

<p style="text-align: center;">The Rime of the Ancient Mariner (text of 1834)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Samuel Taylor Coleridge</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Հիմ Լե Տրոր Այլ ՏԱՄՍԷԼ ԿՈԼԵՐԻՉԴ</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">PART I</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ԱԷ 1</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, 'ՏՕՅ ԵՐ,' ՈՒ ՓՕՅ. '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 ՏԼԱՆՕՅ 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 ՏԻՏՕՅ ՕՆ ՏՈՆ: ՈՒ ՆՈՒԹՕՏԵՅ ՅԼՄՄ ԻԻԶ; 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>'ԵՐ ԱԴՓՐԻՂՕՅ, ԻՐԵ ԱԴՓԻՈՅ, ՄԻ ԴՆՈՑՕՅ ՓՐԼ ՕՆԴ ՓԵՓ, ՕՆԴ ՄՈՆԵ, 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 ՍՐՑՕՅ ԼԵԲԼ, ԱՕՏ ՄԵՐ ՈՒ ԻԵՑՕՅ! ՄԵ ՈՒ ԲՐԻՏՕՅ ԲՐԻԵՄԼ ՄԵ Ե ՐԵԵ ՈՒՆՕՅ 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, γε 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 φιλλ.
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 νοιβφοσεζ ζλμυ ηιζ; wē φερε φιοζ φε ρειλ υjλ, jιpιr λιηι-μινγκλ.
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 στιμλ ηεφεζ, wē ιλ βοζ τηλ wē γεηλ: ιλ βιτοζ λγ wεηι ρελρισλ ιλwλ, wē φλsoζ μι υsuδ lonλ.
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 δηqλ wē jιpfλs διρετιζλ, λm pe, φλσιζ λγ jιt wē bit λμwι tredιζ jαδκ λr ηem, wē flσdir κwιζ ηed ιλwλ, jιp λδpυjoζ ρελεμλ, wληem qρufjιtoζ λudλ, wē suddir, γε, μι flεδoz.
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 ηεφoz, wē wεr buoz emkodλ: wē es, σιλpυs-ηετλ, ρισoz flotιζλ, λm qρin 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 int snofιλ, κλιφι snολ μινγκoz ορφιλ: No jλp λb ρει rι ηιμι μι soz — εs βοζ λλ int.
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 σwι: Oι κρλksυnoζ wē qρufoz, qρufjιtoζ wē ηιloz, kom sunoφι in fent!
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.	fιnej diomedis rosoz, Kιr μισem ολ ηεφoz; λm kom ολ βοζ sul κριστρελ μι qριtoζ ολ λγ ηλm λr qοd.

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 ΓΡΟΖ ΡΥΛ, 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 ΚΡΟΣΥΦ ΜΕΥΛ ΜΕ ΓΟΤΟΖ ΔΙΟΜΕΔΙΣ!'
PART II	Ατ 2
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 ΜΕΡ ΙΛ ΗΕΦΟΖ! ΑΜΥΥ ΗΛΔΟΖ ΙΝ ΜΙΣ, ΨΕ Ε ΛΕΦ ΔΥΠΟΖ ΨΥΝ ΜΕΡ.
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 ΡΥΛ, 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 ΙΛΙ ΣΥΡ: ΓΕ ΑΛ ΣΕΤΦΟΟΖ ΦΛ ΜΕ ΟΖΚΑΛΟΖ ΛΥΙΣ ΦΛ ΚΥΥΖ ΨΛΗ ΒΛΟΥΖ. ΑΗ ΒΛΔΕΜΠΕ! ΙΛΙ ΦΟΖ, ΚΑΛΥΖ ΛΥΙΣ, ΓΛ ΚΥΥΖ ΨΛΗ ΒΛΟΥΖ!
