

Judith, La Bella

I walk in the sunshine
with my head in the clouds
my feet are sore from traveling
her sweet lips were more made to kiss
than to cry from pain
or roses after an evening's rain

a shadow is drawn across the plain
salient winds blows over me
her hair is bound with myrtle leaves
green grasses through her yellow sheaves

she is too fair for any man to see
or hold his heart's delight
Fairer than the queen or courtesan
moonlit waters in the night
she passes by me

her face is as the fading stain
where the peach reddens to the south

where is my true lover gone?
as I listen to the linnet's song
O where O where can she be
lamenting ocean wash over me

(La Bella was inspired by the Oscar Wilde Poem "La Bella Donna Della Mia Mente")