

Two From Shakespeare: Full Fathom Five/ Perchance to Win

Pete Seeger

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.

To fight, perchance to win, aye, there's the rub
For victory brings power and prestige
And the children of the children of the fighters
Take all for granted, and, in turn, oppress.