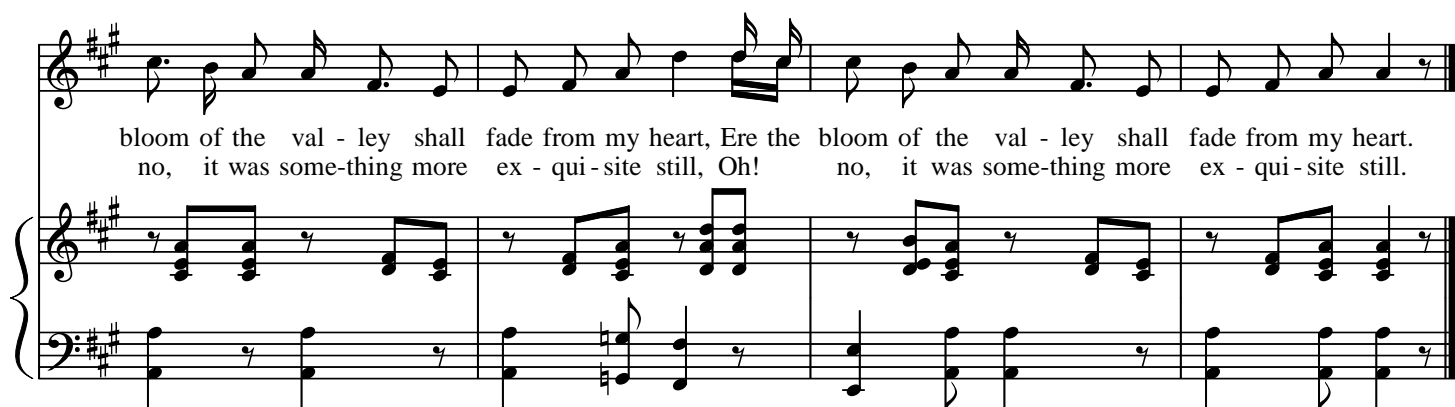
Irish traditional



1. There is not in the wide world a val - ley sa sweet As that vale in whose bo - som the
2. Yet it was not that Na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her pur - est of crys - tal and



bright wa - ters meet; Oh! the last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the
bright - est of green; 'Twas not the soft ma - gic of stream - let or rill, Oh!



bloom of the val - ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of the val - ley shall fade from my heart.
no, it was some - thing more ex - qui - site still, Oh! no, it was some - thing more ex - qui - site still.

3. 'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.
4. Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

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