Alfred Tennyson (1809-92)

11 The Sisters

We were two daughters of one race: She was the fairest in the face: The wind is blowing in turret and tree.	
They were together, and she fell;	
Therefore revenge became me well.	Ę
O the Earl was fair to see!	
She died: she went to burning flame:	
She mix'd her ancient blood with shame.	
The wind is howling in turret and tree.	
Whole weeks and months, and early and late,	10
To win his love I lay in wait:	
O the Earl was fair to see!	
I made a feast; I bad him come;	
I won his love, I brought him home.	
The wind is roaring in turret and tree.	18
And after supper, on a bed,	
Upon my lap he laid his head:	
O the Earl was fair to see!	
I kiss'd his eyelids into rest:	
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.	20
The wind is raging in turret and tree.	
I hated him with the hate of hell,	
But I loved his beauty passing well.	
O the Earl was fair to see!	
I rose up in the silent night:	25
I made my dagger sharp and bright.	
The wind is raving in turret and tree.	
As half-asleep his breath he drew,	
Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro'.	
O the Earl was fair to see!	30

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.
O the Earl was fair to see!

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1832

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