

Song 1

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.
Curtstied when you have, and kissed
The wild waves whist.
Foot it feately here and there,
And, sweet sprites, bear
The burden. Hark, hark!

Song 2

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.

