

ODES TO NEA

Written at Bermuda by Tom Moore

I pray you, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Where late we thoughtless stray'd;
'Twas not for us, whom heaven intends
To be no more than simple friends,
Such lonely walks were made.

That little Bay, where winding in
From ocean's rude and angry din,
(As lovers steal to bliss)
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow calmly to the deep again,
As though they did not kiss!

Remember, o'er its circling flood
In what a dangerous dream we stood —
The silent sea before us,
Around us, all the gloom of grove,
That e'er was spread for guilt or love,
No eye but nature's o'er us!

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
All that we wish'd and thought;
'Twas more than tongue could dare reveal,
'Twas more than virtue to ought to feel,
But all that passion ought!

I stoop'd to cull, with faltering hand,
A shell that, on the golden sand,
Before us faintly gleam'd;
I rais'd it to your lips of dew,
You kist the shell, I kist it too —
Good heaven! how sweet it seem'd!

Oh! trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er temptation's power
Could tangle me or you in!
Sweet Nea! let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Such walks will be our ruin!