

# The Ghost Ship

## MARK STRAND

♩. = 48c. *bleached*

*pp*

3

Through the crowd-ed street it floats, its vague—

— ton-nage like wind. It glides— through— the sad - ness of

3

slums to the out - ly - ing fields. Slow - ly, now by an ox, now by a

wind-mill, it moves. Pass-ing at night like a dream of death it

can-not be heard;

un-der the stars it steals. Its crew and pass-en-gers stare—

whi-ter than— bone, their eyes do not turn or close.

*mp* *pp*

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