

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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