

CHRISTABEL.

Hush, beating Herat of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue- veined feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.

And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to- night, and wilt know to- morrow,
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair;
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.

Christabel by Samuel Taylor Coleridge from his volume *Lyrical Ballads*
published in 1798.

http://www.poetryconnection.net/poets/Samuel_Coleridge