The Rime of the Ancient Mariner **(text of 1834)** Samuel Taylor Coleridge	ɾɪm ʌb ʃɹɒɪr ɯɟʌ Sʌmɯɛl ŧɛɬlor Kolɛɹɪdʃ
PART I	**ʌt 1**
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?	ɬl bɛz ʃɹɒɪr ɯɟʌ, Ψɛ ɬl sɛsɋɛz ʌn o trɪ. ‘ʌʏ bɪb ɋrɛʌ lɛnɛmʌ Ψɛ ʌʍn mɹrʏkʌ ɪr ʏu, Ɛzŧɛ, K rɛ ʏu sɛsɋɛz mɛ.’
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.'	ɗʜrɪ ʌr nɯpsɛmɹl bɛz hɯlpɛmʌ, Ψɛ mɛ bɛz kɛnpɛ nɹrumʌ; Ɋɪsɪ ɛzmɹtoz, mɹlɛm bɛz prɛpɪz: ʏu ɹbhɛz sun ¢ɪrʌ.’
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.	ɬl hodɛz ɹl ʌʏ hʌn fɹkɛtʌ, ‘ɒoz ʃɹp,’ ɹl ¢oz. ‘Nohoduz! Ɯnhʌnuz mɛ, mʌdpɛ ɋrɛbɪbʌ!’ ɬl dɯnoz tɛɯtʌ hʌn ɹlvʌ.
He holds him with his glittering eye— The Wedding-Guest stood still, And listens like a three years' child: The Mariner hath his will.	ɬl hodɛz ɹl ʌʏ ʌʍn mɹrʏkʌ ɹlvʌ – Nɯpsɛmɋɪs stʌnoz stɛlʌ. Ψɛ lɪz kom ɟu trɪʏɹrʌ: ʃɹɒɪr vɛz ψol ɹlvʌ.
The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone: He cannot choose but hear; And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner.	Nɯpsɛmɋɪs sɪtoz on ston: ɬl noɹb¢osɛz zʌmɯ hɪz; Ψɛ ¢ɛrɛ ¢ɹoz ¢ɛ pɛɹl ɯɟʌ, ʃɹɒɪr ʌʍɪ-mɹrʏkʌ.
'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared, Merrily did we drop Below the kirk, below the hill, Below the lighthouse top.	‘ʃɹp ʌd¢ɪrʃɪtoz, hɪb ʌdophɪnoz, Mɪ dɯnɋoz ¢ɪrʌ Ond ¢ɛ¢, ond mont, Ond top lʌttɪvʌ.
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.	Sol ɯpɋoz lɛfʌ, Ɯos mɛr ɬl hɛɋoz! Ψɛ ɬl brɪtoz brɪtɛmʌ Ψɛ ɛ rɛt ɗunoz ɯʍn mɛr.

Higher and higher every day, Till over the mast at noon—' The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast, For he heard the loud bassoon.	Hɛtmuʌ ɯɛ hɛtmuʌ ɪɕ dɛ, Ɯtɛ bɪʏ sɪlpus ɛ nun –‘ Nupsɛmqɪs ʃɛtɛ bɪtoz ɕɛs ɪlrʌ, ɾɛ ɪl hoz bʌsun ludʌ.
The bride hath paced into the hall, Red as a rose is she; Nodding their heads before her goes The merry minstrelsy.	Nupsɛmɛl ɛzstɛpoz uɪn rumɛm, Ɛl bɛz rɛdʌ kom roso; Nodɪz hɛdɪ ulrʌ, ʏ ɛl, qɛz Musɪrɪ ɕɪrʌ.
The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast, Yet he cannot choose but hear; And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner.	Nupsɛmqɪs, ɪl bɪtoz ɕɛs ɪlrʌ, Oprɛ ɪl noɪbɕosɛz zʌmu hɪz; Ɯɛ ɕɛrɛ ɕɪoz ɕɛ pɛɪl uʃʌ, ʃɪpɪr ʌɪnɪ-mɪrʏkʌ.
And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he Was tyrannous and strong: He struck with his o'ertaking wings, And chased us south along.	Ɯɛ ɛztɛ ɯʌnɛm stʏmʌ hɛqɛz, Ɯɛ ɪl boz tɪrʌ ɯɛ ʃɛnʌ: ɪl bɪtoz ʌʃ ɯɛnɪ ɾɛlpɪsʌ ɪlrʌ, Ɯɛ ɕʌsoz mɪ usud lonʌ.
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.	ɾɛk sɪlpusɪ dɪqʌ ɯɛ ʃɪpfʌs dɪrɛtɪzʌ, Ʌm pɛ, ɕʌsɪz ʌʃ ʃɪt ɯɛ bɪt Ʌmɾʏ trɛdɪz ʃʌdʏk ʌɾ nɛm, Ɯɛ fʌsdɪr kʏɾɪz hɛd ɪlrʌ, ʃɪp ʌdpuʃoz ɾɛlɛmʌ, ɯʌnɛm qrufʃɪtoz ludʌ, Ɯɛ suddɪr, ɣɛ, mɪ fledoz.
And now there came both mist and snow, And it grew wondrous cold: And ice, mast-high, came floating by, As green as emerald.	Ɯɛ ɛztɛ ʌldu mɪs ɯɛ sno hɛqoz, Ɯɛ ɯɛɾ buoz ɛmkodʌ: Ɯɛ ɛs, sɪlpus-hɛtʌ, pɪsoz flotɪzʌ, Ʌm qrɪn kom ɛmɛrʌld.
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.	Ɯɛ ɪnt snofʏl, klɪfɪ snoʌ Mɪrʏkoz opɕɪrʌ: No ʃʌp ʌb pɛɪ rʏ nɪmɪ mɪ soz – Ɛs boz ʌl ɪnt.
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!	Ɛs boz hɛ, ɛs boz lʌ, Ɛs boz ʌl sʏn: Ol krʌksunoz ɯɛ qrufoz, qrufʃɪtoz ɯɛ hɪloz, Kom sunoɕɪ ɪn fɛnt!
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.	fɪnɛʃ dɪomɛdɪs rosoz, Kʏr mɪsɛm ol hɛqoz; Ʌm kom ol boz sul krɪstpɛʌ Mɪ qrɪtoz ol ʌʃ nʌm ʌɾ qod.

