

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>The Rime of the Ancient Mariner</b> (text of 1834)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Samuel Taylor Coleridge</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Հիմ Լե Տրոր Այլ ՏԱՄՍԷԼ ԿՈԼԵՐԻՉԸ</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>PART I</b></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>ԱԷ 1</b></p>
<p>It is an ancient Mariner, And he stoppeth one of three. 'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye, Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?</p>	<p>ՈՒ ԲԵՅ ՏՐՈՐ ԱՅԼ, ՄԵ ՈՒ ՏԵՏՇԵԶ ԱՆ Օ ԵՐԻ. 'Այ ԵՐԵ ԳՐԵԼ ԼԵՆԵՄԼ ՄԵ ՄՈՒ ՄՈՒԿԼ Ր ԵՄ, ԷՅԷ, Կ ՐԵ ԵՄ ՏԵՏՇԵԶ ՄԵ.'</p>
<p>The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide, And I am next of kin; The guests are met, the feast is set: May'st hear the merry din.'</p>	<p>ՈՒՐԻ ԼՐ ՆՍՔՏԵՄԼ ԲԵՅ ԽՆՔԵՄԼ, ՄԵ ՄԵ ԲԵՅ ԿԵՐԵ ՈՐԱՄԼ; ԳՐԻ ԷՅՄԻՏՈՅ, ՄԻԼԵՄ ԲԵՅ ՔՐԵՐԻ: ԵՄ ԻԲԵՅ ՏՈՒ ՓՐԼ.'</p>
<p>He holds him with his skinny hand, 'There was a ship,' quoth he. 'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon! Eftsoons his hand dropt he.</p>	<p>ՈՒ ԻՈՏԵՅ ՈՒ Այ ԻԱՆ ԲԻԿԵԼ, 'ՕՅ ԵՐ,' ՈՒ ՓՅ. 'ՈՈԻՈՒՅ! ԱՆԻԱՆՄԵՅ ՄԵ, ՄԱԴՐԵ ԳՐԵԵՐԵԼ! ՈՒ ԴՆՈՅ ԵՄԵԼ ԻԱՆ ՈՒՆԼ.</p>
<p>He holds him with his glittering eye— The Wedding-Guest stood still, And listens like a three years' child: The Mariner hath his will.</p>	<p>ՈՒ ԻՈՏԵՅ ՈՒ Այ ՄՈՒ ՄՈՒԿԼ ՈՒՆԼ — ՆՍՔՏԵՄԳՐՏ ՏԼԱՆՈՅ ՏԵԼԼ. ՄԵ ԼԻԶ ԿՈՄ ԵՄ ԵՐԻՅՐԼ: ՏՐՈՐ ՆԵՅ ՓՈԼ ՈՒՆԼ.</p>
<p>The Wedding-Guest sAt on a stone: He cannot choose but hear; And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner.</p>	<p>ՆՍՔՏԵՄԳՐՏ ՏԻՏՈՅ ՕՆ ՏՈՆ: ՈՒ ՆՈՒԹՕՏԵՅ ՅԼՄԱ ԻԶ; ՄԵ ՓԵՐԵ ՓԻՕՅ ՓԵ ՔԵԼ ԱՅԼ, ՏՐՈՐ ԱՈՒ-ՄՈՒԿԼ.</p>
<p>'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared, Merrily did we drop Below the kirk, below the hill, Below the lighthouse top.</p>	<p>'ՏՐ ԱԴՓՐԻՏՈՅ, ԻՐԵ ԱԴՓԻՆՈՅ, ՄԻ ԴՆՈՑՈՅ ՓՐԼ ՕՆԴ ՓԵՓ, ՕՆԴ ՄՈՒԵ, ՕՆԴ ՏՈՒ ԼԱԿՐԼ.</p>
<p>The Sun came up upon the left, Out of the sea came he! And he shone bright, and on the right Went down into the sea.</p>	<p>ՏՈԼ ՍՐՇՈՅ ԼԵԲԼ, ԱՕՏ ՄԵՐ ՈՒ ԻԵՇՈՅ! ՄԵ ՈՒ ԲՐԻՏՈՅ ԲՐԻԵՄԼ ՄԵ Ե ՐԵԵ ՈՒՆՈՅ ԱՈՒ ՄԵՐ.</p>

Higher and higher every day, Till over the mast at noon— The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast, For he heard the loud bassoon.	hētμwλ wē hētμwλ ιφ δε, υτε ηνρ σιλπυς ε νυν — Nυρσεμγης γετε βιτοζ φες ιλwλ, ρε ιλ ηοζ βαsun λwδλ.
The bride hath paced into the hall, Red as a rose is she; Nodding their heads before her goes The merry minstrelsy.	Nυρσεμελ εζστεροζ υην ρυμεμ, ελ bez redλ kom roso; Nοδιζ ηεδι υλwλ, wι ελ, qεζ Mυστρι φιwλ.
The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast, Yet he cannot choose but hear; And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner.	Nυρσεμγης, ιλ βιτοζ φες ιλwλ, Opre ιλ νοιβφoσεζ ζλwυ ηιζ; wē φερε φιοζ φε ρειλ υjλ, jiρwρ ληηι-μηνικλ.
And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he Was tyrannous and strong: He struck with his o'ertaking wings, And chased us south along.	wē ezte wληem στιmλ ηεqεζ, wē ιλ βοζ τiρλ wē γεηλ: ιλ βιτοζ λj wεηι ρελρiσλ ιλwλ, wē φλsoζ μι υsuδ λoηλ.
With sloping masts and dipping prow, As who pursued with yell and blow Still treads the shadow of his foe, And forward bends his head, The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast, And southward aye we fled.	wēk σιλpυσι διqλ wē jιpfλs διρετιζλ, λm ρε, φλσιζ λj jιτ wē βιτ λμwι tpeδιζ jαδικ λρ ηem, wē flσdir κιwιζ ηεδ ιλwλ, jiρ λδpυjοζ ρελεmλ, wληem qρufjιtoζ λuδλ, wē suddir, jε, μι flεδoζ.
And now there came both mist and snow, And it grew wondrous cold: And ice, mast-high, came floating by, As green as emerald.	wē ezte λldυ μιs wē sno ηεqοζ, wē wεr byoζ emkodλ: wē εs, σιλpυs-ηετλ, ρiσoζ flοtiζλ, λm qρiη kom emerald.
And through the drifts the snowy clifts Did send a dismal sheen: Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken— The ice was all between.	wē ιηt snofιλ, κλιφι snολ μiρiκοζ ορφiηλ: No jλρ λb ρει ρι ηιμι μι soζ — εs βοζ λλ ιηt.
The ice was here, the ice was there, The ice was all around: It cracked and growled, and roared and howled, Like noises in a swound!	εs βοζ ηε, εs βοζ λλ, εs βοζ λλ σιη: Oι κρλksυnoζ wē qρufοζ, qρufjιtoζ wē ηiλοζ, kom sunoφi ιη fεηt!
At length did cross an Albatross, Thorough the fog it came; As if it had been a Christian soul, We hailed it in God's name.	fiηεj διomεδιs ρoσoζ, κιρ μιsem ολ ηεqοζ; λm kom ολ βοζ sul κριστρελ μι qριtoζ ολ λj ηλm λρ qοδ.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat, And round and round it flew. The ice did split with a thunder-fit; The helmsman steered us through!	ΟΙ ΙΤΟΖ ΦΥΔ ΟΙ ΖΛΤΕ ΕΖΙΤΟΖ, ΨΕ ΣΥΝ ΨΕ ΣΥΝ ΟΙ ΦΙΤΟΖ. ΕΣ ΛΕΝΒΡΕΚΟΖ ΑΜ ΔΟΝ; ΣΤΗΡΗ ΣΤΗΡΟΖ ΚΥΡΑ ΜΗ!
And a good south wind sprung up behind; The Albatross did follow, And every day, for food or play, Came to the mariner's hollo!	ΨΕ ΣΥΔΨΛΗ ΓΥΔΛ ΓΥΟΖ ΡΥΡΛ, ΔΙΟΜΕΔΙΣ ΦΟΛΟΖ, ΨΕ ΙΘ ΔΕ, ΡΥ ΦΥΔ ΡΥ ΓΥΜ, ΗΕΦΟΖ Ψ ΚΥΛ ΑΔ ΓΥΡΥ!
In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, It perched for vespers nine; Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white, Glimmered the white Moon-shine.'	ΙΝ ΜΙΣ ΡΥ ΚΛΗΔ, ΟΝ ΣΥΡΨΥΣ ΡΥ ΤΥΚ, ΟΙ ΣΥΤΒΥΜΟΖ ΡΥ ΜΟΣ ΪΥΛ; ΔΥΡ ΝΥΤ, ΚΥΡ ΜΥΣΕΜ ΣΜΥΚΨΥΤΛ, ΛΥΝΒΡΥΤ ΨΥΤΛ ΛΥΤΕΤΟΖ.'
'God save thee, ancient Mariner! From the fiends, that plague thee thus! - Why look'st thou so?' – 'With my cross-bow I shot the ALBATROSS.'	'ΓΟΔ ΣΥΡΥΖ Ψ, ΓΥΡΥ ΨΥΛ! Ο ΔΕΥΙ ΓΛ ΓΕΨΥ ΗΥΓΕΜΕΖ Ψ! Κ ΡΕ Ψ ΛΥΚΕΖ ΓΕ ΣΤΥ. – 'ΑΥ ΚΡΟΣΥΘ ΜΕΥΛ ΜΕ ΓΥΤΟΖ ΔΙΟΜΕΔΙΣ!'
<b>PART II</b>	<b>Ατ 2</b>
The Sun now rose upon the right: Out of the sea came he, Still hid in mist, and on the left Went down into the sea.	ΣΟΛ ΘΕΤΕ ΥΡΦΟΖ ΡΕΤΛ, ΥΟΣ ΜΕΥ ΙΛ ΗΕΦΟΖ! ΑΜΥΥ ΗΛΔΟΖ ΙΝ ΜΙΣ, ΨΕ Ε ΛΕΦ ΔΥΠΟΖ ΨΥΝ ΜΕΥ.
And the good south wind still blew behind, But no sweet bird did follow, Nor any day for food or play Came to the mariner's hollo!	ΨΕ ΣΥΔΨΛΗ ΓΥΔΛ ΑΜΥΥ ΒΛΟΟΖ ΡΥΡΛ, ΚΨΛ ΝΟ ΛΥΙΣ ΖΛΚΟΝΛ ΦΟΛΟΖ, ΨΥΠΟ ΕΝ ΔΕ ΡΥ ΦΥΔ ΡΥ ΓΥΜ ΗΕΦΟΖ Ψ ΚΥΛ ΑΔ ΓΥΡΥ!
And I had done a 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, That made the breeze to blow!	ΨΕ ΜΕ ΕΖΔΟΖ ΕΦ ΨΦΛ, ΨΕ ΘΕ ΓΕΥΥΖ ΪΛΙ ΣΥΡ: ΓΕ ΑΛ ΣΕΤΦΟΟΖ ΦΛ ΜΕ ΟΖΚΑΛΟΖ ΛΥΙΣ ΦΛ ΚΥΙΖ ΨΛΗ ΒΛΟΙΖ. ΑΗ ΒΛΔΕΜΠΕ! ΪΛΙ ΦΟΖ, ΚΑΛΙΖ ΛΥΙΣ, ΓΛ ΚΥΙΖ ΨΛΗ ΒΛΟΙΖ!
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. 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay, That bring the fog and mist.	ΝΟ ΔΥΚΕΤΛ ΝΟ ΡΕΔΛ, ΑΜ ΗΕΔ ΑΥ ΓΟΔ ΣΥΡΛ, ΣΟΛ ΗΟΝΥΚΛ ΥΡΦΟΖ: ΦΕΤΕ ΑΛ ΣΕΤΦΟΟΖ ΦΛ ΜΕ ΟΖΚΑΛΟΖ ΛΥΙΣ ΦΛ ΗΕΥΙΚΟΖ ΜΥΣΕΜ ΨΕ ΜΙΣ. ΦΕ ΒΟΖ ΚΡΕΚΛ, ΪΛΙ ΦΟΖ, ΚΑΛΙΖ ΘΕΙ ΛΥΙΣ, ΦΛ ΗΕΥΙΚΙΖ ΜΥΣΕΜ ΨΕ ΜΙΣ.

