Time I've Lost in Wooing

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(Thomas Moore; melody, Peas Upon a Trencher)

The time I've lost in wooing, in watching and pursuing,
The light that lies in woman's eyes has been my heart's undoing.
Tho' wisdom oft has sought me, I spurned the lore she taught me
My only books were woman's looks and folly's all they taught me!

Her smile when Beauty granted, I hung with gaze enchanted
Like him, the Sprite, whom maids, by night, Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me; but while her eyes were on me
If once their ray was turned away O winds could not outrun me.

And are these follies going? And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise for brilliant eyes again to set it glowing?
No. Vain, alas, th'endeavor from bonds too sweet to sever,
Poor Wisdom's chance, against a glance, is now as weak as ever.