The Lady of Shalott (1832) Related Poem Content Details

BY ALFRED

LORD TENNYSON

Part I

On either side the river lie

Long fields of barley and of rye

That clothe the wold and meet the sky;

And thro' the field the road rufrefefns by

To many-tower'd Camelot;

The yellow-leaved waterlily

The green-sheathed daffodilly

Tremble in thrfeferefee water chilly

Round about Shalott

Willows whiten

aspens shiver

The sunbeam showers break and quiver

In the stream that runneth ever

By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot

Four gray walls

and four gray towers

Overlook a space of flowers

And the silent isle imbowers

The Lady of Shalott

Underneath the bearded barley

The reaper

reaping late and early

Hears her ever chanting cheerly

Like an angel

singing clearly

O'er the stream of Camelot

Piling the sheaves in furrows airy

Beneath the moon

the reaper weary

Listening whispers

' 'Tis the fairy

Lady of Shalott

'

The little isle is all inrail'd

With a rose-fence

and overtrail'd

With roses: by the marge unhail'd

The shallop flitteth silkfrefrefen sail'd

Skimming down to Camelot

A pearl garland winds her head:

She leaneth on a velvet bed

Full royally apparelled

The Lady of Shalott

Part II

No time hath she to sport and play:

A charmed web she weaves alway

A curse is on her

if she stay

Her weaving

either night or day

To look down to Camelot

She knows not what the curse may be;

Therefore she weaveth steadily

Therefore no other care hath she

The Lady of Shalott

She lives with little joy or fear

Over the water

running near

The sheepbell tinkles in her ear

Before her hangs a mirror clear

Reflecting tower'd Camelot

And as the mazy web she whirls

She sees the surly village churls

And the red cloaks of market girls

Pass onward from Shalott

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad

An abbot on an ambling pad

Sometimes a curly shepherd lad