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!	Ol ɪtoz fud ol zʌtɛ ɛzɪtoz, Ψɛ sʏn ψɛ sʏn ol flɪtoz. Ɛs lɛnbrɛkoz ʌm don; Stɪrɪr stɪroz kʏrʌ mɪ!
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!	Ψɛ sudψʌn gudʌ gɪoz rɪrʌ, Dɪomedɪs folɪoz, Ψɛ ɪȼ dɛ, pʏ fud rʏ gɪm, Hɛgoz u kʏl ʌd ɾɪpɪrɪ!
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.'	ɪn mɪs rʏ klɪd, on sɪlpus rʏ tɪk, Ol sɪtbumoz pʏ mos ɪrʌ; Dur nɪt, kʏr mɪsɛm smukψutʌ, Lunbrɪt ψutʌ lʌtɛtoz.'
'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.'	'God surɪz ju, ɾɪpɪr uʃʌ! O dɛrɪ ʃʌ ʃɛhu hɪʃɛmɛz ju! K rɛ ju lukɛz ʃɛ stɪt. – 'Ʌj krosɪȼ mɛrʌ Mɛ ʃotoz Dɪomedɪs!'
PART II	**Ʌt 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.	Sol ȼɛtɛ upgoz rɛtʌ, Uos mɛr ɪl hɛgoz! Ʌmrʏ hʌdoz ɪn mɪs, ψɛ ɛ lɛf Dunoz uɪn mɛr.
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!	Ψɛ sudψʌn gudʌ ʌmrʏ blooz rɪrʌ, Kψʌ no ʌrɪs zʌkonʌ folɪoz, Ψuno ɛn dɛ pʏ fud rʏ gɪm Hɛgoz u kʏl ʌd ɾɪpɪrɪ!
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!	Ψɛ mɛ ɛzdoz ɛf uȼʌ, Ψɛ ȼɛ gɛrɪuz ɪlɪ sʏr: ɾɛ ʌl sɛtȼooz ȼʌ mɛ ozkʌloz ʌrɪs Ȼʌ kʏɪz ψʌn bloɪz. Ʌh bʌdɛmpɛ! ɪlɪ ȼoz, kʌlɪz ʌrɪs, ʃʌ kʏɪz ψʌn bloɪz!
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.	No dɪkɛtʌ no rɛdʌ, ʌm hɛd ʌr God surʌ, Sol honʏkʌ upgoz: Ȼɛtɛ ʌl sɛtȼooz ȼʌ mɛ ozkʌloz ʌrɪs Ȼʌ hɛtɪkoz mɪsɛm ψɛ mɪs. Ȼɛ boz krɛkʌ, ɪlɪ ȼoz, kʌlɪz ȼɛɪ ʌrɪsɪ, Ȼʌ hɛtɪkɪz mɪsɛm ψɛ mɪs.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, The furrow followed free; We were the first that ever burst Into that silent sea.	Ψʌnɛt plɛsʌ blooz, bobom ψutʌ flɪtoz, Ψʏtqruʏ foloz ophɪnʌ; Mɪ boz ʌnʌ ¢ʌ ɛntɛ ɪnfʏsoz Uɪn ¢ɛ mɛr sɪlʌ.
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!	Ψʌnɛt tuoz hulʌ, sɪlɪ ʌdlɛfʏloz, ¢ɛ boz sʌd ʌm sʌd ɪbbɪz. Ψɛ mɪ ¢oz zʌmu ʏɪ¢oz Sɪl ʌb mɛr!
All in a hot and copper sky, The bloody Sun, at noon, Right up above the mast did stand, No bigger than the Moon.	Ʌl ɪn skɛ, hɪtʌ ψɛ kupkolʌ, Sol blodʌ, ɛ nun, Stʌnoz sɪtdɪrʌ bɪʏ sɪlpus, Nosɪzmuʌ kom lun.
Day after day, day after day, We stuck, nor breath nor motion; As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean.	Dɛ ɾʏʌ dɛ, dɛ ɾʏʌ dɛ, Mɪ stɛoz, no ψʌnɛt ψuno mɪz; Ʌm stɛl kom ʃɪp pɪtʌ On mɛrɛm pɪtʌ.
Water, water, everywhere, And all the boards did shrink; Water, water, everywhere, Nor any drop to drink.	Ψʏt, ψʏt, ʌlʌs, Ψɛ ʌl bʏdɪ sɪztuoz; Ψʏt, ψʏt, ʌlʌs, Ψuno ɛn lɪkʌt pʏ ɪkɪz.
The very deep did rot: O Christ! That ever this should be! Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs Upon the slimy sea.	Mɛrɛm dʌkoz: Ʌh Krɪst! ¢ʌ ʃɛ ɪbbɪz ɛntɛ! Ɣɛ, ɛfɪ krɪmo¢ʌ krʏloz ʌɣ lɛqɪ On mɛr krɪmo¢ʌ.
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.	Sʏn, sʏn, ʌɣ ʏɪqdʌns ψɛ unbʌso¢ Dɛdfurɪ dʌnsoz ɛ nɪt; Ψʏt, ʌm ʏlɪ ʌʏ mɛɲrɛl, Bʏnoz qrɪnʌ ψɛ bluʌ ψɛ ψutʌ.
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.	Ψɛ sɪpɛɪ, ɪn drɪmɪ, ʌdtruɛʃoz Ʌb bosul ʃʌ zɪsɛmɪz mɪ ʃɛhu; Nɪn fʌθomɪ dɪp ɪl ozfoloz mɪ O lʌn ʌb mɪs ψɛ sno.
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.	Ψɛ ʌl tɪnɪ, ʌdkʏɪz drɛψɛʏ hulʌ, Boz bo¢tuʌ ɛ rʌt; Mɪ noɪbpɪz, no mu kom Mɪ ozbrɛfʃutoz ʌɣ kɪbhʌʃ.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks Had I from old and young! Instead of the cross, the Albatross About my neck was hung.	Ʌh! ʈrobkʏ! ₵ɛɛm roɪ ʏʟʌ Mɛ ʏoz o pɛɪ ʌʄɛmʌ ψɛ ʌʄɛtʌ! Sʏb krosʏn, dɪomɛdɪs Ʌdhɛnoz sɪk nɛk mɛʏʌ!
