

Above, beneath, as if to Chaos riven,
Lost in the mystic wrath of God in heaven !
All ocean heaves high on their circling height
The playful waves reflect the moonbeams light,
Till from her sober canopy in air
Bright lightning rages and usurps her sphere ;
Each vivid flash ignites the awful gloom,
And murmuring waves forbode an awful doom.

Whilst lowering clouds portentous fates enthrall,
High on the deck they his Achates call,
A well skilled messmate by whose timely aid
With *mainsails reefed* he oft the tempest swayed.
In busy peace all hands now crowd aloft,
And soon from danger all our yards are propt ;
Again we ride, and free from death's alarm,
Securely rest nor fear the pitiless storm,
Till shivering masts are from their stays unbound,
And to the hollow tempest quick resound—