

“Worn and weak I woke,
Beneath a fisher’s roof. The sun’s rays broke,
Through a dim window, on a plankless floor.
And evermore the surge’s sullen roar
Came up the cliff, beside the humble door.
From my kind host I learned no more than this :
‘Close to death’s door your feet have trod, I wis,
Since first we saw your boat near Douarnenez ;
And, boarding, found you, as you tossing lay
In wild delirium. And since that time,
Often of passing to the Isle of Sein,
With unseen passengers, and phantoms drear ;
With stately dame, and stalwart buccaneer—
You raved delirious. In good sooth, I fear
I bring sad tidings. For the night before
We found you sick, a fierce squall swept our shore—
An unknown corsair founded off Morlaix—
An Indiaman, outside St. Matthew’s bay,
Struck on the reefs; of seventy souls or more,