PART III	**Ʌt 3**
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.	ʈɛ tɪɢʌ lʌpoz. Ʌl frotɪ Ʌddrɛɛmʌ, ψɛ ʌl ʌɪnɪ ʌdɢlʌsozʌ. ʈɛ tɪɢʌ! ʈɛ tɪɢʌ! ₵ɛɛm ɪ₵ ʌɪn tɪɢʌ ʌdɢlʌsozʌ, ₵ɛtɛ, rɪɪz ψɛsdɪrʌ, mɛ soz Sɪɛf ɛ skɛ.
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.	Gɪtɛ ol sɪmoz ɛtɛf ɛtʌ, Ψɛ ɪʏ ol sɪmoz mɪs; Ol moz ψɛ moz, ψɛ fɪnɛʃ toz ʃʌp spɛjʌ, mɛ foz.
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.	Ʌn ɛtɛf, mɪs, ʃʌp, mɛ foz! Ψɛ ʌmʏɴ ol nɪroz ψɛ nɪroz: Ʌm ol ʏodɛtoz ψɪtbosɯl, Ol dɪʏoz ψɛ dɪr₵ɪʄoz ψɛ ₵ɪʄdɪroz.
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!	ʏɪz frotɪ noψɪtɛʃɪz, ʏɪz lɛpɪ blʌkʌ brkɪz, Mɪ noɪblɪfoz ψɯno ψʌl; Rɛ drɛ hulʌ, ʌl mɪ zʌʏosʌ stʌnoz! Mɛ bɛtoz ɪm mɛʏʌ, mɛ sɪqoz blod, Ψɛ krlloz, Sɪl! Sɪl!
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.	ʏɪz frotɪ noψɪtɛʃɪz, ʏɪz lɛpɪ blʌkʌ brkɪz, Mofpɛmʌ, ɪlɪ hoz mɛ krlɪz: Ψon! ɪlɪ tɯfsmɪloz rɛ hʌpɛm, Ψɛ ʌl tɛɯt brɛf ɪlʏʌ ɪnbrɛfoz, Ʌm ɪlɪ ʌl ɪkɪoz.
See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more! Hither to work us weal; Without a breeze, without a tide, She steadies with upright keel!	Rɯz! Rɯz! (Mɛ krlloz) ɛl dɪr₵ɪʄɛz zʌfɛʌ! Hɛ pɪ dɪz qɯd ɯ mɪ; Zʌ ψʌnɛt, zʌ mɛrflo, Ɛl stɛdɛz ʏɛk ʃɪpbɛʃ ɛkɪkʌ!
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.	fɪzɛl ψɛsʌ boz ʌl flʌmʌ. Dɛ boz nɪrʌl fɪnʌ! Ɯmɪʃ on fɪzɛl ψɛsʌ Stɛoz sol ψɪfɛmʌ brɪtʌ; ₵ɛtɛ ₵ɛ ʃʌp sɛjʌ qoz sɪdʌ ɪnt mɪ ψɛ Sol.

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.	Ψɛ ʌmtɛ Sol ʌdkrosoz ʌʏ pusetɪ, (Ꝑɪrɛl ʌr Hɛr, oʃʌsuz hɪl u mɪ!) Ʌm kʏr ɢrɛt ondʃʌlʌ, ɪl roz Vɪz fʌs ψɪfɛmʌ ψɛ bʏnʌ.
Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud) How fast she nears and nears! Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun, Like restless gossameres?	Sʏrɛm! (Mɛ foz, ψɛ hɪt mɛrʌ dromoz ludʌ) ¢ɛɛm rɛlɛmʌ ɛl nɪrɛz ψɛ nɪrɛz. K olɪ bɛz sɪlɪ ɛlrʌ ¢ʌ ʌdflʌʃɛz Sol, Ʌm nɛtɪ opstɛlʌ.
Are those her *ribs* 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?	K olɪ bɛz sɛdbonɪ olrʌ ʃʌ Sol rɛz, ʌm kʏr ɢrɛt. Ψɛ K ¢ɛ pɛɛl ʌl krʉ olrʌ. K ¢ɛ bɛz ɑɛɑo. K du bɛz. K ɑɛɑo bɛz ʃonpɛ ɛlrʌ.
Her lips were red, *her* 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.	Lɛpɪ ɛlrʌ boz rɛdʌ, lukɪ ɛlrʌ boz lɪbʌ, Hɛdhɛr ɛlrʌ boz ʏɛlʌ ʌm ɢol: Skɪn ɛlrʌ boz ʌm ψʉtʌ kom lɛprozɪs, Ɛl boz drɪmo¢ Vɪr-ɪn-ɑɛɑo, ʃʌ rɪskmʉɪz blod ʌr pɛ ʌʏ kod.
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.	ʃɪpbodo¢ nɪkʌ hɛɢoz sɛdʌsʌ, Ψɛ duo froɪoz ɢʌmkubɪ; ‘ɢɪm bɛz fɪnʌ! Mɛ ɛzψɪnoz! Mɛ ɛzψɪnoz! Ɛl ¢oz, ψɛ ψɪsoz trɪfɛ.
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.	Ꝛim solʌ dunɪz; stɪɪ ɢɪboɪz sɪdʌ; Ʌn stɛp ɪrʌ, hɛɢoz dɪk; Vɪz hɪspo fɪ-hɪz, ros mɛr, O ɢoz ʃɪp ɢʏsʌ.
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.	Mɪ loz ψɛ roz sɛddɪrʌ upʌ! fɪr, ɛ hɪt mɛrʌ, ʌm ɛ kɛp, Ɓlod rɪrʌ mɛrʌ, sɪmoz ɪketɪz! Stɪɪ boz dɪkɛtʌ, ψɛ nɪt boz sʌkɛtʌ, fʌs ʌr stɪrɪr, ʌʏ lʌm ɪlrʌ, mɪrʏkoz ψʉtʌ; O sɪlɪ lʉfψʏt lɪkʌtoz Ʉtɛ, bɪr fɪzɛl ɪstʌ, klɪmoz Lun hʏnʌ, rɛk ʌn stɪ brɪtʌ Ɓɛs ɟut hɛtɛtʌ.
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.	Ʌn ɪr ʌn, ond Lun stɪ-hɪʃoz, Mom rɛlɛmʌ pʏ ɢrun rʏ hɪh, Ʌl tʏnoz fʌs ɪlrʌ, rɛk tʌpɪn skɛrɛmʌ, Ψɛ mʌlkɪloz mɛ ʌʏ ʌɪn ɪlrʌ.

