

Love Songs

The dawning 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
 It's grief, its scorn, can but be broken
 By thee, thee, only thee.

THOMAS MOORE

Weep you no more, sad fountains,
 What need you flow so fast,
 Look how the snowy mountains
 Heav'n's sun doth gently waste.
 But my sun's heav'nly eyes
 View not your weeping,
 That now lies sleeping
 Softly now, softly lies sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets:
 Doth not the sun rise smiling,
 When fair at ev'n he sets?
 Rest you, then rest, sad eyes,
 Melt not in weeping,
 While she lies sleeping
 Softly now softly lies sleeping.

ANON

And is it night? Are they thine eyes that shine?
 Are we alone and here and here alone?
 May I come near, may I but touch thy shrine?
 Is jealousy asleep, and is he gone?
 O Gods, no more, silence my lips with thine,
 Lips, kisses, joys, hap, blessings most divine.

O come, my dear, our griefs are turn'd to night,
 And night to joys, night blinds pale Envy's eyes,
 Silence and sleep prepare us our delight,
 O cease we then our woes, our griefs, our cries,
 O vanish words, words do but passions move,
 O dearest life, joys sweet, O sweetest love.

ANON

I ne'er was struck before that hour
 With love so sudden and so sweet,
 Her face it bloomed like a sweet flower
 And stole my heart away complete.
 My face turned pale as deadly pale,
 My legs refused to walk away,
 And when she looked, what could I ail?
 My life and all seemed turned to clay.

And then my blood rushed to my face
 And took my eyesight quite away,
 The trees and bushes round the place
 Seemed midnight at noonday.
 I could not see a single thing,
 Words from my eyes did start
 They spoke as chords do from the string,
 And blood burnt round my heart.

Are flowers the winter's choice?
 Is love's bed always snow?
 She seemed to hear my silent voice,
 Not love's appeals to know.
 I never saw so sweet a face
 As that I stood before.
 My heart has left its dwelling-place
 And can return no more.

JOHN CLARE

O my luv'e's like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June;
 O my luv'e's like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune-

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luv'e am I;
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry-

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
 I will love thee still, my Dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run-

And fare thee well, my only luv'e!
 And fare thee well, a while!
 And I will come again, my luv'e,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

ROBERT BURNS