

A STORM AT SEA.

QUEEN turned angry with sudden wrath,
Some fearful whim has crossed her watery path,
Bright, beaming Sol affrighted, flieth west
Long ere he wished to settle down to rest.
Mild zephyrs cease to sing, startled they flee,
At thy tremendous rage, wild, murderous sea.
Skies change their azure robes for mourning dress,
Winds woke from slumber groan in dire distress,
Skill, work of hand, of brain, life, wealth of years,
At thy dark burst of fury disappears:
Laughing at courage, hissing mute despair,
Beauty, worth, loveliness, naught wilt thou spare.
For God's most noblest work what dost thou care
When in thy harsh, mad frenzy, insane sea?