

On Music

Words: Thomas Moore (1779-1852)  
Tune: The Banks of Banna

1. When through life un - - blest we\_\_ rove, Los - ing all that\_\_ made life dear,  
2. Like the gale that\_\_ sighs a - - long Beds of or - i - - en - tal flowers,  
3. Mu - sic! Oh! how\_\_ faint, how\_\_ weak, Lang - uage fades be - - fore thy spell!

Should some notes\_\_ we\_\_ us'd to love,\_\_ In\_\_ days of boy - hood, meet our ear,  
In the grate - ful\_\_ breath of song,\_\_ That\_\_ once was heard in hap - pier hours:  
Why should feel - ing\_\_ ev - er speak,\_\_ When\_\_ thou canst breathe her soul so well!

Oh! how wel - come breathes the\_\_ strain, Wak - 'ning thoughts that\_\_ long have slept,  
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs\_\_ on, Though the flowers have\_\_ sunk in death;  
Friend - ship's balm - y words may\_\_ feign, Love's are ev'n more\_\_ false than they;

Kind - ling form - er\_\_ smiles a - gain,\_\_ In\_\_ fad - ed eyes\_\_ that\_\_ long have wept.  
So, when plea - sure's\_\_ dream is gone,\_\_ Its\_\_ mem - ory lives\_\_ in\_\_ mu - sic's breath!  
Oh! 'tis on - - ly\_\_ mus - ic's strain\_\_ Can\_\_ sweet - ly soothe, - and\_\_ not be - tray!