Four times fifty living men, (And I heard nor sigh nor groan) With heavy thump, a lifeless lump, They dropped down one by one.	Fʏr om fʌvʌʃ peɪlɪ vɪvʌ, (Ψɛ mɛ hoz no hɔh ψuno ɢrun) Vɛk fomp ψɪtɛmʌ, ʌn sod zʌvɪvʌ, ɬlɪ dunfʏloz ʌn ψɛ ʌn.
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!	Sulɪ flɪtoz o bodɪ ɬlɪvʌ, Ulɪ fleɑoz u hʌpɛm rʏ sʏrɛm! Ψɛ ɪɕ sul, pɔsoz bɛs mɛ, Ʌm ψhɪz o krosɔɕ mɛvʌ!
PART IV	**Ʌt 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.	‘Mɛ fɪrɛz ɣu, ʃɪpɔr uʃʌ! Mɛ fɪrɛz hʌn fɪkɛtʌ ɣuvʌ! Ψɛ ɣu bɛz tulɛmʌ ψɛ fɪkɛtʌ ψɛ brun, Ʌm mɛr-sʌn sɛdbonʌ.
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.	Mɛ fɪrɛz ɣu ψɛ ʌɪn mɪrʏkʌ ɣuvʌ, Ψɛ hʌn fɪkɛtʌ ɣuvʌ, ɕɛɛm brunʌ.’ Nofɪruz, nofɪruz, ɣu nupsɛmɢɔs! ʃɛ bod nodunfʏloz.
Alone, alone, all, all alone, Alone on a wide wide sea! And never a saint took pity on My soul in agony.	Suʌno, suʌno, hul, hul suʌno, Suʌno on mɛr ψɪfɛmʌ, ψɪfɛmʌ! Ψɛ zʌ sʌnt pɪtoz Sul pɪnɛmʌ ʌv mɛ.
The many men, so beautiful! And they all dead did lie: And a thousand thousand slimy things Lived on; and so did I.	Om peɪlɪ, ɕɛɛm bɛlʌ! Ψɛ ɬlɪ, ʌl dɛd, lɛlɪoz: Ψɛ kɪl, kɪl ɛfɪ krɪmoɕʌ Vɪvoz ʌmvʏʌ; ψɛ mɛ ψuʌ.
I looked upon the rotting sea, And drew my eyes away; I looked upon the rotting deck, And there the dead men lay.	Mɛ roz u mɛr dʌkʌ, Ψɛ o-puloz ʌɪnɪ mɛvʌ; Mɛ roz u dɛk dʌkʌ, Ψɛ lʌ peɪlɪ dɛdʌ lɛlɪoz.
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.	Mɛ roz u hɛv, ψɛ trɔprɛoz; Kψʌ rʏ prɛ ʌdpoz, Hɪspo vʏlʌ ozhɛɢoz, ψɛ buoz Hɔt mɛvʌ drɛ ʌm dɔs.
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.	Mɛ ʃutoz ʌɪnkuɪɪ mɛvʌ ψɛ tɪʃutoz olɪ, Ψɛ bʏlɪ ʌm hɔtpuʃɪ bɪtoz; Rɛ skɛ ψɛ mɛr, ψɛ mɛr ψɛ skɛ Lɛloz dɛdʌ ʌm ψɪto on ʌɪn tɪɢʌ mɛvʌ, Ψɛ dɛdʏkpɛɪ boz ɛ futɪ mɛvʌ.

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.	Swɛt kodʌ ʀʌpoz o lɯmɪ ɪlɯʀʌ, ɪlɯ no dʌkoz no pʌfoɕoz: ʃo ʃʌ ɪlɯ roz mɛ Ozlʌpoz zʌtɛʌ.
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.	Mʌlkʜl o lupɪɾɕu pulɵɕuz u hɛl Bosul o hɛʀ; Kwʌ ʌh! Mu skɛɾɛmʌ kom ɕɛ Bɛz mʌlkʜl ɪn ʌɪn ʌʀ pɛ dɛdʌ! Sɛʀ dɛɪ, sɛʀ nɪtɪ, mɛ roz ɕɛ mʌlkʜl, Wɛ ɣɛt mɛ noɪbdɛdɪz.
The moving Moon went up the sky, And nowhere did abide: Softly she was going up, And a star or two beside—	Lun mɪzʌ upɑoz skɛ, Wɛ zʌʌs stɛoz: ɗʌnʌ, ɛl upɑɪoz, Wɛ bɛs ʌn stɪ ʀʜ du.
Her beams bemocked the sultry main, Like April hoar-frost spread; But where the ship's huge shadow lay, The charmèd water burnt alway A still and awful red.	Bɪmɪ ɛlʀʌ mokoz mɛr ʌnɑʜkɛʃʌ, Ʌm hɛrluffrɪs Monfʜrʌ ɑobʌsɪz; Kwʌ ʌs ʃʌ ʃʌdʜk ɛmʌ ʃɪpʌ boz, Wɪt ʌdmɛɟʌ bʜnoz ʌltɛʌ ɾɛdʌ, stɛlʌ wɛ bʌdɛmʌ.
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.	fɪmu o ʃʌdʜk ʃɪpʌ, Mɛ roz wɪtsɛrpɪsɪ: Olɪ ɑoz ɪn trɪsɪ wutʌ brɪtʌ, Wɛ ɕɛtɛ olɪ suhɛtɪz, lʌt ɛlfɪʃʌ ɗunfʜloz ʌj fɛkɪ brɪtʌ.
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.	ɪn ʃʌdʜk ʃɪpʌ Mɛ roz wɛrɪ rɪɕʌ olɪʀʌ: Blu, ɑrɪn mɪrʜkʌ wɛ blʌk ʀɛlʀʌ, Olɪ tɪsɪkoz wɛ swɛmoz wɛ ɪɕ trɪs Boz tʌbrɪt ʌb fur ɑolʌ.
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.	Ʌh ɛfɪ ʀɪʀʌ hʌpʌ! No po ɪbdɛsɪz bɛl ʌʀolɪ: Gɪrɪʀ lorʌ floɛmoz o hɪt mɛʀʌ, Wɛ mɛ zʌkoʃʌ, hɪloz olɪ: Sɛt, sʌnt bɛnʌ mɛʀʌ pɪtoz mɛ, Wɛ mɛ zʌkoʃʌ, hɪloz olɪ.
