

## 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)