

## PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:  
 Out of the sea came he,  
 Still hid in mist, and on the left 85  
 Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
 But no sweet bird did follow,  
 Nor any day for food or play  
 Came to the mariners' hollo! 90

His ship-  
 mates cry out  
 against the  
 ancient Mari-  
 ner, for killing  
 the bird of  
 good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,  
 And it would work 'em woe:  
 For all averred, I had killed the bird  
 That made the breeze to blow.  
 Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay, 95  
 That made the breeze to blow!

But when the  
 fog cleared  
 off, they jus-  
 tify the same,  
 and thus make  
 themselves  
 accomplices  
 in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
 The glorious Sun uprist:  
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird  
 That brought the fog and mist. 100  
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
 That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze  
 continues; the  
 ship enters the  
 Pacific Ocean,  
 and sails north-  
 ward, even  
 till it reaches  
 the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
 The furrow followed free;  
 We were the first that ever burst 105  
 Into that silent sea.

The ship hath  
 been suddenly  
 becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
 'Twas sad as sad could be;