

And cold with coming death ; his foaming lips  
Were bloodless, and his limbs, all stained and torn,  
Writhed helplessly. I brought green moss and placed  
For pillow 'neath his head, I laved his brow  
And face and clotted hair, but, all in vain  
I strove, for ever a wild look would come  
In his dark eyes, and shade of ghastly fear.  
Colder he grew, and silent, till at length  
I thought him dead, and wondered, pitying him,  
And his fair form so helpless on the sand,  
As some white statue fallen from its niche,  
Broken irreparably. A sudden thought  
Flashed on my mind, the shell—the shell was there,  
Still round his neck. If I could strike some sounds  
Of that new power that had so swayed my soul,  
What might not chance. For music should indeed,  
If god of men, be master over death  
And light up fire within the chilling breast.  
I seized the shell and struck it : one low sound  
Broke from it, dying among the cliffs and roar  
Of current, soft as a child's moan in dreams.  
But, ere I touched again, with a wild laugh  
That made the forests ring and scared the owls  
From their day sleep, and drove them hooting out  
In blinding sunlight, suddenly he sprang,  
Clutched with mad hands the shell and, crushing it,  
Flung the white fragments in the waves below.  
He saw them sink, then crying aloud, 'Tis vain,  
'Tis vain, the shadow comes !' He fell back dead.  
O death-cry in the roaring of the waves,