

Classic Poetry Series

Thomas Moore
- poems -

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Thomas Moore(28 May 1779 – 25 February 1852)

Thomas Moore is an Irish poet, singer, songwriter, and entertainer, now best remembered for the lyrics of *The Minstrel Boy* and *The Last Rose of Summer*. He was responsible, with John Murray, for burning Lord Byron's memoirs after his death. In his lifetime he was often referred to as Anacreon Moore.

Early Life

Thomas Moore was born at 12 Aungier-street in Dublin, Ireland, on 28 May 1779. Over his father's grocery shop, his father being from an Irish speaking Gaeltacht in Kerry and his mother, Anastasia Codd, from Wexford. He had two younger sisters, Kate and Ellen.

From a relatively early age Moore showed an interest in music and other performing arts. He sometimes appeared in plays with his friends, such as *The Poor Soldier* by John O'Keefe, and at one stage had ambitions to become an actor. Moore attended several Dublin schools including Samuel Whyte's English Grammar School in Grafton Street where he learned the English accent with which he spoke with for the rest of his life. From 1795 He was educated at Trinity College, which had recently allowed entry to Catholic students, in an effort to fulfil his mother's dream of his becoming a lawyer. Moore was initially a good student, but he later worked less hard at his studies. His time at Trinity came amidst the ongoing turmoil following the French Revolution and a number of his fellow students such as Robert Emmett were supporters of the United Irishmen movement who sought support from the French government to launch a revolution in Ireland. In 1798 a rebellion broke out followed by a French invasion, neither of which succeeded.

First Success

He studied law at the Middle Temple in London. It was as a poet, translator, balladeer and singer that he found fame. His work soon became immensely popular and included *The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls*, *Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms*, *The Meeting of the Waters* and many others. His ballads were published as *Moore's Irish Melodies* (commonly called *Moore's Melodies*) in 1846 and 1852. While Thomas Moore was completing his many works he met a girl with the name of Lena Angese who encouraged him with his works. She also helped him with his future compositions and they became very close. Although she was said to have fallen in love with him she suddenly appeared missing. In search of where she had disappeared to Moore found that

she had died just days before he went to look for her.

Moore was far more than a balladeer. He had major success as a society figure in London, meeting the Prince of Wales on several occasions and enjoying in particular the patronage of the Irish aristocrat Lord Moira. Moore stayed repeatedly at Moira's house at Donnington Park in Leicestershire where he enjoyed the use of the extensive library. He collaborated with Michael Kelly to stage *The Gypsy Prince* in 1801 which was not considered by Moore to be a success. In the wake of the work's failure he chose not to write for the theatre for another decade.

North America

In 1803 he was appointed registrar to the Admiralty in Bermuda. He spent around three months on the island, but he found his work very light and uninspiring. There were several other prize courts nearby and very few captured ships were brought to Bermuda leaving him little to do. Although he drew inspiration from the scenery of Bermuda he found its society limited and soon departed for Norfolk. Because of his brief stay there he has sometimes been treated as an unofficial poet laureate of Bermuda.

From Norfolk he travelled across the United States and Canada in a Grand Tour. During this visit Moore developed a deeply critical view of the United States. He particularly disliked the governing Democratic-Republican Party and the President Thomas Jefferson. While in Washington he stayed with the British Ambassador there and met Jefferson briefly. He then travelled through various American towns and cities, enjoying his time most in Philadelphia where he already had an established reputation. He then travelled northwards to British-controlled Canada, stopping at the Niagara Falls. He sailed back to Britain from Nova Scotia aboard a Royal Navy ship arriving home in November 1804.

Duel and Marriage

It was after this trip that he published his book, *Epistles, Odes, and Other Poems*, which featured a paean to the historic Cohoes Falls called *Lines Written at the Cohos [sic], or Falls of the Mohawk River*, among other famous verses. A repeated theme in his writing on the United States were his observations of the institution of slavery. Moore's mocking criticisms of the United States provoked outrage in America and led to a number of rebuttals. In Britain, a critical review of the work led to Moore challenging Francis Jeffrey, an editor, to a duel. They met at Chalk Farm but the duel was interrupted by the arrival of the authorities and they were arrested. Reports that Moore's opponent had been given an empty

pistol, continued to dog Moore and led to persistent mockery of him.

Lord Byron derisively referred to Moore's "leadless pistol" and wrote "on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated". Moore was angered by this and sent a letter to Byron that hinted that unless the remarks were clarified Moore was prepared to fight Byron. However, Byron had left Britain to travel abroad and the letter did not reach him. When the two men eventually met each other the dispute was settled and they soon became very close friends.

Between 1808 and 1810 Moore appeared each year with the Kilkenny Players in a charitable series of performances in Kilkenny staged by a mixture of the Irish elite and professional actors. Moore appeared frequently in comic roles in plays like Sheridan's *The Rivals* and O'Keeffe's *The Castle of Andalusia*.

Moore married an actress, Elizabeth "Bessy" Dyke, in 1811, whom he had met with the Kilkenny players where she was working with her sisters. She was the daughter of an East India Company official, but was raised with her three sisters by her mother. Moore did not initially tell his parents of his marriage, possibly because his wife was an English Protestant, but more probably because his marriage to a woman without a dowry would not help his financial prospects. Moore had expensive tastes, and, despite the large sums he was earning from his writing, soon got into debt, a situation which was exacerbated by the embezzlement of money by the man he had employed to deputise for him in Bermuda. Moore became liable for the £6000 which had been illegally appropriated by his agent in Bermuda, and lost an Admiralty ruling against this.

Irish Melodies

In the early years of his career, Moore's work was largely generic and had he died at this point he would likely not have been considered an Irish poet. From 1806-1807 Moore dramatically changed his style of writing and focus. Following a request by a publisher he wrote lyrics to a series of Irish tunes, in collaboration with John Stevenson, which were published in several volumes. Moore became best known for these Irish Melodies which were enormously popular containing songs such as *The Minstrel Boy*, *The Last Rose of Summer* and *Oft, in the Stilly Night*. Several examples of his music, such as *Farewell! But Whenever You Welcome the Hour* are available

In 1811 Moore wrote *M.P.*, a comic opera, in collaboration with Samuel Arnold. Although it received positive reviews Moore didn't enjoy writing for the stage and decided not to work in the medium again despite being occasionally tempted.

Throughout the 1810s Moore wrote a number of political satires. After originally being a devoted supporter of the Prince of Wales, he turned against him after 1811 when he became Prince Regent and was seen to embrace the Tory government in spite of his past association with the Whigs. Another major target was the Foreign Secretary Lord Castlereagh who was repeatedly lampooned in Moore's works such as Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress which parodied the Aix-la-Chapelle diplomatic conference between Britain and her Allies portraying it as a boxing match. In 1818 Moore wrote *The Fudge Family in Paris*, a story in which a British family travels to experience the sights of Paris; a sequel, *The Fudge Family in England*, followed in 1835.

Around this time Moore also began working on a biography of the playwright and politician Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whom he met numerous times, but partly due to legal reasons it was not published until 1825.

France

Exposed to the debt of £6,000 following the ruling of the Admiralty Court against him in 1819, Moore rejected numerous offers of financial aid from his friends and admirers and was forced to leave Britain. In company with Lord John Russell he went to the European Continent and after a Grand Tour through France, Switzerland and Italy lived in Paris until 1822 (notably with the family of Martin de Villamil), when the debt was finally paid off partly with the help of his latest patron Lord Lansdowne and with an advance given him by his publishers Longmans.

During his travels across Europe he briefly spent time with Lord Byron in Venice: this was to be their last meeting. Byron gave Moore his memoirs with instruction to publish them after his death as a literary executor. Moore was much criticised later for allowing himself to be persuaded to destroy Byron's memoirs at the behest of Byron's family because of their damningly honest content. Moore did, however, edit and publish *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron*, with *Notices of his Life* in 1830, six years after Byron's 1824 death in Greece.

After returning to Britain, Moore published new poetry but in spite of good reviews and good sales, he was growing disillusioned with writing poetry and he began to consider writing novels, a genre made increasingly popular by the success of Walter Scott. In October 1825 Moore's *Memoirs of the Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan* was finally published after nine years of work on and off. It proved very popular, went through a number of editions quickly, and helped give Moore a more serious reputation among his literary contemporaries.

Later Life

He finally settled in Sloperton Cottage at Bromham, Wiltshire, England, and became a novelist and biographer as well as a successful poet. Around the time of the Reform Act he was invited to stand for parliament, and considered it, but nothing came of it. In 1829 he was painted by Thomas Lawrence, one of the last works completed by the artist before his death. In 1830 he sang in front of the future Queen Victoria in a duet with her mother, and later composed a song *Sovereign Woman* in her honour.

Moore was for many years a strong advocate for Catholic Emancipation which he regarded as the source of all problems in Ireland and the sole reason behind the 1798 Rebellion - a point he made in his 1831 biography *Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*. He experienced a difficult relationship with the leader of the Catholic Association Daniel O'Connell whom Moore regarded as a demagogue, believing "O'Connell and his ragamuffins have brought tarnish upon Irish patriotism". Following the passing of the Catholic Relief Act in 1829 Moore believed his involvement in politics terminated, joking to a friend: "Now that the Paddies are happy... I consider my politics entirely at an end." However he was drawn back into politics by a series of democratic rebellions across Europe in Belgium, France and Poland. Moore had also been a sympathiser with the Greeks in their War of Independence, a passion he shared with his friend Byron.

He received a state pension, but his personal life was dogged by tragedy including the deaths of all his five children within his lifetime (Anne, age 5, d.1817; Anastasia Mary, age 17, d.1829; Olivia as a baby of a few months of age; John Russell, aged 19, d.1842; and Thomas Lansdowne, aged 27, d.1849) and a stroke in later life, which disabled him from performances - the activity for which he was most renowned. Moore died being cared for by his wife at Sloperton on the 26th February 1852. His remains are in a vault at St. Nicholas churchyard, Bromham, within view of his cottage-home, beside his daughter Anastasia.

Moore frequently visited Boyle Farm in Thames Ditton, Surrey, as the guest of Lord Henry Fitzgerald and his wife. One noteworthy occasion was the subject of Moore's long poem, 'The Summer Fete'. The poem was about his daughter, Alex Hasset. Alex had taken her mother's last name because when her mother married Thomas, her parents were against her changing her last name.

Legacy

Moore is considered Ireland's National Bard and is to Ireland what Robert Burns

is to Scotland. Moore is commemorated in several places: by a plaque on the house where he was born, by busts at The Meetings and Central Park, New York, and by a large bronze statue near Trinity College Dublin.

Many composers have set the poems of Thomas Moore to music. They include Gaspare Spontini, Robert Schumann, Hector Berlioz, Charles Ives, William Bolcom, Lori Laitman, Benjamin Britten and Henri Duparc.

The song Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms is often used in a famous gag in a number of Warner Brothers cartoons, usually involving a piano or xylophone rigged to explode when a certain note is played. The hero, typically Bugs Bunny, tries to play the melody line of the song, but always misses the rigged note (C above middle C). The villain or rival, finally exasperated, pushes the hero aside and plays the song himself, striking the correct note and blowing himself up. In one instance, however, the protagonist plays the melody on a xylophone and, upon striking the rigged note, the antagonist explodes in an "old gag, new twist."

Many songs of Thomas Moore are cited in works of James Joyce, for example Silent, O Moyle! in *Two Gallants* (*Dubliners*) or *The Last Rose of Summer*.

After The Battle

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost --
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There's yet a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss; --
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

Thomas Moore

All In A Family Way

My banks are all furnished with rags,
So thick, even Freddy can't thin 'em;
I've torn up my old money-bags,
Having little or nought to put in 'em.
My tradesman are smashing by dozens,
But this is all nothing, they say;
For bankrupts, since Adam, are cousins,
So, it's all in the family way.

My Debt not a penny takes from me,
As sages the matter explain; --
Bob owes it to Tom and then Tommy
Just owes it to Bob back again.
Since all have thus taken to owing,
There's nobody left that can pay;
And this is the way to keep going, --
All quite in the family way.

My senators vote away millions,
To put in Prosperity's budget;
And though it were billions or trillions,
The generous rogues wouldn't grudge it.
'Tis all but a family hop,
'Twas Pitt began dancing the hay;
Hands round! -- why the deuce should we stop?
'Tis all in the family way.

My labourers used to eat mutton,
As any great man of the State does;
And now the poor devils are put on
Small rations of tea and potatoes.
But cheer up John, Sawney and Paddy,
The King is your father, they say;
So ev'n if you starve for your Daddy,
'Tis all in the family way.

My rich manufacturers tumble,
My poor ones have nothing to chew;
And, even if themselves do not grumble,
Their stomachs undoubtedly do.
But coolly to fast en famille,
Is as good for the soul as to pray;
And famine itself is genteel,
When one starves in a family way.

I have found out a secret for Freddy,
A secret for next Budget day;
Though, perhaps he may know it already,
As he, too, 's a sage in his way.
When next for the Treasury scene he
Announces "the Devil to pay",
Let him write on the bills, "Nota bene,
'Tis all in the family way."

Thomas Moore

Alone In Crowds To Wander On

Alone in crowds to wander on,
And feel that all the charm is gone
Which voices dear and eyes beloved
Shed round us once, where'er we roved --
This, this the doom must be
Of all who've loved, and loved to see
The few bright things they thought would stay
For ever near them, die away.

Though fairer forms around us throng,
Their smiles to others all belong,
And want that charm which dwells alone
Round those the fond heart calls its own,
Where, where the sunny brow?
The long-known voice -- where are they now?
Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her art cannot call forth
One bliss like those we felt of old
From lips now mute, and eyes now cold?
No, no -- her spell in vain --
As soon could she bring back again
Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
As wake again one bliss they gave.

Thomas Moore

An Argument

I've oft been told by learned friars,
That wishing and the crime are one,
And Heaven punishes desires
As much as if the deed were done.

If wishing damns us, you and I
Are damned to all our heart's content;
Come, then, at least we may enjoy
Some pleasure for our punishment!

Thomas Moore

An Expostulation To Lord King

How can you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all
The Peers of realm about cheapening their corn,
When you know, if one hasn't a very high rental,
'Tis hardly worth while being very high born?

Why bore them so rudely, each night of your life,
On a question, my Lord, there's so much to abhor in?
A question - like asking one, "How is your wife?" --
At once so confounded domestic and foreign.

As to weavers, no matter how poorly they feast;
But Peers, and such animals, fed up for show,
(Like the well-physick'd elephant, lately deceas'd,)
Take wonderful quantum of cramming, you know.

You might see, my dear Baron, how bor'd and distrest
Were their high noble hearts by your merciless tale,
When the force of the agony wrung even a jest
From the frugal Scotch wit of my Lord L-d-d-le!

Bright Peer! to whom Nature and Berwickshire gave
A humour, endow'd with effects so provoking,
That, when the whole House looks unusually grave,
You may always conclude that Lord L-d-d-le's joking!

And then, those unfortunate weavers of Perth -
Not to know the vast difference Providence dooms
Between weavers of Perth and Peers of high birth,
'Twixt those who have heir-looms, and those who've but looms!

"To talk now of starving!" - as great Ath-l said --
(and nobles all cheer'd, and the bishops all wonder'd,)
"When, some years ago, he and others had fed
Of these same hungry devils about fifteen hundred!"

It follows from hence - and the Duke's very words
Should be publish'd wherever poor rogues of this craft are --
That weavers, once rescued from starving by Lords,
Are bound to be starved by said Lords ever after.

When Rome was uproarious, her knowing patricians
Made "Bread and the Circus" a cure for each row;
But not so the plan of our noble physicians,
"No Bread and the Tread-mill" 's the regimen now.

So cease, my dear Baron of Ockham, your prose,
As I shall my poetry -- neither convinces;
And all we have spoken and written but show,
When you tread on a nobleman's corn, how he winces.

Thomas Moore

An Incantation

Come with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles, as we go;
Bubbles bright as ever Hope
Drew from fancy -- or from soap;
Bright as e'er the South Sea sent
from its frothy element!

Come with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles, as we go.
Mix the lather, Johnny W--lks,
Thou, who rhym'st so well to bilks;
Mix the lather - who can be
Fitter for such task than thee,
Great M.P. for Sudsbury!

For the frothy charm is ripe,
Puffing Peter bring thy pipe, --
Thou, whom ancient Coventry,
Once so dearly lov'd, that she
Knew not which to her was sweeter,
Peeping Tom or Puffing Peter; --
Puff the bubbles high in air,
Puff thy best to keep them there.

Bravo, bravo, Peter M--re!
Now the rainbow humbugs soar,
Glitt'ring all with golden hues,
Such as haunt the dreams of Jews; --
Some reflecting mines that lie
Under Chili's glowing sky,
Some, those virgin pearls that sleep
Cloister'd in the southern deep;
Others, as if lent a ray
Form the streaming Milky Way,
Glist'ning o'er with curds and whey
From the cows of Alderney.

