

Ocean! Thou dreadful and tumultuous Home  
 of Dangers, at eternal War with Man!  
*Death's* Capital, where most he domineers,  
 with all his chosen *Terrors* frowning round,  
 (tho' lately feasted high at \*) *Albion's* Cost)  
 wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring still for more!  
 Too faithful Mirror! how dost thou reflect  
 the melancholy Face of human Life!  
 The strong Resemblance tempts me farther still:  
 and, haply, *Britain* may be deeper struck  
 by *moral Truth*, in such a Mirror seen,  
 which Nature holds for ever at her Eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in Hope,  
 when *Young*, with sanguine Chear, and Streamers gay,  
 we cut our Cable, launch into the World,  
 and fondly Dream each Wind and Star our Friend;  
 All, in some darling Enterprize embarkt:  
 but where is he can fathom its Event?  
 Amid a Multitude of artless Hands;  
*Ruin's* sure Perquisite! her lawful Prize!  
 Some steer aright; but the black Blaft blows hard,

\*) Admiral Balchen, &c.