



La Belle Dame Sans Merci

John Keats

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La Belle Dame sans Merci (French: "The Beautiful Lady Without Mercy") is a ballad written by the English poet John Keats. It exists in two versions, with minor differences between them. The original was written by Keats in 1819. He used the title of a 15th century poem by Alain Chartier, though the plots of the two poems are different.

The poem is considered an English classic, stereotypical to other of Keats' works. It avoids simplicity of interpretation despite simplicity of structure. At only a short twelve stanzas, of only four lines each, with a simple ABCB rhyme scheme, the poem is nonetheless full of enigmas, and has been the subject of numerous interpretations.

La Belle Dame Sans Merci Details

Date :

ISBN :

Author : John Keats

Format :

Genre : Poetry, Classics, Fantasy, Gothic, Literature, Adult, European Literature, British Literature, 19th Century

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From Reader Review La Belle Dame Sans Merci for online ebook

K. Anna Hardy says

I have arranged my thoughts into a haiku:

"Chill of known frailty,
Slipping a predator's jaws
One would have embraced."

Navy heart HamlinNBCT says

Alas the rejected suitor -"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful-a fairy's child,
Her hair was long , her foot was light
And her eyes were wild."
Draft

GONZA says

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,

And made sweet moan

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
'I love thee true'.

She took me to her Elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dreamed—Ah! woe betide!—
The latest dream I ever dreamt
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—'La Belle Dame sans Merci
Thee hath in thrall!'

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Eduard says

Read as part of The Complete Poems of John Keats

(La Belle Dame Sans Merci by Frank Dicksee)

Alexander says

Read after researching what "the beldam" could be referencing in Coraline :)

Emily says

I really like the imagery in this poem.

Lathish Shankar says

I just loved this! I had to study this poem in my degree classes, and this is the only one poem that remains in my mind... maybe because of its beautiful imagery. I love the character knight at arms. Enjoyed each and every moment of the read... Creepy, mysterious!

***? Propertea Of Frostea *? Bitter SnoBerry * says**

I think this was the first poem by Keats I read... Should read again, Have forgotten what it was about... exactly so.

Neha Azhar says

There are honestly so many theories regarding what this poem could be about, I'm baffled and don't know what to think. Each theory makes sense in its own, it's incredible!
Still a great poem though, eerie and mysterious.

Lizzie says

3.5

John Yelverton says

This is a pretty depressing poem that seems more worthy of the works of Edgar Allen Poe than John Keats.
