

Thomas Hood (1799-1845)

4 *Fair Ines*

I

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest:
She took our daylight with her, 5
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

II

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night, 10
For fear the Moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivall'd bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek 15
I dare not even write!

III

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whisper'd thee so near! — 20
Were there no bonny dames at home
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

IV

I saw thee, lovely Ines, 25
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners wav'd before;

And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore; — 30
It would have been a beauteous dream,
— If it had been no more!

V

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps, 35
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell,
To her you've loved so long. 40

VI

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danc'd so light before, —
Alas for pleasure on the sea, 45
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

1827

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