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 ΣΥΥΛ, ΣΟΛ ΗΟΝΥΚΛ ΥΡΦΟΖ: ΦΕΤΕ ΑΛ ΣΕΤΦΟΟΖ ΦΛ ΜΕ ΟΖΚΑΛΟΖ ΛΥΙΣ ΦΛ ΗΕΥΙΚΟΖ ΜΥΣΕΜ ΨΕ ΜΙΣ. ΦΕ ΒΟΖ ΚΡΕΚΛ, ΙΛΙ ΦΟΖ, ΚΑΛΥΖ ΦΕΥΙ ΛΥΙΣ, ΦΛ ΗΕΥΙΚΥΖ 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 ΎΗΝ ΦΕ 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 ΤΩΟΖ ΗΥΙΛ, ΣΥΛΙ ΑΔΙΕΦΙΛΟΖ, ΦΕ ΒΟΖ ΣΑΔ ΑΜ ΣΑΔ ΊΒΒΙΖ. ΨΕ ΜΙ ΦΟΖ ΖΛΜΥ ΡΙΦΟΖ 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>ΑΙ ΗΝ ΣΚΕ, ΗΥΙΛ ΨΕ ΚΥΡΚΟΛΛ, ΣΟΙ ΒΛΟΔΛ, Ε ΝΥΗ, ΣΤΑΗΟΖ ΣΥΔΙΥΛ ΒΥΡ ΣΥΛΡΥΣ, ΝΟΣΥΖΜΥΛ ΚΟΜ ΛΥΗ.</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 ΣΤΕΙ ΚΟΜ ΞΥ ΡΥΛ ΟΗ ΜΕΡΕΜ ΡΥΛΛ.</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 ΑΙ ΒΥΔΙ ΣΥΖΤΩΟΖ; ΨΥΤ, ΨΥΤ, ΑΛΛΣ, ΨΥΠΟ ΕΗ 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, ΕΦΙ ΚΥΜΟΦΛ ΚΥΥΛΟΖ ΑΥ ΛΕΦΥ ΟΗ 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>ΣΥΗ, ΣΥΗ, ΑΥ ΡΥΦΔΛΗΣ ΨΕ ΎΠΒΛΣΟΦ ΔΕΔΦΥΡΥ ΔΛΗΣΟΖ Ε ΝΥΤ; ΨΥΤ, ΑΜ ΥΛΙ ΛΥ ΜΕΥΗΡΕΙ, ΒΥΗΟΖ ΦΥΗΗΛ 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 ΣΥΡΕΙ, ΗΗ ΔΥΗΜΥ, ΑΔΥΡΥΕΞΟΖ ΑΒ ΒΟΣΥΛ ΞΛ ΖΥΣΕΜΥΖ ΜΥ ΞΕΗΥ; ΝΥΗ ΦΛΕΘΜΥ ΔΥΡ ΊΛ ΟΖΦΟΛΟΖ ΜΥ Ο ΛΗΗ ΑΒ ΜΥΣ ΨΕ ΣΗΟ.</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 ΑΙ ΤΥΗ, ΑΔΚΥΜΥΖ ΔΥΕΨΕΥ ΗΥΙΛ, ΒΟΖ ΒΟΦΤΥΛ Ε ΡΑΤ; ΜΥ ΝΟΙΒΥΖ, 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 λγεμλ ψε λγετλ! Sιb κροσιν, διομεδισ Adhenoz σικ νεκ μενλ!</p>
<p>PART III</p>	<p>At 3</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 λαροz. Αλ froτι Αδδρεemλ, ψε λλ μινι λδqλσozλ. τε τιqλ! τε τιqλ! Φεem ιφ μιν τιqλ λδqλσozλ, Φετε, ριz ψεδιρλ, με σοz 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>Qιτε ολ σιμοz ετεf ετλ, ψε ιρ ολ σιμοz μιs; Ολ μοz ψε μοz, ψε φινεf τοz fλρ 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, fλρ, με φοz! ψε λμικι ολ ηιροz ψε ηιροz: Αη ολ ροδετοz ψιtbοsuλ, Ολ διροz ψε διρφρjοz ψε φρjδιροz.</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 froτι νοψιτεfιz, ηιz λερι βλκλκ βκικιz, Μη νοιβιφοz ψυπο ψλ; fe dre huλλ, λλ μη zλκροsλ stλnoz! Με βετοz ιμ μενλ, με σιροz blοd, 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 froτι νοψιτεfιz, ηιz λερι βλκλκ βκικιz, Μοfρεemλ, ιλι hoz με κικιz: ψοη! ιλι τυfsmηλοz re ηαρem, ψε λλ τευt bref ιλιλ ιηbρεfoz, Αη ιλι λλ 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 διρφρjεz zλfελ! ηε ρι διz qυd υ μι; zλ ψληεt, 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>φιzελ ψεsλ βοz λλ φλμλ. Qε βοz ηιρλ φηηλ! υμij οη φιzελ ψεsλ Sτεοz sol ψιfemλ βριτλ; Φετε φε fλρ σεjλ qοz σιδλ ιηt 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 bηhl.