

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.

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,— 22
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!

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And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

But the ancient
Mariner assur-
eth him of his
bodily life and
proceedeth to
relate his hor-
rible penance.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.'— 229
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony

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