

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).*

Arg-1018-2060 (2014-05-20 20:08:48)

Pri la poeto vidu la vikipediejon http://eo.wikipedia.org/wiki/George_Byron. Jen ankaŭ la retejo de la Bajron-societo, Byron-society: <http://www.thebyronsociety.com/contact.html>.