<p>The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, The furrow followed free; We were the first that ever burst Into that silent sea.</p>	<p>ΨΑΝΕΤ ΠΛΕΣΑ ΒΛΟΟΖ, ΒΟΒΟΜ ΨΥΤΑ ΦΛΙΤΟΖ, ΨΥΤΩΡΥΡ ΦΟΛΟΖ ΟΡΗΗΝΛ; ΜΙ ΒΟΖ ΑΗΛ ΦΛ ΕΝΤΕ ΊΝΦΙΣΟΖ ΎΗΘ ΕΕ ΜΕΡ ΣΙΛΛ.</p>
<p>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!</p>	<p>ΨΑΝΕΤ ΤΥΟΖ ΗΥΛΛ, ΣΥΛΙ ΑΔΙΕΦΥΛΟΖ, ΦΕ ΒΟΖ ΣΑΔ ΑΜ ΣΑΔ ΊΒΒΙΖ. ΨΕ ΜΙ ΦΟΖ ΖΛΜΥ ΡΥΦΟΖ ΣΙΛ ΑΒ ΜΕΡ!</p>
<p>All in a hot and copper sky, The bloody Sun, at noon, Right up above the mast did stand, No bigger than the Moon.</p>	<p>ΑΛ ΊΘ ΣΚΕ, ΗΥΤΛ ΨΕ ΚΥΡΚΟΛΛ, ΣΟΛ ΒΛΟΔΛ, Ε ΝΥΘ, ΣΤΑΝΟΖ ΣΥΔΥΡΛ ΒΥΡ ΣΥΛΡΥΣ, ΝΟΣΥΖΜΥΛ ΚΟΜ ΛΥΘ.</p>
<p>Day after day, day after day, We stuck, nor breath nor motion; As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean.</p>	<p>ΔΕ ΡΥΛ ΔΕ, ΔΕ ΡΥΛ ΔΕ, ΜΙ ΣΤΕΟΖ, ΝΟ ΨΑΝΕΤ ΨΥΠΟ ΜΥΖ; ΑΜ ΣΤΕΛ ΚΟΜ ΞΥ ΡΥΤΛ ΟΘ ΜΕΡΕΜ ΡΥΤΛ.</p>
<p>Water, water, everywhere, And all the boards did shrink; Water, water, everywhere, Nor any drop to drink.</p>	<p>ΨΥΤ, ΨΥΤ, ΑΛΛΣ, ΨΕ ΑΛ ΒΥΔΥ ΣΥΖΤΥΟΖ; ΨΥΤ, ΨΥΤ, ΑΛΛΣ, ΨΥΠΟ ΕΘ ΛΥΚΑΤ ΡΥ ΊΚΥΖ.</p>
<p>The very deep did rot: O Christ! That ever this should be! Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs Upon the slimy sea.</p>	<p>ΜΕΡΕΜ ΔΑΚΟΖ: ΑΗ ΚΥΣΤ! ΦΛ ΞΕ ΊΒΒΙΖ ΕΝΤΕ! ΞΕ, ΕΦΥ ΚΥΜΟΦΛ ΚΥΥΛΟΖ ΑΥ ΛΕΦΥ ΟΘ ΜΕΡ ΚΥΜΟΦΛ.</p>
<p>About, about, in reel and rout The death-fires danced at night; The water, like a witch's oils, Burnt green, and blue and white.</p>	<p>ΣΥΘ, ΣΥΘ, ΑΥ ΡΥΦΔΛΝΣ ΨΕ ΎΠΒΛΣΟΦ ΔΕΔΦΥΡΥ ΔΑΝΣΟΖ Ε ΝΥΤ; ΨΥΤ, ΑΜ ΎΛΥ ΛΥ ΜΕΥΡΕΛ, ΒΥΠΟΖ ΦΥΘΛ ΨΕ ΒΛΥΛ ΨΕ ΨΥΤΛ.</p>
<p>And some in dreams assurèd were Of the Spirit that plagued us so; Nine fathom deep he had followed us From the land of mist and snow.</p>	<p>ΨΕ ΣΥΡΕΥ, ΊΘ ΔΡΥΜΥ, ΑΔΤΡΥΕΞΟΖ ΑΒ ΒΟΣΥΛ ΞΛ ΖΥΣΕΜΥΖ ΜΥ ΞΕΗΥ; ΝΥΘ ΦΛΕΘΜΥ ΔΥΡ ΊΛ ΟΖΦΟΛΟΖ ΜΥ Ο ΛΑΘ ΑΒ ΜΥΣ ΨΕ ΣΝΟ.</p>
<p>And every tongue, through utter drought, Was withered at the root; We could not speak, no more than if We had been choked with soot.</p>	<p>ΨΕ ΑΛ ΤΥΘΥ, ΑΔΚΥΜΥΖ ΔΡΕΨΕΡ ΗΥΛΛ, ΒΟΖ ΒΟΦΤΥΛ Ε ΡΑΤ; ΜΥ ΝΟΥΒΡΥΖ, ΝΟ ΜΥ ΚΟΜ ΜΥ ΟΖΒΡΕΦΥΤΟΖ ΑΥ ΚΥΒΗΛΥ.</p>

