



John Keats

la Belle Dame sans Merci

I.

Oh what can ail thee Knight- at - arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake
And no birds sing!

II.

5 Oh, what can ail thee, Knight- at- arms,
So haggard, and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

III.

10 I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever- dew,
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

IV.

15 I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a fairy's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

V.

20 I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

VI.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy's song.

VII.

25 She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
'I love thee true'.

VIII.

She took me to her elfin grot,
30 And there she wept, and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

IX.

And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dreamed-Ah! woe betide! -
35 The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill side.

X.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried – ‘La belle Dame sans merci
40 Hath thee in thrall!’

XI.

I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill side.

XII.

45 And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.