

La Belle Dame sans Merci

J. Keats

Pesante (♩ = 56)

4 *mf* "O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, A-lone and pale-ly loi-ter-ing? The *p*

7 sedge is with-er'd from the lake, And no birds sing.

10 *f* O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, So hag-gard and so *p f mf mf*

13

woe - be - gone? The squir - rel's gra - na - ry is full, _____ And the har - vest's

f *mf* *ff*

16

done. I see a lil - y on thy brow

pp *p*

19

With an - guish moist and fe - ver dew;

rallentando

22

And on thy cheek a fad - ing rose Fast with - er - eth too."

f *tempo primo* *p*

Agitato (♩. = 100 - 108)

26 *mp*

"I met a la - dy in the meads, Full beau - ti -

pp *p*

30

ful - a faer - - y's child, Her hair was long, her foot was

33 *mf* *mp* *p*

light, And her eyes were wild. I

mf *mp*

36

made a gar - land for her head, And brace - lets too, and fra - grant zone; She

look'd _____ at me as she did love, _____ And made sweet moan. _____

mf

pp I set her on my pac - - ing steed And noth - - ing *cresc.*

pp *cresc.*

else saw all day long, For side - ways would she lean, and sing _____

_____ A faer - - y's song. _____ *pp* She found me roots of rel - ish

f *pp* 6

51

cresc.

sweet, And hon - ey wild and man - na dew, And sure _____ in lan - guage strange she said,

cresc.

54

f

mf

'I love thee true!' _____ She

f

57

took _____ me to her elf - in grot, And there she _____ wept and sigh'd full _____

p

60

sore; _____ And there I shut her wild, wild eyes _____ With _____

63 *p*
kiss - es four. And there she lull - èd me a - sleep, and there I dream'd - Ah! _____

67 *mf*
woe be - tide! The lat - est dream I ev - er dream'd - On the cold hill's

70 *pp* *cresc.*
side. I saw pale kings _____ and princ - es

73 *mf* *cresc.*
too, Pale war - - riors, death-pale were _____ they _____ all; _____ Who

76 *ff*

cried- 'La belle Dame sans Mer-

79

ci Hath thee in thrall!

82 *p* *pp*

I saw their starved lips in the gloam With hor - - ried

85 *mf*

warn - ing gap - - èd wide,

rallentando

88

And I a-woke and found me here On the cold hill's side.

pp

pp

91 **Tempo primo**

And this — is why I so —

mf

f

p

mf

95

journ here A-lone and pale-ly loi-ter-ing, Though the sedge is with-er'd from the lake, And no

p

pp

p

98

birds sing."

f

riten.

mf

p

8