<p>Ah! well a-day! what evil looks Had I from old and young! Instead of the cross, the Albatross About my neck was hung.</p>	<p>Αη! τροβκ! Φεem ροι κιλ Με ροz ο ρει λjεmλ ψε λjετλ! Sιb κροσιν, διomεδιs Adhenoz σικ νεκ μενλ!</p>
<p><b>PART III</b></p>	<p><b>At 3</b></p>
<p>There passed a weary time. Each throat Was parched, and glazed each eye. A weary time! a weary time! How glazed each weary eye, When looking westward, I beheld A something in the sky.</p>	<p>τε τιqλ λαρoz. Αl froτi Αdδρεemλ, ψε λl μmι λdqlαsozλ. τε τιqλ! τε τιqλ! Φεem ιφ μm τιqλ λdqlαsozλ, Φετε, ριz ψεδιρλ, με soz Sιef ε ske.</p>
<p>At first it seemed a little speck, And then it seemed a mist; It moved and moved, and took at last A certain shape, I wist.</p>	<p>Çιτε οl σιμοz ετεf ετλ, ψε ιρ οl σιμοz μιs; Οl μοz ψε μοz, ψε φινεf τοz jαρ σρεfλ, με φοz.</p>
<p>A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist! And still it neared and neared: As if it dodged a water-sprite, It plunged and tacked and veered.</p>	<p>Αη ετεf, μιs, jαρ, με φοz! ψε λmιv οl ηιροz ψε ηιροz: Αm οl ροδετοz ψιτβοσυλ, Οl διροz ψε διρçρjοz ψε çρjδιροz.</p>
<p>With throats unslaked, with black lips baked, We could nor laugh nor wail; Through utter drought all dumb we stood! I bit my arm, I sucked the blood, And cried, A sail! a sail!</p>	<p>ηιz froτi νοψιτεfιz, ηιz λερι βλκλκ βκιz, μi νοιβιφοz ψαπο ψλ; fe dre ηυλλ, λl μi zλκροsλ stλnoz! με βετοz ιm μενλ, με σιçoz ब्लod, ψε κιλοz, Sιl! Sιl!</p>
<p>With throats unslaked, with black lips baked, Agape they heard me call: Gramercy! they for joy did grin, And all at once their breath drew in, As they were drinking all.</p>	<p>ηιz froτi νοψιτεfιz, ηιz λερι βλκλκ βκιz, μοfρεmλ, ιι hoz με κιλιz: ψon! ιι tuψmιλοz re ηαρem, ψε λl τευτ bref ιιλλ ινbrefoz, Αm ιι λl ικιοz.</p>
<p>See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more! Hither to work us weal; Without a breeze, without a tide, She steadies with upright keel!</p>	<p>ρυz! ρυz! (με κιλοz) ελ διρçρjεz zλfeλ! ηε ρι διz çυd υ μι; zλ ψληετ, zλ μεrfλο, ελ στεδεz νεκ ηιρβεf εκικλ!</p>
<p>The western wave was all a-flame. The day was well nigh done! Almost upon the western wave Rested the broad bright Sun; When that strange shape drove suddenly Betwixt us and the Sun.</p>	<p>φιzel ψεsλ βοz λl flλmλ. Οε βοz ηιρλ φιηλ! υmιj on φιzel ψεsλ Steoz sol ψιφεmλ βριτλ; Φετε φε jαρ σεjλ çοz σιδλ ιητ μι ψε Sol.</p>

<p>And straight the Sun was flecked with bars, (Heaven's Mother send us grace!) As if through a dungeon-grate he peered With broad and burning face.</p>	<p>Ψε λμτε Sol λdkrosoz λγ puseti, (Pηrel λr ηer, oγλsuz ηrl u mi!) Am kvr qret ondγλλλ, λl roz Niz fls ψifemλ ψe bηηλ.</p>
<p>Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud) How fast she nears and nears! Are those <i>her</i> sails that glance in the Sun, Like restless gossameres?</p>	<p>S-rem! (Me foz, ψe ηrt meλλ dromoz λudλ) Φεem velemλ el nirez ψe nirez. K oli bez stli elλλ φλ λdfllγez Sol, Am neti opstelλ.</p>
<p>Are those her <i>ribs</i> through which the Sun Did peer, as through a grate? And is that Woman all her crew? Is that a DEATH? and are there two? Is DEATH that woman's mate?</p>	<p>K oli bez sedboni olλλ γλ Sol fez, λm kvr qret. Ψe K φe peel λl kvλ olλλ. K φe bez dεdδ. K du bez. K dεdδ bez jophe elλλ.</p>
<p><i>Her</i> lips were red, <i>her</i> looks were free, Her locks were yellow as gold: Her skin was as white as leprosy, The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she, Who thicks man's blood with cold.</p>	<p>Leπi elλλ boz redλ, λuki elλλ boz libλ, hedher elλλ boz γelλ λm qol: Skin elλλ boz λm ψutλ kom leprozis, El boz drimoφ VIV-IN-DEDO, γλ raskmυiz blod λr pe λγ kod.</p>
<p>The naked hulk alongside came, And the twain were casting dice; 'The game is done! I've won! I've won!' Quoth she, and whistles thrice.</p>	<p>γipbodoφ nικλ ηεqoz sedλsλ, Ψe duo froioz qλmkubi; 'Gim bez finλ! Me ezψinoz! Me ezψinoz! El φoz, ψe ψisoz trife.</p>
<p>The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out; At one stride comes the dark; With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea, Off shot the spectre-bark.</p>	<p>rim solλ duxiz; stri qarboiz srdλ; An step rλλ, ηεqoz drk; Niz hispo fr-ηiz, ros mer, O qoz γip qλsλ.</p>
<p>We listened and looked sideways up! Fear at my heart, as at a cup, My life-blood seemed to sip! The stars were dim, and thick the night, The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white; From the sails the dew did drip— Till clomb above the eastern bar The hornèd Moon, with one bright star Within the nether tip.</p>	<p>Mi loz ψe roz seddovλ upλ! fir, ε ηrt meλλ, λm ε kep, Blod vovλ meλλ, simoz iketiz! Stri boz dhketλ, ψe nit boz saketλ, fls λr stovr, λγ λm vovλ, miv-koz ψutλ; O stli λufwt likatoz Vte, brv frzel istλ, klimoz Lun ηηηλ, vek λη stλ britλ Des γut hetetλ.</p>
<p>One after one, by the star-dogged Moon, Too quick for groan or sigh, Each turned his face with a ghastly pang, And cursed me with his eye.</p>	<p>λη rλ λη, ond lun stλ-ηηoz, mom velemλ pγ qrun rλ ηηη, λl tnoz fls vovλ, vek tλpov skereμλ, Ψe malkoz me λγ mη vovλ.</p>

Four times fifty living men, (And I heard nor sigh nor groan) With heavy thump, a lifeless lump, They dropped down one by one.	ἦν ὀμ φιλῆν ρεῖλι νῆα, (Ψε με ἠοζ νο ἠῆ ψυχο γρῆν) Ἰέκ φομπ ψίτεμα, ἀν σοδ ζλῆνῆ, ἰλι δυνήλοζ ἀν ψε ἀν.
The souls did from their bodies fly, They fled to bliss or woe! And every soul, it passed me by, Like the whizz of my cross-bow!	Συλι φλιτοζ ὀ bodi ἰῆα, ἰλι φλεδοζ ὡ ἠῆρεμ ἱν σῆρεμ! Ψε ἰε συλ, ρῆσοζ bes με, Ἰμ ψῆιζ ὀ κροσῆ μεῖλ!
<b>PART IV</b>	<b>Ἰτ 4</b>
'I fear thee, ancient Mariner! I fear thy skinny hand! And thou art long, and lank, and brown, As is the ribbed sea-sand.	'Με φῆρεζ γυ, ἰῆρη ὡῖλ! Με φῆρεζ ἠἠν φικετἰ γυῖλ! Ψε γυ bez τυτεμα ψε φικετἰ ψε brun, Ἰμ mer-σαν sedbonἰ.
I fear thee and thy glittering eye, And thy skinny hand, so brown.'— Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest! This body dropt not down.	Με φῆρεζ γυ ψε ἠἠν μῆρῆκἰ γυῖλ, Ψε ἠἠν φικετἰ γυῖλ, φεεμ brunἰ.' Νοφῆρυζ, νοφῆρυζ, γυ νυρσεμῆρἰς! ἰε bod nodunfἰλοζ.
Alone, alone, all, all alone, Alone on a wide wide sea! And never a saint took pity on My soul in agony.	Συἰνο, συἰνο, ἠἠλ, ἠἠλ συἰνο, Συἰνο ὀν μερ ψῆφεμα, ψῆφεμα! Ψε ζἰ sant ρῆτοζ Συλ ρῆνεμα ἰν με.
The many men, so beautiful! And they all dead did lie: And a thousand thousand slimy things Lived on; and so did I.	Ὀμ ρεῖλι, φεεμ βεῖλ! Ψε ἰλι, ἰλ ded, λελῆοζ: Ψε κἰλ, κἰλ εφἰ κῆρῆοφἰ Ἰῆροζ ἠμῆρἰ; ψε με ψυλ.
I looked upon the rotting sea, And drew my eyes away; I looked upon the rotting deck, And there the dead men lay.	Με roz ὡ mer δἰκἰ, Ψε ὀ-ρῆλοζ ἠἠνι μεῖλ; Με roz ὡ dek δἰκἰ, Ψε ἰἰ ρεῖλι dedἰ λελῆοζ.
I looked to heaven, and tried to pray; But or ever a prayer had gusht, A wicked whisper came, and made My heart as dry as dust.	Με roz ὡ ἠεῖν, ψε τῆρρεοζ; Κῶλ ἱν ρῆε ἰδροζ, ἠἠσπο ἱῖλἰ οζῆεδοζ, ψε βυοζ ἠἠτ μεῖλ dre ἠἠ dἠs.
I closed my lids, and kept them close, And the balls like pulses beat; For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky Lay dead like a load on my weary eye, And the dead were at my feet.	Με γυτοζ ἠἠκῶρἰ μεῖλ ψε τῆγυτοζ ὀλι, Ψε βἰλι ἠἠ ἠἠρῶρἰ βἰτοζ; ἰε ske ψε μερ, ψε μερ ψε ske λελοζ dedἰ ἠἠ ψἰτο ὀν ἠἠ τἰγἰ μεῖλ, Ψε dedἰκῆρἰ boz ε futἰ μεῖλ.