Now's the moment -- who shall first
Catch the buble, ere they burst?
Run, ye Squires, ye Viscounts, run,

Br-gd-n, T-ynh-m, P-lm-t-n; --
John W--lks junior runs beside ye!
Take the good the knaves provide ye!
See, with upturn'd eyes and hands,
Where the Shareman, Bri-gd-n, stands,
Gaping for the froth to fall
Down his gullet - lye and all.
See!---But hark my time is out --
Now, like some great water-spout,
Scaterr'd by the cannon's thunder,
Burst, ye bubbles, burst asunder!

Thomas Moore

Anacreontic

Press the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower:
And, while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think in woe the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heaven grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe.

Thomas Moore

And Doth Not A Meeting Like This

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wandering away --
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow -- fall of time may be stealing -- what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame, will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to the light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of your boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome and bless them the more;
They're ours, when we meet -- they are lost when we part,

Like birds that bring Summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

Thomas Moore

As A Beam O'er The Face Of The Waters May Glow

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting --

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain;
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

Thomas Moore

As Slow Our Ship

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming, --
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle, or vale enhancing,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing --
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

Thomas Moore

As Vanquish'D Erin

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord, in the tide,
Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.
"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
Where mortal eye may shun you;
Lie hid -- the stain of manly hearts,
That bled for me, is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain --
As Time too well hath taught her --
Each year the Fiend returns again,
And dives into that water;
And brings, triumphant, from beneath
His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
Through all her maddening nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
Even now, beside that river --
Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
And stored is still his quiver.
"When will this end, ye Powers of Good?"
She weeping asks for ever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
The Demon answer, "Never!"

Thomas Moore

At The Mid Hour Of Night

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear!
When our voices commingling breathed, like one, on the ear;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my said orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

Thomas Moore

Avenging And Bright

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin
On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd! --
For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore --
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore --

We swear to avenge them! -- no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

Thomas Moore

Before The Battle

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life --
Oh! remember life can be
No charm for him, who lives not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years:
But oh, how blest they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we tamed his tyrant might.
Never let him bind again
A chain like that we broke from then.
Hark! the horn of combat calls --
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round.

Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound: --
But oh how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

Thomas Moore

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Live fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul may be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose!

Thomas Moore

By That Lake, Whose Gloomy Shore

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew --
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude repulsive shock
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late,)

Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide.

Thomas Moore

Come O'Er The Sea

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death were thou are not.
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty's all our own.
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us --
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storms, and snows
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Thomas Moore

Come, Rest In This Bosom

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart?
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'd be, 'mid the horrors of this, --
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, -- or perish there too!

Thomas Moore

Come, Send Round The Wine

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly?
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

Thomas Moore

Corn And Catholics

"What! still those two infernal questions,
That with our meals our slumbers mix --
That spoil our tempers and digestions --
Eternal Corn and Catholics!

Gods! were there ever two such bores?
Nothing else talk'd of night or morn --
Nothing in doors, or out of doors,
But endless Catholics and Corn!

Never was such a brace of pests --
While Ministers, still worse than either,
Skill'd but in feathering their nests,
Plague us with both, and settle neither.

So addled in my cranium meet
Popery and Corn, that oft I doubt,
Whether this year, 'twas bonded Wheat
Or bonded Papists, they let out.

Here, landlords, here, polemics nail you,
Arm'd with all rubbish they can rake up;
Prices and Texts at once assail you --
From Daniel these, and those from Jacob.

And when you sleep, with head still torn
Between the two, their shapes you mix,
Till sometimes Catholics seem Corn --
Then Corn again seems Catholics.

Now, Dantzic wheat before you floats --
Now, Jesuits from California --
Now, Ceres, link'd with Titus Oats,
Comes dancing through the "Porta Cornea."

Oft, too, the Corn grows animate,
And a whole crop of heads appears,
Like Papists, bearding Church and State --
Themselves, together by the ears!

In short, these torments never cease;
And oft I wish myself transferr'd off
To some far, lonely land of peace,
Where Corn or Papists ne'er were heard of.

Yes, waft me, Parry, to the Pole,
For -- if my fate is to be chosen
'Twixt bores and icebergs -- on my soul,
I'd rather, of the two, be frozen!

Thomas Moore

Cotton And Corn

Said Cotton to Corn, t'other day,
As they met and exchang'd salute-
(Squire Corn in his carriage so gay,
Poor Cotton, half famish'd on foot) :

'Great Squire, if it isn't uncivil
To hint at starvation before you,
Look down on a poor hungry devil,
And give him some bread, I implore you! '

Quoth Corn, then, in answer to Cotton,
Perceiving he meant to make free -
'Low fellow, you've surely forgotten
The distance between you and me!

To expect that we, Peers of high birth,
Should waste our illustrious acres,
For no other purpose on earth
Than to fatten curst calico-makers! -

That Bishops to hobbins should bend -
Should stoop from their Bench's sublimity,
Great dealers in lawn, to befriend
Such contemptible dealers in dimity!

'No - vile Manufacture! ne'er harbour
A hope to be fed at our boards; -
Base offspring of Arkwright the barber,
What claim canst thou have upon Lords?

'No - thanks to the taxes and debt,
And the triumph of paper o'er guineas,
Our race of Lord Jemmys, as yet,
May defy your whole rabble of Jennys! '

So saying - whip, crack and away
Went Corn in his chaise through the throng,
So headlong, I heard them all say,
'Squire Corn would be down, before long.'

Thomas Moore

Dear Harp Of My Country

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of Silence had hung o'er thee long.
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song.
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy livliest thrill,
But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

Thomas Moore

Desmond's Song

By the Feal's wave benighted,
No star in the skies,
To thy door by Love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.
Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
As the threshold I cross'd,
There was ruin before me,
If I loved, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twere welcome again.
Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure,
If pour'd out by thee.

You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

No -- Man for his glory
To ancestry flies;
But Woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the Monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to Divine!

Thomas Moore

Dialogue Between A Sovereign And A One-Pound Note

Said a Sov'reign to a Note,
In the pocket of my coat,
Where they met in a neat purse of leather,
"How happens it, I prithee,
That though I'm wedded with thee,
Fair Pound, we can never live together?"

Like your sex, fond of change,
With silver you can range,
And of lots of young sixpences be mother;
While with me -- upon my word
Not my Lady and my Lord
Of W--stm--th see so little of each other!"

The indignant Note replied
(Lying crumpled by his side),
"Shame, shame, it is yourself that roam, Sir --
One cannot look askance,
But, whip! you're off to France,
Leaving nothing but old rags at home, Sir.

Your scampering began from the moment Parson Van,
Poor man, made us one in Love's fetter;
"For better or for worse"
Is the usual marriage curse,
But ours is all "worse" and no "better."

In vain are laws pass'd,
There's nothing holds you fast
Tho' you know, sweet Sovereign, I adore you --
At the smallest hint in life,
Your forsake your lawful wife,
As other Sovereigns did before you.

I flirt with Silver, true --
But what can ladies do,
When disown'd by their natural protectors?
And as to falsehood, stuff!
I shall soon be false enough,

When I get among those wicked Bank Directors."

The Sovereign, smiling on her,
Now swore, upon his honour,
To be henceforth domestic and loyal;
But, within an hour or two,
Why -- I sold him to a Jew,
And he's now at No. 10, Palais Royal.

Thomas Moore

Did Not

'Twas a new feeling - something more
Than we had dared to own before,
Which then we hid not;
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wished, in every half-breathed sigh,
To speak, but did not.

She felt my lips' impassioned touch -
'Twas the first time I dared so much,
And yet she chid not;
But whispered o'er my burning brow,
'Oh, do you doubt I love you now?'
Sweet soul! I did not.

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
I pressed it closer, closer still,
Though gently bid not;
Till - oh! the world hath seldom heard
Of lovers, who so nearly erred,
And yet, who did not.

Thomas Moore

Drink Of This Cup

Drink of this cup; -- you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen;
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in
Just taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it!
Send round the cup -- for oh there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
A harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
There having, by Nature's enchantment, been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together.
Then drink of the cup -- you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps -- but breathe it to no one --
Like liquor the witch brews at midnight so awful,
This philter in secret was first taught to flow on,
Yet 'tisn't less potent for being unlawful.
And, even though it taste of the smoke of that flame
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden --
Fill up -- there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work too its charm, though as lawless and hidden.
So drink of the cup -- for oh there's a spell in
Its very drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Drink To Her

Drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass,
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, "which might pass?"
She answer'd, "he who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass -- but 'twould not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

Echo

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then --
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again!

Thomas Moore

Enigma

Come riddle-me-ree, come riddle-me-ree,
And tell me, what my name may be.
I am nearly one hundred and thirty years old,
And therefore no chicken, as you may suppose; --
Though a dwarf in my youth (as my nurses have told),
I have, ev'ry year since, been outgrowing my clothes;
Till, at last, such a corpulent giant I stand,
That if folks were to furnish me now with a suit,
It would take ev'ry morsel of scrip in the land
But to measure my bulk from the head to the foot.
Hence, they who maintain me, grown sick of my stature,
To cover me nothing but rags will supply;
And the doctors declare that, in due course of nature,
About the year 30 in rags I shall die.
Meanwhile I stalk hungry and bloated around,
An object of int'rest, most painful, to all;
In the warehouse, the cottage, the palace I'm found,
Holding citizen, peasant, and king in my thrall.
Then riddle-me-ree, oh riddle-me-ree,
Come, tell me what my name may be.

When the lord of the counting-house bends o'er his book,
Bright pictures of profit delighting to draw,
O'er his shoulders with large cipher eye-balls I look,
And down drops the pen from his paralyz'd paw!
When the Premier lies dreaming of dear Waterloo,
And expects through another to caper and prank it,
You'd laugh did you see, when I bellow out "Boo!"
How he hides his brave Waterloo head in the blanket.
When mighty Belshazzar brims high in the hall
His cup, full of gout, to Gaul's overthrow,
Lo, "Eight Hundred Millions" I write on the wall,
And the cup falls to earth and -- the gout to his toe!
But the joy of my heart is when largely I cram
My maw with the fruits of the Squirearchy's acres,
And, knowing who made me the thing that I am,
Like the monster of Frankenstein, worry my makers.
Then riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,

And tell, if thou knows't, who I may be.

Thomas Moore

Epistle Of Condolence From A Slave-Lord To A Cotton-Lord

Alas ! my dear friend, what a state of affairs !
How unjustly we both are despoil'd of our rights !
Not a pound of black flesh shall I leave to my heirs,
Nor must you any more work to death little whites.

Both forced to submit to that general controller
Of King, Lords, and cotton-mills Public Opinion ;
No more shall you beat with a big billy-roller,
Nor I with the cart-whip assert my dominion.

Whereas, were we suffered to do as we please
With our Blacks and our Whites, as of yore we were let,
We might range them alternate, like harpsichord keys,
And between us thump out a good piebald duet.

But this fun is all over; farewell to the zest
Which Slavery now lends to each cup we sip ;
Which makes still the cruellest coffee the best,
And that sugar the sweetest which smacks of the whip.

Farewell, too, the Factory's white pickaninnies,
Small, living machines, which, if flogg'd to their tasks,
Mix so well with their namesakes, the billies and jennies,
That which have got souls in 'em nobody asks ;

Little Maids of the Mill, who, themselves but ill fed,
Are oblig'd, 'mong their other benevolent cares,
To keep 'feeding the scribblers,' and better, 'tis said,
Than old Blackwood or Fraser have ever fed theirs.

All this is now o'er, and so dismal my loss is,
So hard 'tis to part from the smack of the thong,
That I mean (from pure love for the old whipping process)
To take to whipt syllabub all my life long.

Erin! The Tear And The Smile In Thine Eyes

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies,
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace!

Thomas Moore

Erin, Oh Erin

Like the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, oh Erin, thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, oh Erin, though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Thus Erin, oh Erin, thy winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.

Thomas Moore

Eveleen's Bower

Oh! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower,
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light,
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

Thomas Moore

Fairest! Put On A While

Fairest! put on a while
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own green isle
In fancy let me wing thee.
Never did Ariel's plume,
At golden sunset, hover
O'er scenes so full of bloom
As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays
And fearlessly meets the ardour
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
With only her tears to guard her;
Rocks, through myrtle boughs
In grace majestic frowning,
Like some bold warrior's brows
That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But, from his course through air,
He hath been won down by them; --
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From heaven, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,
And caves, where the gem is sleeping,
Bright as the tears thy lid
Lest fall in lonely weepin.
Glens, where Ocean comes,
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour;
And harbours, worthiest homes
Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,
So beautiful, shine before thee,
Pride for thy own dear land

Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
Oh, let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious --
Thinking how man hath curst
What Heaven hath made so glorious.

Thomas Moore

Farewell! -- But Whenever You Welcome The Hour

Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles --
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice has murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd --
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Thomas Moore

Fill The Bumper Fair

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions:
So we, Sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers brightening,
From the Heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning.
Fill the bumper, etc.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced, upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us:
Fill the bumper etc.

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in. --
But oh, his joy, when, round
The halls of heaven spying,

Among the stars he found,
The bowl of Bacchus lying!
Fill the bumper, etc.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Thomas Moore

Fly Not Yet

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.
Oh! stay, -- Oh! stay, --
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh, 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near.
And thus, should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay, -- Oh! stay, --
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here?

Thomas Moore

Forget Not The Field

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone -- and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more; --

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
No, 'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past -- and, though blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

For dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

Thomas Moore

From This Hour The Pledge Is Given

From this hour the pledge is given,
From this hour my soul is thine:
Come what will, from earth of heaven,
Weal or woe, thy fate be mine.
When the proud and great stood by thee,
None dared thy rights to spurn;
And if now they're false and fly thee,
Shall I, too, falsely turn?
No; -- whate'er the fire that try thee,
In the same this heart shall burn.

Though the sea, where thou embarkest,
Offers now no friendly shore,
Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.
And of those past ages dreaming,
When glory deck'd thy brow,
Oft I fondly think, though seeming
So fallen and clouded now,
Thou'lt again break forth, all beaming --
None so bright, so blest as thou!

Thomas Moore

Go Where Glory Waits Thee

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee

Strains I used to sing thee, --
Oh! then remember me.

Thomas Moore

Hark! The Vesper Hymn Is Stealing

HARK! the vesper hymn is stealing

O'er the waters soft and clear;

Nearer yet and nearer pealing,

And now bursts upon the ear:

Jubilate, Amen.

Farther now, now farther stealing,

Soft it fades upon the ear:

Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating

To the shore, it dies along;

Now, like angry surges meeting,

Breaks the mingled tide of song:

Jubilate, Amen.

Hush! again, like waves, retreating

To the shore, it dies along:

Jubilate, Amen.

Thomas Moore

Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear? --
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine --
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory --
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest, and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fled,
When sorrow itself look'd bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear --
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Thomas Moore

Her Picture

Go then, if she, whose shade thou art,
No more will let thee soothe my pain;
Yet, tell her, it has cost this heart
Some pangs, to give thee back again.

Tell her, the smile was not so dear,
With which she made the semblance mine,
As bitter is the burning tear,
With which I now the gift resign.

Yet go -- and could she still restore,
As some exchange for taking thee.
The tranquil look which first I wore,
When her eyes found me calm and free;

Could she give back the careless flow,
The spirit that my heart then knew --
Yet, no, 'tis vain -- go, picture, go --
Smile at me once, and then -- adieu!

Thomas Moore

How Dear To Me The Hour

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

Thomas Moore

How Oft Has The Benshee Cried

How oft has the Benshee cried,
How oft has death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwined by Love.
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth;
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth;
Long may the fair and brave,
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

We're fallen upon gloomy days!
Star after star decays.
Every bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth:
But brightly flows the tear,
Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quench'd are our beacon lights --
Thou, of the Hundred Fights!
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung!
Both mute, -- but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died.

Thomas Moore

I Saw From The Beach

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame.

Thomas Moore

I Saw Thy Form In Youthful Prime

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charm'd all other eyes
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary!

Thomas Moore

I Wish I Was By That Dim Lake

I wish I was by that dim Lake,
Where sinful souls their farewell take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be;
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should n'er deceive again.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters falling round;
The dry leaves, quivering o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet even when dead!
These, ay, these shall wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, o'ercharged with gloom
Like willows, downward towards the tomb.

As they, who to their couch at night
Would win repose, first quench the light,
So must the hopes, that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, this heart must grow,
Unmoved by either joy or woe,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

Thomas Moore

I'D Mourn The Hopes

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me:
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me,
Along the path I've yet to roam --
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As the light which Heaven sheds.

Thomas Moore

If Thou'lt Be Mine

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds most sweet,
Shall be ours -- if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream;
The stars shall look like world of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes -- if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that come from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own, -- if thou wilt be mine, love!

