

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches: thence we look'd tow'rd *England*,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of *York* and *Lancaster*,
 That had befall'n us. As we pass'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought, that *Glo'ster* stumbled, and, in falling,
 Struck me (that fought to stay him) over-board,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.

Lord, lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!

What fights of ugly death within mine eyes!

I thought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon:

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept

As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Gla. Methought, I had; and often did I strive

To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth

To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;

But smother'd it within my panting bulk,

Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

Gla. No, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life.

O then began the tempest to my soul:

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,

With that grim ferryman which poets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,