

1848

Though the Day of My Destiny's Over

Alexander Lee

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THOUGH THE DAY OF MY DESTINY'S OVER

Words by

Lord Byron

Music by

ALEXANDER LEE.

BOSTON, Published by OLIVER DITSON 135 Washington St.

MODERATO.

Tho' the day of my des - tiny's o - ver, And the star of my fate hath de - clin'd, Thy

soft heart refused to dis - co - - ver The faults that so ma - ny could find;

August 18 2. 1850
 Nov. 18 2. March 1850

Tho' thy soul with my grief was acquainted, It shrunk not to share it with

me, And the love which my spirit hath pain - ted, It - - ne - ver hath found but in

thee. And the love which my spirit hath painted It - - - - ne - ver hath

or It - - - - never hath

found but in thee. . . .

Corno.

Yet I blame not the world, nor des-pise it, Nor the war of the many with

one— If my soul was not fitted to prize it, 'Twas fol-ly not

sooner to shun: And if dear-ly that er-ror has

cost me, And more than I once could fore-see, I have

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found that, what-e-ver it lost me, It could not de-prise me of thee,

or

I have found that, what-e - - ver it lost me, It could not de -

prise me of thee.

Corno.

3

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,
 Thus much I at least may recall,
 It hath taught me that what I most cherished
 Deserved to be dearest of all.
 In the desert a fountain is springing,
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,
 And a bird in the solitude singing,
 Which speaks to my spirit of thee.
 And a bird &c.