

For All Ladies of Shalott

ALINE KILMER

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Table of Contents

<u>For All Ladies of Shalott</u>	1
<u>ALINE KILMER</u>	1

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The web flew out and floated wide.
Poor lady! I was with her then.
She gathered up her piteous pride,
But she could never weave again.

The mirror cracked from side to side;
I saw its silver shadows go.
"The curse has come on me!" she cried.
Poor lady! I had told her so.

She was so proud: she would not hide.
She only laughed and tried to sing.
But singing, in her song she died.
She did not profit anything.