

CLARIBEL: A MELODY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Table of Contents

<u>CLARIBEL: A MELODY</u>	1
<u>ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON</u>	2

CLARIBEL: A MELODY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

This page copyright © 2001 Blackmask Online.
<http://www.blackmask.com>

Where Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall:
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth,
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-lieth.

At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone:
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone:
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone.
Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth,
The callow throstle lispeth,
The slumbrous wave outwelleth,
The babbling runnel crispeth,
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low-lieth.