

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).*

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