

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/>.*