La Belle Dame Sans Merci

O, WHAT can ail thee, Knight at arms,
   Alone and palely loitering;
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
   And no birds sing.

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

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

I met a Lady in the Meads
   Full beautiful, a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
   And her eyes were wild.

I made a Garland for her head,
   And bracelets too, and fragrant Zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
   And made sweet moan.

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

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

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

And there she lulled me asleep,
   And there I dream'd, Ah Woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dreamt
   On the cold hill side.
I saw pale Kings, and Princes too,
   Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cry'd--"La belle Dame sans merci
   Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam
   With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
   On the cold hill side.
And this is why I sojourn here,
   Alone and palely loitering;
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
   And no birds sing.