

THE BEACON IN THE STORM.

("Quels sont ces bruits sourds?")

[XXIV., July 17, 1836.]

Hark to that solemn sound!

It steals towards the strand.--

Whose is that voice profound

Which mourns the swallowed land,

With moans,

Or groans,

New threats of ruin close at hand?

It is Triton--the storm to scorn

Who doth wind his sonorous horn.

How thick the rain to-night!

And all along the coast

The sky shows naught of light

Is it a storm, my host?

Too soon

The boon

Of pleasant weather will be lost

Yes, 'tis Triton, etc.

Are seamen on that speck
Afar in deepening dark?
Is that a splitting deck
Of some ill-fated bark?
Fend harm!
Send calm!
O Venus! show thy starry spark!
Though 'tis Triton, etc.

The thousand-toothèd gale,--
Adventurers too bold!--
Rips up your toughest sail
And tears your anchor-hold.
You forge
Through surge,
To be in rending breakers rolled.
While old Triton, etc.

Do sailors stare this way,
Cramped on the Needle's sheaf,
To hail the sudden ray
Which promises relief?
Then, bright;
Shine, light!
Of hope upon the beacon reef!
Though 'tis Triton, etc.