</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 ludλ) 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 dedo. K du bez. K dedo bez jonpe 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>Lepl elλλ boz redλ, lukl 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 nklλ heqoz 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 duniz; stri qarboiz srdλ; An step rλλ, heqoz 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>Ml loz ψe roz seddoul upλ! fir, ε ηrt meλλ, λm ε kep, Blod rλλλ meλλ, simoz iketiz! Stri boz dhketλ, ψe nit boz saketλ, fls λr stur, λγ λm ilλλ, murkkoz ψutλ; O rli lufwt likatoz Vte, br frzel istλ, klmoz Lun hηhl, vek λn stl 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>λn rλ λn, ond lun stl-ηrjoz, mom velemλ pλ qrun rλ ηrη, λl tnoz fls ilλλ, vek tλrην skeremλ, Ψe malrloz me λγ mη ilλλ.</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.	ἑῦρ ὀμ φιλῆν ρεῖλι νῆα, (Ψε με hoz no hḥ ψενο ḡρη) Ἰέκ fomp ψίτεμλ, λη sod ζλνῆα, ἰλι dwnfίλοζ λη ψε λη.
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 φίτοζ ο bodι ἰῆα, ἰλι fledoζ υ ἠρεμ ἱν σῆρεμ! Ψε ἰε sul, ρίσοζ bes με, Λη ψηιζ ο κροσῶ μεῖλ!
PART IV	At 4
'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 φίρεζ γυ, ἰῆρη ἠῆλ! Με φίρεζ ἠλη φικετλ γυῖλ! Ψε γυ bez τυτεμλ ψε φικετλ ψε brun, Λη mer-σλη sedbonλ.
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 φίρεζ γυ ψε λη μῆρικλ γυῖλ, Ψε ἠλη φικετλ γυῖλ, ḡεem brunλ.' Νοφίρυζ, νοφίρυζ, γυ nupseμḡίς! ἰε bod nodwnfίλοζ.
Alone, alone, all, all alone, Alone on a wide wide sea! And never a saint took pity on My soul in agony.	Συλπο, συλπο, ἠυλ, ἠυλ συλπο, Συλπο ὀη mer ψίφεμλ, ψίφεμλ! Ψε ζλ σλητ ρίτοζ Sul ρίνεμλ λῖ 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, ḡεem βελλ! Ψε ἰλι, λλ ded, λελίοζ: Ψε κίλ, κίλ εῖφί κῖμοḡελ Ἰίκοζ λῆικλ; 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 υ mer dλκλ, Ψε ο-ρυλοζ λῆη μεῖλ; Με roz υ dek dλκλ, Ψε λλ ρεῖλι dedλ λελίοζ.
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 υ ἠεῖ, ψε τῖρηροζ; Κυλ ἱν πῖε λδροζ, ἠίσπο ἱ-ἰλ σζηεḡοζ, ψε βυοζ ἠῖτ μεῖλ dre λη dḡς.
