

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms

Lyrics/tekst: Thomas Moore,
Melody: Irish traditional/Irsk folkemelodi

Believe me if all those
Endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly today
Were to change by tomorrow
and melt 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
Oh, 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 (28 May 1779 – 25 February 1852)