

Prolonged her fading image yet in sight :
 Some longer gazed, and others turned away ;
 Some crossed themselves ; two only knelt to pray.
 Nothing occurred to add to our alarm,
 Or quell our fear of fate's uplifted arm,
 Till after midnight, when the storm grew more
 Intensely wild than it had been before ;
 Electric fulminations rent the sky
 In quick succession, culminating high ;
 O what an hour of tempest was the last
 Through which the hapless 'Mermaid' ever pass'd !
 The ocean roll'd amain, the tempest blew,
 The thunder crash'd, the wicked lightning flew !
 Athwart the heavens shot the shafts of light,
 Abrupt and strong, and stunn'd the sense of sight !
 A feeble hope that fate might yet recall
 His cruel mandate, had been felt by all ;
 But no one yet indulged the feeble ray,
 For with the helm it now was swept away :
 And now abandoned by the latest hope
 They stood, like felons, in adjusted rope ;
 But short was their suspense ; there came a flash,
 A dazzling blaze and an appalling crash,
 And some fell senseless through the broken deck
 Of a dismantled hulk and floundering wreck ;
 While standing on their feet remained but few,
 And they with consciousness suspended too.
 The stricken 'Mermaid,' like a stricken deer,
 Gave a convulsive bound and sudden veer,
 And falling in the trough, the sea swept o'er
 Her shatter'd deck, to hide it evermore.