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 λῆκωῖ μεῖλ ψε τῖγυτοζ ολι, Ψε βῆλ λη ἠῖτρυῖ βίτοζ; ἰε ske ψε mer, ψε mer ψε ske λελοζ dedλ λη ψίτο ὀη λη τῖḡλ μεῖλ, Ψε dedῖκῖρῖ βοζ ε futῖ 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>Σφες κολν 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: δληλ, 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 ειλν 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>φρω ο γλδκ γιρλ, με ροζ ψιτσερπιςι: Οι 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 ολιλ: δλυ, ρηη μιρκλ ψε βλκκ βελνλ, Οι 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 ηληρλ! Νο ρο ιβδεσιζ βελ λρολι: Γηου λολλ φλοεμοζ ο ηιτ μενλ, Ψε με ζλκογλ, ηηλοζ ολι: Σετ, σλντ βεηλ μενλ ριτοζ με, Ψε με ζλκογλ, ηηλοζ 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 μενλ, φεεμ λιβλ διομεδισ οφιλοζ, ψε διροφοζ 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 σλιπ! γλ βεζ εφ γληλ, Αδλοριζ ο φιφινλς υ φιφινλς. υ μαρι, γυλελ, δερυζ ρυρεμ! ελ ογλσοζ σλιπ 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 σληλ οη δεκ, ϕλ οζστεοζ δυρεμλ, με δριμοζ ϕλ ολι αδφωοζ λγ λυφωητ; ψε ϕετε με βεωεκοζ, 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 νοιβσλσοζ λιμι μενλ: με βοζ ϕεεμ ψυτετλ – υμιγ με φοζ ϕλ με οζδεδοζ ε σλιπ, ψε βοζ ϑις 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 ϑρυφγυτιζλ: οι νοηεϑοζ νοιλ; κωλ λγ συη ολιλ, ολ γλκοζ σλι, γλ βοζ ϕεεμ φικετλ ψε αδτλβηηλ</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 υηλ βησοζ βυιζ νιυ! ψε σην τλβριτι φυηλ βριτοζ, υ ψε ο ολι αδηρσοζ σην! ψε υ ψε ο, ψε ιη ψε ος, στη ρηλλ δλησοζ ιηηλ.</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 ηεϑιοζλ ϑρυφγυτοζ μω λυδλ, ψε σλι ηηηοζ λμ σιπερλς, ψε ριη φλοεμοζ δυηλ ο λη κηδ βλκκλ; ληη βοζ ε εγ ολιλ.</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 ολιλ: λμ ψητι γοτοζ ο σα μοντεμλτ ηετλ, φληγερ φυλοζ ζλ λη νοϕ, ριυ, κητιγλ 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 ϑοοζ! οηδ φληγερ ψε ληη ρηιι δεδλ δοζ λη ϑρηη.</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 μοmἄ φἄ ozboζ σεῖἄ, Ἐζrῖζ φε ρεἰἄ dedἄ 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, ῖῖρ φοῖοζ; Oppe zἄ ψἄnet ῖroζ. Ἄλ ῖῖρῖν ῖῖρἄκοζ ροῖ, Ἄm ἄνι ἄκἄῖ; ἄνι ῖροζ λῶmἄ ἄνι ῖῖ ζἄῖῖἄ — mῖ boζ kru λῦκοφἄ.