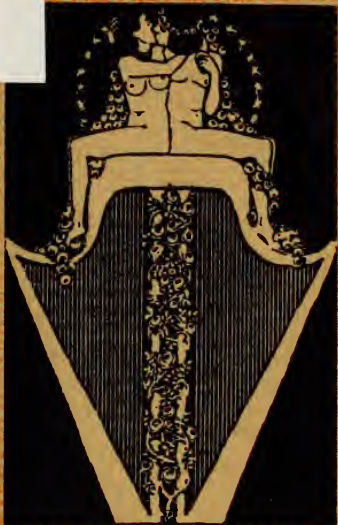


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**Thomas
Moore's
Love : :
Poems**

Thomas Moore

THOMAS MOORE'S LOVE POEMS



DONE INTO A BROCHURE BY THE
ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR PRINT SHOP,
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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 't is 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 'll be 'mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to
pursue,

And shield thee, and save thee—or perish there too!





'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'T is the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud, 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?



OFT, 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 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.




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,
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 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,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.





'T IS SWEET TO THINK

'T is 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 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, can not 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.

'T were a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose is n't there:
And the world 's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'T were 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 they 're change-
able 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.

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