

And its ribs
are seen as
bars on the
face of the set-
ting Sun.
The Spectre-
Woman and
her Death-
mate, 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? *chief*

Is Death that woman's mate?

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

Like vessel,
like crew!

Death and
Life-in-Death
have dived 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 won, 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.

At the rising
of the Moon.

We listened and looked sideways up! *a*

Fear at my heart, as at a cup, *a*

My life-blood seemed to sip! *b* 205

The stars were dim, and thick the night, *c*

The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed *d c*

From the sails the dew did drip— [white; *b*

Till clomb above the eastern bar *d*

The hornéd Moon, with one bright star 210 *d*

Within the nether tip. *b*