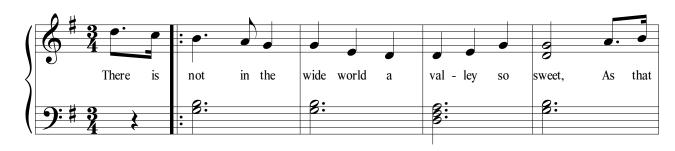
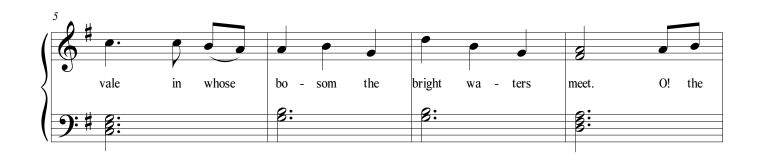
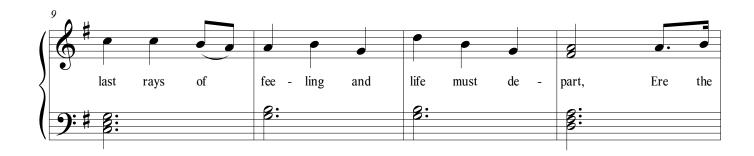
The Meeting of the Waters

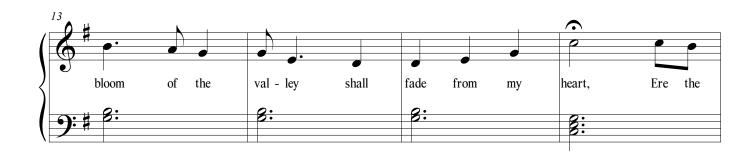
lyrics by Thomas Moore

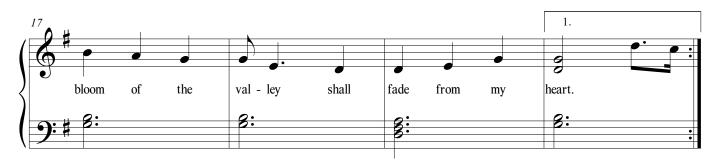
traditional Irish melody arranged by Eleanor Gow













Yet it was not that nature has shed o'er the scene, Her purest of crystal and brightest of green: 'Twas ot the soft magic of stramlet or rill, Oh no, it was something more exquisite still. Oh no, it was something more exquisite still.

'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 osf nature improve When we see them reflected from looks that we love. When we see then reflected from looks that we love.

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. And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.