

The fog coral, shoal berg fire, rock night :
A crew outlawed, desperate gang ;
Conspired corsairs leagued and sworn, to fight
To dog drench and drown, without pang,

Sea argosies, galleys vast and tall,
That etch the glassy ocean's breast :
With fasts vigils and crafts us forestall !
Or we'll stock your gods in our chest.

Let stars moon and sun police, patrol
As camels trudge these desert deeps !
We buccaneers calm, cruel, controlled,
Our watches keep while you're asleep.

The fog is a veil of widow's weeds ;
Was donned at the death of the sun :
And ships sympathetic, that fast speed,
In cruel trice, are oft undone.

The coral, deep-buttressed and broad-based,
Its engineers rearing upright,
O'er caps the foam-flecked main, chill steel chased ;
Lets Neptune in bottoms as bright.

My flour, sea-milled sand, is ground fine :
The graves of hulk and of heart holds
Shoal-grasped once, all efforts worse confine ;
Soon epitaph masts mount tombs cold.