

and at a dear  
ransom he  
freeth his  
speech from  
the bonds of  
thirst.

Through utter drought all dumb we stood  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked  
Agape they heard me call:

A flash of joy: Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew in,  
As they were drinking all.

And horror  
follows. For  
can it be a  
ship that  
comes onward  
without wind  
or tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!  
Hither to work us weal;  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.

The day was well night done!

Almost upon the western wave

Rested the broad bright Sun;

When that strange shape drove sud-

Betwixt us and the Sun. [denly

It seemeth  
him but the  
skeleton of a  
ship.

And <sup>it came</sup> 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.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat low)

How fast she nears and nears!

Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun

Like restless gossameres?