

Moon,
y pang,
215

He despiseth
the creatures
of the calm,

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

— 220

And envieth
that *they*
should live,
and so many
be dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea, 240
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

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wn,

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But ^{for ever} a prayer had gusht. 245
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

229
st!

But the curse
liveth for him
in the eye of
the dead men.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea 250
and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

235

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me 255
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye! 260
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.