

OPENING CLOUDS UNVEIL THE SKIES:  
CRAGS AND SHOALS BEGIRD HER ROUND,  
RAVING SURFS RECOILING RISE,  
THEN RUSH UP THE BROKEN GROUND.

LIGHTED BY THE PALE MOON-RAY,  
BALANCE ON A MOUNTAIN WAVE;  
WREATHED WITH FOAM AND WINGED SPRAY.  
HIGH SHE TREMBLED O'ER HER GRAVE.

–*On Seeing A Ship*, NATHANIEL OGLE, 1830