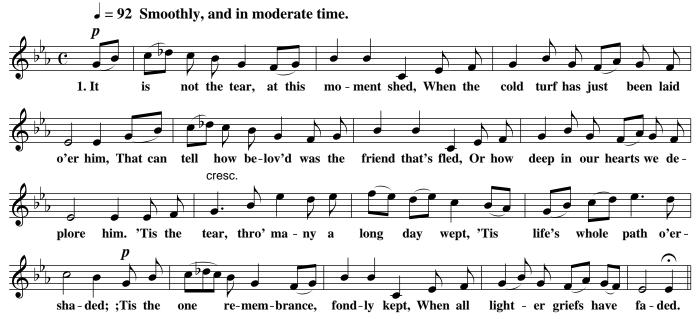
It Is Not the Tear

Text by Thomas Moore, pub. 1810 Tune: The Sixpence



Thus his memory, like some holy light,

Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,

For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,

When we think how he lived but to love them.

And as fresher flowers the sod perfume

Where buried saints are lying,

So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom From the image he left there in dying!