

The wood leviathans which make
Their builders to be lords of war,
These are thy toys, which thou dost shake
Like foam which melting shows no more.

Thy shores are empires, continents ;
Subject to civil change are they ;
The ancient tyrant forced relents,
The suppliant ceases to obey ;
Empires of Eld have passed away,
Kingdoms have fallen to disgrace,
But thy waves all unchanging play,
Time writes no impress on thy face.

Mirror where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in storms sublime,
Also in peace as in the storm
In arctic or in torrid clime,
Image of endless space and time
Thou hast a seryant in each zone,
The monsters wallow in thy slime,
Thou goest forth unmatched—alone.

The poet loves thee ; and his joy,
He says, was on thy breast to be,
Borne like thy bubbles ; form a hoy
Borne as thy bubbles onward flee ;
He wantoned with the angry sea ;
The terror was a pleasing fear ;
He knew himself a child of thee—
Trusted thy billows far and near.