

### ***The Vale of Avoca***

*There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet  
Oh the last rays of feeling and life must depart  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart  
Yet it was not that nature had shed o'ver the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green  
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill  
Oh No 'twas something more exquisite still  
'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom were near  
Who made every scene of enchantment more dear  
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love  
Sweet Vale of Avoca! How calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world would cease  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace*

**--Thomas Moore**