

# THE ANCIENT MARINER

9

At the rising  
of the moon,

We listened and looked sideways up!  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip! 205  
The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed  
From the sails the dew did drip— [white:  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The hornèd moon, with one bright star 210  
Within the nether tip.

One after  
another.

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye. 215

His shipmates  
drop down  
dead;

Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-  
Death begins  
her work on  
the ancient  
Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,— 220  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

## PART IV.

The wedding-  
guest feareth  
that a spirit is  
talking to him:

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand! 225  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand.