

Vainly they pray for help, in vain they strain
Their longing eyelids o'er the surging main:
No white sail glimmers, still the wind blows chill,
And the cold spray is dashed upon them still;
The sun goes down, and the dull, clouded day
Is blent insensibly with twilight gray:
Then strong men, chilled to their heart's inmost core,
And sick and thirsty strove for life no more;
And tender women, reared in climates kind,
Wet with the sea, and pierced with the keen wind;
Their spirits numbed, their hopes and feelings dead,
On icy planks lay the unconscious head
And slept, to wake on a far distant shore,
From which no voyager returneth more.
And yet it seemed as Margaret's ardent love,
Would as a shelter, food, and sunshine prove
To her poor infant: but the midnight chill
Reached to its vitals, and its heart stood still;
She felt its breathing cease, and strove no more,
To warm her blood by action, as before;
Fainting with cold and hunger, wild with grief,
She prayed with eager lips for anguish brief:
And yet her heart lived in its agony
Till the red sun rose from behind the sea,
And then she sunk in soft and peaceful rest,
Her dead babe nestled to her marble breast.
They laid them without prayer or funeral song
Beneath the surging waves to slumber long,
'Till the deep sea shall yield its treasured dead,