

She was constructed, or of gopher wood—
 For ships were built of such before the flood)
 She could not in that dreadful sea obey
 Her helm, and drifted from her course away.
 Her stern commander, resolute to gain
 The 'foresaid haven, strove with might and main;
 But as expedients failed he grew enraged,
 And, sailor-like, his ruffled sea assuaged
 By wonted blasphemy, and loudly swore
 By the Commander of both sea and shore
 That ere his watch another hour could tell,
 His ship should be in port, or he in hell!
 Another moment, hurried to the vast
 Insatiate abyss of moments past,
 Had scarcely been, when lo! a voice on high
 Pronounced this judgment, issued from the sky:—
 "This ship is doomed immutable; and they
 Who are on board, shall there forever stay;
 They all shall die; for every mortal must;
 But never shall again return to dust:
 They shall at once arise, though wan and pale,
 And phantom-like, to wield the wonted sail.
 Material cable shall no more restrain
 This ship, nor she arrive in port again;
 The pole no longer shall her magnet sway,
 Her destiny alone shall point her way;
 And she shall ever seek, where tempests roar,
 With speed that never ship attained before.
 A dreaded omen of disaster she
 Shall be to all—the Phantom of the Sea."