She Walks In Beauty

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How much I love thee
O’ Comley Rose!
I do not know. But I cannot live without thee
How deep thine lakey eyes are
I desire to plunge in it ever and ever
How tender tender thine red red puckering lips are
I want to kiss it and forget the suffering of life
Many beautiful flowers I have seen,
In steepy and snowy valleys
Throughout my whole life.
But you are eternal O’ tender Daffodil
When you are in front of my eyes
I want to deposit that moment,
In my profound ocean ever and ever
What can I say thee O’ sweet sublime moon!
You always advent in my forlorn life
As a gentle-breeze and fills my soul
With rejoice eneffable
How I kissed your soft hands
And felt your presence with aching joy
In my circulating blood
Where have you been O’ Nimble air!
Many many centuries have passed away
Thou again came in my life
As a sweet morn and and made me wild
Ah! Such is thine presence
Which made me unpremeditated as a azure-wind
Where have you gone O’ Lovely Oleander!
I am searching you in this vacuum and vast sky
Would you not come O’ Flowing River!
My heart has been thirsty for a long ages
Where are you O’ youngling flower.