

Then rushing on my window pane,
Retreating thence in loud refrain ;
And through the leafless trees did play
Hoarse symphonies, then die away,
Anon to burst in wild affray
 In blasting trumpet key,
 Or mock the sounding sea,
When maddened waves are torn to spray.

Whilst moaning gales were bounding by,
And upward borne to kiss the sky ;
The stars aloft enthroned in light,
Through rifted clouds revealed to sight,
Like watching sentries o'er the night,
 Have kept their airy stations
 Through countless generations,
Spectators of the storm-fiend's flight.

Whilst on my door and window pane
The battling tempest hurled amain,
I thought, perchance, that on the sea
Some periled ship would doubtless be
Fast bounding to the breaking lee ;
 And then amidst the gloom
 The watchers wait their doom—
Avast ye winds, your victims' free.

How strange, my window pane should keep
At bay the storm that rolls the deep ;
To waves that upward burst and roar,
Or break upon the rock-bound shore,
Or with wrecks bestrew the ocean floor,
 Imprisoned by the sea,
 And ever there to be,
Trophies of winds and waves evermore.