

TM/9/8/22

SONG.

FROM THE IRISH OF "VURNEEN DECLISH VAL
MA CHREE."

Thou dear seducer of my heart,
Fond cause of ev'ry struggling sigh!
No more can I conceal Love's smart,
No more restrain the ardent eye:
What though this tongue did never move,
To tell thee all its master's pain,
My eyes, my looks, have spoke my love,
My charmer, shall they speak in vain?
My fond imagination warm,
Presents thee at the noon-tide beam;
And sleep gives back thy angel form,
To clasp thee in the midnight dream;
ELVINA, tho' no splendid store
I boast a venal heart to move,
Yet, charmer, I am far from poor,
For I am more than rich in love.
Pulse of my beating heart*, shall all
My hopes of thee and peace be fled?
Unheeded wilt thou hear my fall?
Unpity'd wilt thou see me dead?
I'll make a cradle of my breast,
Thy image all its child shall be,
My throbbing heart shall rock to rest
These cares which waste thy life and me!

AMINTOR.

* This is a literal translation of "*Cospla ma Chree*." It conveys a tenderness scarcely to be found in any modern language.