Thomas Moore

In The Morning Of Life

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may; --
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is truest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return,
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
First tastes of the other, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then in the time when affection holds sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,
Their sighs have no freshness, their odour no worth;
'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of showers
That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth.
So it is not 'mid splendour, prosperity, mirth,
That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears;
To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

Thomas Moore

It Is Not The Tear At This Moment Shed

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'Tis the tear, through many a long day wept,
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded;
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them.
And as fresher flowers the sod perfume
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

Thomas Moore

I'Ve A Secret To Tell Thee

I've a secret to tell thee, but hush! not here --
Oh! not where the world its vigil keeps:
I'll seek, to whisper it in thine ear,
Some shore where the Spirit of Silence sleeps;
Where Summer's wave un murmuring dies,
Nor fay can hear the fountain's gush;
Where, if but a note her night-bird sighs,
The rose saith, chidingly, "Hush, sweet, hush!"

There, amid the deep silence of that hour,
When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip:
Like him, the boy, who born among
The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,
Sits ever thus -- his only song
To earth and heaven, "Hush, all, hush!"

Thomas Moore

Lalla Rookh

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that tranquil flood--
"How sweetly does the moon-beam smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle!
Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bow'rs,
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might live, love, die alone!
Far from the cruel and the cold,--
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us, to behold
A paradise so pure and lonely.
Would this be world enough for thee?"--
Playful she turn'd, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she mark'd how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And, bursting into heart-felt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears
My dreams have boded all too right--
We part--for ever part--to-night!
I knew, I knew it could not last--
'Twas bright, 'twas heav'nly, but 'tis past!
Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never lov'd a tree or flow'r,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now too--the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,--
Oh misery! must I lose that too?

Yet go--on peril's brink we meet;--
Those frightful rocks--that treach'rous sea--
No, never come again--though sweet,
Though heav'n, it may be death to thee.
Farewell--and blessings on thy way,
Where'er thou goest, beloved stranger!
Better to sit and watch that ray,
And think thee safe, though far away,
Than have thee near me, and in danger!"

Thomas Moore

Lay His Sword By His Side

Lay his sword by his side -- it hath served him too well
Not to rest near his pillow below;
To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,
Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.
Fellow-labourers in life, let them slumber in death,
Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave --
That sword which he loved still unbroke in its sheath,
And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause -- for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,
As if breathed from his brave heart's remains; --
Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,
Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains."
And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies deep,
"Though the day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,
Oh leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep --
It hath victory's life in it yet!

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,
Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,
Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.
But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use
Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain,
Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,
Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"

Thomas Moore

Lesbia Hath A Beaming Eye

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness --
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But, when its points are gleaning round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes --
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh! my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,

Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

Thomas Moore

Let Erin Remember The Days Of Old

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader,
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger!
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining:
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time,
For the long-faded glories they cover.

Thomas Moore

Linda To Hafed

FROM 'THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.'

'How sweetly,' said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that moonlight flood,--
'How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle!
Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wished that little isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might live, love, die alone!
Far from the cruel and the cold,--
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us, to behold
A paradise so pure and lonely!
Would this be world enough for thee?'--
Playful she turned, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she marked how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And, bursting into heartfelt tears,
'Yes, yes,' she cried, 'my hourly fears,
My dreams, have boded all too right,--
We part--forever part--to-night!
I knew, I knew it could not last,--
'T was bright, 't was heavenly, but 't is past!
O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 't was the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now, too, the joy most like divine

Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,--
O misery! must I lose _that_ too?

Thomas Moore

Love And The Novice

"Here we dwell, in holiest bowers,
Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;
Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
To heaven in mingled odour ascend.
Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!
So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd;
His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
"Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
"That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
His wandering wings, and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise.
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
Love is the Saint enshrined in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them clothed in Piety's vest.

Thomas Moore

Love's Young Dream

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name.

No, - that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light, tht ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh! 'twas light that n'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

Thomas Moore

Memorabilia Of Last Week

Monday, March 13, 1826

The Budget - quite charming and witty - no hearing,
For plaudits and laughs, the good things that were in it; --
Great comfort to find, though the Speech isn't cheering,
That all its gay auditors were, every minute.

What, still more prosperity! - mercy upon us,
"This boy'll be the death of me" - oft as, already,
Such smooth Budgeteers have genteelly undone us,
For Ruin made easy there's no one like Freddy.

Tuesday

Much grave apprehension express'd by the Peers,
Lest -- calling to life the old Peachums and Lockitts --
The large stock of gold we're to have in three years,
Should all find its way into highwayman's pockets![1]

Wednesday

Little doing - for sacred, oh Wednesday, thou art
To the seven-o'-clock joys of full many a table --
When the Members all meet, to make much of that part
With which they so rashly fell out in the Fable.

It appear'd, though, to-night, that - as churchwardens, yearly,
Eat up a small baby - those cormorant sinners,
The Bankrupt-Commissioners bolt very nearly
A moderate-siz'd bankrupt, tout chaud, for their dinners![2]
Nota bene - a rumour to-day, in the City,
"Mr. R-b-ns-n just has resign'd" - what a pity!
The Bulls and the Bears all fell a sobbing,
When they heard of the fate of poor Cock Robin;
While thus, to the nursery tune, so pretty,
A murmuring Stock-dove breath'd her ditty: --

"Alas, poor Robin, he crow'd as long
And as sweet as a prosperous Cock could crow;

Was a pitch too high for Robin to go.
Who'll make his shroud?"

"I," said the Bank, "though he play'd me a prank,
When I have a rag, poor Rob shall be roll'd in 't,
With many a pound I'll paper him round,
Like a plump rouleau - without the gold in 't."

Thomas Moore

My Gentle Harp

My gentle Harp, once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But, like those harps whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken,
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes -- that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When even the wreaths in which I dress thee
Are sadly mix'd -- half flowers, half chains?

But come -- if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How gaily, even 'mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill --
Like Memnon's broken image sounding,
'Mid desolation tuneful still!

Thomas Moore

Nay, Tell Me Not, Dear

Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The spell of those eyes,
The balm of thy sighs,
Still float on the surface, and hallow by bowl.
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us the Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bathed the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds
That drunk of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow decline and fade;
While those which the tide
Of ruby had dyed
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

Thomas Moore

Ne'Er Ask The Hour

Ne'er ask the hour -- what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments lent us thus
Are not his coin, but Pleasure's.
If counting them o'er could add to their blisses,
I'd number each glorious second:
But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fill the cup -- what is it to us
How time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.
But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on,
And how fast that light was going.
So fill the cup -- what is it to us
How time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

Thomas Moore

No, Not More Welcome

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When half awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full quire of heaven is near --
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell --
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell.
'Twas whisper'd balm -- 'twas sunshine spoken! --
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign blessed sounds again.

Thomas Moore

Ode To The Goddess Ceres

Dear Goddess of Corn, whom the ancients we know,
(Among other odd whims of those comical bodies,)
Adorn'd with somniferous poppies, to show,
Thou wert always a true Country-gentleman's Goddess.

Behold in his best, shooting-jacket, before thee,
An eloquent 'Squire, who most humbly beseeches,
Great Queen of the Mark-lane (if the thing doesn't bore thee),
Thou'lt read o'er the last of his -- never-last speeches.

Ah! Ceres, thou know'st not the slander and scorn
Now heap'd upon England's 'Squirearchy, so boasted;
Improving on Hunt, 'tis no longer the Corn,
'Tis the growers of Corn that are now, alas! roasted.

In speeches, in books, in all shapes they attack us --
Reviewers, economists - fellows, no doubt,
That you, my dear Ceres, and Venus, and Bacchus,
And Gods of high fashion know little about.

There's B-nth-m, whose English is all his own making --
Who thinks just as little of settling a nation
As he would of smoking his pipe, or of taking
(What he, himself, calls) his "post-prandial vibration."

There are two Mr. M---lls, too, whom those that love reading
Through all that's unreadable, call very clever; --
And whereas M---ll Senior makes war on good breeding,
M---ll Junio makes war on all breeding whatever!

In short, my dear Goddess, Old England's divided
Between ultra blockheads and superfine sages; --
With which of these classes we, landlords, have sided
Thou'lt find in my Speech, if thou'lt read a few pages.

For therein I've prov'd, to my own satisfaction,
And that of all 'Squires I've the honour of meeting,
That 'tis the most senseless and foul-mouth'd detraction
To say that poor people are fond of cheap eating.

On the contrary, such the "chaste notions" of food
that dwell in each pale manufacturer's heart,
They would scorn any law, be it every so good,
That would make thee, dear Goddess, less dear than thou art!

And, oh! for Monopoly what a blest day,
When the Land and the Silk shall, in fond combination,
(Like Sulky and Silky, that pair in the play)
Cry out, with one voice, High Rents and Starvation!

Long life to the Minister! -- no matter who,
Or how dull he may be, if, with dignified spirit, he
Keeps the ports shut -- and the people's mouth too, --
We shall all have a long run of Freddy's prosperity.

And, as for myself, who've like Hannibal, sworn
To hate the whole crew who would take our rents from us,
Had England but One to stand by thee, Dear Corn,
That last, honest Uni-Corn would be Sir Th-m-s!

Thomas Moore

Ode To The Sublime Porte

Great Sultan, how wise are thy state compositions!
And oh, above all, I admire that Decree,
In which thou command'st, that all she politicians
Shall forthwith be strangled and cast in the sea.

'Tis my fortune to know a lean Benthamite spinster --
A maid, who her faith in old Jeremy puts;
Who talks, with a lisp, of the "last new Westminster,"
And hopes you're delighted with "Mill upon Gluts";

Who tells you how clever one Mr. Fun-blank is,
How charming his Articles 'gainst the Nobility; --
And assures you that even a gentleman's rank is,
In Jeremy's school, of no sort of utility.

To see her, ye Gods, a new number perusing --
Art. 1 - "On the Needle's variations", by Pl--e;
Art. 2 - By her fav'rite Fun-blank - so amusing!
"Dear man! he makes poetry quite a Law case."

Art. 3 - "Upon Fallacies", Jeremy's own --
(Chief Fallacy being, his hope to find readers); -
Art. 4 - "Upon Honesty", author unkown; --
Art. 5 - (by the young Mr. M--) "Hints to Breeders".

Oh, Sultan, oh, Sultan, though oft for the bag
And the bowstring, like thee, I am tempted to call --
Though drowning's too good for each blue-stocking hag,
I would bag this she Benthamite first of them all!

And, lest she should ever again lift her head
From the watery bottom, her clack to renew --
As a clog, as a sinker, far better than lead,
I would hang round her neck her own darling Review.

Thomas Moore

O'Donohue's Mistress

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, shine thou for me;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves
Its lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair lake, thou'rt dearest to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, bright lake, in thee.

Of all the proud steeds that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, most joy to thee;
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring
My love, my chief, to me.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane curls,
Fair Steed, as white and free;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet that death will be,
Which, under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, I'll die for thee.

Thomas Moore

Of, In The Stilly Night

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore

Oh For The Swords Of Former Time

Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them:
When free yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords, etc., etc.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them.
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh, for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!

Thomas Moore

Oh! Arranmore, Loved Arranmore

Oh! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee,
And of those days when, by thy shore,
I wander'd young and free.
Full many a path I've tried, since then,
Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danced along thy flood;
Or, when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light
Which dreaming poets sing;

That Eden where the immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene --
Whose bowers beyond the shining wave
At sunset, oft are seen.
Ah, dream too full of saddening truth!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth --
As sunny and as vain!

Thomas Moore

Oh! Blame Not The Bard

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas for his country! -- her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream
He should try to forget what he never can heal:
Oh! give but a hope -- let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored;
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sign of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

Thomas Moore

Oh! Breathe Not His Name

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Thomas Moore

Oh! Doubt Me Not

Oh! doubt me not -- the season
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.
Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down --
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not -- the season
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.

And though my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not -- the season
Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

Thomas Moore

Oh! Had We Some Bright Little Isle Of Our Own

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And, with hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.

Thomas Moore

Oh! Think Not My Spirits Are Always As Light

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now,
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.

No: -- life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile --
May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessing shall cease to be dear to my mind.
But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine, --
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

Thomas Moore

Oh, Banquet Not

Oh, banquet not in those shining bowers,
Where Youth resorts, but come to me,
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour;
Our guests, the shades of former years,
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, while some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves
Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot.

Thomas Moore

Oh, Could We Do With This World Of Ours

Oh, could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!
So bright a dwelling should be our own,
So warranted free from sigh or frown,
That angels soon would be coming down,
By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing through air,
And in themselves a lustre bear,
A stock of light, still ready there,
Whenever they wish to use it;
So in this world I'd make for thee,
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
And the flash of wit or poesy
Break forth whenever we choose it.

While every joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hovering near,
In this new world of ours, my dear,
Such shadows will all be omitted; --
Unless they're like that graceful one,
Which when thou'rt dancing in the sun,
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
Each spot where it hath flitted!

Thomas Moore

Oh, The Shamrock

Through Erin's Isle
To sport awhile
As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valour, "See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!" --
Says Love, "No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
A type that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf, etc.

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather.
May Love, as twine

His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em:
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf, etc.

Thomas Moore

Oh, The Sight Entrancing

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to entreating.
Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing!

Yet, tis not helm or feather --
For ask yon despot, whether
His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em --
Give man but heart and freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stonewalls in time may sever,
'Tis mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever.
Oh, that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing,
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing!

Thomas Moore

Oh, Ye Dead!

Oh, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead! whom we know by the light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves,
In far off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
To haunt this spot where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that wail'd you, like your own, lie dead?

It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan;
And the fair and the brave whom we loved on earth are gone;
But still thus even in death,
So sweet the living breath
Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wander'd o'er,
That ere, condemn'd, we go
To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it a while, and think we live once more!

Thomas Moore

Omens

When daylight was yet sleeping under the pillow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in
Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly,[1] fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him -- he fell, alas! never to rise;
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
For which the soul's innocence too often dies."

While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:
But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost:
"Ah! this means," said the girl (and she sigh'd at its meaning),
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

Thomas Moore

On Music

When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are even more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

Thomas Moore

One Bumper At Parting

One bumper at parting! -- though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.
But come -- may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
Thy die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours --
Ah, never doth Time travel faster
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come -- may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright;
And now, let our farewell of drinking
Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim --
So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up,
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

Quantum Est Quod Desit

'Twas a new feeling - something more
Than we had dar'd to own before,
Which then we hid not;
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wish'd in every broken sigh
To speak, but did not!

She felt my lips' impassion'd touch;
'Twas the first time I dar'd so much,
And yet, she chid not;
But whisper'd o'er my burning brow,
'Oh! do you doubt I love you now?'
Sweet soul! I did not!

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
I prest it closer, closer still,
Though gently bid not;
Till - oh! the world hath seldom heard
Of lovers, who so nearly err'd,
And yet who - did not!

Thomas Moore

Quick! We Have But A Second

Quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup while you may;
For time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!
Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
For oh, not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
Or charm them to life again.
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup while you may!
For Time, the churl hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away.

See the glass, how it flushes,
Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
That thou shouldst delay to sip.
Shame, oh shame unto thee,
If ever thou see'st that day,
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
And turn untouch'd away!
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round while you may,
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

Thomas Moore

Remember Thee!

Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But oh! could I love thee more deeply tha now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons --
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

Thomas Moore

Rich And Rare Were The Gems She Wore

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm: --
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

Thomas Moore

Sail On, Sail On

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark --
Where'er blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say,
"Though death beneath our smile may be,
Less cold we are, less false than they,
Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on -- through endless space --
Through calm -- through tempest -- stop no more:
The stormiest sea's a resting-place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or -- if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet --
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

Thomas Moore

Shall The Harp Then Be Silent

Shall the Harp then be silent, when he who first gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave
Where the first -- where the last of her Patriots lies?

No -- faint though the death-song may fall from his lips,
Though his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,
Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost; --

What a union of all the affections and powers
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit -- whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime --
Like a pyramid raised in the desert -- where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time;

That one lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when fill'd with his soul,
A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
And for one sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal?

Who, that ever hath heard him -- hath drunk at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown?

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that shone through
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, what ever approach'd him, when free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to read
'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head --

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life
But at distance observed him -- through glory, through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same? --

Oh no, not a heart that e'er knew him but mourns
Deep, deep, o'er the grave where such glory is shrined --
O'er a monument Fame will preserve 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

Thomas Moore

She Is Far From The Land

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking; --
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his Love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

Thomas Moore

She Sung Of Love

She sung of Love, while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And play'd around those lips that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heaven withdrew;
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if her light and heaven's were one,
The glory all had left that frame;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.

Who ever loved, but had the thought
That he and all he loved must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
The fading image to my heart --
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?
Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine die away?"