<p>The cold sweat melted from their limbs, Nor rot nor reek did they: The look with which they looked on me Had never passed away.</p>	<p>Σφειτ κοδλ νλροζ ο λιμι ιλιλ, λι νο δλκοζ νο ρλφοφοζ: το γλ ιλι ροζ με Οζλροζ ζλτελ.</p>
<p>An orphan's curse would drag to hell A spirit from on high; But oh! more horrible than that Is the curse in a dead man's eye! Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse, And yet I could not die.</p>	<p>Μλκκλ ο λυροφου ρυλοφου υ ηελ δουδ ο ηερ; Κωλ λη! Μυ σκερεμλ κομ φε δεζ μλκκλ ιν λην λρ ρε δεδλ! Σερ δει, σερ νιτι, με ροζ φε μλκκλ, Ψε γετ με νοιδεδιζ.</p>
<p>The moving Moon went up the sky, And nowhere did abide: Softly she was going up, And a star or two beside—</p>	<p>Λην μιζλ υρφοζ σκε, Ψε ζλλσ στεροζ: δλην, ελ υρφοιοζ, Ψε βεσ λη στλ ρλ δυ.</p>
<p>Her beams bemocked the sultry main, Like April hoar-frost spread; But where the ship's huge shadow lay, The charmed water burnt alway A still and awful red.</p>	<p>διμι ειλλ μοκοζ μερ ληφικεγλ, λμ ηερλuffρις Μονφιλ ροβλσιζ; Κωλ λσ γλ γλδκ εμλ γιρλ βοζ, Ψιτ λδμεγλ βιποζ λτελ ρεδλ, στελλ ψε βλδεμλ.</p>
<p>Beyond the shadow of the ship, I watched the water-snakes: They moved in tracks of shining white, And when they reared, the elfish light Fell off in hoary flakes.</p>	<p>φρωμ ο γλδκ γιρλ, με ροζ ψιτσερπιςι: Ολι ροζ ιν τρισι ψυτλ βριτλ, Ψε φετε ολι συηετιζ, λτ ελφιγλ δυνφλοζ λγ φεκι βριτλ.</p>
<p>Within the shadow of the ship I watched their rich attire: Blue, glossy green, and velvet black, They coiled and swam; and every track Was a flash of golden fire.</p>	<p>ιη γλδκ γιρλ με ροζ ψερι ριελ ολιυλ: δλυ, ρηη μιρκλ ψε βλκκ βελιλ, Ολι τιρκοζ ψε σωεμοζ ψε ιφ τρις βοζ τλβριτ λβ φυρ ρολλ.</p>
<p>O happy living things! no tongue Their beauty might declare: A spring of love gushed from my heart, And I blessed them unaware: Sure my kind saint took pity on me, And I blessed them unaware.</p>	<p>λη εφι νιλλ ηλρλ! Νο ρο ιβδεσιζ βελ λυολι: Γυριυ λολλ φλοεμοζ ο ηιτ μειλ, Ψε με ζλκογλ, ηιλοζ ολι: Σετ, σλντ βεηλ μειλ ριτοζ με, Ψε με ζλκογλ, ηιλοζ ολι.</p>
<p>The self-same moment I could pray; And from my neck so free The Albatross fell off, and sank Like lead into the sea.</p>	<p>φε δυρετ λμλ γλ με ιβπρειζ; Ψε ο νεκ μειλ, φεεμ λιβλ διομεδισ οφιλοζ, ψε διυροφοζ λμ ρλομ υηη μερ.</p>

PART V	At 5
<p>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, That slid into my soul.</p>	<p>Αη σλιρ! γλ βεζ εφ γληλ, Αδλοριζ ο φιφινλς υ φιφινλς. υ ΜΑΡΙ, Γυλελ, ρερυζ ρυρεμ! Ελ ογλσος σλιρ γληλ ο ηερ, ϕλ σλιδοζ υιν συλ μενλ.</p>
<p>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.</p>	<p>Βοκι σλμλ οη δεκ, ϕλ οζστεοζ δυρεμλ, Με δριμοζ ϕλ ολι αδφυοζ λγ λυφωγτ; Ψε ϕετε με βερεκοζ, ψερ ρινοζ.</p>
<p>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.</p>	<p>Λερι μενλ βοζ ψυτεγλ, φροτ μενλ βοζ κοδλ, Αλ ψερι μενλ βοζ ψυτεγλ; Σετ, με οζικοζ ιη δριμι μενλ, Ψε λμικυ bod μενλ ικοζ.</p>
<p>I moved, and could not feel my limbs: I was so light—almost I thought that I had died in sleep, And was a blessed ghost.</p>	<p>Με μοζ, ψε νοιβσλσος λιμι μενλ: Με βοζ ϕεεμ ψυτετλ – υμιγ Με φοζ ϕλ με οζδεδοζ ε σλιρ, Ψε βοζ ρις αδηλιζλ.</p>
<p>And soon I heard a roaring wind: It did not come near; But with its sound it shook the sails, That were so thin and sere.</p>	<p>Ψε υβτε με ηοζ ψλη ρυφγρτοζλ: Ολ νοηεροζ νογλ; Κωλ λγ συη ολιγλ, ολ γλκοζ σλι, γλ βοζ ϕεεμ φικετλ ψε αδτλβιηλ</p>
<p>The upper air burst into life! And a hundred fire-flags sheen, To and fro they were hurried about! And to and fro, and in and out, The wan stars danced between.</p>	<p>Σκε υρλ βρσοζ βυιζ νιρ! Ψε σεν τλβριτι φυρλ βριτοζ, υ ψε ο ολι αδηρσοζ σιη! Ψε υ ψε ο, ψε ιη ψε ος, Στιη ρλλλ δλνσοζ ιητλ.</p>
<p>And the coming wind did roar more loud, And the sails did sigh like sedge, And the rain poured down from one black cloud; The Moon was at its edge.</p>	<p>Ψε ψλη ηεριοζλ ρυφγρτοζ μω λυδλ, Ψε σλι ηηροζ λμ σιπερλς, Ψε ριη φλοεμοζ δυηλ ο λη κηδ βλκκλ; Ληη βοζ ε εγ ολιγλ.</p>
<p>The thick black cloud was cleft, and still The Moon was at its side: Like waters shot from some high crag, The lightning fell with never a jag, A river steep and wide.</p>	<p>Κηδ φικεμλ βλκκλ βοζ βρεκλ, ψε λμικυ Ληη βοζ ε σεδ ολιγλ: Αμ ψιτι γοτοζ ο σλ μοντεμλτ ηετλ, φλγερμ φιλοζ ζλ λη νοϕ, ριρ, ιγιηγλ ψε ψιφεμλ</p>
<p>The loud wind never reached the ship, Yet now the ship moved on! Beneath the lightning and the Moon The dead men gave a groan.</p>	<p>Ψλη λυδλ ζλτε εβυοζ γιρ, Οπρε ε ϕετε γιρ ροοζ! Οηδ φλγερμ ψε ληη Ρειλι δεδλ δοζ λη ρυη.</p>

