

Their beauty
and their hap-
piness.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare;
A spring of love gushed from my heart, 284
And I blessed them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me
And I blessed them unaware.

He bleaseth
them in his
heart.

The spell be-
gins to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off and sank 290
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, 295
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the
holy Mother,
the ancient
Mariner is re-
freshed with
rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained. 300

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs: 305
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.