

# LA BELLA DONNA DELLA MIA MENTE

*Oscar Wilde*

My limbs are wasted with a flame,  
My feet are sore with travelling,  
For, calling on my Lady's name,  
My lips have now forgot to sing.

O Linnet in the wild-rose brake  
Strain for my Love thy melody,  
O Lark sing louder for love's sake,  
My gentle Lady passeth by.

She is too fair for any man  
To see or hold his heart's delight,  
Fairer than Queen or courtesan  
Or moonlit water in the night.

Her hair is bound with myrtle leaves,  
(Green leaves upon her golden hair!)  
Green grasses through the yellow sheaves  
Of autumn corn are not more fair.

Her little lips, more made to kiss  
Than to cry bitterly for pain,  
Are tremulous as brook-water is,  
Or roses after evening rain.

Her neck is like white melilote  
Flushing for pleasure of the sun,  
The throbbing of the linnet's throat  
Is not so sweet to look upon.

As a pomegranate, cut in twain,  
White-seeded, is her crimson mouth,  
Her cheeks are as the fading stain  
Where the peach reddens to the south.

O twining hands! O delicate  
White body made for love and pain!  
O House of love! O desolate  
Pale flower beaten by the rain!