<p>They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose, Nor spake, nor moved their eyes; It had been strange, even in a dream, To have seen those dead men rise.</p>	<p>ἄνι γρυνοζ, ἄνι μοζ, ἄλ ἄνι bustανοζ, Νοροζ, νομοζ λῶνι ἄνι; Ἄν δrῖm momḷ φḷ ozboζ σεḷḷ, Εζριζ φε ρεἰἄ dedḷ bustανοζ.</p>
<p>The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; Yet never a breeze up-blew; The mariners all 'gan work the ropes, Where they were wont to do; They raised their limbs like lifeless tools— We were a ghastly crew.</p>	<p>Stῖrῖr stῖroζ, ḡḡp qoῖoζ; Oppe zḷ ψḷnet qῖoζ. Ἄλ ḡḡḡḡ qῖḡḡḡoζ ropῖ, Ἀm ἄνι ἄkḷoζ; ἄνι ḡḡoζ λῶmῖ ἄνιḷ ἄm ḡḡi zḷḷḷḷḷḷ — Mῖ boζ kru λḷkoφḷ.</p>
<p>The body of my brother's son Stood by me, knee to knee: The body and I pulled at one rope, But he said nought to me.</p>	<p>Ḷod ἄḷ φḷἰḷ ἄḷ sῖbῖḷ meῖḷḷ Stḷḷnoζ bes me, kne ḡ kne: Ḷod ψe me pḷḷoζ ε ἄḡ rop, Kḷḷ ἄḷ poζ zḷef ḡ me.</p>
<p>'I fear thee, ancient Mariner! Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest! 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain, Which to their corpses came again, But a troop of spirits blest:</p>	<p>'Mε fῖreζ ḡḡ, ḡḡḡḡ ḡḷḷ! Kῖmḷ, ḡḡ Nḡḡsemqῖrḷ! φe sulῖ ḡḷ flēdoζ ἄḷḡḡḷḷ, Noqoζ ψḷφeḷ ḡ dedḷkḷbodi ἄνιḷ, Kḷḷ ἄq ἄb bosulῖ ḡḷḷḷ:</p>
<p>For when it dawned—they dropped their arms, And clustered round the mast; Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths, And from their bodies passed.</p>	<p>ḷe, ε solḷp, ḡḷ ḷefῖloζ ḡḡḡ ḡḷḷḷḷ, ψe ḷqoζ sḡḡ ḡḷḷḷḷ; Sunῖ trῖḷḷ ḡḡoζ veḷeḷḷ kῖḷ mofῖ ḡḷḷḷḷ, ψe oqoζ o bodῖ ḡḷḷḷḷ.</p>
<p>Around, around, flew each sweet sound, Then darted to the Sun; Slowly the sounds came back again, Now mixed, now one by one.</p>	<p>Sḡḡ, sḡḡ flῖtoζ ἰφ sun trῖḷḷḷ, ḡḷ veḷemoζ ḡ Sol; Sunῖ ḡḷḷeḷoζ veḷeḷḷ ψḷφe, Ἀnte mῖḡḷḷ, ἄnte ἄḡ ḡḷ ἄḡ.</p>
<p>Sometimes a-dropping from the sky I heard the sky-lark sing; Sometimes all little birds that are, How they seemed to fill the sea and air With their sweet jargoning!</p>	<p>Sῖḷe fῖḷoζ o ske Me hoζ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ sonῖ; Sῖḷe ἄḷ ἄḷῖḷῖ ḡḷeḷḷ ḡḷ bez, Sῖmoζ fῖḷoζ mer ψe lḷf Ἀḡ sonῖ trῖḷḷ ḡḷḷḷḷ!</p>
<p>And now 'twas like all instruments, Now like a lonely flute; And now it is an angel's song, That makes the heavens be mute.</p>	<p>ψe ezte ἄm ἄḷ mḡḡḡḡḡḡ, Ezte ἄm flḷḷ ἄḡḷḷ; ψe ezte ol bez son ἄḷ ἄḡḷ, φḷ kῖḷḷ ḡeḷ bῖz sῖḷḷ.</p>

<p>It ceased; yet still the sails made on A pleasant noise till noon, A noise like of a hidden brook In the leafy month of June, That to the sleeping woods all night Singeth a quiet tune.</p>	<p>ΟΙ ΣΕΣΟΖ, ΟΡΡΕ ΣΙΛΙ ΤΙΟΖ ΣΟΝ ΡΛΕΣΛ ΥΤΕ ΝΥΝ, ΣΟΝ ΛΜ ΦΛ ΑΒ ΡΙΡΕΤ ΗΛΔΛ Ε ΜΟΝ ΛΙΦΛ ΑΒ ΜΟΝΣΙΣ, ΦΛ Ύ ΤΡΕΛΓ ΣΙΡΛ ΑΛ ΝΙΤ ΣΥΝΙΖ ΤΥΝ ΟΡΛΥΔΛ.</p>
<p>Till noon we quietly sailed on, Yet never a breeze did breathe: Slowly and smoothly went the ship, Moved onward from beneath.</p>	<p>ΥΤΕ ΝΥΝ ΜΙ ΤΙΣΙΛΟΖ ΟΡΛΥΔΛ, ΟΡΡΕ ΖΛ ΨΑΝΕΤ ΒΡΕΦΟΖ: ΣΙΡ ΓΟΖ ΡΕΛΕΤΛ ΨΕ ΣΜΥΡΛ, ΑΔΜΟΖ ΦΛΣΔΙΡ Ο ΟΝΔ.</p>
<p>Under the keel nine fathom deep, From the land of mist and snow, The spirit slid: and it was he That made the ship to go. The sails at noon left off their tune, And the ship stood still also.</p>	<p>ΟΝΔ ΣΙΡΒΕΓ, ΑΓΟΚ ΜΕΤ ΔΙΡ, Ο ΛΑΝ ΑΒ ΜΙΣ ΨΕ ΣΝΟ, ΒΟΣΥΛ ΣΙΔΟΖ: ΨΕ ΙΛ ΚΙΟΖ ΣΙΡ ΓΙΖ. ΣΙΛΙ Ε ΝΥΝ ΣΕΣΟΖ ΤΥΝ ΟΙΛΛ, ΨΕ ΣΙΡ ΨΥΛ ΣΤΕΟΖ ΣΤΕΛΛ.</p>
<p>The Sun, right up above the mast, Had fixed her to the ocean: But in a minute she 'gan stir, With a short uneasy motion— Backwards and forwards half her length With a short uneasy motion.</p>	<p>ΣΟΛ, ΥΡ ΒΥΡ ΣΙΡΨΥΣ, ΟΖΓΟΝΕΜΟΖ ΕΙ Ύ ΜΕΡ: ΚΨΛ ΛΥ ΛΗ ΜΕΝ ΕΙ ΓΥΜΟΖ, ΑΥ ΜΟ ΛΕΝΕΤΛ ΟΡΣΤΕΛΕΣΛ – ΒΛΚΔΙΡ ΨΕ ΦΛΣΔΙΡ, ΔΥΛΤ ΛΕΝ ΕΙΛΛ ΑΥ ΜΟ ΛΕΝΕΤΛ ΟΡΣΤΕΛΕΣΛ.</p>
<p>Then like a pawing horse let go, She made a sudden bound: It flung the blood into my head, And I fell down in a swoond.</p>	<p>ΤΙΦΛ, ΛΜ ΕΚΨΙΣ ΦΙΛΕΜΛ ΑΔΥΒΚΙΟΖ, ΕΙ ΔΟΖ ΛΙΡ ΣΥΔΛ: ΦΛ ΦΡΟΟΖ ΒΛΟΔ Ύ ΗΕΔ ΜΕΙΛ, ΨΕ ΜΕ ΔΥΝΦΙΛΟΖ ΦΕΝΤΛ.</p>
<p>How long in that same fit I lay, I have not to declare; But ere my living life returned, I heard and in my soul discerned Two voices in the air.</p>	<p>ΔΥΡ ΣΛ ΜΕ ΛΕΛΟΖ ΙΝ ΦΕ ΦΕΝΤ, ΜΕ ΝΟΙΒΘΕΕΖ; ΚΨΛ ΡΥ ΡΙΥ ΜΕΙΛ ΡΗΘΕΓΟΖ, ΜΕ ΗΟΖ, ΨΕ ΙΝ ΣΥΛ ΜΕΙΛ, ΜΕ ΤΙΣΟΖ ΔΥ ΡΟΣΙ ΙΝ ΛΥΦ.</p>
<p>'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man? By him who died on cross, With his cruel bow he laid full low The harmless Albatross.</p>	<p>'Κ ΦΕ ΒΕΖ ΙΛ' ΚΟΖ ΛΗ, 'Κ ΦΕ ΒΕΖ ΡΕΙΛ. ΡΥ ΙΛ ΣΛ ΔΕΔΟΖ ΟΝ ΚΡΟΣ, ΑΥ ΤΦ ΚΡΥΛΛ ΙΛΛΛ, ΙΛ ΔΕΔΟΖ ΔΙΟΜΕΔΙΣ ΡΙΣΛ.</p>
<p>The spirit who bideth by himself In the land of mist and snow, He loved the bird that loved the man Who shot him with his bow.'</p>	<p>ΒΟΣΥΛ ΣΛ ΣΟΖ ΣΥΛΠΟΛ Ε ΛΑΝ ΑΒ ΜΙΣ ΨΕ ΣΝΟ, ΙΛ ΛΟΡΟΖ ΛΥΙΣ ΣΛ ΛΟΡΟΖ ΡΕΙΛ ΣΛ ΣΟΤΟΖ ΙΛ ΑΥ ΚΡΟΣΙΦ ΙΛΛΛ.</p>