The self-same moment I could pray; And from my neck so free The Albatross fell off, and sank Like lead into the sea.	ɕɛ durɛt ʌmʌ ʃʌ mɛ ɪbpɾɛɪz; Wɛ o nɛk mɛʀʌ, ɕɛɛm lɪbʌ ɑɪomɛdɪs ofʜloz, wɛ dɪʀoɕoz Ʌm plom ɯn mɛr.

PART V	ʌt 5
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.	ʌh slɪp! ʃʌ bɛz ɛf ʄʌnʌ, ʌdloʋɪz o fɪfɪnʌs u fɪfɪnʌs. ʉ Mʌrɪ, ʀulɛl, qɛʋuz pɪʋɛm! Ɛl oʄʌsoz slɪp ʄʌnʌ o hɛʋ, ¢ʌ slɪdoz uɪn sul mɛʋʌ.
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.	Bokɪ sʌmʌ on dɛk, ¢ʌ ozsteoz durɛmʌ, Mɛ drɪmoz ¢ʌ olɪ ʌdfuoz ʌy lufѰɪt; Ѱɛ ¢ɛtɛ mɛ bɛѰɛkoz, Ѱɛʋ rɪnoz.
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.	Lɛpɪ mɛʋʌ boz Ѱɪteʃʌ, frot mɛʋʌ boz kodʌ, ʌl Ѱɛrɪ mɛʋʌ boz Ѱɪteʃʌ; Sɛt, mɛ ozɪkoz ɪn drɪmɪ mɛʋʌ, Ѱɛ ʌmʋɪ bod mɛʋʌ ɪkoz.
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.	Mɛ moz, Ѱɛ noɪbsʌsoz lɪmɪ mɛʋʌ: Mɛ boz ¢ɛɛm Ѱɪtɛtʌ – umɪʃ Mɛ foz ¢ʌ mɛ ozdɛdoz ɛ slɪp, Ѱɛ boz qɪs ʌdhɔlɪzʌ.
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.	Ѱɛ ubtɛ mɛ hoz Ѱʌn qrufʃɔtɪzʌ: Ol nohɛqoz nɪrʌ; KѰʌ ʌʏ sun olʋʌ, ol ʃʌkoz sɔlɪ, ʃʌ boz ¢ɛɛm fɪkɛtʌ Ѱɛ ʌdtʌbʏnʌ
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.	Skɛ upʌ bɔsoz buɪz ʋɪʋ! Ѱɛ sɛn tʌbrɪtɪ furʌ brɪtoz, ʉ Ѱɛ o olɪ ʌdhɔsoz sʏn! Ѱɛ u Ѱɛ o, Ѱɛ ɪn Ѱɛ os, Stɔɪ pʌlʌ dʌnsoz ɪntʌ.
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.	Ѱɛ Ѱʌn hɛqɪozʌ qrufʃɔtoz mu ludʌ, Ѱɛ sɔlɪ hɔhoz ʌm sɪpɛrʌs, Ѱɛ rɪn floɛmoz dunʌ o ʌn klɔd blʌkʌ; Lun boz ɛ ɛʄ olʋʌ.
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.	Klɔd fɪkɛmʌ blʌkʌ boz brɛkʌ, Ѱɛ ʌmʋʏ Lun boz ɛ sɛd olʋʌ: ʌm Ѱɪtɪ ʃotoz o sʌ montɛmʌt hɛtʌ, flʌʃɛm fʏloz zʌ ʌn noɕ, ʀɪʋ, ʋɪtɪʃʌ Ѱɛ Ѱɪfɛmʌ
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.	Ѱʌnludʌ zʌtɛ ɛbuoz ʃɪp, Oprɛ ɛ ¢ɛtɛ ʃɪp qooz! Ond flʌʃɛm Ѱɛ lun Bɛɪlɪ dɛdʌ doz ʌn qrun.

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.	ɬlɪ ɢrunoz, ɬlɪ moz, ʌl ɬlɪ bustʌnoz, Nopoz, nomoz ʌɪnɪ ɬlɪrʌ; ɬn drɪm momʌ ¢ʌ ozboz sɛʃʌ, Ɛzrɪz ¢ɛ pɛɪlɪ dɛdʌ bustʌnoz.
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.	Stɪrɹr stɪroz, ʃɪp ɢoɪoz; Oprɛ zʌ ψʌnɛt ɢɹoz. Ʌl ʃɪpɹɪ ɢɹψɹkoz ropɪ, Ʌm ɬlɪ ʌkdɪz; ɬlɪ upoz lɥmɪ ɬlɪrʌ ʌm ɣrɪ zʌrɪrʌ – Mɪ boz kru lukoɢʌ.
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.	Ɓod ʌr ¢ɯɪl ʌr sɪbɪl mɛrʌ Stʌnoz bɛs mɛ, knɛ ɯ knɛ: Ɓod ψɛ mɛ pɯloz ɛ ʌn rop, Kψʌ ɪl poz zʌɛf ɯ mɛ.
'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!' Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest! 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain, Which to their corses came again, But a troop of spirits blest:	‘Mɛ fɪrɛz ɣu, ʃɪpɹr uʃʌ!’ Kɪmuz, ɣu Nupsɛmɢɪs! ¢ɛ sulɪ ʃʌ flɛdoz ʌdpɪnʌ, Noɢoz ψufɛʌ ɯ dɛdɣkbodɪ ɬlɪrʌ, Kψʌ ʌɢ ʌb bosulɪ hɪlʌ:
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.	ɾɛ, ɛ solup, ulɪ lɛfɣloz ɹmɪ ulɪrʌ, Ψɛ ʌɢoz sɣn sɪlpus; Sunɪ trɪlʌ upoz rɛlɛtʌ kɣr mofɪ ulɪrʌ, Ψɛ oɢoz o bodɪ ulɪrʌ.
Around, around, flew each sweet sound, Then darted to the Sun; Slowly the sounds came back again, Now mixed, now one by one.	Sɣn, sɣn flɪtoz ɬ¢ sun trɪlʌ, ʔr rɛlɛmoz ɯ Sol; Sunɪ ɾɬhɛɢoz rɛlɛtʌ ψufɛ, Ʌntɛ mɪʃʌ, ʌntɛ ʌn ʔr ʌn.
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!	Sɹtɛ fɣlɪz o skɛ Mɛ hoz ɹrrɛnsɪs sonɪz; Sɹtɛ ʌl ʌrɪsɪ sɪzɛtʌ ʃʌ bɛz, Sɪmoz fuɪz mɛr ψɛ luf Ʌy sonɪz trɪlʌ olɪrʌ!
