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“Fond memory brings the light”

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English poem by Thomas moore

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

Fond memory brings the light

Of other days around me;

The smiles, the tears,

Of boyhood's years,

The words of love then spoken;

The eyes that shone,

Now dimm'd and gone,

The cheerful hearts now broken !

Thus, in the still night,

Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,

Sad memory brings the light

Of other days around me.

When I remember all

The friends, so link'd together,

I've seen around me fall,

Like leaves in wintry weather;

I feel like one

Who treads alone

Some banquet-hall deserted,

Whose lights are fled,

Whose garlands dead,

And all but he departed !

Thus, in the stilly night,

Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

Sad memory brings the light

Of other days around me