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 THOMAS MOORE

1779–1852

## Believe me, if all those endearing young charms

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,  
 Which I gaze on so fondly today,  
 Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms,  
 Like fairy-gifts fading away,  
 5 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,  
 10 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear  
 That the fervor and faith of a soul can 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,  
 15 As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,  
 The same look which she turned when he rose.

1808

The harp that once through Tara's halls<sup>1</sup>

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.—  
 5 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  
 10 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,  
 15 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
 To show that still she lives.

1834

1. Tara, northwest of Dublin, was the capital of Ireland during the early Middle Ages, when that country was a center of European civilization and learning.

## The time I've lost in wooing

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

Her smile when Beauty granted,  
 I hung with gaze enchanted,  
     Like him, the sprite,<sup>1</sup>  
     Whom maids by night  
 15 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.  
 Like him, too, Beauty won me,  
 But while her eyes were on me;  
     If once their ray  
     Was turned away,  
 20 Oh! winds could not outrun me.

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

1834

1. The Irish fairy; he can be controlled by mortals only when their eyes are fixed on him.