

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,
He look'd so grand when he was dead.

The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.

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O the Earl was fair to see!

1832

(From *The Poetical Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson*.
London: Macmillan, 1899)