

 <p><i>John William Waterhouse</i></p>	-2-	-4-	<p><b>CS</b></p> <p>Willows whiten, aspens quiver, Little breezes dusk and shiver Through the wave that runs for ever By the island in the river Flowing down to Camelot: Four grey walls, and four grey towers, Overlook a space of flowers, And the silent sisle embowers The Lady of Shalott.</p>	<p><b>CS</b></p> <p>Only reapers, reaping early, In among the bearded barley Hear a song that echoes cheerly From the river winding clearly: Down to tower'd Camelot: And by the moon the reaper weary, Piling sheaves in uplands airy, Listening, whispers: "Tis the fairy The Lady of Shalott."</p>	<p><b>CS</b></p> <p>And moving through a mirror clear That hangs before her all the year, Shadows of the world appear. There she sees the highway near Winding down to Camelot: There the river eddy whirls, And there the early village churls, And the red cloaks of market girls Pass onward from Shalott.</p>	<p><b>CS</b></p> <p>But in her web she still delights To weave the mirror's magic signs, For often through the silent nights A funeral, with plumes and lights And music, went to Camelot: Or when the Moon was overhead, Came two young lovers lately wed: "I am half sick of shadows," said The Lady of Shalott.</p>	<p><b>CS</b></p> <p>The gummy bride glitter'd free, Like to some branch of stars we see Hung in the golden Galaxy: The bride bells rang merrily As he rode down to Camelot: And from his blazon'd baldrick slung A mighty silver bugle hung, And so he rode his armor rung Beside remote Shalott.</p>	<p><b>CS</b></p> <p>His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd: On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trod: From underneath his helmet flow'd His coal-black curls as on he rode, As he rode down to Camelot: From the bank and from the river He flash'd into the crystal mirror, "Tirra lirra," by the river Sang Sir Lancelot.</p>	<p><b>Verses IV</b></p> <p>In the stormy east-wind straining, The pale yellow woods were waning, The broad stream in his banks complaining Heavily the low sky raining Over tower'd Camelot: Down she came and found a boat Beneath a willow left aloft, And around about the prow she wrote The Lady of Shalott.</p>	<p><b>CS</b></p> <p>Flying, robed in snowy white That loosely flew to left and right 'The leaves upon her falling light 'Tiro the roses of the night, She floated down to Camelot: And as the boat-head wound along The willowy hills and fields among, They heard her singing her last song The Lady of Shalott.</p>	<p><b>CS</b></p> <p>Under tower and balcony, By garden-wall and gallery, A gleaming shape she floated by, Dead-pale between the houses high, Silent into Camelot: Out upon the wharfs they came, Knight and Burglar, Lord and Dame, And around the prow they read Her name, The Lady of Shalott.</p>	<p><b>CS</b></p> <p><i>Heaven of Makrüb</i> For MSATDoList &amp; Frits&amp;Fanzine Special Edition 2008</p>
 <p>"I am half sick of shadows," <i>John William Waterhouse</i></p>	-30-	-32-	-34-	-36-	-38-	-40-	-42-	-44-	-46-	-48-	-50-	

	CS	CS	CS	CS	CS	Verse III	CS	Verse II	CS	Verse I		
	<p>Who is this? And what is here? And in the lighted palace near Died the sound of royal cheer, And they crossed themselves for fear: All the Knights at Camelot; But Lancelot mused a little space; He said, "She has a lovely face; God in his mercy lend her grace, The Lady of Shalott."</p>	<p>Heard a carol, mournful, holy, Chanted loudly, chanted lowly, Till her blood was frozen slowly, And her eyes were darkened wholly, Turned to tower'd Camelot; For ere she reach'd upon the tide The first house by the water-side, Singing in her song she died, The Lady of Shalott.</p>	<p>And down the river's dim expanse Like some bold seer in a trance, Seeing all his own mischance -- With a glassy countenance Did she look to Camelot. And at the closing of the day She loos'd the chain, and down she lay: The broad stream bore her far away, The Lady of Shalott.</p>	<p>She left the web, she left the loom, She made three paces through the room, She saw the water-lily bloom, She saw the helmet and the plume, She look'd down to Camelot. 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.</p>	<p>At in the blue undouded 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. As often thro' the purple night, Below the starry clusters bright, Some bearded motor, burning bright, Moves over still Shalott.</p>	<p>A bow-shot from her bower- eaves, He rode between the barley sheaves, The sun came dazling thro' the leaves, And fram'd upon the brazen greaves, Of bold Sir Lancelot. A red-cross knight for ever erased, To a lady in his shield, That sparkled on the yellow field, Beside remote Shalott.</p>	<p>Sometimes a troop of damsels glad An abbot on an ambling pad, Sometimes a curly shepherd lad, Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad Goes by to tower'd Camelot: And sometimes through the mirror blue The knights come riding two and two, She hath no loyal Knight and true, The Lady of Shalott.</p>	<p>There she weaves by night and day A magic web with colours gay, She has heard a whisper say, A curse is on her if she stay To look down to Camelot. She knows not what the curse may be, And so she weaveth steadily, And little other care hath she, The Lady of Shalott.</p>	<p>By the margin, willow veild, Slits the heavy barges trail'd By slow horses; and unhild The shallop fiths silken-sail'd Swimming down to Camelot: But who hath seen her wave her hand? Or at the casement seen her stand? Or is she known in all the land, The Lady of Shalott?</p>	<p>On either side the river lie Long fields of barley and of rye, That clothe the wold and meet the sky; And through the field the road ran by To many tower'd Camelot, And up and down the people go, Gazing where the lilies blow Round an island there below, The island of Shalott.</p>	<p><i>The Lady of Shalott</i></p> <p></p> <p><i>by Alfred Tennyson MDCCLXXXIII</i></p>	
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