

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 blesseth  
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.