Lord George Gordon Byron ,

She Walks in Beauty

She walks in Beauty, like the Night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to the tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies –

One shade the more – one ray the less
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure – how dear their dwelling place!

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft – so calm – yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent –
A mind at peace with all below –
A Heart – whose love is innocent!

Verkinto de tiu ĉi Angla poemo estas Lord George Gordon Byron *(∗1788-01-22 – †1824-04-18).*

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Tiu ĉi poemo troviĝas en `http://petercochran.files.wordpress.com/2009/03/hebrew_melodies.pdf`.