

It seemeth
him but the
skeleton of a
ship.

And straight the sun was flecked with
bars,

(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)

As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face. 180

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres? 184

And its ribs
are seen as
bars on the
face of the set-
ting sun.
The spectre-
woman and her
deathmate, and
no other on
board the
skeleton-ship.

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?

And is that Woman all her crew?

Is that a Death? and are there two?

Is Death that woman's mate?

Like vessel,
like crew!

Her lips were red, her looks were free, 190

Her locks were yellow as gold:

Her skin was as white as leprosy,

The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she

Who thicks man's blood with cold. 194

Death and
Life-in-Death
have dined for
the ship's
crew, and she
(the latter)
winneth the
ancient
Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,

And the twain were casting dice;

"The game is done! I've, I've won!"

Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight
within the
courts of the
sun.

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:

At one stride comes the dark; 200

With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,

Off shot the spectre-bark.