

Lord George Gordon Byron ,  
My soul is dark

My soul is dark – Oh! quickly string  
The harp I yet can brook to hear;  
And let thy gentle fingers fling  
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.

If in this heart a hope be dear,  
That sound shall charm it forth again:  
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,  
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,  
Nor let thy notes of joy be first;  
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,  
Or else this heavy heart will burst;

For it hath been by sorrow nursed,  
And ached in sleepless silence long;  
And now 'tis doom'd to know the worst,  
And break at once – or yield to song.

*Verkinto de tiu ĉi Angla poemo estas LORD GEORGE GORDON BYRON (\*1788-01-22 – †1824-04-18).*

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*Pri la poeto vidu la vikipediejon [http://eo.wikipedia.org/wiki/George\\_Byron](http://eo.wikipedia.org/wiki/George_Byron). Jen ankaŭ la retejo de la Bajron-societo, Byron-society: <http://www.thebyronsociety.com/contact.html>.*