

She struggles in vain ! each effort—each strain,  
 Only crushes her like a shell,  
 And she lies all prone, with many a groan,  
 In the jaws of that yawning hell ;  
 But no more she bounds, for the terrible hounds  
 Have followed the Stag too well !

How that frantic cry startles earth and sky,  
 As it springs o'er the stormy waves ;  
 As it wails and sweeps o'er the angry deeps  
 Like a voice from the seamen's graves ;  
 And the winds' dread moan on that sea coast lone  
 Is as when a maniac raves.

To the rock-bound shore roll the breakers' roar  
 And the elements' shrill halloo ;  
 And over them all speeds the piercing call,  
 The scream of the wild sea-mew ;  
 But the din has drowned the gurgling sound,  
 And the cries of the struggling crew.

Swiftly the wreck, like a stricken speck  
 On the dark and stormy main,  
 Strikes through the deep with a sudden sweep,  
 Like a pang through a tyrant's brain ;  
 And wild bursts of fear smite the distant ear  
 With a harrowing sense of pain.

The last dread sound on that deep profound,  
 Where pitiless Fury raves,  
 Is a shriek of dole from some tortured soul  
 Passing down to the coral caves ;  
 Mocked by the moan of the tempest lone,  
 And the howl of the smitten waves.

Each struggling form in that fearful storm,  
 As he gasps for a parting breath,  
 Feels a sudden throe, as some watery Woe  
 Swirls him down to the Ship of Death,  
 To the charnel spot where the dead men rot,  
 In the slime of the rocks beneath.

And so when the world from its place is hurled  
 Through a tempest of fiery spray,  
 Swept down the track of the flaming wrack,  
 Like a speck will it pass away :  
 And all ears will hear, o'er the crash severe,  
 The knell of the Judgment Day.