<p>The other was a softer voice, As soft as honey-dew: Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done, And penance more will do.'</p>	<p>Δίφρε βοζ ρος μυζηνλ, ζηνλ λμ λυφντ ημνλ: ιλ φoz, 'Ρειλ εζδοz sunιz, Ψε duz μυ sunιz.'</p>
<p><b>PART VI</b></p>	<p><b>At 6</b></p>
<p><i>First Voice</i> 'But tell me, tell me! speak again, Thy soft response renewing— What makes that ship drive on so fast? What is the ocean doing?'</p>	<p><i>Vos Anna</i> 'Κωλ φuzu με, φuzu με! Ρuz ψυφε, Γινυuz ρερ ζηνλ ζυμλ — Κ εf κνεz φε ζιρ qιz φεem νελεμλ. Κ εf mer διεz.'</p>
<p><i>Second Voice</i> Still as a slave before his lord, The ocean hath no blast; His great bright eye most silently Up to the Moon is cast—</p>	<p><i>Vos Anna</i> Stel λμ slεrpe fron φif ιλνλ, Mer νεz zλ stιm; Λιn εμλ bριtλ ολνλ bez σιλλ Γιz up υ lun -</p>
<p>If he may know which way to go; For she guides him smooth or grim. See, brother, see! how graciously She looketh down on him.'</p>	<p>Γε ιλ ψιγνuz διr qιz; Γε ελ qιδεz ιλ σαtλ rι οφηλρλ. Γuz, σιβιλ, ρuz! φεem plotλ ελ dunρεz ε ιλ.'</p>
<p><i>First Voice</i> 'But why drives on that ship so fast, Without or wave or wind?'</p>	<p><i>Vos Anna</i> 'Κωλ κ γε φε ζιρ qεz σλ νελεμλ, Λυ ψεf rι ψην.'</p>
<p><i>Second Voice</i> 'The air is cut away before, And closes from behind.</p>	<p><i>Vos Anna</i> 'Λυf bez υπλσιz κνλ, Ψε ζυτεz ριρλ.</p>
<p>Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high! Or we shall be belated: For slow and slow that ship will go, When the Mariner's trance is abated.'</p>	<p>φλιtuz, σιβιλ, φλιtuz! Μυ ηεtεμλ, μυ ηεtεμλ! Γι ψι buz ιρετελ: Γε νελεtλ ψε νελεtλ φε ζιρ qυz, φετε zλσλssλip λr ζιρr buz σεcλ.'</p>
<p>I woke, and we were sailing on As in a gentle weather: 'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high; The dead men stood together.</p>	<p>Με buψεκοz, ψε μι τισιουz Λμ ε ψεr ζηνλ: Νιt βοz, νιt κημλ, lun βοz ηεtεμλ; Ρειλι δεdλ stλnoz λqλ.</p>
<p>All stood together on the deck, For a charnel-dungeon fitter: All fixed on me their stony eyes, That in the Moon did glitter.</p>	<p>Αλ stλnoz λqλ οη δεk, Μυ προρλ ρι bonondrum: Αλ ρoz με λγ λμνι ρokλ ιλνλ, Αη ζλ lun μιrκoκz.</p>

<p>The pang, the curse, with which they died, Had never passed away: I could not draw my eyes from theirs, Nor turn them up to pray.</p>	<p>ῥῖν, μἄλκἰλ, ἅγ φἄ ἰλἰ δεδοῖ, Ζἄτε οῖζβυζἄβοοῖ: Με νοῖβμοῖ ἄνῖ μεῖν ὀ ἰλἰνἄ, ῖο τἄνοῖ ὀλἰ ὑρἄ ῖγ ῖρεἰῖ.</p>
<p>And now this spell was snapt: once more I viewed the ocean green, And looked far forth, yet little saw Of what had else been seen—</p>	<p>ῤε εἰτε ἴε μεἶῖοδ ἄδῖρεκοῖ: ῤῡφε Με ροῖ μερ ḡῖνἄ, ῤε ροῖ ῖῖ ῖἄἡἄ, κῡἄ ἡοῖοῖ Ἐῖἰ ἴἄ με ὀῖοῖο ῖἄἄ -</p>
<p>Like one, that on a lonesome road Doth walk in fear and dread, And having once turned round walks on, And turns no more his head; Because he knows, a frightful fiend Doth close behind him tread.</p>	<p>Ἄἡ ῖε, ἴἄ ὡἡ ῖῡδ ἄἡοοῖἄ ῤἄἡἰῖ ἅγ ῖἄῖ ῤε ῖἄῖεἡ, ῤε ῖῖ ἄἡῖε ἄἡνοῖ τἄῤἄἡἰοῖ, ῤε ἡοἡἡνοῖ ἡῡἄ ἡεḡ ἰλἰἄ; ῖε ἰλ ἡοῖ φἄ δεῖ ῖκεῖεἡἄ ἄῖεḡἰῖ ἡἄῖ ῖῖῖ ἰλ.</p>
<p>But soon there breathed a wind on me, Nor sound nor motion made: Its path was not upon the sea, In ripple or in shade.</p>	<p>Κῡἄ ὑḡτε ῤἄἡ ῖῖεῖοῖ ῡ με, Ζἄ ῖῡἡ ῖἄ ἡο ḡοῖ: ῖῡἡ ὀλἰἄ ἡοḡοῖ ὡἡ μερ, Ἄγ ῤεῖεἡ ῖἄ ἴἄδἄῖ.</p>
<p>It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek Like a meadow-gale of spring— It mingled strangely with my fears, Yet it felt like a welcoming.</p>	<p>Ὀλ ὑρῖοῖ ἡεḡḡεῖ μεῖνἄ, ὀλ ῖεἡτοῖ φἄἡ μεῖνἄ ῖἡἡ ῤἄἡ ḡῖῖῖἄḡἄ ῖῖεἡἄ - Ὀλ ἡἡἡἡῖοῖ ῖεἶἄ ῖεḡ ῖῖῖἄ μεῖνἄ, Ὀῖῖε ὀλ ῖἄῖἡἡῖοῖ ἄἡ ḡῡḡεḡῡ.</p>
<p>Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, Yet she sailed softly too: Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze— On me alone it blew.</p>	<p>ἴῖῖ ḡοοῖ ῖεῖεἡἄ, ῖεῖεἡἄ, Ὀῖῖε εἰ ῖἄḡοῖ ῤῡἄ ἴἄἡἄ: ῤἄἡεἡ ḡḡοοῖ ἴἄἡἄ, ἴἄἡἄ, Ὀλ ḡḡοοῖ ε με ἄἡὀἄ.</p>
<p>Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed The light-house top I see? Is this the hill? is this the kirk? Is this mine own countree?</p>	<p>Ἄἡ! ḡῖῖἡ ἡἄῖεἡἄ! Κ ἴε ḡε ḡεῖ τῖῡἄ ἄὀῖ ἄἄἡἡἄ φἄ με ῖεῖ. Κ ἴε ḡεῖ ἡὡἡ. Κ ἴε ḡεῖ ḡεεḡ. Κ ἴε ḡεῖ ἡἄἡ ῖῡἡεἡἄ.</p>
<p>We drifted o'er the harbour-bar, And I with sobs did pray— O let me be awake, my God! Or let me sleep alway.</p>	<p>Μἡ ἡεῖḡοῖ ροῖ ἡῖḡἡἡ, ῤε με, ἅγ κἄἡῡῖῖ, ῖῖεοῖ Ἄἡ ἄεḡῡῖ με ῤεḡ, ḡοḡ μεῖνἄ! ῖο ἄεῖḡῖῡῖ με ἄἡε.</p>
<p>The harbour-bay was clear as glass, So smoothly it was strewn! And on the bay the moonlight lay, And the shadow of the Moon.</p>	<p>Ὀἄῖ ἡῖḡ ḡοῖ κἄῖῖ ἄἡ ḡἄῖἄ, ḡεεἡ ῖῡῡῖ ὀλ ḡοῖḡ! ῤε ὡἡ ḡἄῖ, ἄἡἡἄἄ ἄεḡοῖ, ῤε ἡἡἡἡ ἄḡ ἄἡἡ.</p>

