

Expert in water, I resolved the sun
Should rise again before my course was run ;
And with a broken deck plank at my side,
Lash'd to my waist, I launch'd upon the tide.
It might be fancied that the storm was plann'd
By th' Oceanic God, or his command,
With our destruction for the closing scene,
To please his goddess or a wanton queen ;
For soon as that was wrought, the storm was o'er,
The thunder crashed, and tempest blew no more:
The waves roll'd sluggishly against their will,
And struggled with each other to be still ;
And one brief hour beheld the angry tide
To my advantage strangely modified ;
And told the wanderer of the stormy sea,
A breathless calm was Neptune's next decree.
' While there is life there's hope,' is better said
Upon the ocean than upon the bed ;
For when my substitution for a boat
Was all that kept my body still afloat—
When sight had failed the eye and sense the brain
To recognize a ship, or search in vain,
And life had dwindled to a beating heart,
And that about to cease—the ' Rescue ' came.
