

The Coves of Crail

By William Sharp

The moon-white waters wash and leap,
The dark tide floods the Coves of Crail;
Sound, sound he lies in dreamless sleep,
Nor hears the sea-wind wail.

The pale gold of his oozy locks,
Doth hither drift and thither wave
His thin hands splash against the rocks,
His white lips nothing crave.

Afar away she laughs and sings—
A song he loved, a wild sea-strain—
Of how the mermen weave their rings
Upon the reef-set main.

Sound, sound he lies in dreamless sleep,
Nor hears the sea-wind wail,
Tho' with the tide his white hands creep
Amid the Coves of Crail.