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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.