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.	Ψɛ ɛztɛ ʌm ʌl musɣɪ, Ɛztɛ ʌm flut ʌnoʌ; Ψɛ ɛztɛ ol bɛz son ʌr ʌnʃ, ¢ʌ kɣɪz hɛr bɪz sɪlʌ.

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.	Ol sɛsoz, oprɛ sɪlɪ tɪoz Son plɛsʌ ɯtɛ nɯn, Son ʌm ¢ʌ ʌb rɪvɛt hʌdʌ Ɛ mon lɪfʌ ʌb Monsɪs, ¢ʌ ɯ trɛʌq slɪpʌ ʌl nɪt Sɯnɪz tɯn oplɯdʌ.
Till noon we quietly sailed on, Yet never a breeze did breathe: Slowly and smoothly went the ship, Moved onward from beneath.	Ɯtɛ nɯn mɪ tɪsɪloz oplɯdʌ, Oprɛ zʌ ѱʌnɛt brɛfoz: ʃɪp qoz rɛlɛtʌ ѱɛ smɯrʌ, Ʌdmoz fʌsdɪr o ond.
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.	Ond ʃɪpbɛʃ, ʌʃok mɛt dɪp, O lʌn ʌb mɪs ѱɛ sno, Bosɯl slɪdoz: ѱɛ ɪl Kɥoz ʃɪp qɪz. Sɔlɪ ɛ nɯn sɛsoz tɯn olrʌ, Ѱɛ ʃɪp ѱɯʌ stɛoz stɛlʌ.
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.	Sol, ɯp bɔr sɔlpɯs, Oʒʄonɛmoz ɛl ɯ mɛr: Kѱʌ ʌr ʌn mɛn ɛl qɔmoz, Ʌʏ mo lɛnɛtʌ opstɛleʃʌ – Bʌkdɪr ѱɛ fʌsdɪr, dɯʌt lɛn ɛlrʌ Ʌʏ mo lɛnɛtʌ opstɛleʃʌ.
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 swound.	Ɔrɕʌ, ʌm ɛkѱɪs fɪlɛmʌ ʌdlɪbkɥoz, Ɛl doz lɪp sɯdʌ: ¢ʌ frooz blod ɯ hɛd mɛrʌ, Ѱɛ mɛ dɯnfɥloz fɛntʌ.
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.	Ɑur ʃʌ mɛ lɛloz ɪn ¢ɛ fɛnt, Mɛ noɪb¢ɛz; Kѱʌ rɥ rɪr mɛrʌ rɪhɛqoz, Mɛ hoz, ѱɛ ɪn sɯl mɛrʌ, mɛ tɪsoz Ɑɯ rosɪ ɪn lɯf.
'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.	‘K ¢ɛ bɛz ɪl’ koz ʌn, ‘K ¢ɛ bɛz pɛɪl. Pɥ ɪl ʃʌ dɛdoz on kros, Ʌʏ ɔ¢ krɯlʌ ɪlrʌ, ɪl dɛdoz Ɑɪomedɪs pɪsʌ.
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.'	Bosɯl ʃʌ ʃoz sɯʌnoʌ Ɛ lʌn ʌb mɪs ѱɛ sno, ɪl lorɒz ʌrɪs ʃʌ lorɒz pɛɪl ʃʌ ʃotoz ɪl ʌʏ krosɪ¢ ɪlrʌ.

The other was a softer voice, As soft as honey-dew: Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done, And penance more will do.'	Dɪfpɛ boz ʏos muʃʌnʌ, ʃʌnʌ ʌm lufѰʏt hunʌ: ɻl ¢oz, ‘Pɛɪl ɛzdoz sunɪʃ, Ѱɛ duz mu sunɪʃ.’
PART VI	**Ʌt 6**
First Voice 'But tell me, tell me! speak again, Thy soft response renewing— What makes that ship drive on so fast? What is the ocean doing?'	*ʏos Ʌnʌ* ‘KѰʌ ¢uzu mɛ, ¢uzu mɛ! Puz Ѱufɛ, ʀɪnuuz ʀɛp ʃʌnʌ ɣurʌ – K ɛf kʏɛz ¢ɛ ʃɪp qɪz ¢ɛɛm ʏɛlɛmʌ. K ɛf mɛr dɪɛz.’
Second Voice Still as a slave before his lord, The ocean hath no blast; His great bright eye most silently Up to the Moon is cast—	*ʏos Duʌ* Stɛl ʌm slɛʏpɛ fron ¢ɪf ɻlʏʌ, Mɛr ʏɛz zʌ stɤm; Ʌɪn ɛmʌ brɪtʌ olʏʌ bɛz sɪlʌ ʀɪz up u lun -
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.'	ʀɛ ɻl Ѱɪʃnuz dɪr qɪz; ʀɛ ɛl qɪdɛz ɻl sʌtʌ rɤ ophʌpʌ. ʀuz, sɪbɪl, ruz! ¢ɛɛm plotʌ Ɛl dunrɛz ɛ ɻl.’
First Voice 'But why drives on that ship so fast, Without or wave or wind?'	*ʏos Ʌnʌ* ‘KѰʌ k rɛ ¢ɛ ʃɪp qɛz sʌ ʏɛlɛmʌ, Lu Ѱɛf rɤ Ѱʌn.’
Second Voice 'The air is cut away before, And closes from behind.	*ʏos Duʌ* ‘Luf bɛz unʌsɪz ʏɤʌ, Ѱɛ ʃutɛz rɪrʌ.
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.'	flɪtuz, sɪbɪl, flɪtuz! Mu hɛtɛmʌ, mu hɛtɛmʌ! ʀɤ Ѱɪ buz ɾʏɛtɛʌ: ʀɛ ʏɛlɛtʌ Ѱɛ ʏɛlɛtʌ ¢ɛ ʃɪp quz, ¢ɛtɛ zʌsʌsslɪp ʌʏ ʃɪpɪr buz sɛsʌ.’
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.	Mɛ buѰɛkoz, Ѱɛ mɪ tɪsɪlɪoz Ʌm ɛ Ѱɛʏ ʃʌnʌ: Nɪt boz, nɪt kɪmʌ, lun boz hɛtɛmʌ; Pɛɪlɪ dɛdʌ stʌnoz ʌqʌ.
