

The Lady of Shalott

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Cross Curricular.

The English, ICT and Music Department have worked together on bringing alive the work of Alfred Tennyson. Over a period of 3 weeks, students learnt about the poem in English and some groups then produced their own dramatisation of the poem. In Music, they learnt about how musical accompaniment can set the mood and after listening to different movie soundtracks, produced their own musical piece for The Lady of Shalott. In ICT they have been learning how to use Scratch software to make their own presentation. The finale was a presentation in front of the whole year group where forms 8B and 8T showed their plays and Ms Wilcox and Mr. McNeill ensured that their musical accompaniment was timed to perfection.

Here are some of the pupils' comments from the project:

"I enjoyed watching the performances of The Lady of Shalott. They were exciting and fun to watch. The music suited the play and it reflected the mood as the play was happening" Sophie Archer.

"After viewing both interpretations of the ballad, The Lady of Shalott, I found them both interesting and entertaining. In my opinion, both performances were equally great and the acting, music, reading and organisation were just phenomenal!" Chris Law

Part I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four grey walls, and four grey towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the beared barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

Part II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

Part III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the
leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-
leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame
together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight
glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse
trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

"I think that both of the performances were brilliant. The first act made the audience explode with laughter, whereas the second act moved them" Michaela Fugarabamu

"In ICT we have been making Scratch Presentations on the Lady of Shalott - I was taught how to work well in a group" Clare Hickman.

"I really enjoyed learning about the Lady of Shalott and combining other subjects together. Also watching other forms perform was really fun and entertaining. My favourite line in the poem is: four grey walls, and four grey towers overlook a space of flowers" Gary Gannon.

"I think music and drama worked very well together as for each stanza the feel of the music changed due to the emotion of the people." Michael Spillane.

"I personally really enjoyed the cross curricular project and performance as it allowed us to combine our different skills in music and English. I most enjoyed creating music to words and acting out the poem to the rest of the year group." Brendan Chung.

"Overall the Lady of Shalott was very enjoyable because it created a very clear image of the story." Conor Hedges.

Part IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks
complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance--
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she
lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right--
The leaves upon her falling light--
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her
name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

You can view the performances on the schools website along with some of the soundtracks produced.

Year 7 Summer Term

**Crest Awards
Science and Art
Launch date: 7th June 2010**

Year 8 Summer Term

**Architecture workshop
Maths and D&T**

**The Water Project
Science, RE, D&T
Launch dates:
10th p.m. & 14th May p.m.2010
Celebration dates:
28th June p.m. & 2nd July p.m.**

Year 9 Summer Term

**The Olympics –
Preparing for 2012**