</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>Ḇod ἄν φῦἰἄ ἄν σῖβἰἄ mεἰἄ Stἄnoζ bes mε, kne ῖ kne: Ḇod ψε mε ρῦἄoz ε ἄn ροῖ, Κῖἄ ἄἄ ροζ zἄef ῖ mε.</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 ῖῖ, ῖῖρῖν ῖῖἄ! Κῖmῖ, ῖῖ Nῖpsemoῖrῖ! φε σῦἰ ῖἄ flēdoζ ἄρῖῖἄ, Nocoζ ψῖφἄ ῖ dedῖkḆoḆἄ ἄνι, Κῖἄ ἄῖ ἄḆ boσῦἰ ἡῖἄ:</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>ῖε, ε solῖp, ῖἄ ἄfῖἄoz ῖmἄ ῖἄἄ, ψε ἄῖoz σῖἄ ῖἄpῖ; Sunἄ trῖἄ ῖροζ ῖeἄἄἄ κῖr mofἄ ῖἄἄ, ψε ocῖz o ḆoḆἄ ῖἄἄ.</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>σῖἄ, σῖἄ flῖtoζ ἰφ sun trῖἄἄ, ῖr ῖeἄemoζ ῖ Sol; Sunἄ ῖἡεῖoz ῖeἄἄἄ ψῖφἄ, Ἄntε mῖῖἄ, ἄntε ἄn ῖr ἄn.</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>Sῖte fῖἄῖz o ske mε Ḇoz ῖrῖensῖs sonῖz; Sῖte ἄἄ ἄῖῖz ῖzeἄἄ ῖἄ bez, Sῖmoζ fῖἄῖz mer ψε λῖf Ἄῖ sonῖz trῖἄἄ olῖἄἄ!</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>ψε ezte ἄm ἄἄ mῖσῖῖ, Ezte ἄm flῖἄ ἄḆἄ; ψε ezte ol bez son ἄν ἄἡῖ, φἄ κῖῖz ἡεῖ Ḇῖz σῖἄἄ.</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 Υ ΤΡΕΛΩ 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 ΦΟΖ 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 Υ 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 Υ 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 ΡΗΘΕΦΟΖ, 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 φοζ, 'Ρειλ εζδοζ σννις, Ψε δυζ μυ σννις.'</p>
<p>PART VI</p>	<p>At 6</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 φυζυ με, φυζυ με! Ρυζ ψυφε, Γινυυζ ρερ ζηνλ ζυμλ — Κ εφ κνεζ φε ζιρ γιζ φεεμ ρελεμλ. Κ εφ μερ διεζ.'</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 Dula</i> Stel λμ σλερπε φρον φιφ ιλιλ, Μερ ρεζ ζλ στιμ; Λιν εμλ βριτλ ολιλ βεζ σιλλ Γιζ υρ υ λυν -</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 ψιγνυζ διρ γιζ; Γε ελ γιδεζ ιλ σατλ ρι οφηλρλ. Γυζ, σιβιλ, ρυζ! Φεεμ plotλ Ελ δυνρεζ 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 γεζ σλ ρελεμλ, Λυ ψεφ ρι ψην.'</p>
<p><i>Second Voice</i> 'The air is cut away before, And closes from behind.</p>	<p><i>Vos Dula</i> 'Λυφ βεζ υπλσιζ ριλ, Ψε ζυτεζ 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>φλιτυζ, σιβιλ, φλιτυζ! Μυ ηετεμλ, μυ ηετεμλ! Γι ψι βυζ ιρετελ: Γε ρελετλ ψε ρελετλ φε ζιρ γυζ, Φετε ζλσλσλιρ λν ζιρρ βυζ σεσα.'</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 βυφεκοζ, ψε μη τισιλιοζ Λμ ε ψεφ ζηνλ: Νιτ βοζ, νιτ κημλ, λυν βοζ ηετεμλ; Ρειλι δεδλ στανοζ λγλ.