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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 $\it Tiu~\hat{c}i~poemo~trovi\hat{g}as~en~http://petercochran.~files.~wordpress.~com/2009/03/hebrew_melodies.~pdf$.