

# 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")