</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 στανοζ λγλ οη δεκ, Μυ προρλ ρι βοηονδρυμ: Αλ ροζ με λγ λμη ροκλ ιλιλ, Αη ζλ λυν μιρκοζ.</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, μᾶλκῖλ, ἅγ φᾶ ἰλῖ δεδοζ, Ζᾶτε οζβυζᾶβοοζ: Με νοῖβομοζ ἄνῖ μεῖν ὀ ἰλῖνᾶ, ῖο τᾶνοζ ὀλῖ ὑρᾶ ῖγ ῖρεῖζ.</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>Ψε εζτε ἴε μεῖῖοδ ἄδβρεκοζ: ψῶφε Με ροζ μερ ᾠῖνᾶ, Ψε ροζ ῖῖ σᾶῖνᾶ, κῶλ ῖοσοζ Ἐῖῖ ἴᾶ με ὀζσοζ ῖῖᾶ -</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>Ἄμ ῖε, ἴᾶ ὀν ρῶδ ἄποοφᾶ Ψᾶκῖζ ἅγ ῖῖρ ψε ῖῖρεμ, Ψε ῖῖ ἄνφε ᾶῖνοζ τῖψᾶκῖοζ, Ψε νοτᾶνοζ μῶλ ἠεδ ἰλῖνᾶ; ῖε ἰλ ῖοζ φᾶ δεῖν σκερεμᾶ ᾶῖεδῖζ ῖῖῖ 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>Κῶλ ὑβτε ψᾶν βρεφοζ ὑ με, Ζᾶ σῦν ζᾶ μο δοζ: ῖῖτ ὀλῖν ῖοβοζ ὀν μερ, Ἄγ ψεφετ ῖῖ ἴᾶδῖῖ.</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 ὑποζ ἠεδῖῖρ μεῖν, ὀλ ῖενοζ φᾶκ μεῖν Σῖμ ψᾶν ᾠῖσῖῖδᾶ ῖῖρεῖν - Ὀλ ἰντῖῖῖοζ σεῖᾶ ῖεκ ῖῖῖ μεῖν, Ὀῖρε ὀλ σᾶσκῖοζ ἄμ ᾠῖδεβῖ.</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 ᾠοοζ ῖελεμᾶ, ῖελεμᾶ, Ὀῖρε εῖ ῖῖλοζ ψῶλ ἴᾶᾶ: Ψᾶῖετ βλοοζ ἴᾶᾶ, ἴᾶᾶ, Ὀλ βλοοζ ε με ἄπολ.</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>Ἄῖ! ᾠῖῖμ ἠῖρεμᾶ! Κ ἴε βεζ τῖῖᾶ ᾶῖοῖ ἰᾶῖῖᾶ φᾶ με σεζ. Κ ἴε βεζ μὀντ. Κ ἴε βεζ φεφ. Κ ἴε βεζ ἡῖῖ σῖμεῖνᾶ.</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>Μῖ μερᾠοζ ροσ ἠῖβῖῖν, Ψε με, ἅγ κᾶλψῖῖῖ, ῖῖρεοζ Ἄῖ ἠεβυζ με ψεκ, ᾠοδ μεῖν! ῖο ἠεσῖῖῖῖ με ἄῖε.</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>Ὀλῖῖ ἠῖβ βοζ κῖῖῖ ἄμ ᾠῖῖᾶ, φεεμ σῖῖῖῖ ὀλ βοζ! Ψε ὀν βᾶῖ, ἰῖνῖῖᾶ ἠελοζ, Ψε μῖῖῖκ ἄβ ἠῖν.</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 ΜΗΚΗ 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 ΓΑ 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 ΓΑ 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 ΗΕΥΙΟΖ 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 ΓΑ ΙΛ ΥΦΥΖ ΙΗ ΤΡΕΛΥ. ΙΛ ΡΥΔΗΥΖ ΣΥΛ ΜΕΥΛ, ΙΛ ΟΨΟΥΜΥΖ 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 ἄδῳ ἴεζ ἰν ἔε τρελῳ Ἰλ σλυρῖζ δῶηλ ἠ μερ. Ἰλ σονῖζ ἔεεμ λῦδλ ροσ ἵηηλ ἰλῶλ! Ἰλ λορῖζ ρῖζ ἠ ἵηρῖη Ἰλ ηεῳῖζ ο ηλῖ 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 ψε ηῦη ψε ἰρ — Ἰλ ρεζ κῦῖ ροῖετλ: Οἱ βεζ βῖοσ Ἰλ ηῆδῖζ ηῦλλ Κῦερκεσ-ἄρηνλοῳ ἠῖλ δλκλ.