

110

And every tongue, through utter drought, 135
 Was withered at the root;
 We could not speak, no more than if
 We had been choked with soot.

115

The ^{ship-}mate, in their
 sore distress,
 would fain
 throw the
 whole guilt on
 the ancient
 Mariner, in
 sign whereof
 they hang the
 dead sea-bird
 round his
 neck.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young! 140
 Instead of the cross, the Albatross
 About my neck was hung.

PART III

120

There passed a weary time. Each throat
 Was parched, and glazed each eye.
 A weary time! a weary time! 145
 How glazed each weary eye,
 When looking westward, I beheld
 A something in the sky.

The ancient
 Mariner be-
 holdeth a
 sign in the
 element afar
 off.

125

At first it seemed a little speck,
 And then it seemed a mist; 150
 It moved and moved, and took at last
 A certain shape, I wist.

130

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
 And still it neared and neared:
 As if it dodged a water-sprite, *sprite* 155
 It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer
 approach, it
 seemeth him
 to be a ship;

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could nor laugh nor wail;