

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; 335  
 Yet never a breeze up blew;  
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
 Where they were wont to do;  
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—  
 We were a ghastly crew. 340

The body of my brother's son  
 Stood by me, knee to knee;  
 The body and I pulled at one rope,  
 But he said nought to me. 344

But not by the  
 souls of the  
 men, nor by  
 demons of  
 the earth or  
 middle air, but  
 by a blessed  
 troop of an-  
 gelic spirits,  
 sent down by  
 the invocation  
 of the guardian  
 saint:

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"  
 Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!  
 'T was not those souls that fled in pain,  
 Which to their corse came again,  
 But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their 350  
 arms,  
 And clustered round the mast;  
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their  
 mouths,  
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
 Then darted to the sun; 355  
 Slowly the sounds came back again,  
 Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
 I heard the sky-lark sing;