

Though Humble the Banquet

Eleanor McEvoy

Though humble the banquet to which I invite thee
Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can command;
Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall throng round, to light thee
And Love serve the feast with her own willing hand

Though Fortune may seem to have turn'd from the dwelling
Of her thou regardest her favouring ray
Thou wilt find there a gift, all her treasures excelling
Which, proudly she feels, hath ennobled her way

It's that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion
Can turn from the path a pure conscience approves
Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the pinion
Holds upwards its course to the light which it loves
'Tis this makes the pride of her humble retreat
And with this, though of all other treasures bereaved

The breeze of her garden to her is more sweet
Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er received

Then, come, if a board so untempting hath power
To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;
And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower
Who, smiling will blend his bright welcome with mine

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Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can command;
Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall throng round, to light thee
And Love serve the feast with her own willing hand
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