All stood together on the deck, For a charnel-dungeon fitter: All fixed on me their stony eyes, That in the Moon did glitter.	Ʌl stʌnoz ʌqʌ on dɛk, Mu propʌ pɤ bonondrum: Ʌl roz mɛ ʌɣ ʌɪnɪ rokʌ ɻlʏʌ, ɻn ʃʌ lun mɪrɤkoz.

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.	Pɪn, mʌlkʏl, ʌʏ ¢ʌ ɹlɪ dɛdoz, Zʌtɛ ozbuzʌbooz: Mɛ noɪbmoz ʌɪnɪ mɛvʌ o ɹlɪvʌ, ro tʏnoz olɪ upʌ pʏ prɛɪz.
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—	Ψɛ ɛztɛ ʃɛ mɛjod ʌdbrɛkoz: ψufɛ Mɛ roz mɛr qrɪnʌ, Ψɛ roz fɪ sʏnʌ, kψʌ nosoz Ɛfɪ ʃʌ mɛ ozsoz vʏʌ -
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.	Ʌm pɛ, ʃʌ on rud ʌnoo¢ʌ Ψʏkɪz ʌʏ fɪr ψɛ fɪrɛm, Ψɛ ɹv ʌnfɛ tʏnoz tɪψʏkɪoz, Ψɛ notʏnoz muʌ hɛd ɹlvʌ; rɛ ɹl noz ¢ʌ dɛv skɛrɛmʌ tredɪz nɪr rɪr ɹl.
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.	Kψʌ ubtɛ ψʌn brɛfoz u mɛ, Zʌ sun zʌ mo doz: rut olvʌ noboz on mɛr, Ʌʏ ψɛfɛt rʏ ʃʌdʏr.
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.	Ol upoz hɛdhɛr mɛvʌ, ol vɛntoz ¢ɪk mɛvʌ Sɪm ψʌn qrʌsfɪldʌ Prɛnʌ – Ol ɹntmɪʃoz sɛjʌ vɛk fɪrɪ mɛvʌ, Oprɛ ol sʌskʏoz ʌm qudɛbu.
Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, Yet she sailed softly too: Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze— On me alone it blew.	ʃɪp qooz vɛlɛmʌ, vɛlɛmʌ, Oprɛ ɛl sɪloz ψuʌ jʌnʌ: Ψʌnɛt blooz jʌnʌ, jʌnʌ, Ol blooz ɛ mɛ ʌnoʌ.
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?	Ʌh! Ddɪm hʌpɛmʌ! K ʃɛ bɛz truʌ top lʌttɪvʌ ¢ʌ mɛ sɛz. K ʃɛ bɛz mont. K ʃɛ bɛz ¢ɛ¢. K ʃɛ bɛz nʌʃ sumɛvʌ.
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.	Mɪ mɛrqoz ros hɪbhɪn, Ψɛ mɛ, ʌʏ kʏlψɪpɪ, prɛoz Ʌh lɛbuz mɛ ψɛk, God mɛvʌ! ro lɛslɪpuz mɛ ʌltɛ.
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.	Pʌv hɪb boz klɪr ʌm qlʌs, ¢ɛɛm smuv ol boz! Ψɛ on bʌv, lunlʌt lɛloz, Ψɛ mɪrʏk ʌb lun.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less, That stands above the rock: The moonlight steeped in silentness The steady weathercock.	Montemat mirik britA, ¢e¢ notuA, sA bez bir montemat: LunlAt Addiretoz Ab sil, WAnkitir stedA.
And the bay was white with silent light, Till rising from the same, Full many shapes, that shadows were, In crimson colours came.	We bAr boz wutA Aj lAt silA, Ute upioz o ol, Om sApi sA boz sAdiki, heqoz Aj koli pipredA
A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were: I turned my eyes upon the deck— Oh, Christ! what saw I there!	Et dis o sipfAs ¢ei sAdiki pipredA boz: Me tinoz Aini merA u dek – Ah, Krist! ef sA me soz lA!
Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat, And, by the holy rood! A man all light, a seraph-man, On every corse there stood.	ic dedikbod leloz flAtA, zAriA we flAtA, We, Ab krosin hilA! An peil, Al lAt, An AnJpeil, On Al dedikbodi stAnoz.
This seraph-band, each waved his hand: It was a heavenly sight! They stood as signals to the land, Each one a lovely light;	se Aq AnJpeilA, ic wAroz hAn ilrA: ¢A boz ru herA! Uli stAnoz biz siqi u lAn, ic An lAt belikA;
This seraph-band, each waved his hand, No voice did they impart— No voice; but oh! the silence sank Like music on my heart.	se Aq AnJpeilA, ic wAroz hAn ilrA, ZA ros uli doz – ZA ros; kwA Ah! Sil diroz Am mus u hit merA.
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.	KwA ubte me hoz likfAt Ab rolir, Me hoz ¢irfit Ad sipqidr; hed merA Adpeloz odirA We me soz but ubsoibA.
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.	sipqidr we Juil Ar sipqidr, Me hoz ili heqioz releA: ruiir dilA in her! ¢A boz hApem ¢A peili dedA noibluiz.
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.	Me soz pe trin – me hoz ros ilrA: Ul bez lijAnefpe quda! il soniz luda lijsoni qoda ilrA sA il vfiz in treAq. il ruqhuz sul merA, il owofuz blod Ar diomedis.

PART V II	ʌt 7
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.	ʃɛ lɪʃʌnɛʃpɛ qudʌ ʃɛz ɪn ¢ɛ trɛʌq ʃʌ slupɪz dunʌ u mɛr. ɪl sonɪz ¢ɛɛm ludʌ ʏos ʃʌnʌ ɪlʏʌ! ɪl loʏɪz pɪz u ʃɪpɪʏɪ ʃʌ hɛqɪz o nʌʃ fɪʌ.
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.	ɪl knɛɪz ɛ mʏn ɯɛ nun ɯɛ ɪʏ – ɪl ʏɛz kuʃ poʃɛtʌ: Ol bɛz brɪo ʃʌ hʌdɪz hulʌ Kɯerkɛs-qronloq uʃʌ dʌkʌ.
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?'	But ʃɪpqɪdʌ nɪroz: Mɛ hoz ulɪ pɪz, ‘Ʌh, ʃɛ bɛz sɛʃʌ, mɛ fɛz! K ʌs bɛz ¢ɛɪ lʌtɪ, ¢ɛɛm om ɯɛ ¢ɛɛm bɛl, ʃʌ sɪqoz nutɛʌ.’
