

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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