Thomas Moore

Silence Is In Our Festal Halls

Silence is in our festal halls --
Sweet son of song! thy course is o'er;
In vain on thee sad Erin calls,
Her minstrel's voice responds no more; --
All silent as the Eolian shell
Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell
At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,
Awaked by music's spell, shall rise;
For, name so link'd with deathless song
Partakes its charm and never dies;
And even within the holy fane,
When music wafts the soul to heaven,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be given.

But where is now the cheerful day,
The social night, when by thy side,
He who now weaves this parting lay
His skillless voice with thine allied;
And sung those songs whose every tone,
When bard and minstrel long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by fame, undying last.

Yes, Erin, shine alone the fame --
Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,
From thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if Freedom still inspire,
His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee.

Thomas Moore

Sing -- Sing -- Music Was Given

Sing -- sing -- Music was given
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But Love from the lips his true archery wings;
And she, who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.
Then sing -- sing -- Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,
"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."
Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while,
Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.
Then sing -- sing -- Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

Thomas Moore

Sing, Sweet Harp

Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me
Some song of ancient days,
Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
Long-buried dreams shall raise; --
Some lay that tells of vanish'd fame,
Whose light once round us shone,
Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
And hopes for ever gone.
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me;
Alike our doom is cast,
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there,
Of voices long gone by; --
Of chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame;
Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name.
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh;
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.

Couldst thou but call those spirits round,
Who once, in bower and hall,
Sate listening to thy magic sound,
Now mute and mouldering all; --
But, no; they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
The dead, at least are free!
Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
That knell of Freedom's day;
Or, listening to its death-like moan,
Let me, too, die away.

Song Of Innisfail

They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
"Oh, where's the isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destined home or grave?"
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

And lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.
"'Tis Innisfail -- 'tis Innisfail!"
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While, bending to heaven, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod.

Thomas Moore

Song Of The Battle Eve

(Time -- the Ninth Century)

To-morrow, comrade, we
On the battle-plain must be,
There to conquer, or both lie low!
The morning star is up --
But there's wine still in the cup,
And we'll take another quaff, ere we go, boy, go;
We'll take another quaff, ere we go.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes
A passing tear will rise,
When we think of the friends we leave lone;
But what can wailing do?
See, our goblet's weeping too!
With its tears we'll chase away our own, boy, our own;
With its tears we'll chase away our own.

But daylight's stealing on;
The last that o'er us shone
Saw our children around us play;
The next -- ah! where shall we
And those rosy urchins be?
But -- no matter -- grasp thy sword and away, boy, away;
No matter -- grasp thy sword and away!

Let those, who brook the chain
Of Saxon or of Dane,
Ignobly by their fire-sides stay;
One sigh to home be given,
One heartfelt prayer to heaven,
Then, for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra! hurra! hurra!
Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra!

Thomas Moore

Song Of The Evil Spirit Of The Woods

Now the vapor, hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill!

Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along;-
Christian, 'tis the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild thou dar'st to roam-
Think, 'twas once the Indian's home!

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And the cayman loves to creep,
Torpido, to his wintry sleep:
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shuddering murderer sits,
Lone beneath a roof of blood;
While upon his poisoned food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew.

Hither bend ye, turn ye hither,
Eyes that blast and wings that wither
Cross the wandering Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of maddening error
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
On the damp earth, pale and dying.
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage-light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that's dug

For the foul and famished brood
Of the she wolf, gaunt for blood;
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
Tributes, to be hung in air,
To the Fiend presiding there!

Then, when night's long labor past,
Wildered, faint, he falls at last,
Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let mosquitoes hover,
In his ears and eyeballs tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires!

Thomas Moore

Song: Why Does Azure Deck The Sky?

Why does azure deck the sky?
'Tis to be like thy looks of blue.
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair!
Why are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair!
All that's bright, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why are nature's beauties felt?
Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
Why has music power to melt?
Oh! because it speaks like thee.
All that's sweet, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Thomas Moore

St. Senanus And The Lady

St. Senanus

"On! haste, and leave this sacred isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
For on thy deck, though dark it be,
A female form I see;
And I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod!"

The Lady

"Oh! Father, send not hence my bark
Through wintry winds and billows dark,
I come, with humble heart, to share
Thy morn and evening prayer;
Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,
The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd.
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

Thomas Moore

Sublime Was The Warning

Sublime was the warning that liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west --
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeathed with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights;
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same!
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
For the Shamrock of Erin and the Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright,
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause! -- oh, it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;
Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave,
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

Thomas Moore

Sweet Innisfallen

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art let others tell --
To feel how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one,
Who had to turn to paths of care --
Through crowded haunts again to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more unto thy shores to come,
But, on the world's rude ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hour
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, too blest,
But, thus in shadow, seem'st a place
Where erring man might hope to rest --

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And all the lovelier for thy tears --
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
'Tis heaven's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts whose joys are few,
But, when indeed they come, divine --
The brightest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

Thomas Moore

Take Back The Virgin Page

Written on Returning a Blank Book

Take back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come, as pure as light
Pure as even you require;
But, oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book:
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Towards you and home;
Fancy may trace some line,
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep;
So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray --
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way.

The Donkey And His Panniers

A Donkey, whose talent for burdens was wondrous,
So much that you'd swear he rejoic'd in a load,
One day had to jog under panniers so pond'rous,
That -- down the poor Donkey fell smack on the road!

His owners and drivers stood round in amaze --
What! Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy,
So easy to drive, through the dirtiest ways,
For every description of job-work so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have "hail'd" as a "brother")
Had just been proclaiming his Donkey's renown
For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or another --
When, lo, 'mid his praises, the Donkey came down!

But, how to upraise him? - one shouts, t'other whistles,
While Jenky, the Conjuror, wisest of all,
Declar'd that an "over-production of thistles" --
(Here Ned gave a stare) -- "was the cause of his fall."

Another wise Solomon cries, as he passes --
"There, let him alone, and the fit will soon cease;
The beast has been fighting with other jack-asses,
And this is his mode of "transition to peace"."

Some look'd at his hoofs, and with learned grimaces,
Pronounc'd that too long without shoes he had gone --
"Let the blacksmith provide him a sound metal basis
(The wise-acres said), and he's sure to jog on."

Meanwhile, the poor Neddy, in torture and fear,
Lay under his panniers, scarce able to groan;
And -- what was still dolefuller - lending an ear
To advisers, whose ears were a match for his own.

At length, a plain rustic, whose wit went so far
As to see others' folly, roar'd out, as he pass'd --
"Quick -- off with the panniers, all dolts as ye are,
Or, your prosperous Neddy will soon kick his last!"

Thomas Moore

The Dream Of Those Days

The dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er
Thy triumph hath stain'd the charm thy sorrows then wore;
And even the light which Hope once shed o'er thy chains,
Alas, not a gleam to grace thy freedom remains.

Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,
That still the dark brand is there, though chainless thou art;
And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long burn'd,
Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd?

Up Liberty's steep by Truth and Eloquence led,
With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy tread!
Ah, better thou ne'er hadst lived that summit to gain,
Denied in the porch, than thus dishonour the fane.

Thomas Moore

The Fortune-Teller

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
And I'll tell you your fortune truly
As ever 'twas told, by the new-moon's light,
To a young maiden, shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive me,
Such secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heavens be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition -- the image of him
Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

And if to that phantom you'll be kind,
So fondly around you he'll hover,
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
He'll kneel, with a warmth of devotion --
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in destiny's book I've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

Thomas Moore

The Ghost Of Miltiades

The Ghost of Miltiades came at night,
And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite,
And he said, in a voice, that thrill'd the frame,
"If ever the sound of Marathon's name
Hath fir'd thy blood or flush'd thy brow,
Lover of Liberty, rise thee now!"

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed --
Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,
And he found the Scrip of Greece so high,
That it fir'd his blood, it flush'd his eye,
And oh, 'twas a sight to see,
For never was Greek more Greek than he!
And still as the premium higher went,
His ecstas rose - so much per cent.,
(As we see in a glass, that tells the weather,
The heat and the silver rise together,)
And Liberty sung from the patriot's lip,
While a voice from pocket whisper'd "Scrip!"
The Ghost of Miltiades came again; --
He smil'd as the pale moon smiles through rain,
For his soul was glad at the patriot strain;
(And poor, dear ghost -- how little he knew
The jobs and the tricks of the Philhellene crew!)
"Blessings and thanks!" was all he said,
Then, melting away, like a night-dream, fled!

The Benthamite hears -- amaz'd that ghosts
Could be such fools -- and away he posts,
A patriot still? Ah no, ah no --
Goddess of Freedom, thy scrip is low,
And, warm and fond as they lovers are,
Thou triest their passion, when under par.
The Benthamite's ardour fast decays,
By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays,
And wishes the d--l had Crescent and Cross,
Ere he had been forc'd to sell at a loss.

They quote thim the Stock of various nations,
But, spite of his classical associations,
Lord how he loathes the Greek quotations!

"Who'll buy my Scrip! Who'll buy my Scrip?"
Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,
And he runs to tell how hard his lot is
To Messrs. Orlando and Luriottis,
And says, "Oh Greece, for Liberty's sake,
Do buy my Scrip and I vow to break
Those dark, unholy bonds of thine --
If you'll only consent to buy up mine!"
The Ghost of Miltiades came once more; --
His brow, like the night, was lowering o'er,
And he said, with a look that flash'd dismay,
"Of Liberty's foes the worst are they
Who turn to a trade her cause divine,
And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine!"
Thus saying, the Ghost, as he took his flight,
Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,
Which sent him, whimpering, off to Jerry --
And vanish'd away to the Stygian ferry!

Thomas Moore

The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled. --
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

Thomas Moore

The Irish Peasant To His Mistress

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Then wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail --
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale.
They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains --
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains --
Oh! foul is the slander -- no chain could that soul subdue --
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!

Thomas Moore

The Lake Of The Dismal Swamp

'THEY made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by a firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and moving our life shall be
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near.'

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds, -
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And when on the earth he sank to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venemous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
'Oh when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?'

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd, -
'Welcome,' he said, 'my dear one's light!
And the dim shore echo'd for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore;
Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,

The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

Thomas Moore

The Legacy

When in death I shall calmly recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear,
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel, when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

Thomas Moore

The Light Of Other Days

OFT, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me:
 The smiles, the tears
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me.
Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore

The Loves Of The Angels

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory and young Time
Told his first birth-days by the sun;
When in the light of Nature's dawn
Rejoicing, men and angels met
On the high hill and sunny lawn,-
Ere sorrow came or Sin had drawn
'Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!
When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of crime and woe,
And mortals saw without surprise
In the mid-air angelic eyes
Gazing upon this world below.

Alas! that Passion should profane
Even then the morning of the earth!
That, sadder still, the fatal stain
Should fall on hearts of heavenly birth-
And that from Woman's love should fall
So dark a stain, most sad of all!

One evening, in that primal hour,
On a hill's side where hung the ray
Of sunset brightening rill and bower,
Three noble youths conversing lay;
And, as they lookt from time to time
To the far sky where Daylight furled
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke them of that distant world-
Spirits who once in brotherhood
Of faith and bliss near ALLA stood,
And o'er whose cheeks full oft had blown
The wind that breathes from ALLA'S throne,
Creatures of light such as still play,
Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,
And thro' their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of His luminous word!

Of Heaven they spoke and, still more oft,
Of the bright eyes that charmed them thence;
Till yielding gradual to the soft
And balmy evening's influence-
The silent breathing of the flowers-
The melting light that beamed above,
As on their first, fond, erring hours,-
Each told the story of his love,
The history of that hour unblest,
When like a bird from its high nest
Won down by fascinating eyes,
For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The First who spoke was one, with look
The least celestial of the three-
A Spirit of light mould that took
The prints of earth most yieldingly;
Who even in heaven was not of those
Nearest the Throne but held a place
Far off among those shining rows
That circle out thro' endless space,
And o'er whose wings the light from Him
In Heaven's centre falls most dim.

Still fair and glorious, he but shone
Among those youths the unheavenliest one-
A creature to whom light remained
From Eden still, but altered, stained,
And o'er whose brow not Love alone
A blight had in his transit cast,
But other, earthlier joys had gone,
And left their foot-prints as they past.
Sighing, as back thro' ages flown,
Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that Time had thrown
O'er buried hopes, he thus began:-

First Angel's Story

'Twas in a land that far away
Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,
Upon the threshold of the skies,
One morn, on earthly mission sent,
And mid-way choosing where to light,
I saw from the blue element-
Oh beautiful, but fatal sight!-
One of earth's fairest womankind,
Half veiled from view, or rather shrined
In the clear crystal of a brook;
Which while it hid no single gleam
Of her young beauties made them look
More spirit-like, as they might seem
Thro' the dim shadowing of a dream.
Pausing in wonder I lookt on,
While playfully around her breaking
The waters that like diamonds shone
She moved in light of her own making.
At length as from that airy height
I gently lowered my breathless flight,
The tremble of my wings all o'er
(For thro' each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her as she reached the shore
Of that small lake-her mirror still-
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow,
Never shall I forget those eyes!-
The shame, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face when in the air
Uplooking she beheld me there.
It seemed as if each thought and look
And motion were that minute chained
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And-like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturned-so still remained!

In pity to the wondering maid,
Tho' loath from such a vision turning,
Downward I bent, beneath the shade
Of my spread wings to hide the burning

Of glances, which-I well could feel-
For me, for her, too warmly shone;
But ere I could again unseal
My restless eyes or even steal
One sidelong look the maid was gone-
Hid from me in the forest leaves,
Sudden as when in all her charms
Of full-blown light some cloud receives
The Moon into his dusky arms.

'Tis not in words to tell the power,
The despotism that from that hour
Passion held o'er me. Day and night
I sought around each neighboring spot;
And in the chase of this sweet light,
My task and heaven and all forgot;-
All but the one, sole, haunting dream
Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long ere by her side
I found myself whole happy days
Listening to words whose music vied
With our own Eden's seraph lays,
When seraph lays are warmed by love,
But wanting that far, far above!-
And looking into eyes where, blue
And beautiful, like skies seen thro'
The sleeping wave, for me there shone
A heaven, more worshipt than my own.
Oh what, while I could hear and see
Such words and looks, was heaven to me?

Tho' gross the air on earth I drew,
'Twas blessed, while she breathed it too;
Tho' dark the flowers, tho' dim the sky,
Love lent them light while she was nigh.
Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds-the one, that small,
Beloved and consecrated spot
Where LEA was-the other, all
The dull, wide waste where she was not!

But vain my suit, my madness vain;
Tho' gladly, from her eyes to gain
One earthly look, one stray desire,
I would have torn the wings that hung
Furled at my back and o'er the Fire
In GEHIM'S pit their fragments flung;-
'Twas hopeless all-pure and unmoved
She stood as lilies in the light
Of the hot noon but look more white;-
And tho' she loved me, deeply loved,
'Twas not as man, as mortal-no,
Nothing of earth was in that glow-
She loved me but as one, of race
Angelic, from that radiant place
She saw so oft in dreams-that Heaven
To which her prayers at morn were sent
And on whose light she gazed at even,
Wishing for wings that she might go
Out of this shadowy world below
To that free, glorious element!

Well I remember by her side
Sitting at rosy even-tide,
When,-turning to the star whose head
Lookt out as from a bridal bed,
At that mute, blushing hour,-she said,
'Oh! that it were my doom to be
'The Spirit of yon beauteous star,
'Dwelling up there in purity,
'Alone as all such bright things are;-
'My sole employ to pray and shine,
'To light my censer at the sun,
'And cast its fire towards the shrine
'Of Him in heaven, the Eternal One!'

So innocent the maid, so free
From mortal taint in soul and frame,
Whom 'twas my crime-my destiny-
To love, ay, burn for, with a flame
To which earth's wildest fires are tame.
Had you but seen her look when first
From my mad lips the avowal burst;

Not angered-no!-the feeling came
From depths beyond mere anger's flame-
It was a sorrow calm as deep,
A mournfulness that could not weep,
So filled her heart was to the brink,
So fixt and frozen with grief to think
That angel natures-that even I
Whose love she clung to, as the tie
Between her spirit and the sky-
Should fall thus headlong from the height
Of all that heaven hath pure and bright!

That very night-my heart had grown
Impatient of its inward burning;
The term, too, of my stay was flown,
And the bright Watchers near the throne.
Already, if a meteor shone
Between them and this nether zone,
Thought 'twas their herald's wing returning.
Oft did the potent spell-word, given
To Envoys hither from the skies,
To be pronounced when back to heaven
It is their time or wish to rise,
Come to my lips that fatal day;
And once too was so nearly spoken,
That my spread plumage in the ray
And breeze of heaven began to play;-
When my heart failed-the spell was broken-
The word unfinisht died away,
And my checkt plumes ready to soar,
Fell slack and lifeless as before.
How could I leave a world which she,
Or lost or won, made all to me?
No matter where my wanderings were,
So there she lookt, breathed, moved about-
Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
Than Paradise itself, without!

