William Blake,

Love's secret

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.
Ah! she did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me,
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly:
He took her with a sigh.

Verkinto de tiu ĉi Angla poemo estas William Blake *(∗1757-11-28 – †1827-08-12).*

Arg-1047-2123 (2014-06-08 19:13:41)

Tiu ĉi poemo troviĝas en `http://www.online-literature.com/blake/621/`.