<p>The rock shone bright, the kirk no less, That stands above the rock: The moonlight steeped in silentness The steady weathercock.</p>	<p>ΜΟΝΤΕΜΑΤ ΜΗΚ ΒΡΗΤΑ, ΦΕΦ ΝΟΤΩΛ, ΓΑ ΒΕΖ ΒΥΡ ΜΟΝΤΕΜΑΤ: ΛΥΝΛΑΤ ΑΔΔΙΒΕΤΟΖ ΑΒ ΣΙΛ, ΨΑΝΚΙΤΥΡ ΣΤΕΔΛ.</p>
<p>And the bay was white with silent light, Till rising from the same, Full many shapes, that shadows were, In crimson colours came.</p>	<p>ΨΕ ΒΛΥ ΒΟΖ ΨΩΤΛ ΑΥ ΛΑΤ ΣΙΛ, ΥΤΕ ΥΡΙΟΖ Ο ΟΛ, ΟΜ ΓΑΡΥ ΓΛ ΒΟΖ ΓΑΔΙΚΙ, ΗΕΦΟΖ ΑΥ ΚΟΛΙ ΡΥΡΕΔΛ</p>
<p>A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were: I turned my eyes upon the deck— Oh, Christ! what saw I there!</p>	<p>ΕΤ ΔΙΣ Ο ΓΥΡΦΑΣ ΦΕΙ ΓΑΔΙΚΙ ΡΥΡΕΔΛ ΒΟΖ: ΜΕ ΤΥΝΟΖ ΜΗΝ ΜΕΓΛ Υ ΔΕΚ – ΑΗ, ΚΡΙΣΤ! ΕΦ ΓΛ ΜΕ ΣΟΖ ΛΑ!</p>
<p>Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat, And, by the holy rood! A man all light, a seraph-man, On every corse there stood.</p>	<p>ΙΦ ΔΕΔΙΚΒΟΔ ΛΕΛΟΖ ΦΛΑΤΛ, ΖΛΥΗΛΑ ΨΕ ΦΛΑΤΛ, ΨΕ, ΑΒ ΚΡΟΣΗΝ ΗΥΛΑ! ΑΗ ΡΕΙΛ, ΑΛ ΛΑΤ, ΑΗ ΑΗΥΡΕΙΛ, ΟΗ ΑΛ ΔΕΔΙΚΒΟΔΙ ΣΤΑΝΟΖ.</p>
<p>This seraph-band, each waved his hand: It was a heavenly sight! They stood as signals to the land, Each one a lovely light;</p>	<p>ΓΕ ΑΥ ΑΗΥΡΕΙΛΑ, ΙΦ ΨΑΥΟΖ ΗΑΗ ΙΛΥΑ: ΦΛ ΒΟΖ ΡΥ ΗΕΥΑ! ΥΛΙ ΣΤΑΝΟΖ ΒΥΖ ΣΙΥΙ Υ ΛΑΗ, ΙΦ ΑΗ ΛΑΤ ΒΕΛΙΚΑ;</p>
<p>This seraph-band, each waved his hand, No voice did they impart— No voice; but oh! the silence sank Like music on my heart.</p>	<p>ΓΕ ΑΥ ΑΗΥΡΕΙΛΑ, ΙΦ ΨΑΥΟΖ ΗΑΗ ΙΛΥΑ, ΖΛ ΡΟΣ ΥΛΙ ΔΟΖ – ΖΛ ΡΟΣ; ΚΨΑ ΑΗ! ΣΙΛ ΔΥΡΟΖ ΑΜ ΜΥΣ Υ ΗΥΤ ΜΕΥΛ.</p>
<p>But soon I heard the dash of oars, I heard the Pilot's cheer; My head was turned perforce away And I saw a boat appear.</p>	<p>ΚΨΑ ΥΒΤΕ ΜΕ ΗΟΖ ΛΙΚΥΑΤ ΑΒ ΡΟΛΥΙ, ΜΕ ΗΟΖ ΦΥΡΥΤ ΑΔ ΓΥΡΥΔΥΡ; ΗΕΔ ΜΕΥΛ ΑΡΡΕΛΟΖ ΟΔΥΛ ΨΕ ΜΕ ΣΟΖ ΒΥΤ ΥΒΣΟΙΒΛ.</p>
<p>The Pilot and the Pilot's boy, I heard them coming fast: Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy The dead men could not blast.</p>	<p>ΓΥΡΥΔΥΡ ΨΕ ΓΥΙΛ ΛΥ ΓΥΡΥΔΥΡ, ΜΕ ΗΟΖ ΙΛΙ ΗΕΥΟΖ ΡΕΛΕΜΛ: ΓΥΛΥΡ ΔΥΛΑ ΙΗ ΗΕΥ! ΦΛ ΒΟΖ ΗΑΡΕΜ ΦΛ ΡΕΙΛΙ ΔΕΔΛ ΝΟΙΒΛΥΖ.</p>
<p>I saw a third—I heard his voice: It is the Hermit good! He singeth loud his godly hymns That he makes in the wood. He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away The Albatross's blood.</p>	<p>ΜΕ ΣΟΖ ΡΕ ΤΥΛ – ΜΕ ΗΟΖ ΡΟΣ ΙΛΥΑ: ΥΛ ΒΕΖ ΛΥΛΗΕΥΡΕ ΟΥΔΛ! ΙΛ ΣΟΜΥΖ ΛΥΔΛ ΛΥΣΟΝΙ ΟΥΔΛ ΙΛΥΑ ΓΛ ΙΛ ΥΦΥΖ ΙΗ ΤΡΕΛΥ. ΙΛ ΡΥΧΗΥΖ ΣΥΛ ΜΕΥΛ, ΙΛ ΟΨΟΥΜΖ ΟΛΟΔ ΛΥ ΔΥΟΜΕΔΙΣ.</p>

PART V II	At 7
<p>This Hermit good lives in that wood Which slopes down to the sea. How loudly his sweet voice he rears! He loves to talk with marineres That come from a far countree.</p>	<p>Ἰε λιγληεῖρε ἄδλ ἴεζ ἰν ἔε τρελῆ Ἰλ σλυρῖζ δωηλ ἠ μερ. Ἰλ σονῖζ ἔεεμ λυδλ ρος ἵηηλ ἰλῖλ! Ἰλ λονῖζ ρῖζ ἠ ἵηρη Ἰλ ηεῆῖζ ο ηῆῖ ἴηλ.</p>
<p>He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve— He hath a cushion plump: It is the moss that wholly hides The rotted old oak-stump.</p>	<p>Ἰλ κηεῖζ ε μῆη ἠε ηυη ἠε ἰρ — Ἰλ νεζ κυῖ ροῖετλ: Ολ βεζ βῖο ἵλ ηῆδῖζ ηυλ Κῠερκεε-ῆρονλοῆ ἠῖλ δῆκλ.</p>
<p>The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk, 'Why, this is strange, I trow! Where are those lights so many and fair, That signal made but now?'</p>	<p>Ἰυτ ἵηρῆῖδλ ηῖροζ: με ηοζ ἠλ ρῖζ, 'Ἄη, ἵε βεζ σεῖλ, με ἴεζ! Κ ἠε βεζ ἔεῖ λῆῖ, ἔεεμ οη ἠε ἔεεμ βελ, Ἰλ σῖροζ ηυτελ.'</p>
<p>'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said— 'And they answered not our cheer! The planks looked warped! and see those sails, How thin they are and sere! I never saw aught like to them, Unless perchance it were</p>	<p>'σεῖλ, ἠβ βῖἴεμ μεῖλ!' λιγληεῖρε ἔοζ — 'ἠε ἠλ ηορεροζ ἔηρ μῖηλ! Ἰῖδῖ λυκεζ τῠῖσετλ! ἠε ρυζ ἔεῖ σῖλ, Ολῖ βεζ ἔεεμ ἴκετλ ἠε ἠδβηδεῖῖζ! με ζῆτε σοζ εη σῖμ ολῖ, Ζοε ρῖε ολῖ βοζ</p>
<p>Brown skeletons of leaves that lag My forest-brook along; When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow, And the owlet whoops to the wolf below, That eats the she-wolf's young.'</p>	<p>Ἰονφῖλμῖ βῖηηλ ἠβ λῖἴ ἵλ ῆοῖζ Ἰεκ ηῖρετ-τρελῆ μεῖλ: ἔετε ἠῆ ηεδεῖλ βεζ ἠῖτεμλ ἠῖ σηο, ἠε στῖρεῖε κῖλῖζ ἠ λυρῖε οηδλ, Ἰλ ἠῖζ ἵηῖ ἠρ λυρῖσελ.'</p>
<p>'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look— (The Pilot made reply) I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!' Said the Hermit cheerily.</p>	<p>'ἴηηρ δῆλ! Ολ νεζ λυκ δεῖηῖλ,' ἵηρῆῖδῖρ ρεποζ 'με βεζ ἴηλ.' 'ῖολυζ, ρολυζ!' λιγληεῖρε ἔοζ ἔηρετλ.</p>
<p>The boat came closer to the ship, But I nor spake nor stirred; The boat came close beneath the ship, And straight a sound was heard.</p>	<p>Ἰυτ ηεῆροζ ηῖημυλ ἠ ἵηρ, Κῠλ με ηοροζ ἠηηο μοζ. Ἰυτ ηεῆροζ ηῖρ ἠ ἵηρ, ἠε ἔετε σῖη ἠδηοζ.</p>
<p>Under the water it rumbled on, Still louder and more dread: It reached the ship, it split the bay; The ship went down like lead.</p>	<p>Οηδ ἠῖτ ολ ῖῖβλμῖοζ, μῖ λυδλ ἠε μῖ σκεῖλ: Ολ εβυοζ ε ἵηρ, ολ λενβρεκοζ βῖη; ἵηρ δῖροἔοζ ἠη ρῖομ.</p>

