

Where the sweet odour of the wild-rose hedge,
 With honey-suckles, fence the garden's edge,
 One views enraptur'd—while his blooming boy,
 A father's hope and pensive mother's joy,
 Another sees—for an aged parent here,
 Along a sun-burnt cheek, there rolls a tear,
 That checks the rising hope, and turns it into fear—
 Abstracted there, apart from all the rest,
 With eyes upturn'd, his arms upon his breast,
 An anxious lover takes his silent stand,
 And now he views the moon, and now the distant land—
 Thus muses each, as lightly bounds along
 The gallant vessel to the steersman's song ;
 While the rough sailors, at a harmless play,
 Sit in a group, and laugh the time away.
 But lo! a sudden gloom involves the sky,
 The fanning breeze has dropp'd, a calm is nigh,—
 The ocean swells—the gentle waves no more
 Bound lightly on to waft the bark to shore ;
 Struck in her flight, she flaps her canvas wings,
 And reels and staggers, while her cordage rings
 Against the creaking mast—the seamen stand
 Amaz'd, confounded—from his guiding hand
 The pilot feels the useless rudder fly,
 Again he grasps it as he lifts his eye,
 And looks around him to consult the sky,
 A black spot rising in the North he spies,
 "All hands aloft! Strike every sail!" he cries,
 And while he speaks the affrighted sea-bird flies,
 Screaming along the deep, to where her nest
 Lies in the distant rock, far to the darkening West.

And now big drops descend—and gathering fast,
 That black cloud moves along—a moaning blast
 Howls o'er the waves—oh, down with every sail;
 That boding blast foreruns the coming gale,
 It comes! it bursts! Wildly the waves arise,
 And flash and foam—again the vessel flies
 With double speed—in vain the pilot tries
 To check her wild career—she scorns his hand
 And madly rushes to the fatal land;
 While darker grew the Heavens, and not a speck
 Of blue is there—now from the crowded deck
 The signal gun is fir'd—'twas heard on shore,
 And some could see the flash—but the deep roar
 Of waves were such, so thick the gloom around,
 They deem'd them fancy, both the flash and sound.

"Breakers a head!" Oh! what a cry is there!
 All is confusion, horror and despair.
 Crash comes a mast, and, with the fall it gave,
 Three gallant men are swept into the wave.
 In speechless terror some are seen to stand,
 Others with arms outstretch'd look to the land,
 As if imploring aid—while raving wild,
 A frantic father calls upon his child.
 A mother next him, fill'd with deep alarms,
 Has two sweet babies lock'd with in her arms;
 The savage waves have mark'd them for their prey,
 And now the loveliest is swept away;
 She, screaming, quits her hold to catch her hope,