But to return-that very day
A feast was held, where, full of mirth,
Came-crowding thick as flowers that play
In summer winds-the young and gay

And beautiful of this bright earth.
And she was there and mid the young
And beautiful stood first, alone;
Tho' on her gentle brow still hung
The shadow I that morn had thrown-
The first that ever shame or woe
Had cast upon its vernal snow.
My heart was maddened;-in the flush
Of the wild revel I gave way
To all that frantic mirth-that rush
Of desperate gayety which they,
Who never felt how pain's excess
Can break out thus, think happiness!
Sad mimicry of mirth and life
Whose flashes come but from the strife
Of inward passions-like the light
Struck out by clashing swords in fight.

Then too that juice of earth, the bane
And blessing of man's heart and brain-
That draught of sorcery which brings
Phantoms of fair, forbidden things-
Whose drops like those of rainbows smile
Upon the mists that circle man,
Brightening not only Earth the while,
But grasping Heaven too in their span!-
Then first the fatal wine-cup rained
Its dews of darkness thro' my lips,
Casting whate'er of light remained
To my lost soul into eclipse;
And filling it with such wild dreams,
Such fantasies and wrong desires,
As in the absence of heaven's beams
Haunt us for ever-like wildfires
That walk this earth when day retires.

Now hear the rest;-our banquet done,
I sought her in the accustomed bower,
Where late we oft, when day was gone
And the world husht, had met alone,
At the same silent, moonlight hour.
Her eyes as usual were upturned

To her loved star whose lustre burned
Purer than ever on that night;
While she in looking grew more bright
As tho' she borrowed of its light.

There was a virtue in that scene,
A spell of holiness around,
Which had my burning brain not been
Thus maddened would have held me bound,
As tho' I trod celestial ground.

Even as it was, with soul all flame
And lips that burned in their own sighs,
I stood to gaze with awe and shame-
The memory of Eden came
Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;
And tho' too well each glance of mine
To the pale, shrinking maiden proved
How far, alas! from aught divine,
Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
Was the wild love with which I loved,
Yet must she, too, have seen-oh yes,
'Tis soothing but to think she saw
The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
The homage of an Angel's awe
To her, a mortal, whom pure love
Then placed above him-far above-
And all that struggle to repress
A sinful spirit's mad excess,
Which workt within me at that hour,
When with a voice where Passion shed
All the deep sadness of her power,
Her melancholy power-I said,
'Then be it so; if back to heaven
'I must unloved, unpitied fly.
'Without one blest memorial given
'To soothe me in that lonely sky;
'One look like those the young and fond
'Give when they're parting-which would be,
'Even in remembrance far beyond
'All heaven hath left of bliss for me!

'Oh, but to see that head recline

'A minute on this trembling arm,
'And those mild eyes look up to mine,
'Without a dread, a thought of harm!
'To meet but once the thrilling touch
'Of lips too purely fond to fear me-
'Or if that boon be all too much,
'Even thus to bring their fragrance near me!
'Nay, shrink not so-a look-a word-
'Give them but kindly and I fly;
'Already, see, my plumes have stirred
'And tremble for their home on high.
'Thus be our parting-cheek to cheek-
'One minute's lapse will be forgiven,
'And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
'The spell that plumes my wing for heaven!'

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking stood like flowers beneath
The scorching of the south-wind's breath:
But when I named-alas, too well,
I now recall, tho' wildered then,-
Instantly, when I named the spell
Her brow, her eyes uprose again;
And with an eagerness that spoke
The sudden light that o'er her broke,
'The spell, the spell!-oh, speak it now.
'And I will bless thee!' she exclaimed-
Unknowing what I did, inflamed,
And lost already, on her brow
I stampt one burning kiss, and named
The mystic word till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould!
Scarce was it said when quick a thought,
Her lips from mine like echo caught
The holy sound-her hands and eyes
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to heaven she spoke it out
With that triumphant look Faith wears,
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
A vapor from this vale of tears.
Between her and her God appears!

That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw unclose
Two wings magnificent as those
That sparkle around ALLA'S Throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
Above me, in the moon-beam shone
With a pure light; which-from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth-I knew
Was light from Eden, glistening thro'!
Most holy vision! ne'er before
Did aught so radiant-since the day
When EBLIS in his downfall, bore
The third of the bright stars away-
Rise in earth's beauty to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

But did I tamely view her flight?
Did not I too proclaim out thrice
The powerful words that were that night,-
Oh even for heaven too much delight!-
Again to bring us, eyes to eyes
And soul to soul, in Paradise?
I did-I spoke it o'er and o'er-
I prayed, I wept, but all in vain;
For me the spell had power no more.
There seemed around me some dark chain
Which still as I essayed to soar
Baffled, alas, each wild endeavor;
Dead lay my wings as they have lain
Since that sad hour and will remain-
So wills the offended God-for ever!

It was to yonder star I traced
Her journey up the illumined waste-
That isle in the blue firmament
To which so oft her fancy went
In wishes and in dreams before,
And which was now-such, Purity,
Thy blest reward-ordained to be
Her home of light for evermore!
Once-or did I but fancy so?-

Even in her flight to that fair sphere,
Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,
A pitying look she turned below
On him who stood in darkness here;
Him whom perhaps if vain regret
Can dwell in heaven she pities yet;
And oft when looking to this dim
And distant world remembers him.

But soon that passing dream was gone;
Farther and farther off she shone,
Till lessened to a point as small
As are those specks that yonder burn,-
Those vivid drops of light that fall
The last from Day's exhausted urn.
And when at length she merged, afar,
Into her own immortal star,
And when at length my straining sight
Had caught her wing's last fading ray,
That minute from my soul the light
Of heaven and love both past away;
And I forgot my home, my birth,
Profaned my spirit, sunk my brow,
And revelled in gross joys of earth
Till I became-what I am now!

The Spirit bowed his head in shame;
A shame that of itself would tell-
Were there not even those breaks of flame,
Celestial, thro' his clouded frame-
How grand the height from which he fell!
That holy Shame which ne'er forgets
The unblenched renown it used to wear;
Whose blush remains when Virtue sets
To show her sunshine has been there.

Once only while the tale he told
Were his eyes lifted to behold
That happy stainless, star where she
Dwelt in her bower of purity!
One minute did he look and then-
As tho' he felt some deadly pain

From its sweet light thro' heart and brain-
Shrunk back and never lookt again.

Who was the Second Spirit? he
With the proud front and piercing glance-
Who seemed when viewing heaven's expanse
As tho' his far-sent eye could see
On, on into the Immensity
Behind the veils of that blue sky
Where ALLA'S grandest secrets lie?-
His wings, the while, tho' day was gone,
Flashing with many a various hue
Of light they from themselves alone,
Instinct with Eden's brightness drew.
'Twas RUBI-once among the prime
And flower of those bright creatures, named
Spirits of Knowledge, who o'er Time
And Space and Thought an empire claimed,
Second alone to Him whose light
Was even to theirs as day to night;
'Twixt whom and them was distance far
And wide as would the journey be
To reach from any island star
To vague shores of Infinity

'Twas RUBI in whose mournful eye
Slept the dim light of days gone by;
Whose voice tho' sweet fell on the ear
Like echoes in some silent place
When first awaked for many a year;
And when he smiled, if o'er his face
Smile ever shone, 'twas like the grace
Of moonlight rainbows, fair, but wan,
The sunny life, the glory gone.
Even o'er his pride tho' still the same,
A softening shade from sorrow came;
And tho' at times his spirit knew
The kindlings of disdain and ire,
Short was the fitful glare they threw-
Like the last flashes, fierce but few,
Seen thro' some noble pile on fire!
Such was the Angel who now broke

The silence that had come o'er all,
When he the Spirit that last spoke
Closed the sad history of his fall;
And while a sacred lustre flown
For many a day relumed his cheek-
Beautiful as in days of old;
And not those eloquent lips alone
But every feature seemed to speak-
Thus his eventful story told:-

Second Angel's Story

You both remember well the day
When unto Eden's new-made bowers
ALLA convoked the bright array
Of his supreme angelic powers
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world as done-
To see the last perfection rise,
That crowning of creation's birth,
When mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels Woman's eyes
First open upon heaven and earth;
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That thro' each living spirit went
Like first light thro' the firmament!

Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh-awakened breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form-which seemed
To grow transparent as there beamed
That dawn of Mind within and caught
New loveliness from each new thought?
Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
The progress of the noontide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
And varying heaven's reflections there-

Or like the light of evening stealing
O'er some fair temple which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
Its several beauties ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.

Can you forget her blush when round
Thro' Eden's lone, enchanted ground
She lookt, and saw the sea-the skies-
And heard the rush of many a wing,
On high behests then vanishing;
And saw the last few angel eyes,
Still lingering-mine among the rest,-
Reluctant leaving scenes so blest?
From that miraculous hour the fate
Of this new, glorious Being dwelt
For ever with a spell-like weight
Upon my spirit-early, late,
Whate'er I did or dreamed or felt,
The thought of what might yet befall
That matchless creature mixt with all.-
Nor she alone but her whole race
Thro' ages yet to come-whate'er
Of feminine and fond and fair
Should spring from that pure mind and face,
All waked my soul's intensest care;
Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me
Creation's strangest mystery!

It was my doom-even from the first,
When witnessing the primal burst
Of Nature's wonders, I saw rise
Those bright creations in the skies,-
Those worlds instinct with life and light,
Which Man, remote, but sees by night,-
It was my doom still to be haunted
By some new wonder, some sublime
And matchless work, that for the time
Held all my soul enchained, enchanted,
And left me not a thought, a dream,
A word but on that only theme!

The wish to know-that endless thirst,
Which even by quenching is awaked,
And which becomes or blest or curst
As is the fount whereat 'tis slaked-
Still urged me onward with desire
Insatiate, to explore, inquire-
Whate'er the wondrous things might be
That waked each new idolatry-
Their cause, aim, source, whenever sprung-
Their inmost powers, as tho' for me
Existence on that knowledge hung.

Oh what a vision were the stars
When first I saw them born on high,
Rolling along like living cars
Of light for gods to journey by!
They were like my heart's first passion-days
And nights unwearied, in their rays
Have I hung floating till each sense
Seemed full of their bright influence.
Innocent joy! alas, how much
Of misery had I shunned below,
Could I have still lived blest with such;
Nor, proud and restless, burned to know
The knowledge that brings guilt and woe.

Often-so much I loved to trace
The secrets of this starry race-
Have I at morn and evening run
Along the lines of radiance spun
Like webs between them and the sun,
Untwisting all the tangled ties
Of light into their different dyes-
The fleetly winged I off in quest
Of those, the farthest, loneliest,
That watch like winking sentinels,
The void, beyond which Chaos dwells;
And there with noiseless plume pursued
Their track thro' that grand solitude,
Asking intently all and each
What soul within their radiance dwelt,

And wishing their sweet light were speech,
That they might tell me all they felt.

Nay, oft, so passionate my chase,
Of these resplendent heirs of space,
Oft did I follow-lest a ray
Should 'scape me in the farthest night-
Some pilgrim Comet on his way
To visit distant shrines of light,
And well remember how I sung
Exultingly when on my sight
New worlds of stars all fresh and young
As if just born of darkness sprung!

Such was my pure ambition then,
My sinless transport night and morn
Ere yet this newer world of men,
And that most fair of stars was born
Which I in fatal hour saw rise
Among the flowers of Paradise!

Thenceforth my nature all was changed,
My heart, soul, senses turned below;
And he who but so lately ranged
Yon wonderful expanse where glow
Worlds upon worlds,-yet found his mind
Even in that luminous range confined,-
Now blest the humblest, meanest sod
Of the dark earth where Woman trod!
In vain my former idols glistened
From their far thrones; in vain these ears
To the once-thrilling music listened,
That hymned around my favorite spheres-
To earth, to earth each thought was given,
That in this half-lost soul had birth;
Like some high mount, whose head's in heaven
While its whole shadow rests on earth!

Nor was it Love, even yet, that thrall'd
My spirit in his burning ties;
And less, still less could it be called
That grosser flame, round which Love flies

Nearer and near till he dies-
No, it was wonder, such as thrilled
At all God's works my dazzled sense;
The same rapt wonder, only filled
With passion, more profound, intense,-
A vehement, but wandering fire,
Which, tho' nor love, nor yet desire,-
Tho' thro' all womankind it took
Its range, its lawless lightnings run,
Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
To fix it burning upon One.

Then too the ever-restless zeal,
The insatiate curiosity,
To know how shapes so fair must feel-
To look but once beneath the seal
Of so much loveliness and see
What souls belonged to such bright eyes-
Whether as sunbeams find their way
Into the gem that hidden lies,
Those looks could inward turn their ray,
And make the soul as bright as they:
All this impelled my anxious chase.
And still the more I saw and knew
Of Woman's fond, weak, conquering race,
The intenser still my wonder grew.
I had beheld their First, their EVE,
Born in that splendid Paradise,
Which sprung there solely to receive
The first light of her waking eyes.
I had seen purest angels lean
In worship o'er her from above;
And man-oh yes, had envying seen
Proud man possess of all her love.

I saw their happiness, so brief,
So exquisite,-her error, too,
That easy trust, that prompt belief
In what the warm heart wishes true;
That faith in words, when kindly said.
By which the whole fond sex is led
Mingled with-what I durst not blame,

For 'tis my own-that zeal to know,
Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe;
Which, tho' from heaven all pure it came,
Yet stained, misused, brought sin and shame
On her, on me, on all below!

I had seen this; had seen Man, armed
As his soul is with strength and sense,
By her first words to ruin charmed;
His vaunted reason's cold defence,
Like an ice-barrier in the ray
Of melting summer, smiled away.
Nay, stranger yet, spite of all this-
Tho' by her counsels taught to err,
Tho' driven from Paradise for her,
(And with her-that at least was bliss,)
Had I not heard him ere he crost
The threshold of that earthly heaven,
Which by her bewildering smile he lost-
So quickly was the wrong forgiven-
Had I not heard him, as he prest
The frail, fond trembler to a breast
Which she had doomed to sin and strife,
Call her-even then-his Life! his Life!
Yes, such a love-taught name, the first,
That ruined Man to Woman gave,
Even in his outcast hour, when curst
By her fond witchery, with that worst
And earliest boon of love, the grave!
She who brought death into the world
There stood before him, with the light
Of their lost Paradise still bright
Upon those sunny locks that curled
Down her white shoulders to her feet-
So beautiful in form, so sweet
In heart and voice, as to redeem
The loss, the death of all things dear,
Except herself-and make it seem
Life, endless Life, while she was near!
Could I help wondering at a creature,
Thus circled round with spells so strong-
One to whose every thought, word, feature.

In joy and woe, thro' right and wrong,
Such sweet omnipotence heaven gave,
To bless or ruin, curse or save?

Nor did the marvel cease with her-
New Eves in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
As sure of man thro' praise and blame,
Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,
He still the unreasoning worshipper,
And they, throughout all time, the same
Enchantresses of soul and frame,
Into whose hands, from first to last,
This world with all its destinies,
Devotedly by heaven seems cast,
To save or ruin as they please!
Oh! 'tis not to be told how long,
How restlessly I sighed to find
Some one from out that witching throng,
Some abstract of the form and mind
Of the whole matchless sex, from which,
In my own arms beheld, possest,
I might learn all the powers to witch,
To warm, and (if my fate unblest
Would have it) ruin, of the rest!
Into whose inward soul and sense,
I might descend, as doth the bee
Into the flower's deep heart, and thence
Rifle in all its purity
The prime, the quintessence, the whole
Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul!
At length my burning wish, my prayer-
(For such-oh! what will tongues not dare,
When hearts go wrong?-this lip preferred)-
At length my ominous prayer was heard-
But whether heard in heaven or hell,
Listen-and thou wilt know too well.

There was a maid, of all who move
Like visions o'er this orb most fit.
To be a bright young angel's love-
Herself so bright, so exquisite!

The pride too of her step, as light
Along the unconscious earth she went,
Seemed that of one born with a right
To walk some heavenlier element,
And tread in places where her feet
A star at every step should meet.
'Twas not alone that loveliness
By which the wildered sense is caught-
Of lips whose very breath could bless;
Of playful blushes that seemed naught
But luminous escapes of thought;
Of eyes that, when by anger stirred,
Were fire itself, but at a word
Of tenderness, all soft became
As tho' they could, like the sun's bird,
Dissolve away in their own flame-
Of form, as pliant as the shoots
Of a young tree, in vernal flower;
Yet round and glowing as the fruits,
That drop from it in summer's hour;-
'Twas not alone this loveliness
That falls to loveliest women's share,
Tho' even here her form could spare
From its own beauty's rich excess
Enough to make even them more fair-
But 'twas the Mind outshining clear
Thro' her whole frame-the soul, still near,
To light each charm, yet independent
Of what it lighted, as the sun
That shines on flowers would be resplendent
Were there no flowers to shine upon-
'Twas this, all this, in one combined-
The unnumbered looks and arts that form
The glory of young womankind,
Taken, in their perfection, warm,
Ere time had chilled a single charm,
And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,
As gave to beauties that might be
Too sensual else, too unrefined,
The impress of Divinity!

