

To Ladies Eyes.

A Favorite

IRISH MELODY.

The Words by

Thos. Moore Esq.

Boston, Published by E.W. Jackson at his Piano Forte & Music Store N.º 44 Market S.

MODERATO

To La-dies eyes a-round, boy, we can't re-fuse, we can't re-fuse, Tho'

bright eyes so a-bound, boy, 'Tis hard to chuse, 'Tis hard to chuse, For

thick as stars that light-en yon air - - y bow'rs, yon air - - y bow'rs, The

countless eyes that brighten This earth of ours, this earth of ours: But

fill the cup, where e'er, boy, Our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're

con spirito
sure to find Love there, boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!

2

Some looks there are, so holy,
They seem but giv'n, the seem but giv'n,
As splendid beacons, solely;
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n,
While some—oh! ne'er believethem—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup &c.

3

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portray'd, love seems portray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
'Tis but the shade! 'tis but the shade:
Himself has fixed his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling,
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up fill up &c.