

There came not a sign that they soon would be riven,  
And hurled from their height 'neath the waters to lie.

The tempest descended with merciless power,  
It lashed in its anger the slumbering deep ;  
That proud ship was torn like storm-shattered flower,  
Nor beauty nor strength from disaster could keep,

So prospects of mortals, all bright in the morning,  
Like colors of sunset go out in the gloom ;  
Though manhood in pride its dark shadows are seeing,  
No pride can secure from the depth of the tomb.

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Kind friend, if ever you incline  
To look within this book of mine,  
I hope that something you will find  
To please the eye or suit the mind ;  
But, if you nothing can discover,  
Just drop the book, and close the cover.

