

## THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

And from his blazon'd baldric slung  
 A mighty silver bugle hung,  
 And as he rode his armour rung,  
 Beside remote Shalott.

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All in the blue unclouded weather  
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,  
 The helmet and the helmet-feather  
 Burn'd like one burning flame together,  
 As he rode down to Camelot.

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As often thro' the purple night,  
 Below the starry clusters bright,  
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;  
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;  
 From underneath his helmet flow'd  
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
 As he rode down to Camelot.

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From the bank and from the river  
 He flash'd into the crystal mirror,  
 'Tirra lirra,' by the river  
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

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She left the web, she left the loom,  
 She made three paces thro' the room,  
 She saw the water-lily bloom,  
 She saw the helmet and the plume,  
 She look'd down to Camelot.

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Out flew the web and floated wide ;  
 The mirror crack'd from side to side ;  
 'The curse is come upon me,' cried  
 The Lady of Shalott.

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