

In mountain gorge the berg is high born;
He grows big, with the birth of years,
To vast glaciers, from an acorn:
Last rides the vast ocean's salt tears.

Promethean shafts or pyro-brands,
The goods of the hold quick consume:
The hulk of a Bellerophon grand
Down plunges to cavernal gloom.

Rocks wrought and pedestaled in stith's forge,
The chemical earth explodes high:
Such bulls, toy ships gore; the seas engorge;
As plenty and pride kiss the sky.

The night flings its inky cope about
The cradle, and crest of the wave:
The sightless bark rides in darksome doubt,
As privateer thugs curse and rave.

With dangers thus squadroned in dread squares,
It 'hooves her, to serry her ranks;
With marines and outlooks to loot lairs;
And counter in front and on flank.

Alas, for her wisdom and foresight,
Turned foolish and fond for a whim,
Abandoning caution, sense and right,
Forced flight as the arrow she swims!