

A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow ;  
 The leathern mail rebounds the hail ; the rattling cinders strow  
 The ground around ; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow ;  
 And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke, pant  
 "Ho !"

Leap out, leap out, my masters ; leap out and lay on load !  
 Let's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and broad ;  
 For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,  
 And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road ;  
 The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean pour'd  
 From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the board ;  
 The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains,  
 But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet remains,  
 And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky-high,  
 Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing, here  
 am I !"

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time !  
 Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime ;  
 But, while ye swing your sledges, sing ; and let the burden be,  
 "The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we."  
 Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling red !  
 Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.  
 Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,  
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay ;  
 Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,  
 For the "Yeo-beave-o," and the "Heave-away," and the sighing  
 seaman's cheer ;  
 When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home,  
 And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last,  
 A shapely one he is and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.  
 O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,  
 What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea !  
 O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou ?  
 The hoary monster's palaces ! methinks what joy 'twere now  
 To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,  
 And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging  
 tails !  
 Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-nnicorn,  
 And send him foil'd and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn ;