

# Mediaeval Baebes, La Belle Dame Sans Merci

I met a lady in the meads,□  
Full beautifula faerys 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 lookd at me as she did love,□  
And made sweet moan.□

I saw pale kings and princes too,□  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;□  
They criedLa Belle Dame sans Merci□  
Hath thee in thrall!□

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

I saw pale kings and princes too,□  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;□  
They criedLa Belle Dame sans Merci□  
Hath thee in thrall!□ □

And there she lulled me asleep,□  
And there I dreamdAh! woe betide!□  
The latest dream I ever dreamd□  
On the cold hills side.