



Should hideous rocks remain?  
No eyes the rocks discover  
That lurk beneath the deep, 30  
To wreck the wand'ring lover,  
And leave the maid to weep.

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All melancholy lying,  
Thus wail'd she for her dear;  
Repaid each blast with sighing, 35  
Each billow with a tear;  
When, o'er the white wave stooping,  
His floating corpse she spied;  
Then like a lily drooping,  
She bow'd her head and died. 40

*1715*

(From *Poems of John Gay*. Ed. John Underhill.  
London, 1893)