

Sometimes all little birds that are, 360
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute;
 And now it is an angel's song, 365
 That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
 A pleasant noise till noon,
 A noise like of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June, 370
 That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
 Yet never a breeze did breathe;
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship, 375
 Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome
 spirit from the
 south pole car-
 ries on the ship
 as far as the
 line, in obedi-
 ence to the an-
 gelic troop,
 but still requir-
 eth vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
 From the land of mist and snow,
 The spirit slid: and it was he
 That made the ship to go. 380
 The sails at noon left off their tune,
 And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right above up the mast,
 Had fixed her to the ocean;
 But in a minute she 'gan stir, 385
 With a short uneasy motion—
 Backwards and forwards half her length
 With a short uneasy motion.