'Twas this-a union, which the hand

Of Nature kept for her alone,
Of every thing most playful, bland,
Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,
In angel-natures and her own-
Oh! this it was that drew me nigh
One, who seemed kin to heaven as I,
A bright twin-sister from on high-
One in whose love, I felt, were given
The mixt delights of either sphere,
All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
And all the senses burn for here.

Had we-but hold!-hear every part
Of our sad tale-spite of the pain
Remembrance gives, when the fixt dart
Is stirred thus in the wound again-
Hear every step, so full of bliss,
And yet so ruinous, that led
Down to the last, dark precipice,
Where perisht both-the fallen, the dead!

From the first hour she caught my sight,
I never left her-day and night
Hovering unseen around her way,
And mid her loneliest musings near,
I soon could track each thought that lay,
Gleaming within her heart, as clear
As pebbles within brooks appear;
And there among the countless things
That keep young hearts for ever glowing-
Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing-
Light, winged hopes that come when bid,
And rainbow joys that end in weeping;
And passions among pure thoughts hid,
Like serpents under flowerets sleeping:-
'Mong all these feelings-felt where'er
Young hearts are beating-I saw there
Proud thoughts, aspirings high-beyond
Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond-
Glimpses of glory, far away
Into the bright, vague future given;

And fancies, free and grand, whose play,
Like that of eaglets, is near heaven!
With this, too-what a soul and heart
To fall beneath the tempter's art!-
A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er
Enshrined itself in form so fair,
Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve,
With every fruit of Eden blest
Save one alone-rather than leave
That one unreached, lost all the rest.

It was in dreams that first I stole
With gentle mastery o'er her mind-
In that rich twilight of the soul,
When reason's beam, half hid behind
The clouds of sleep, obscurely gilds
Each shadowy shape that Fancy builds-
'Twas then by that soft light I brought
Vague, glimmering visions to her view,-
Catches of radiance lost when caught,
Bright labyrinths that led to naught,
And vistas with no pathway thro';-
Dwellings of bliss that opening shone,
Then closed, dissolved, and left no trace-
All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,
But give her wing no resting-place;
Myself the while with brow as yet
Pure as the young moon's coronet,
Thro' every dream still in her sight.
The enchanter of each mocking scene,
Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,
Who said, 'Behold yon world of light,'
Then sudden dropt a veil between!

At length when I perceived each thought,
Waking or sleeping, fixt on naught
But these illusive scenes and me-
The phantom who thus came and went,
In half revealments, only meant
To madden curiosity-
When by such various arts I found
Her fancy to its utmost wound.

One night-'twas in a holy spot
Which she for prayer had chosen-a grot
Of purest marble built below
Her garden beds, thro' which a glow
From lamps invisible then stole,
Brightly pervading all the place-
Like that mysterious light the soul,
Itself unseen, sheds thro' the face.
There at her altar while she knelt,
And all that woman ever felt,
When God and man both claimed her sighs-
Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,
Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies,
Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes-
Then, as the mystic light's soft ray
Grew softer still, as tho' its ray
Was breathed from her, I heard her say:-

'O idol of my dreams! whate'er
'Thy nature be-human, divine,
'Or but half heavenly-still too fair,
'Too heavenly to be ever mine!

'Wonderful Spirit who dost make
'Slumber so lovely that it seems
'No longer life to live awake,
'Since heaven itself descends in dreams,

'Why do I ever lose thee? why
'When on thy realms and thee I gaze
'Still drops that veil, which I could die,
'Oh! gladly, but one hour to raise?

'Long ere such miracles as thou
'And thine came o'er my thoughts, a thirst
'For light was in this soul which now
'Thy looks have into passion burst.

'There's nothing bright above, below,
'In sky-earth-ocean, that this breast
'Doth not intensely burn to know,

'And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest!

'Then come, oh Spirit, from behind
'The curtains of thy radiant home,
'If thou wouldst be as angel shrined,
'Or loved and claspt as mortal, come!

'Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
'That I may, waking, know and see;
'Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
'Thy heaven or-ay, even that with thee!

'Demon or God, who hold'st the book
'Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,
'Give me, with thee, but one bright look
'Into its leaves and let me die!

'By those ethereal wings whose way
'Lies thro' an element so fraught
'With living Mind that as they play
'Their every movement is a thought!

'By that bright, wreathed hair, between
'Whose sunny clusters the sweet wind
'Of Paradise so late hath been
'And left its fragrant soul behind!

'By those impassioned eyes that melt
'Their light into the inmost heart,
'Like sunset in the waters, felt
'As molten fire thro' every part-

'I do implore thee, oh most bright
'And worshipt Spirit, shine but o'er
'My waking, wondering eyes this night
'This one blest night-I ask no more!'

Exhausted, breathless, as she said
These burning words, her languid head
Upon the altar's steps she cast,
As if that brain-throb were its last--

Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,
Of lips that echoed back her sigh,
Sudden her brow again she raised;
And there, just lighted on the shrine,
Beheld me-not as I had blazed
Around her, full of light divine,
In her late dreams, but softened down
Into more mortal grace;-my crown
Of flowers, too radiant for this world,
Left hanging on yon starry steep;
My wings shut up, like banners furled,
When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep;
Or like autumnal clouds that keep
Their lightnings sheathed rather than mar
The dawning hour of some young star;
And nothing left but what beseemed
The accessible, tho' glorious mate
Of mortal woman-whose eyes beamed
Back upon hers, as passionate;
Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,
Whose sin, whose madness was the same;
And whose soul lost in that one hour
For her and for her love-oh more
Of heaven's light than even the power
Of heaven itself could now restore!
And yet, that hour!-

The Spirit here
Stopt in his utterance as if words
Gave way beneath the wild career
Of his then rushing thoughts-like chords,
Midway in some enthusiast's song,
Breaking beneath a touch too strong;
While the clenched hand upon the brow
Told how remembrance throbbed there now!
But soon 'twas o'er-that casual blaze
From the sunk fire of other days-
That relic of a flame whose burning
Had been too fierce to be relumed,
Soon passt away, and the youth turning
To his bright listeners thus resumed:-

Days, months elapsed, and, tho' what most
On earth I sighed for was mine, all-
Yet-was I happy? God, thou know'st,
Howe'er they smile and feign and boast,
What happiness is theirs, who fall!
'Twas bitterest anguish-made more keen
Even by the love, the bliss, between
Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell
In agonizing cross-light given
Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell
In purgatory catch of heaven!
The only feeling that to me
Seemed joy-or rather my sole rest
From aching misery-was to see
My young, proud, blooming LILIS blest.
She, the fair fountain of all ill
To my lost soul-whom yet its thirst
Fervidly panted after still,
And found the charm fresh as at first-
To see her happy-to reflect
Whatever beams still round me played
Of former pride, of glory wreckt,
On her, my Moon, whose light I made,
And whose soul worshipt even my shade-
This was, I own, enjoyment-this
My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.
And proud she was, fair creature!-proud,
Beyond what even most queenly stirs
In woman's heart, nor would have bowed
That beautiful young brow of hers
To aught beneath the First above,
So high she deemed her Cherub's love!

Then too that passion hourly growing
Stronger and stronger-to which even
Her love at times gave way-of knowing
Everything strange in earth and heaven;
Not only all that, full revealed,
The eternal ALLA loves to show,
But all that He hath wisely sealed
In darkness for man not to know-
Even this desire, alas! ill-starred

And fatal as it was, I sought
To feed each minute, and unbarred
Such realms of wonder on her thought
As ne'er till then had let their light
Escape on any mortal's sight!

In the deep earth-beneath the sea-
Thro' caves of fire-thro' wilds of air-
Wherever sleeping Mystery
Had spread her curtain, we were there-
Love still beside us as we went,
At home in each new element
And sure of worship everywhere!

Then first was Nature taught to lay
The wealth of all her kingdoms down
At woman's worshipt feet and say
'Bright creature, this is all thine own!'
Then first were diamonds from the night,
Of earth's deep centre brought to light
And made to grace the conquering way
Of proud young beauty with their ray.

Then too the pearl from out its shell
Unsightly, in the sunless sea,
(As 'twere a spirit, forced to dwell
In form unlovely) was set free,
And round the neck of woman threw
A light it lent and borrowed too.
For never did this maid-whate'er
The ambition of the hour-forget
Her sex's pride in being fair;
Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,
Which makes the mighty magnet, set
In Woman's form, more mighty yet.
Nor was there aught within the range
Of my swift wing in sea or air,
Of beautiful or grand or strange,
That, quickly as her wish could change,
I did not seek, with such fond care,
That when I've seen her look above
At some bright star admiringly,

I've said, 'Nay, look not there, my love,
'Alas, I cannot give it thee!'

But not alone the wonders found
Thro' Nature's realm-the unveiled, material,
Visible glories, that abound
Thro' all her vast, enchanted ground-
But whatsoe'er unseen, ethereal,
Dwells far away from human sense,
Wrapt in its own intelligence-
The mystery of that Fountainhead,
From which all vital spirit runs,
All breath of Life, where'er 'tis spread
Thro' men or angels, flowers or suns-
The workings of the Almighty Mind,
When first o'er Chaos he designed
The outlines of this world, and thro'
That depth of darkness-like the bow,
Called out of rain-clouds hue by hue
Saw the grand, gradual picture grow;-
The covenant with human kind
By ALLA made-the chains of Fate
He round himself and them hath twined,
Till his high task he consummate;-
Till good from evil, love from hate,
Shall be workt out thro' sin and pain,
And Fate shall loose her iron chain
And all be free, be bright again!

Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,
And some, even more obscure, profound,
And wildering to the mind than these,
Which-far as woman's thought could sound,
Or a fallen, outlawed spirit reach-
She dared to learn and I to teach.
Till-filled with such unearthly lore,
And mingling the pure light it brings
With much that fancy had before
Shed in false, tinted glimmerings-
The enthusiast girl spoke out, as one
Inspired, among her own dark race,
Who from their ancient shrines would run,

Leaving their holy rites undone,
To gaze upon her holier face.
And tho' but wild the things she spoke,
Yet mid that play of error's smoke
Into fair shapes by fancy curled,
Some gleams of pure religion broke-
Glimpses that have not yet awoke,
But startled the still dreaming world!
Oh! many a truth, remote, sublime,
Which Heaven would from the minds of men
Have kept concealed till its own time,
Stole out in these revealments then-
Revealments dim that have forerun,
By ages, the great, Sealing One!
Like that imperfect dawn or light
Escaping from the Zodiac's signs,
Which makes the doubtful east half bright,
Before the real morning shines!

Thus did some moons of bliss go by-
Of bliss to her who saw but love
And knowledge throughout earth and sky;
To whose enamored soul and eye
I seemed-as is the sun on high-
The light of all below, above,
The spirit of sea and land and air,
Whose influence, felt everywhere,
Spread from its centre, her own heart,
Even to the world's extremest part;
While thro' that world her rainless mind
Had now careered so fast and far,
That earth itself seemed left behind
And her proud fancy unconfined
Already saw Heaven's gates ajar!

Happy enthusiast! still, oh! still
Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,
Spite of that double-fronted sorrow
Which looks at once before and back,
Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,
And sees both comfortless, both black-
Spite of all this, I could have still

In her delight forgot all ill;
Or if pain would not be forgot,
At least have borne and murmured not.
When thoughts of an offended heaven,
Of sinfulness, which I-even I,
While down its steep most headlong driven-
Well knew could never be forgiven,
Came o'er me with an agony
Beyond all reach of mortal woe-
A torture kept for those who know.

Know every thing, and-worst of all-
Know and love Virtue while they fall!
Even then her presence had the power
To soothe, to warm-nay, even to bless-
If ever bliss could graft its flower
On stem so full of bitterness-
Even then her glorious smile to me
Brought warmth and radiance if not balm;
Like moonlight o'er a troubled sea.
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

Oft too when that disheartening fear,
Which all who love, beneath yon sky,
Feel when they gaze on what is dear-
The dreadful thought that it must die!
That desolating thought which comes
Into men's happiest hours and homes;
Whose melancholy boding flings
Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,
Sicklies the infant's bloom and spreads
The grave beneath young lovers' heads!
This fear, so sad to all-to me
Most full of sadness from the thought
That I most still live on, when she
Would, like the snow that on the sea
Fell yesterday, in vain be sought;
That heaven to me this final seal
Of all earth's sorrow would deny,
And I eternally must feel
The death-pang without power to die!

Even this, her fond endearments-fond
As ever cherisht the sweet bond
'Twixt heart and heart-could charm away;
Before her looks no clouds would stay,
Or if they did their gloom was gone,
Their darkness put a glory on!
But 'tis not, 'tis not for the wrong,
The guilty, to be happy long;
And she too now had sunk within
The shadow of her tempter's sin,
Too deep for even Omnipotence
To snatch the fated victim thence!
Listen and if a tear there be
Left in your hearts weep it for me.

'Twas on the evening of a day,
Which we in love had dreamt away;
In that same garden, where-the pride
Of seraph splendor laid aside,
And those wings furled, whose open light
For mortal gaze were else too bright-
I first had stood before her sight,
And found myself-oh, ecstasy,
Which even in pain I ne'er forget-
Worshipt as only God should be,
And loved as never man was yet!
In that same garden where we now,
Thoughtfully side by side reclining,
Her eyes turned upward and her brow
With its own silent fancies shining.

It was an evening bright and still
As ever blusht on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven as if naught ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour.
Yet I remember both grew sad
In looking at that light-even she,
Of heart so fresh and brow so glad,
Felt the still hour's solemnity,
And thought she saw in that repose
The death-hour not alone of light,
But of this whole fair world-the close

Of all things beautiful and bright-
The last, grand sunset, in whose ray
Nature herself died calm away!

At length, as tho' some livelier thought
Had suddenly her fancy caught,
She turned upon me her dark eyes,
Dilated into that full shape
They took in joy, reproach, surprise,
As 'twere to let more soul escape,
And, playfully as on my head
Her white hand rested, smiled and said:-

'I had last night a dream of thee,
'Resembling those divine ones, given,
'Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
'Before thou camest thyself from heaven.

'The same rich wreath was on thy brow,
'Dazzling as if of starlight made;
'And these wings, lying darkly now,
'Like meteors round thee flasht and played.

'Thou stoodest, all bright, as in those dreams,
'As if just wafted from above,
'Mingling earth's warmth with heaven's beams,
'And creature to adore and love.

'Sudden I felt thee draw me near
'To thy pure heart, where, fondly placed,
'I seemed within the atmosphere
'Of that exhaling light embraced;

'And felt methought the ethereal flame
'Pass from thy purer soul to mine;
'Till-oh, too blissful-I became,
'Like thee, all spirit, all divine!

'Say, why did dream so blest come o'er me,
'If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone?
'When will my Cherub shine before me
'Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone?

'When shall I, waking, be allowed
'To gaze upon those perfect charms,
'And clasp thee once without a cloud,
'A chill of earth, within these arms?

'Oh what a pride to say, this, this
'Is my own Angel-all divine,
'And pure and dazzling as he is
'And fresh from heaven-he's mine, he's mine!

'Thinkest thou, were LILIS in thy place,
'A creature of yon lofty skies,
'She would have hid one single grace,
'One glory from her lover's eyes?

'No, no-then, if thou lovest like me,
'Shine out, young Spirit in the blaze
'Of thy most proud divinity,
'Nor think thou'lt wound this mortal gaze.

'Too long and oft I've looked upon
'Those ardent eyes, intense even thus-
'Too near the stars themselves have gone,
'To fear aught grand or luminous.

'Then doubt me not-oh! who can say
'But that this dream may yet come true
'And my blest spirit drink thy ray,
'Till it becomes all heavenly too?

'Let me this once but feel the flame
'Of those spread wings, the very pride
'Will change my nature, and this frame
'By the mere touch be deified!'

Thus spoke the maid, as one not used
To be by earth or heaven refused-
As one who knew her influence o'er
All creatures, whatso'er they were,
And tho' to heaven she could not soar,
At least would bring down heaven to her.

Little did she, alas! or I-
Even I, whose soul, but halfway yet
Immerged in sin's obscurity
Was as the earth whereon we lie,
O'er half whose disk the sun is set-
Little did we foresee the fate,
The dreadful-how can it be told?
Such pain, such anguish to relate
Is o'er again to feel, behold!
But, charged as 'tis, my heart must speak
Its sorrow out or it will break!
Some dark misgivings had, I own,
Past for a moment thro' my breast-
Fears of some danger, vague, unknown,
To one, or both-something unblest
To happen from this proud request.

