

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 doomed 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-1110-2240 (2015-01-03 22:28:23)

Tiun ĉi anglan poemon mi, Manfred Retzlaff, trovis en la retejo <http://classiclit.about.com/library/bl-etexts/lbyron/bl-lbyron-mysoul.htm>.