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Music by: James Mulholland

When thro' life unblest we rove

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losing all that made life dear.

should some notes we used to love.
in days of

lost all that made life dear. Should some notes we used to love. In days of
childhood meet our ears.

Oh, how we welcome

breathe the strain.

A Little Faster $d=60$

A Tempo

-for perusal only-
Ah, Kindling for mer

Move Tempo

Ah, Kindling for mer

Move Tempo

smiles Kindling for mer

smiles In faded eyes

gain

thoughts, that long have slept,
Rit.

... long wept... 

p Tempo Primo  \( \text{d} = 54 \)

Oh, how welcome breathes the

f More Motion

... strain, waking thoughts that
long have slept, Kindling

for former smiles again

Slower

Rall.

Slower

Rall.
Music, wept.

A Tempo

Rit.

oh how faint, how faint,

Language fades before thy

For Perusal Only
spell. Why should feeling

ever speak When thou canst

breathe her soul so well.
Music, oh how faint, how faint, Language fades be for thy spell.

For Perusal Only
ff $d = 72 \ (Not \ too \ Slow)$

Friend - ships balm my words may

ff $d = 72 \ (Not \ too \ Slow)$

No Breath feign, Love's are e'en more

false than they; Oh! 'tis
Oh! 'tis only music's strain Can sweetly soothe and
Men sing falsetto
pp Slow

not betray.

Rit.

ppp

Music!