But soon these boding fancies fled;
Nor saw I aught that could forbid
My full revealment save the dread
Of that first dazzle, when, unhid,
Such light should burst upon a lid
Ne'er tried in heaven;-and even this glare
She might, by love's own nursing care,
Be, like young eagles, taught to bear.
For well I knew, the lustre shed
From cherub wings, when proudest spread,
Was in its nature lambent, pure,
And innocent as is the light
The glow-worm hangs out to allure
Her mate to her green bower at night.
Oft had I in the mid-air swept
Thro' clouds in which the lightning slept,
As in its lair, ready to spring,
Yet waked it not-tho' from my wing
A thousand sparks fell glittering!
Oft too when round me from above
The feathered snow in all its whiteness,
Fell like the moultings of heaven's Dove,-
So harmless, tho' so full of brightness,
Was my brow's wreath that it would shake

From off its flowers each downy flake
As delicate, unmelted, fair,
And cool as they had lighted there.

Nay even with LILIS-had I not
Around her sleep all radiant beamed,
Hung o'er her slumbers nor forgot
To kiss her eyelids as she dreamed?
And yet at morn from that repose,
Had she not waked, unscathed and bright,
As doth the pure, unconscious rose
Tho' by the fire-fly kist all night?

Thus having-as, alas! deceived
By my sin's blindness, I believed-
No cause for dread and those dark eyes
Now fixt upon me eagerly
As tho' the unlocking of the skies
Then waited but a sign from me-
How could I pause? how even let fall
A word; a whisper that could stir
In her proud heart a doubt that all
I brought from heaven belonged to her?
Slow from her side I rose, while she
Arose too, mutely, tremblingly,
But not with fear-all hope, and pride,
She waited for the awful boon,
Like priestesses at eventide
Watching the rise of the full moon
Whose light, when once its orb hath shone,
'Twill madden them to look upon!

Of all my glories, the bright crown
Which when I last from heaven came down
Was left behind me in yon star
That shines from out those clouds afar-
Where, relic sad, 'tis treasured yet,
The downfallen angel's coronet!-
Of all my glories, this alone
Was wanting:-but the illumined brow,
The sun-bright locks, the eyes that now
Had love's spell added to their own,

And poured a light till then unknown;-
The unfolded wings that in their play
Shed sparkles bright as ALLA'S throne;
All I could bring of heaven's array,
Of that rich panoply of charms
A Cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;
And, proud that in her eyes I shone
Thus glorious, glided to her arms;
Which still (tho', at a sight so splendid,
Her dazzled brow had instantly
Sunk on her breast), were wide extended
To clasp the form she durst not see!
Great Heaven! how could thy vengeance light
So bitterly on one so bright?
How could the hand that gave such charms,
Blast them again in love's own arms?
Scarce had I touched her shrinking frame,
When-oh most horrible!-I felt
That every spark of that pure flame-
Pure, while among the stars I dwelt-
Was now by my transgression turned
Into gross, earthly fire, which burned,
Burned all it touched as fast as eye
Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes;
Till there-oh God, I still ask why
Such doom was hers?-I saw her lie
Blackening within my arms to ashes!
That brow, a glory but to see-
Those lips whose touch was what the first
Fresh cup of immortality
Is to a new-made angel's thirst!

Those clasping arms, within whose round-
My heart's horizon-the whole bound
Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!
Which, even in this dread moment, fond
As when they first were round me cast,
Loosed not in death the fatal bond,
But, burning, held me to the last!
All, all, that, but that morn, had seemed
As if Love's self there breathed and beamed,

Now parched and black before me lay,
Withering in agony away;
And mine, oh misery! mine the flame
From which this desolation came;-
I, the curst spirit whose caress
Had blasted all that loveliness!

'Twas maddening!-but now hear even worse-
Had death, death only, been the curse
I brought upon her-had the doom
But ended here, when her young bloom
Lay in the dust-and did the spirit
No part of that fell curse inherit,
'Twere not so dreadful-but, come near-
Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear-
Just when her eyes in fading took
Their last, keen, agonized farewell,
And looked in mine with-oh, that look!
Great vengeful Power, whate'er the hell
Thou mayst to human souls assign,
The memory of that look is mine!-

In her last struggle, on my brow
Her ashy lips a kiss imprest,
So withering!-I feel it now-
'Twas fire-but fire, even more unblest
Than was my own, and like that flame,
The angels shudder but to name,
Hell's everlasting element!
Deep, deep it pierced into my brain,
Maddening and torturing as it went;
And here, mark here, the brand, the stain
It left upon my front-burnt in
By that last kiss of love and sin-
A brand which all the pomp and pride
Of a fallen Spirit cannot hide!

But is it thus, dread Providence-
Can it indeed be thus, that she
Who, (but for one proud, fond offence,)
Had honored heaven itself, should be
Now doomed-I cannot speak it-no,

Merciful ALLA! 'tis not so-
Never could lips divine have said
The fiat of a fate so dread.
And yet, that look-so deeply fraught
With more than anguish, with despair-
That new, fierce fire, resembling naught
In heaven or earth-this scorch I bear!-
Oh-for the first time that these knees
Have bent before thee since my fall,
Great Power, if ever thy decrees
Thou couldst for prayer like mine recall,
Pardon that spirit, and on me,
On me, who taught her pride to err,
Shed out each drop of agony
Thy burning phial keeps for her!
See too where low beside me kneel
Two other outcasts who, tho' gone
And lost themselves, yet dare to feel
And pray for that poor mortal one.
Alas, too well, too well they know
The pain, the penitence, the woe
That Passion brings upon the best,
The wisest, and the loveliest.-
Oh! who is to be saved, if such
Bright, erring souls are not forgiven;
So loath they wander, and so much
Their very wanderings lean towards heaven!
Again I cry. Just Power, transfer
That creature's sufferings all to me-
Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be,
To save one minute's pain to her,
Let mine last all eternity!

He paused and to the earth bent down
His throbbing head; while they who felt
That agony as 'twere their own,
Those angel youths, beside him knelt,
And in the night's still silence there,
While mournfully each wandering air
Played in those plumes that never more
To their lost home in heaven must soar,
Breathed inwardly the voiceless prayer,

Unheard by all but Mercy's ear-
And which if Mercy did not hear,
Oh, God would not be what this bright
And glorious universe of His,
This world of beauty, goodness, light
And endless love proclaims He is!

Not long they knelt, when from a wood
That crowned that airy solitude,
They heard a low, uncertain sound,
As from a lute, that just had found
Some happy theme and murmured round
The new-born fancy, with fond tone,
Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own!
Till soon a voice, that matched as well
That gentle instrument, as suits
The sea-air to an ocean-shell,
(So kin its spirit to the lute's),
Tremblingly followed the soft strain,
Interpreting its joy, its pain,
And lending the light wings of words
To many a thought that else had lain
Unfledged and mute among the chords.

All started at the sound-but chief
The third young Angel in whose face,
Tho' faded like the others, grief
Had left a gentler, holier trace;
As if, even yet, thro' pain and ill,
Hope had not fled him-as if still
Her precious pearl in sorrow's cup
Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again, when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away.
Chiefly did he, tho' in his eyes
There shone more pleasure than surprise,
Turn to the wood from whence that sound
Of solitary sweetness broke;
Then, listening, look delighted round
To his bright peers, while thus it spoke:-
'Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
'My angel-lord, come pray with me:

'In vain to-night my lips hath strove
'To send one holy prayer above-
'The knee may bend, the lip may move,
'But pray I cannot, without thee!
'I've fed the altar in my bower
'With droppings from the incense tree;
'I've sheltered it from wind and shower,
'But dim it burns the livelong hour,
'As if, like me, it had no power
'Of life or lustre without thee!

'A boat at midnight sent alone
'To drift upon the moonless sea,
'A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
'A wounded bird that hath but one
'Imperfect wing to soar upon,
'Are like what I am without thee!

'Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,
'In life or death, thyself from me;
'But when again in sunny pride
'Thou walk'st thro' Eden, let me glide,
'A prostrate shadow, by thy side-
'Oh happier thus than without thee!

The song had ceased when from the wood
Which sweeping down that airy height,
Reached the lone spot whereon they stood-
There suddenly shone out a light
From a clear lamp, which, as it blazed
Across the brow of one, who raised
Its flame aloft (as if to throw
The light upon that group below),
Displayed two eyes sparkling between
The dusky leaves, such as are seen
By fancy only, in those faces,
That haunt a poet's walk at even,
Looking from out their leafy places
Upon his dreams of love and heaven.
'Twas but a moment-the blush brought
O'er all her features at the thought
Of being seen thus, late, alone,

By any but the eyes she sought,
Had scarcely for an instant shore
Thro' the dark leaves when she was gone-
Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead
Suddenly shines, and, ere we've said,
'Behold, how beautiful!'- 'tis fled,
Yet ere she went the words, 'I come,
'I come, my NAMA,' reached her ear,
In that kind voice, familiar, dear,
Which tells of confidence, of home,-
Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,
Till they grow one,-of faith sincere,
And all that Love most loves to hear;
A music breathing of the past,
The present and the time to be,
Where Hope and Memory to the last
Lengthen out life's true harmony!

Nor long did he whom call so kind
Summoned away remain behind:
Nor did there need much time to tell
What they-alas! more fallen than he
From happiness and heaven-knew well,
His gentler love's short history!

Thus did it run-not as he told
The tale himself, but as 'tis graved
Upon the tablets that, of old,
By SETH were from the deluge saved,
All written over with sublime
And saddening legends of the unblest
But glorious Spirits of that time,
And this young Angel's 'mong the rest.

Third Angel's Story

Among the Spirits, of pure flame,
That in the eternal heavens abide-
Circles of light that from the same
Unclouded centre sweeping wide,

Carry its beams on every side-
Like spheres of air that waft around
The undulations of rich sound-

Till the far-circling radiance be
Diffused into infinity!
First and immediate near the Throne
Of ALLA, as if most his own,
The Seraphs stand this burning sign
Traced on their banner, 'Love Divine!'
Their rank, their honors, far above
Even those to high-browed Cherubs given,
Tho' knowing all;-so much doth Love
Transcend all Knowledge, even in heaven!

'Mong these was ZARAPH once-and none
E'er felt affection's holy fire,
Or yearned towards the Eternal One,
With half such longing, deep desire.
Love was to his impassioned soul
Not as with others a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole-
The very life-breath of his heart!

Oft, when from ALLA'S lifted brow
A lustre came, too bright to bear,
And all the seraph ranks would bow,
To shade their dazzled sight nor dare
To look upon the effulgence there-
This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze
(Such pride he in adoring took),

And rather lose in that one gaze
The power of looking than not look!
Then too when angel voices sung
The mercy of their God and strung
Their harps to hail with welcome sweet
That moment, watched for by all eyes,
When some repentant sinner's feet
First touched the threshold of the skies,
Oh! then how clearly did the voice
Of ZARAPH above all rejoice!

Love was in every buoyant tone-
Such love as only could belong
To the blest angels and alone
Could, even from angels, bring such song!
Alas! that it should e'er have been
In heaven as 'tis too often here,
Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
But it hath pain and peril near;-
Where right and wrong so close resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
Of the heart's balance unto ill;
Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
In moments, even the most secure,
Beneath his altar may glide in!

So was it with that Angel-such
The charm, that sloped his fall along,
From good to ill, from loving much,
Too easy lapse, to loving wrong.-
Even so that amorous Spirit, bound
By beauty's spell where'er 'twas found,
From the bright things above the moon
Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,
Till love for the Creator soon
In passion for the creature ended.

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
And voice of her he loved steal o'er
The silver waters that lay mute,
As loath, by even a breath, to stay
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay;
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off beyond the ocean's brim-
There where the rich cascade of day
Had o'er the horizon's golden rim,
Into Elysium rolled away!
Of God she sung and of the mild
Attendant Mercy that beside

His awful throne for ever smiled,
Ready with her white hand to guide
His bolts of vengeance to their prey-
That she might quench them on the way!
Of Peace-of that Atoning Love,
Upon whose star, shining above
This twilight world of hope and fear,
The weeping eyes of Faith are fixt
So fond that with her every tear
The light of that love-star is mixt!-
All this she sung, and such a soul
Of piety was in that song
That the charmed Angel as it stole
Tenderly to his ear, along
Those lulling waters where he lay,
Watching the daylight's dying ray,
Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,
An echo, that some sea-nymph gave
To Eden's distant harmony,
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!

Quickly, however, to its source,
Tracking that music's melting course,
He saw upon the golden sands
Of the sea-shore a maiden stand,
Before whose feet the expiring waves
Flung their last offering with a sigh-
As, in the East, exhausted slaves
Lay down the far-brought gift and die-
And while her lute hung by her hushed
As if unequal to the tide
Of song that from her lips still gushed,
She raised, like one beatified,
Those eyes whose light seemed rather given
To be adored than to adore-
Such eyes as may have lookt from heaven
But ne'er were raised to it before!

Oh Love, Religion, Music-all
That's left of Eden upon earth-
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall

A trace of their high, glorious birth-
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
How Love tho' unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
When time or grief hath stained his own!
How near to Love's beguiling brink
Too oft entranced Religion lies!
While Music, Music is the link
They both still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere
Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could ZARAPH fail to feel
That moment's witcheries?-one, so fair,
Breathing out music, that might steal
Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer
That seraphs might be proud to share!
Oh, he did feel it, all too well-
With warmth, that far too dearly cost-
Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
To which attraction, to which spell,
Love, Music, or Devotion, most
His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, tho' dearly won,
And pure, as aught of earth could be,
For then first did the glorious sun
Before religion's altar see
Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie
Self-pledged, in love to live and die.
Blest union! by that Angel wove,
And worthy from such hands to come;
Safe, sole, asylum, in which Love,
When fallen or exiled from above,
In this dark world can find a home.

And, tho' the Spirit had transgressed,
Had, from his station 'mong the blest
Won down by woman's smile, allow'd
Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er
The mirror of his heart, and cloud
God's image there so bright before-

Yet never did that Power look down
On error with a brow so mild;
Never did Justice wear a frown,
Thro' which so gently Mercy smiled.

For humble was their love-with awe
And trembling like some treasure kept,
That was not theirs by holy law-
Whose beauty with remorse they saw
And o'er whose preciousness they wept.
Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot,
Was in the hearts of both-but most
In NAMA'S heart, by whom alone
Those charms, for which a heaven was lost.
Seemed all unvalued and unknown;
And when her Seraph's eyes she caught,
And hid hers glowing on his breast,
Even bliss was humbled by the thought-
'What claim have I to be so blest'?
Still less could maid, so meek, have nurst
Desire of knowledge-that vain thirst,
With which the sex hath all been curst
From luckless EVE to her who near
The Tabernacle stole to hear
The secrets of the Angels: no-
To love as her own Seraph loved,
With Faith, the same thro' bliss and woe-
Faith that were even its light removed,
Could like the dial fixt remain
And wait till it shone out again;-
With Patience that tho' often bowed
By the rude storm can rise anew;
And Hope that even from Evil's cloud
See sunny Good half breaking thro'!
This deep, relying Love, worth more
In heaven than all a Cherub's lore-
This Faith more sure than aught beside
Was the sole joy, ambition, pride
Of her fond heart-the unreasoning scope
Of all its views, above, below-
So true she felt it that to hope,

To trust, is happier than to know.
And thus in humbleness they trod,
Abasht but pure before their God;
Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
So meekly beautiful as they,
When with the altar's holy light
Full on their brows they knelt to pray,
Hand within hand and side by side,
Two links of love awhile untied
From the great chain above, but fast
Holding together to the last!-
Two fallen Splendors from that tree
Which buds with such eternally,
Shaken to earth yet keeping all
Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment, (as wrong,
However sweet, must bear its brand.)
Their only doom was this-that, long
As the green earth and ocean stand,
They both shall wander here-the same,
Throughout all time, in heart and frame-
Still looking to that goal sublime,
Whose light remote but sure they see;
Pilgrims of Love whose way is Time,
Whose home is in Eternity!
Subject the while to all the strife
True Love encounters in this life-
The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain;
The chill that turns his warmest sighs
To earthly vapor ere they rise;
The doubt he feeds on and the pain
That in his very sweetness lies:-
Still worse, the illusions that betray
His footsteps to their shining brink;
That tempt him on his desert way
Thro' the bleak world, to bend and drink,
Where nothing meets his lips, alas!-
But he again must sighing pass
On to that far-off home of peace,
In which alone his thirst will cease.

All this they bear but not the less
Have moments rich in happiness-
Blest meetings, after many a day
Of widowhood past far away,
When the loved face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between-
Confidings frank, without control,
Poured mutually from soul to soul;
As free from any fear or doubt
As is that light from chill or strain
The sun into the stars sheds out
To be by them shed back again!-
That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, changed as chymic compounds are,
Each with its own existence parts
To find a new one, happier far!
Such are their joys-and crowning all
That blessed hope of the bright hour,
When, happy and no more to fall,
Their spirits shall with freshened power
Rise up rewarded for their trust
In Him from whom all goodness springs,
And shaking off earth's soiling dust
From their emancipated wings,
Wander for ever thro' those skies
Of radiance where Love never dies!

