**Christabel [excerpt]**

-Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,

And slowly rolled her eyes around;

Then drawing in her breath aloud,

Like one that shuddered, she unbound

The cincture from beneath her breast: 5

Her silken robe, and inner vest,

Dropt to her feet, and full in view,

Behold! her bosom, and half her side—

A sight to dream of, not to tell!

O shield her! shield sweet Christabel! 10

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;

Ah! what a stricken look was hers!

Deep from within she seems half-way

To lift some weight with sick assay,

And eyes the maid and seeks delay; 15

Then suddenly as one defied

Collects herself in scorn and pride,

And lay down by the Maiden's side!—

And in her arms the maid she took,

 Ah wel-a-day! 20

And with low voice and doleful look

 These words did say:

'In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,

Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!