

Revivèd upon a self-sustaining plan
 As first it beat within the first of man ;
 But to the image of their God they bear
 No other semblance faint ; their features wear
 The mortal agony, remorse and woe,
 When nature yielded to the conquering foe.

Since that ill-fated voyage long ago ;—
 Ask not how long, for they are not that know
 When from the angry skies the fiat came
 That sealed her doom, and thence deduce her name—
 Till now, the "Phantom of the Sea" has been
 A bird of tempest, but in tempest seen.
 Just as the cuckoo on her joyous wing
 Pursues the footsteps of rejoicing Spring,
 She in her one, immutable array
 Pursues where tempest leads the stormy way.
 "Whence comest thou, and to what haven bound ?"
 Has often hailed her ; but no other sound
 Than of the waves recoiling from her side,
 To that interrogation yet replied.
 But not unconsciously inert they stand,
 Like statues graven by the sculptor's hand ;
 Their solemn gestures frequently display
 The conscious tenant of the ghastly clay.
 Why do they not make answer ? they have
 tongues—
 Tongues of immortal flesh, and equal lungs ?
 'Twas a blasphemous tongue that erst provoked
 The wrath of heaven, and their doom invoked,
 And from that data we may predicate
 Eternal silence added to their fate.