Thomas Moore

A - A7 BOWER FOR THE HOUR WHEN TO EVELEEN'S BOWER A - A7

THE LORD OF THE VALLEY WITH FALSE VOWS CAME A D

THE MOON HID HER LIGHT FROM THE HEAVENS THAT NIGHT D - B7 - A

AND WEPT BEHIND THE CLOUDS O'ER THE MAIDENS SHAME

THE CLOUDS PASSED SOON FROM THE CHASTE COLD MOON

A

AND HEAVEN SMILED AGAIN WITH HER VESTAL FLAME

BUT NONE WILL SEE THE DAY WHEN THE CLOUDS SHALL PASS AWAY

D - E7 - A

WHICH THAT DARK HOUR LEFT UPON EVELEEN'S FAME

A - A7

THE WHITE SNOW LAY ON THE NARROW PATHWAY

A - A7

WHEN THE LORD OF THE VALLEY CROSSED OVER THE MOOR

A DEEP PRINT ON THE WHITE SHOW'S TINT

D - B7 E7 - A

SHOWED THE TRACK OF HIS FOOTSTEP TO EVELEEN'S DOOR

THE NEXT SUN'S RAY SOON MELTED AWAY

A

EVERY TRACE ON THE PATH WHERE THE FALSE LORD CAME

BUT THERE'S A LIGHT ABOVE, WHICH ALONE CAN REMOVE

D - E7 E7 A

THAT STAIN UPON THE SNOW OF FAIR EVELEEN'S FAME.