</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>Ἰῦτ Ἰῖρῳῖδλ ηῖροζ: με ηοζ ἠλῖ ρῖζ, 'Ἄη, Ἰε βεζ σεῖλ, με ἴεζ! Κ ἠσ βεζ ἔεἰ λῆτῖ, ἔεεμ οη ψε ἔεεμ βελ, Ἰλ σῖῳοζ ηῦτελ.'</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 μεῖηλ!' λῖγληεῖρε ἔοζ — 'ψε ἠλῖ ηορεροζ ἔῖρ μῖηλ! Ἰῦδῖ λυκεζ τῦῖσετλ! ψε ρυζ ἔεἰ σῖη, Οἱ βεζ ἔεεμ ἴκετλ ψε ἠδβρῆδετῖζ! με ζλτε σοζ εη σῖη οἱ, Ζοσ ρῖσ οἱ 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>Ἰονἴρῆμῖ βρῦηλ ἠβ λῖἴ Ἰλ ἄρῖζ Ἰεκ ηῖρετ-τρελῳ μεῖηλ: ἔετε ἠῳ ηεδεηλ βεζ ψῖτεμλ ἠῖ σηο, ψε στῖῳῖσ κῖλῖζ ἠ λῦρῖσ οηδλ, Ἰλ ἠτῖζ ἵῦἠ ἠρ λῦρῖσελ.'</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>'ἴῦηρ δῆλ! Οἱ ρεζ λυκ δεῖηἴλ,' Ἰῖρῳῖδῖρ ρεποζ 'με βεζ ἴηλ.' 'ῖολυζ, ρολυζ! λῖγληεῖρε ἔοζ ἔῖρετλ.</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>Ἰῦτ ηεῳοζ ηῖρμῦλ ἠ ἵῖρ, Κῦλ με ηοροζ ψῦηο μοζ. Ἰῦτ ηεῳοζ ηῖρ ἠ ἵῖρ, ψε ἔετε σῦη 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 ψῖτ οἱ ρῖβλῆμῖοζ, μῦ λῦδλ ψε μῦ σκεηλ: Οἱ εβῦοζ ε ἵῖρ, οἱ λενβρεκοζ βλῖ; Ἰῖρ 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 ΛΕΠΙ ΜΕΛΑ – ΓΥΡΟΪΔΗΥ ΓΥΚΟΖ ΨΕ ΔΥΝΦΥΛΟΖ ΓΑΚΦΕΝΤΥΖΑ; ΛΥΓΛΗΝΕΥΡΕ ΗΥΛΑ ΥΡΟΖ ΑΗΥΙ ΙΛΥΑ, ΨΕ ΠΡΕΟΖ Ε ΑΣ ΓΑ ΙΛ 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 ΡΟΛΥΥΙ: ΔΥΙΛ ΑΒ ΓΥΡΟΪΔΗΥ, ΓΑ ΕΖΤΕ ΒΥΜΑΔΕΖ, ΛΥΦΟΖ ΛΥΔΑ ΨΕ ΔΥΡΕΜΑ, ΨΕ ΑΙ ΓΕ ΤΕ ΑΗΥΙ ΙΛΥΑ ΘΟΖ ΛΗΘΕΛ. 'ΗΛ! ΗΛ!' ΙΛ ΘΟΖ, 'ΜΕ ΣΟΖ ΟΥΔΣΟΙΒΛ, 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 ΙΛ ΙΒΣΤΑΝΟΖ ΥΤΕΥΛ.</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 ΙΛΥΑ. 'ΡΥΖ ΝΕΛΕΜΑ,' ΙΛ ΘΟΖ, 'ΜΕ ΑΚΕΖ ΓΥ ΡΥΖ – Κ ΣΕ ΡΕ ΓΥ 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 ΥΤΕ 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 ΥΡΟ ΖΑΣΕΤΑ, ΘΕ ΡΥΝΕΜ ΡΥΓΑΣΥΖ: ΨΕ ΥΤΕ ΤΑΙ ΗΥΓΕΜΑ ΜΕΛΑ ΑΔΘΥΖ, ΓΕ ΗΥΤ ΑΗ ΜΕ ΒΥΥΖ.</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 momfloez ο φε διρ! Νυρσεμγιρσι bez λλ: Κωλ ε βυγλφετ γιδλ, νυρσεμελ Ψε νυρσεμγυελι sonεζ: Ψε ηυζ βλλ ετλ ικρηελ, 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 sul ozboz 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-μιεμ, γε bez 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 bez βριτλ, Αγγλ βηβ bez ψυτλ λγ λγ, Βεζ ογοζ: ψε εzte Νυρσεμγιρσι τινοζ 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 οzboz ζλσλσιζ, Ψε βοζ ζλψλσετοζ: Ρειλ μυσλδλ ψε μυψλσλ, ιλ υνbedoζ μηηι ιγλ.</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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