In what lone region of the earth,
These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and the Angels who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.
But should we in our wanderings
Meet a young pair whose beauty wants
But the adornment of bright wings
To look like heaven's inhabitants-
Who shine where'er they tread and yet
Are humble in their earthly lot,
As is the way-side violet,
That shines unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath would be forgot
Whose hearts in every thought are one,
Whose voices utter the same wills-

Answering, as Echo doth some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
So like itself we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain-
Whose piety is love - whose love,
Though close as 'twere their souls' embrace,
Is not of earth, but from above-
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
Whose light, from one to the other thrown,
Is heaven's reflection, not their own-
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
So perfect here, we may be sure
There is but
one
such pair below;
And, as we bless them on their way
Through the world's wilderness, may say,
'There Zeraph and his Nama go.'

Thomas Moore

The Meeting Of The Waters

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no, -- it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every 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.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

Thomas Moore

The Minstrel Boy

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! -- but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

Thomas Moore

The Mountain Sprite

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth, whose moments had calmly flown,
'Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.

As once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er
The golden sands of that Island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight --
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite!

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As bending over the stream he lay,
There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of light,
And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd, but, lo, like a startled bird,
That spirit fled! -- and the youth but heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright look,
The boy, bewilder'd, his pencil took.
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

"Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried
A voice, low whispering by his side,
"Now turn and see," -- here the youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
Then rapt he murmur'd, "there's none like thee,
And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light
In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite!"

Thomas Moore

The Night Dance

Strike the gay harp! see the moon is on high,
And, as true to her beam as the tides of the ocean,
Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye,
Obey the mute call, and heave into motion.

Then, sound notes - the gayest, the lightest,
That ever took wing, when heaven look'd brightest
Again! Again!

Oh! could such heart-stirring music be heard
In that City of Statues described by romancers,
So wakening its spell, even stone would be stirr'd,
And statues themselves all start into dancers!

Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,
And the flower of Beauty's own garden before us -
While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,
And, listening to ours, hang wondering o'er us?

Again, that strain! - to hear it thus sounding
Might set even Death's cold pulses bounding -
Again! Again!

Oh, what delight when the youthful and gay
Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a feather,
Thus dance, like the Hours to the music of May,
And mingle sweet song and sunshine together.

Thomas Moore

The Origin Of The Harp

Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, through the bright waters roved,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep,
Till heaven look'd with pity on true-love so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair -- still her cheeks smiled the same --
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords uttering melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

Thomas Moore

The Parallel

Yes, sad one of Sion, if closely resembling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart --
If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling"
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the Forsaken,"
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have tones 'mid their mirth like the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance -- yet came there the morrow,
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and sorrow,
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips;
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over,
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And a ruin at last for the earthworm to cover,
The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

Thomas Moore

The Prince's Day

Though dark are our sorrows, today we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers:
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours.
But just when the chain,
Has ceased to pain,
And hope has enwreathed it round with flowers,
There comes a new link,
Our spirits to sink --
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!
Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
The Standard of Green
In front would be seen --
Oh, my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When roused by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last --
And thus, Erin, my country, though broken thou art,
There's lustre wiithin thee, that ne'er will decay;

A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

Thomas Moore

The Sinking Fund Cried

["Now what, we ask, is become of this Sinking Fund - these eight millions of surplus above expenditure, which were to reduce the interest of the national debt by the amount of four hundred thousand pounds annually? Where, indeed, is the Sinking Fund itself?" - The Times]

Take your bell, take your bell,
Good Crier, and tell
To the Bulls and the Bears, till their ears are stunn'd,
That, lost or stolen,
Or fall'n through a hole in
The Treasury floor, is the Sinking Fund!

O yes! O yes!
Can anybody guess
What the deuce has become of this Treasury wonder?
It has Pitt's name on't,
All brass, in the front,
And R--b--ns--n's scrawl'd with a goose-quill under.

Folks well knew what
Would soon be its lot,
When Frederick or Jenky set hobnobbing,[1]
And said to each other,
"Suppose, dear brother,
We make this funny old Fund worth robbing."

We are come, alas!
To a very pretty pass --
Eight Hundred Millions of score, to pay,
With but Five in the till,
To discharge the bill,
And even that Five too, whipp'd away!

Stop thief! stop thief! --
From the Sub to the Chief,
These Genmen of Finance are plundering cattle --
Call the watch, call Bougham
Tell Joseph Hume,
That best of Charleys, to spring his rattle.

Whoever will bring
This aforesaid thing
To the well-known house of Robinson and Jenkin,
Shall be paid, with thanks,
In the notes of banks,
Whose Funds have all learn'd "the Art of Sinking."

O yes! O yes!
Can any body guess
What the devil has become of the Treasury wonder?
It has Pitt's name on 't,
All brass, in the front,
And R--b--ns--n's, scrawl'd with a goose-quill under.

Thomas Moore

The Song Of Fionnuala

Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

Thomas Moore

The Song Of O'Ruark, Prince Of Breffni

The valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine when her Pilgrim return'd;
But, though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber -- 'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead; --
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss;
While the hand that had waked it so often
Now throb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There was a time, falsest of women,
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee in thought!
While now -- oh degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide, to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward! --- the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On our side is Virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt.

Thomas Moore

The Time I've Lost

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were women's looks,
And folly's all they taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me;
But when the spell was on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
O! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No -- vain, alas! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever: --
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

Thomas Moore

The Wandering Bard

What life like that of the bard can be --
The wandering bard, who roams as free
As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,
And, like that lark a music brings,
Within him, where'er he comes or goes --
A fount that for ever flows!
The world's to him like some playground,
Where fairies dance their moonlight round; --
It dimm'd the turf where late they trod;
The elves but seek some greener sod;
So, when less bright his scene of glee,
To another away flies he!

Oh, what would have been young Beauty's doom
Without a bard to fix her bloom?
They tell us, in the moon's bright round,
Things lost in this dark world are found;
So charms, on earth long pass'd and gone,
In the poet's lay live on. --
Would you have smiles that ne'er grow dim?
You've only to give them all to him,
Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
Can lend them life, this life beyond.
And fix them high, in Poesy's sky --
Young stars that never die!

Then welcome the bard where'er he comes,
For, though he hath countless airy homes,
To which his wing excursive roves,
Yet still, from time to time, he loves
To light upon earth and find such cheer
As brightens our banquet here.
No matter how far, how fleet he flies,
You've only to light up kind young eyes,
Such signal-fires as here are given--
And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
The minute such call to love or mirth
Proclaim's he's wanting on the earth!

The Wine-Cup Is Circling

The wine-cup is circling in Almhin's hall,
And its Chief, 'mid his heroes reclining,
Looks up, with a sigh to the trophied wall,
Where his sword hangs idly shining.
When, hark, that shout
From the vale without --
"Arm ye quick, the Dane, the Dane is nigh!"
Every Chief starts up
From his foaming cup,
And "To battle, to battle!" is the Finian's cry.

The minstrels have seized their harps of gold,
And they sing such thrilling numbers --
'Tis like the voice of the Brave, of old,
Breaking forth from their place of slumber!
Spear to buckler rang,
As the minstrels sang,
And the Sun-burst o'er them floated wide;
While remembering the yoke
Which their fathers broke,
"On for liberty, for liberty!" the Finians cried.

Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,
O'er the valley of Almhin lowering;
While onward moved, in the light of its fame,
That banner of Erin, towering.
With the mingling shock
Rung cliff and rock,
While, rank on rank, the invaders die:
And the shout, that last
O'er the dying pass'd,
Was "victory! victory!" -- the Finian's cry.

Thomas Moore

The Young May Moon

The young May moon is beaming, love.
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love.
How sweet to rove,
Through Morna's grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake! -- the heavens look bright, my dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake! -- till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

Thomas Moore

Thee, Thee, Only Thee

The dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.

When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near, that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.

Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To the ocean hurries, resting never,
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.

Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

Thomas Moore

There Are Sounds Of Mirth

There are sounds of mirth in the night-air ringing,
And lamps from every casement shown;
While voices blithe within are singing,
That seem to say "Come," in every tone.
Ah! once how light, in Life's young season,
My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay;
Nor paused to ask of greybeard Reason
Should I the syren call obey.

And, see -- the lamps still livelier glitter,
The syren lips more fondly sound;
No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter
To sink in your rosy bondage bound.
Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms,
Could bend to tyranny's rude countrol,
Thus quail, at sight of woman's charms,
And yield to a smile his freeborn soul?

Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,
The nymphs their fetters around him cast,
And -- their laughing eyes, the while, concealing --
Led Freedom's Bard their slave at last.
For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,
Was like that rock of the Druid race,
Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
But all earth's power couldn't cast from its base.

Thomas Moore

They Know Not My Heart

They know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flower,
I could harm what I love, -- as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No -- beaming with light as those young features are,
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:
It is not that cheek -- 'tis the soul dawning clear
Through its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear:
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to the more, because Heaven lies there!

Thomas Moore

They May Rail At This Life

They may rail at this life -- from the hour I began it
I found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such lips and such eyes
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each moment can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,
They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.
But though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that Isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
Why -- this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare,
Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

Thomas Moore

This Life Is All Chequer'D With Pleasures And Woes

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep --
Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awaked ere the tear can be dried;
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup -- if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
And the light brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Through fields full of light, and with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
But pledge me the goblet; -- while idleness weaves
These flowerets together, should Wisdom but see
One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

Thomas Moore

Though Humble The Banquet

Though humble the banquet to which I invite thee,
Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can command;
Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall throng round, to light thee,
And Love serve the feast with his own willing hand.

And though Fortune may seem to have turn'd from the dwelling
Of him thou regardest her favouring ray,
Thou wilt find there a gift, all her treasures excelling,
Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled his way.

'Tis that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion
Can turn from the path a pure conscience approves,
Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the pinion,
Holds upwards its course to the light which it loves.

'Tis this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
And with this, though of all other treasures bereaved,
The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er received.

Then, come, if a board so untempting hath power
To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;
And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
Who, smiling will blend her bright welcome with mine.

Thomas Moore

Though The Last Glimpse Of Erin With Sorrow I See

Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

Thomas Moore

Tis Gone, And For Ever

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead --
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled.
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning,
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee, through all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her letters indignantly starting,
At once, like a sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.
Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then -- had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations -- how sweet had ascended
The first note of liberty , Erin, from thee!

But, shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies, caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptised it in blood.
Then vanish'd for ever that fair sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

Thomas Moore

Tis Sweet To Think

Tis sweet to think that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that, when we're far from the lips that we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.
The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there,
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but the're changeable too,
And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue.
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

Thomas Moore

Tis The Last Rose Of Summer

Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone:
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Thomas Moore

To Ladies' Eyes

To Ladies' eyes a round, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse;
Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bowers, yon airy bowers,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup -- where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some looks there are so holy,
They seem but given, they seem but given,
As shining beacons, solely,
To light to heaven, to light to heaven,
While some -- oh! ne'er believe them --
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup -- where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy;
So drink them all! so drink them all!

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems pourtray'd, Love seems pourtray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips -- but this is telling --
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up -- where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy;
So drink them all ! so drink them all!

Translation From The Gull Language

'Twas grav'd on the Stone of Destiny,
In letters four, and letters three;
And ne'er did the King of the Gulls go by
But those awful letters scar'd his eye;
For he knew that a Prophet Voice had said
"As long as those words by man were read,
The ancient race of the Gulls should ne'er
One hour of peace or plenty share."
But years and years successive flew
And the letters still more legible grew, --
At top, a T, an H, an E,
And underneath, D. E. B. T.

Some thought them Hebrew, -- such as Jews,
More skill'd in Scrip than Scripture use;
While some surmis'd 'twas an ancient way
Of keeping accounts, (well known in the day
Of the fam'd Didlerius Jeremias,
Who had thereto a wonderful bias,)
And prov'd in books most learnedly boring,
'Twas called the Pontick way of scoring.
Howe'er this be, there never were yet
Seven letters of the alphabet,
That, 'twixt them form'd so grim a spell,
Or scar'd a Land of Gulls so well,
As did this awful riddle-me-ree
Of T.H.E.D.E.B.T.

Hark! - it is struggling Freedom's cry;
"Help, help, ye nations, or I die;
'Tis freedom's fight, and on the field
Where I expire, your doom is seal'd."
The Gull-King hears the awakening call,
He hath summon'd his Peers and Patriots all,
And he asks, "Ye noble Gulls, shall we
Stand basely by at the fall of the Free,
Nor utter a curse, nor deal a blow?"

And they answer, with voice of thunder, "No."

Out fly their flashing swords in the air! -
But, -- why do they rest suspended there?
What sudden blight, what baleful charm,
Hath chill'd each eye and check'd each arm?
Alas! some withering hand hath thrown
The veil from off that fatal stone,
And pointing now, with sapless finger,
Showeth where dark those letters linger, --
Letters four, and letters three,
T.H.E. D.E.B.T.

At sight thereof, each lifted brand
Powerless falls from every hand;
In vain the Patriot knits his brow, --
Even talk, his staple, fails him now.
In vain the King like a hero treads,
His Lords of the Treasury shake their heads;
And to all his talk of "brave and free",
No answer getteth His Majesty
But "T.H.E. D.E.B.T."

In short, the whole Gull nation feels
The're fairly spell-bound, neck and heels;
And so, in the face of the laughing world,
Must e'en sit down, with banners furled,
Adjourning all their dreams sublime
Of glory and war to -- some other time.

Thomas Moore

Twas One Of Those Dreams

'Twas one of those dreams, that by music are brought,
Like a bright summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought --
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
He had taught to sing Erin's dark bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle, to Glenna's wooded shore.

He listen'd -- while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loath to let song to enchanting expire.

It seem'd as if every sweet note that died here
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain
That had ceased upon earth was awaking again!

Oh forgive, if, while listening to music, whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim,
"Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

"Even so, though thy memory should now die away,
'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song."

Thomas Moore

War Song

<i>Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave</i>

Remember the glories of Brien the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er,
Though lost to Mononia and cold to the grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more.
That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.
That sun which now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain; --
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain.

Thomas Moore

We May Roam Through This World

We may roam through this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings and be off to the west:
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
Then, remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery placed within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells;
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,
The same as he look's when he left the shore.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

Weep On, Weep On

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past,
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!

Weep on -- perhaps in after days,
They'll learn to love your name,
When many a deed may wake in praise
That long hath slept in blame.
And when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
You never join'd in love.
But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
And man profaned what God had given;
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
Where others knelt in heaven!"

Thomas Moore

What The Bee Is To The Floweret

What the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you.

She.

What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear.

She.

But they say, the bee's a rover,
Who will fly, when sweets are gone,
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

He.

Nay, if flowers will lose their looks
If sunny banks will wear away,
'Tis but right that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

Thomas Moore

When Cold In The Earth

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings, that taught him true love to adore,
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou camest, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

And though sometimes the shades of past folly might rise,
And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile and rekindled it there.

Thomas Moore

When First I Met Thee

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver! go,
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,
I fled the unwelcome story,
Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart that now thy falsehood rends
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go --
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few who loved thee once have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
Go -- go -- though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever!
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever;
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go -- go -- 'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

Thomas Moore

When He Who Adores Thee

When he, who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

Thomas Moore

Whene'er I See Those Smiling Eyes

Whene'er I see those smiling eyes,
So full of hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heaven so purely bright --
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all its blights,
The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind,
And love, that leaves, where'er it lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind:
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the darkening rain,
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,
Can never shine so bright again.

Thomas Moore

Where Is The Slave

Oh, where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?

Farewell, Erin, -- farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing.
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.

Farewell, Erin, -- farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

Thomas Moore

While Gazing On The Moon's Light

While gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
But too far
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame;
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came;
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own,
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone
That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meet,
Illumined all the pale flowers,
Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
I said (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,)
"The moon looks
On many brooks,
The brook can see no moon but this;"
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks to thee,
While oh! I feel there is but one,
One Mary in the world for me.

Thomas Moore

While History's Muse

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illumed the whole volume, her Wellington's name.

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, even thou hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,
And, bright o'er the flood
Of her tears, and her blood,
Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name."

Thomas Moore

Wreath The Bowl

Wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us,
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid
That Joy, the enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near --
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then, wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us.
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos,
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So, wreath the bowl,
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us,
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time

His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then, wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Thomas Moore

You Remember Ellen

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till William, at length, in sadness said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;" --
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
The wind blows cold, the hour is late;"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady," exclaim'd the youth, --
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
She believed him crazed, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

Thomas Moore