

And lo! the  
Albatross  
proveth a bird  
of good omen,  
and followeth  
the ship as it  
returned  
northward  
through fog  
and floating  
ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine; 76  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke  
white,  
Glimmered the white moon-shine.

The ancient  
Mariner  
inhospitably  
killeth the  
pious bird of  
good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—  
Why look'st thou so?"—With my crossbow  
I shot the Albatross.

## PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right:  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left 85  
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day for food or play  
Came to the mariners' hollo! 90

His ship-  
mates cry out  
against the  
ancient Mari-  
ner, for killing  
the bird of  
good luck.

And I had done an hellish thing:  
And it would work 'em woe:  
For all averred, I had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow.  
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay, 95  
That made the breeze to blow!