



## To ladies' eyes.

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# TO LADIES' EYES.

A FAVORITE IRISH MELODY, AS SUNG BY MR. PEARMAN.

WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

*Sva.....*

Allegretto.

To La - dies eyes a round, boys, We can't re - fuse, We can't re - fuse, Tho'  
bright eyes so a - bound boys, 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose; For  
thick as stars that light - - - en yon air - y bow'rs, yon air - y bow'rs, The

count - less eyes that bright - en this earth of ours, this earth of ours; But

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

sure to find Love there, boys, So drink them all! so drink them all!

2

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

To Ladies' Eyes. 2

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.

E. FERRETT &amp; Co., 212 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.