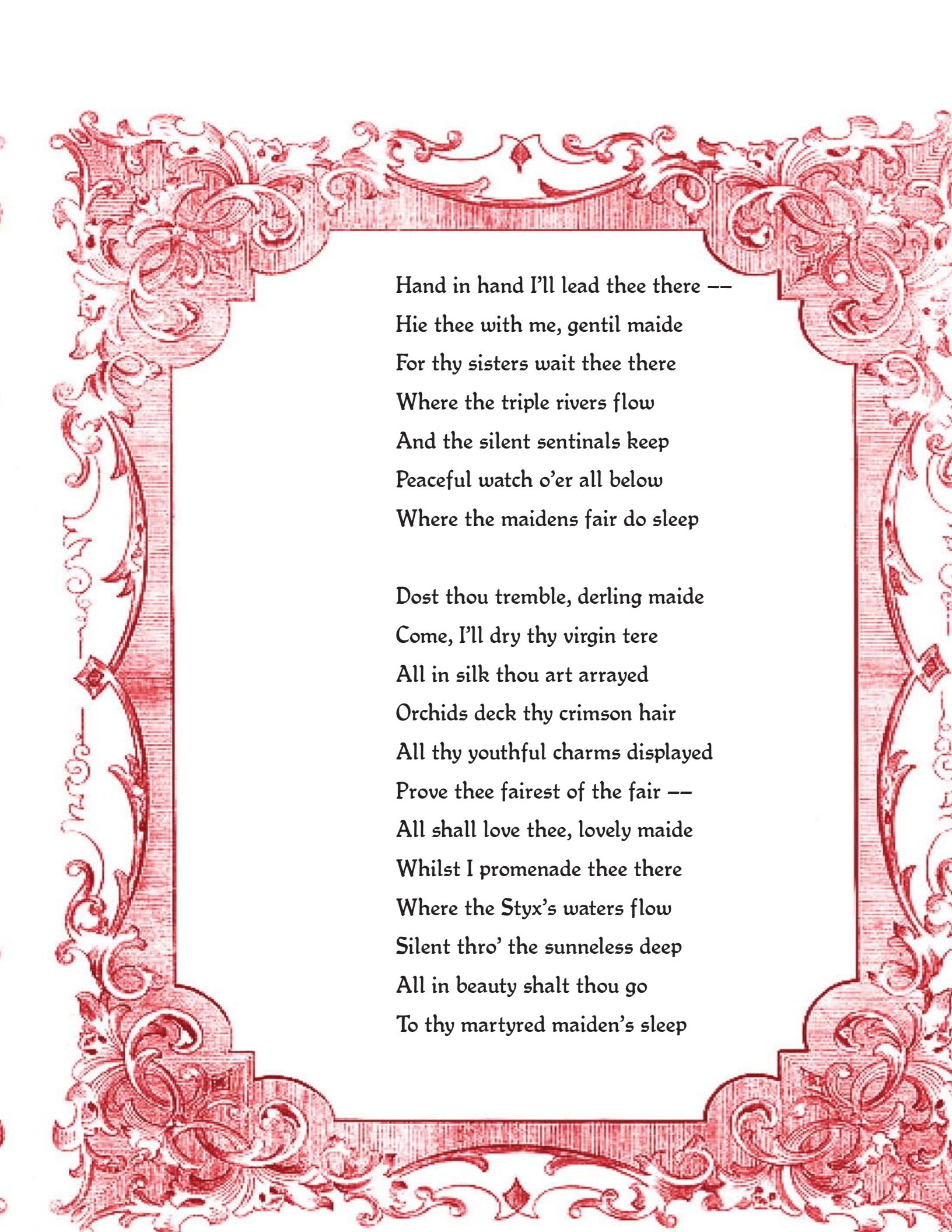




SHALL I CHOOSE THEE,
LOVELY MAIDE

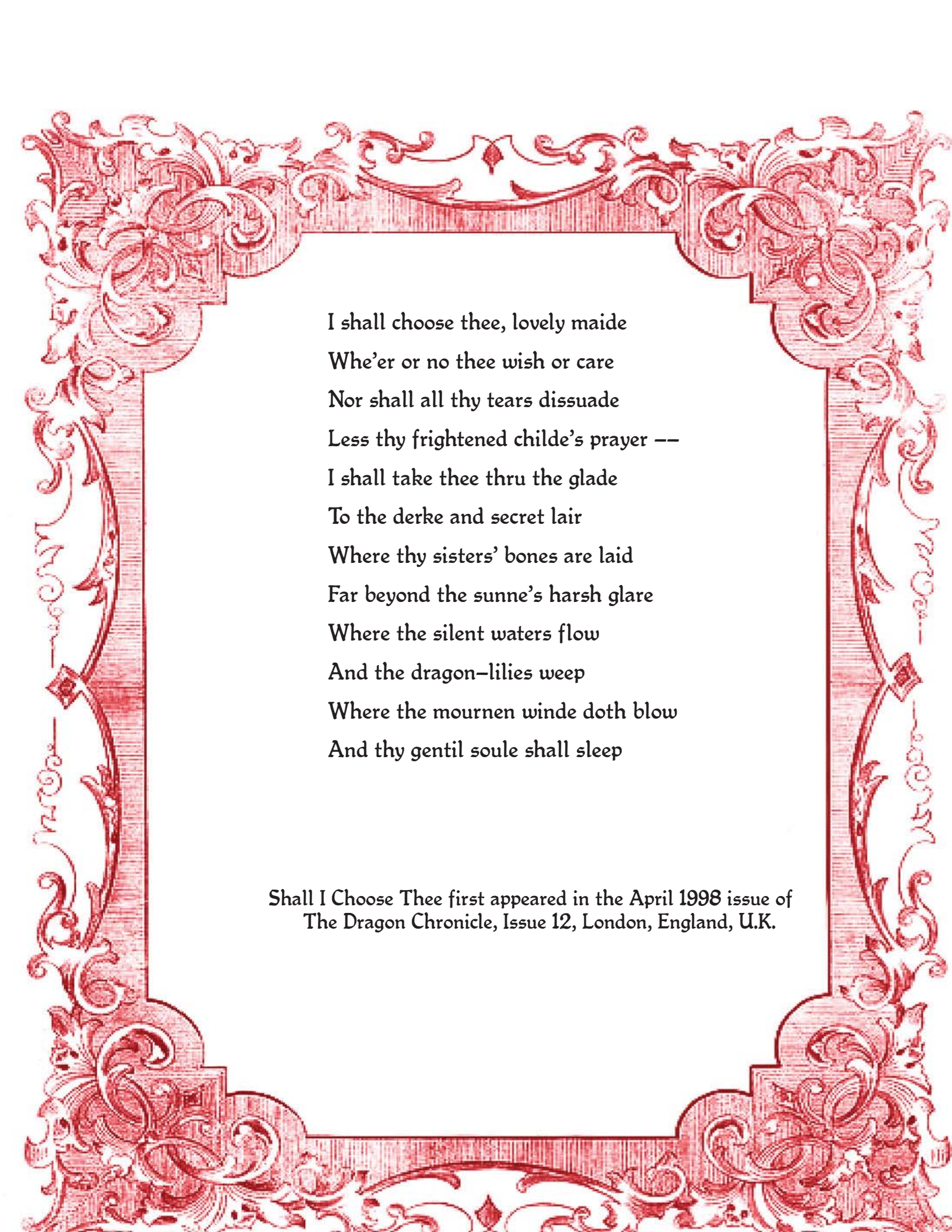
Shall I choose thee, lovely maide
Would'st thee wish it, would'st thee care
Shall I choose thee, gentil maide
Fair of figure, face, and hair
Shall I take thee down the glade
To a derke and secret lair --
Take thee down the derkelyng glade
To the dragon's Damnéd lair
Where the silent waters flow
And the dragon-lilies leap
Where the houlen winde doth blow
And the maidens fair do sleep

All thy sisters shall be there
Lying in th'eternal shade
Hidden deep within that lair
Deeper still the derkelyng glade
Childe dinna be afraid



Hand in hand I'll lead thee there --
Hie thee with me, gentil maide
For thy sisters wait thee there
Where the triple rivers flow
And the silent sentinals keep
Peaceful watch o'er all below
Where the maidens fair do sleep

Dost thou tremble, derling maide
Come, I'll dry thy virgin tere
All in silk thou art arrayed
Orchids deck thy crimson hair
All thy youthful charms displayed
Prove thee fairest of the fair --
All shall love thee, lovely maide
Whilst I promenade thee there
Where the Styx's waters flow
Silent thro' the sunneless deep
All in beauty shalt thou go
To thy martyred maiden's sleep



I shall choose thee, lovely maide
Whe'er or no thee wish or care
Nor shall all thy tears dissuade
Less thy frightened childe's prayer --
I shall take thee thru the glade
To the derke and secret lair
Where thy sisters' bones are laid
Far beyond the sunne's harsh glare
Where the silent waters flow
And the dragon-lilies weep
Where the mournen winde doth blow
And thy gentil soule shall sleep

Shall I Choose Thee first appeared in the April 1998 issue of
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