<p>Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, Which sky and ocean smote, Like one that hath been seven days drowned My body lay afloat; But swift as dreams, myself I found Within the Pilot's boat.</p>	<p>ΖΑΣΑΣΟΖ ΑΔ ΘΕ ΣΗΝ ΛΥΔΑ ΨΕ ΣΚΕΛ, ΓΑ ΒΙΤΟΖ ΣΚΕ ΨΕ ΜΕΡ, ΑΜ ΑΗ ΓΑ ΟΖΨΗΤΔΕΔΟΖ ΔΥΡ ΣΕΥ ΔΕΙ ΒΟΔ ΜΕΛΑ ΛΕΛΟΖ ΦΛΟΤΑ: ΚΨΑ ΝΕΛΕΜΑ ΑΜ ΔΥΜΙ, ΜΕ ΦΗΝΟΖ ΜΕΣΥ ΑΗ ΒΥΤ ΑΥ ΓΥΡΟΪΔΗΥ.</p>
<p>Upon the whirl, where sank the ship, The boat spun round and round; And all was still, save that the hill Was telling of the sound.</p>	<p>ΟΗ ΝΥΡ, ΑΣ ΓΥΡ ΔΥΚΟΘΟΖ, ΒΥΤ ΤΗΝΕΜΟΖ ΣΥΚΑ ΨΕ ΣΥΚΑ; ΨΕ ΑΙ ΒΟΖ ΣΤΕΛΑ, ΖΟΣ ΜΟΝΤ ΜΥΡΙΟΖ ΣΗΝ.</p>
<p>I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked And fell down in a fit; The holy Hermit raised his eyes, And prayed where he did sit.</p>	<p>ΜΕ ΜΟΖ ΛΕΥΙ ΜΕΛΑ – ΓΥΡΟΪΔΗΥ ΓΥΙΚΟΖ ΨΕ ΔΥΝΦΥΛΟΖ ΓΑΚΦΕΝΤΥΖΑ; ΛΥΓΛΗΝΕΥΡΕ ΗΥΛΑ ΨΟΖ ΑΥΗ ΔΥΛΑ, ΨΕ ΠΡΕΟΖ Ε ΑΣ ΓΑ ΑΙ ΣΥΤΟΖ.</p>
<p>I took the oars: the Pilot's boy, Who now doth crazy go, Laughed loud and long, and all the while His eyes went to and fro. 'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see, The Devil knows how to row.'</p>	<p>ΜΕ ΤΟΖ ΡΟΛΥΥ: ΔΥΙΛ ΑΒ ΓΥΡΟΪΔΗΥ, ΓΑ ΕΖΤΕ ΒΥΜΑΔΕΖ, ΛΥΦΟΖ ΛΥΔΑ ΨΕ ΔΥΡΕΜΑ, ΨΕ ΑΙ ΓΕ ΤΕ ΑΥΗ ΔΥΛΑ ΘΟΖ ΛΗΗΕΛ. 'ΗΛ! ΗΛ!' ΑΙ ΘΟΖ, 'ΜΕ ΣΟΖ ΟΥΔΣΟΥΒΛ, ΘΑ ΔΕΥ ΝΕΖ ΗΥΡΟΛΥΖ.'</p>
<p>And now, all in my own countree, I stood on the firm land! The Hermit stepped forth from the boat, And scarcely he could stand.</p>	<p>ΨΕ ΕΖΤΕ, ΗΥΛ ΑΗ ΝΑΥ ΣΥΜΕΥΛ, ΜΕ ΣΤΑΝΟΖ ΟΗ ΛΑΗ ΖΛΜΥΖΑ! ΛΥΓΛΗΝΕΥΡΕ ΣΤΕΡΟΖ Ο ΒΥΤ, ΨΕ ΑΙ ΙΒΣΤΑΝΟΖ ΨΤΕΥΛ.</p>
<p>'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man! The Hermit crossed his brow. 'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say— What manner of man art thou?'</p>	<p>ΑΗ ΝΥΟΗΥΖ ΜΕ, ΝΥΟΗΥΖ ΜΕ, ΡΕ ΗΥΛ! ΛΥΓΛΗΝΕΥΡΕ ΚΡΟΣΔΟΖ ΤΟΡΦΛΣ ΔΥΛΑ. 'ΡΥΖ ΝΕΛΕΜΑ,' ΑΙ ΘΟΖ, 'ΜΕ ΑΚΕΖ ΨΥ ΡΥΖ – Κ ΣΕ ΡΕ ΨΥ ΒΕΖ'.</p>
<p>Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched With a woful agony, Which forced me to begin my tale; And then it left me free.</p>	<p>ΑΜΤΕ ΓΕ ΒΟΔ ΑΥΜΕ ΑΔΡΥΛΟΘΟΖ ΑΔ ΡΥΝΕΜ ΣΥΓΕΜΑ, ΓΑ ΡΕΛΟΖ ΜΕ ΟΥΖ ΤΑΙ ΜΕΛΑ; ΨΕ ΝΥΤΕ ΟΙ ΣΕΡΟΖ ΛΥΒΛ ΜΕ.</p>
<p>Since then, at an uncertain hour, That agony returns: And till my ghastly tale is told, This heart within me burns.</p>	<p>ΕΥΡ ΘΕΤΕ, Ε ΨΥΟ ΖΑΣΕΤΑ, ΘΕ ΡΥΝΕΜ ΝΥΓΑΣΥΖ: ΨΕ ΨΤΕ ΤΑΙ ΗΥΓΕΜΑ ΜΕΛΑ ΑΔΘΥΖ, ΓΕ ΗΥΤ ΑΗ ΜΕ ΒΥΝΥΖ.</p>

<p>I pass, like night, from land to land; I have strange power of speech; That moment that his face I see, I know the man that must hear me: To him my tale I teach.</p>	<p>Με κοιζ, λμ νιτ, ο νλγ υ νλγ; Με ρεζ πρι σεγλ λβ πο; Φε δυρετ γλ φλσ ιλγλ με σιζ, Με νεζ ρειλ γλ νεσιζ με: Υ ιλ τλλ μεγλ με τιφειζ.</p>
<p>What loud uproar bursts from that door! The wedding-guests are there: But in the garden-bower the bride And bride-maids singing are: And hark the little vesper bell, Which biddeth me to prayer!</p>	<p>‘Φεεμ λυδγριτ μομφλοεζ ο φε διρ! Νυρσεμγιρσι βεζ λλ: Κωλ ε βυγλφετ γιδλ, νυρσεμελ Ψε νυρσεμγυελι σονεζ: Ψε ηυζ βλλ ετλ ικρηλ, γλ σγμεζ με ρι πρειζ!’</p>
<p>O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been Alone on a wide wide sea: So lonely 'twas, that God himself Scarce seemèd there to be.</p>	<p>Αη Νυρσεμγιρσι! γε συλ οζβοζ Συλπο οη μερ ψιφεμλ, ψιφεμλ: Φλ βοζ φεεμ λποοφ, φλ God ιλσυλ Σιμοζ υτεγλ βιζ λλ.</p>
<p>O sweeter than the marriage-feast, 'Tis sweeter far to me, To walk together to the kirk With a goodly company!</p>	<p>Αη γυδμυλ κομ νυρσεμ-μιλεμ, γε βεζ μυ γυδμυλ ρι με, Ψηκιζ λγλ υ φεφ Υεκ φρενλγ γυδλ!</p>
<p>To walk together to the kirk, And all together pray, While each to his great Father bends, Old men, and babes, and loving friends And youths and maidens gay!</p>	<p>Ψηκιζ λγλ υ φεφ, Ψε λλ λγλ πρειζ, Δυρ ιφ βλμζ υ ριριλ γρηηλ λγυλ, Ρειλι υγλ ψε βλβι ψε φρενι λοριζλ Ψε γυρει ψε ελετι φιρλ!</p>
<p>Farewell, farewell! but this I tell To thee, thou Wedding-Guest! He prayeth well, who loveth well Both man and bird and beast.</p>	<p>Γυδσερ, γυδσερ! Κωλ γεεφ με φεζ Υ γυ, γυ Νυρσεμγιρσι! ιλ πρειζ γυδλ, φλ λοριζ γυδλ Αλδυ ρει ψε λγισι ψε ηομι.</p>
<p>He prayeth best, who loveth best All things both great and small; For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all.</p>	<p>ιλ πρειζ γυδμυλ, γλ λοριζ γυδμυλ Αλ εφι λδυ εμλ ψε ετλ; ρε God διλ γλ λορεζ ψι, ιλ οδοζ ψε λορεζ λλ.</p>
<p>The Mariner, whose eye is bright, Whose beard with age is hoar, Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest Turned from the bridegroom's door.</p>	<p>γινρι, λγγλ μη βεζ βριτλ, Αγγλ βηβ βεζ ψυτλ λγ λγ, Βεζ ογοζ: ψε εζε Νυρσεμγιρσι Τηνοζ ο διρ λν νυρσεμιλ.</p>
<p>He went like one that hath been stunned, And is of sense forlorn: A sadder and a wiser man, He rose the morrow morn.</p>	<p>ιλ φοζ σιμ λη γλ οζβοζ ζλσσιζ, Ψε βοζ ζλψλσετοζ: Ρειλ μυσαδλ ψε μυψλσλ, ιλ υνβεδοζ μοηι ιρλ.</p>

## Notes on the translations

Poetry is one of the most difficult things to translate. An exact translation of the words will lose all of the beauty of the original language as well as the rhyme. To maintain a rhyme in the translation usually means changing the original meanings slightly to match the rhyme.

In addition, most languages have expressions (idioms) that are well known to the native speakers of the languages but are not literal (such as 'vines *running* around the eves.'

In both of these poems I have translated the original meanings of the words and, where possible, used the same word order (Algilez is very flexible with word order, similar to English). I've not deliberately tried to maintain any rhyming, although Algilez has a slight advantage (similar to Italian) that adjectives and adverbs end in 'a' (α) which does give an automatic rhyme to many verses.

Alan Giles

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