

THE ANCIENT MARINER

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But when the fog cleared off, they justify 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 northward, even until 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;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea! 110

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day, 115  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink; 120  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!