

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.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide:  
Softly she was going up, 265  
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay  
The charmed water burnt away 270  
A still and awful red.

By the light of the moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water-snakes:  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light 275  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship,  
I watched their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam; and every track 280  
Was a flash of golden fire,