La Belle Dame Sans Merci

"O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,   
Alone and palely loitering?   
The sedge has 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 cheeks 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 sidelong would she bend, 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 sigh'd full sore;  
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes  
With kisses four.  
  
"And there she lullèd me asleep,  
And there I dream'd – ah! woe betide!  
The latest dream I ever dream'd  
On the cold hill's side.  
  
"I saw pale kings and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all:  
They cried, 'La belle Dame sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall!'  
  
"I saw their starved lips in the gloam  
With horrid warning gapèd wide,  
And I awoke and found me here  
On the cold hill's 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."