

Then, with a smile like sunlight on his face,  
He sang this song in answer, carelessly:

'O Soul, glad Soul, what wert thou, without song?

Morns never smiling, wilds without a tree,  
A waste of voiceless twilight wide and long,  
Dark rivers dying in eternal sea,  
O Soul, sad Soul, *that* wert thou without song.

'O Soul, sad Soul, the rivers have to die,

Morn grows to eve, trees wither by the way,  
Clouds hide the sun and tears fall from the sky,  
But Music lives though earth should melt away.  
O joy, glad Soul, she will not let thee die.'

"He scarce had ceased when such a pain convulsed  
His features as the agony that comes  
At death, and with one ringing cry he shook  
An adder from his foot, then wildly fled,  
With face distorted, blanched with deadly fear,  
Eyes glaring madly, thro' the tangled glade,  
Like some chased stag that hears the hounds behind,  
Nor recks what lies before. I followed fast,  
But swift as wind he fled. A river deep  
And rapid flowed hard by, whose rocky sides,  
Upheaven by some convulsion, frowning stood  
To guard its narrow channel. There a cliff  
Stretched half across the stream, and at its foot  
The hurrying waters curled in many a fold  
Of creamy white. Him, on the rocks I found  
There lying, prostrate, racked with anguish sore,