

When all among the thundering drums
 Thy soldiers in the battle stands,
 Thy face across his fancy comes
 And gives the battle to his hands:
 A moment while the trumpets blow,
 He sees his brood about thy knee—
 The next—like fire he meets the foe,
 Strikes him dead for them & thee.
 Tara ta taratara!

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the
 The cloud may stoop from heaven & take the ^{sea} shape;
 With fold on fold, of mountain or of cape;
 But O too fond, when have I answered thee?
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give
 I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
 Yet O my friend, I will not have thee die!
 Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live.
 Ask me no more: