

When He Who Adores Thee - song lyrics

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WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

By Thomas Moore.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault And his sorrow behind,
Oh, say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and, however, my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For heaven can witness, though guilty to them
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next-dearest blessing that heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!