'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	‘Sɛʃʌ, ʌb blɪfɛm mɛʏʌ!’ lɪʃʌnɛʃpɛ ¢oz – ‘Ɯɛ ulɪ norɛpoz ¢ɪr mɪʏʌ! Bʏdɪ lukɛz tɯɪsɛtʌ! Ɯɛ ruz ¢ɛɪ sɪlɪ, Olɪ bɛz ¢ɛɛm fɪkɛtʌ ɯɛ ʌdbrʌdɛtɪz! Mɛ zʌtɛ soz ɛn sɪm olɪ, Zos pʏs olɪ boz
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.'	Bonfrʌmɪ brunʌ ʌb lɪfɪ ʃʌ qoɪz Ɏɛk rɪɏɛt-trɛʌq mɛɏʌ: ¢ɛtɛ ʌq hɛdɛrʌ bɛz ɯɪtɛmʌ ʌʏ sno, Ɯɛ strɪqɪs kʏlɪz u lupɪs ondʌ, ʃʌ ɪtɪz ʄuɪ ʌɏ lupɪsɛl.’
'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look— (The Pilot made reply) I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!' Said the Hermit cheerily.	‘Ɽulɪr dɪlʌ! Ol ʏɛz luk dɛɏɪʃʌ,’ ʃɪpqɪdɪr rɛpoz ‘Mɛ bɛz fɪɏʌ.’ ‘Ɽoluz, roluz!’ lɪʃʌnɛʃpɛ ¢oz ¢ɪrɛtʌ.
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.	But hɛqoz nɪrmuʌ u ʃɪp, Kɯʌ mɛ nopoz ɯunɔ moz. But hɛqoz nɪr u ʃɪp, Ɯɛ ¢ɛtɛ sun ʌdhoz.
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.	Ond ɯʏt ol ɪbʌmɪoz, Mu ludʌ ɯɛ mu skɛɪʌ: Ol ɛbuoz ɛ ʃɪp, ol lɛnbrɛkoz bʌɏ; ʃɪp dɪɏo¢oz ʌm plom.

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.	Ƶʌsʌsoƶ ʌd ¢ɛ sun ludʌ ψɛ skɛrʌ, ʃʌ bɪtoƶ skɛ ψɛ mɛr, Ʌm ʌn ʃʌ oƶψɬtdɛdoƶ dur sɛr dɛɪ Ɓod mɛrʌ lɛloƶ flotʌ: Kψʌ rɛlɛmʌ ʌm drɪmɪ, mɛ fɪnoƶ mɛsu ɬn but ʌr ʃɪpɢɪdɪr.
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.	On rʏr, ʌs ʃɪp dɪrogoƶ, Ɓut tʏnɛmoƶ sɪkʌ ψɛ sɪkʌ; Ψɛ ʌl boƶ stɛlʌ, ƶos mont Mɪrɪoƶ sun.
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.	Mɛ moƶ lɛpɪ mɛrʌ – ʃɪpɢɪdɪr ʃrɪkoƶ Ψɛ dunfɬloƶ ʃʌkfɛntɪƶʌ; Lɪʃʌnɛʃpɛ hɪlʌ upoƶ ʌɪnɪ ɪlrʌ, Ψɛ preoƶ ɛ ʌs ʃʌ ɪl sɪtoƶ.
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.'	Mɛ toƶ roɬʏɪ: ɗuɪl ʌb ʃɪpɢɪdɪr, ʃʌ ɛƶtɛ bumʌdɛƶ, Lɪfoƶ ludʌ ψɛ duremʌ, ψɛ ʌl ʃɛ tɛ Ʌɪnɪ ɪlrʌ ɢoƶ lʌhɛʌ. ‘Ɦʌ! Ɦʌ!’ ɪl ¢oƶ, ‘Mɛ soƶ ɢudsoɪbʌ, ¢ʌ Ɗɛr nɛƶ hurolɪƶ.’
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.	Ψɛ ɛƶtɛ, hul ɪn nʌʃ sumɛrʌ, Mɛ stʌnoƶ on lʌn ƶʌmɪƶʌ! Lɪʃʌnɛʃpɛ stɛpoƶ o but, Ψɛ ɪl ɪbstʌnoƶ utɛʃʌ.
'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?'	Ʌh rugɦuƶ mɛ, rugɦuƶ mɛ, pɛ hɪlʌ! Lɪʃʌnɛʃpɛ krosdoƶ topfʌs ɪlrʌ. ‘Ƥuƶ rɛlɛmʌ,’ ɪl ¢oƶ, ‘Mɛ ɾkɛƶ ɣu pɪƶ – K sɛ pɛ ɣu bɛƶ’.
Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched With a woful agony, Which forced me to begin my tale; And then it left me free.	Ʌmtɛ ʃɛ bod ʌrmɛ ʌdpulo¢oƶ Ʌd pɪnɛm sʏrɛmʌ, ʃʌ pɛloƶ mɛ gɪɪƶ tʌl mɛrʌ; Ψɛ ɾrtɛ ol sɛpgoƶ lɪbʌ mɛ.
Since then, at an uncertain hour, That agony returns: And till my ghastly tale is told, This heart within me burns.	Ɛɾr ¢ɛtɛ, ɛ urɒ ƶʌsɛtʌ, ¢ɛ pɪnɛm rɪʃʌsɪƶ: Ψɛ utɛ tʌl hɪʃɛmʌ mɛrʌ ʌd¢ɪƶ, ʃɛ hɪt ɪn mɛ bʏnɪƶ.

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.	Me goɪz, ʌm nɪt, o nʌʃ u nʌʃ; Me ʏez prɿ seʄʌ ʌb po; ¢ɛ durɛt ʃʌ fʌs ɻʏʌ mɛ sɪz, Me nez peɪl ʃʌ neshɪz mɛ: U ɻl tʌl mɛʏʌ mɛ tɪ¢ɪz.
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!	‘¢ɛɛm ludʃɿt momfloez o ¢ɛ dʏr! Nupsemqɪsɪ bez lʌ: Kψʌ ɛ buʃʌqɛt qɿdʌ, nupsemɛl Ψe nupsemʄuelɪ sonez: Ψe huz bʌl ɛtʌ ɻʏpreʌ, ʃʌ sʏmez mɛ pʏ preɪz!’
O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been Alone on a wide wide sea: So lonely 'twas, that God himself Scarce seemèd there to be.	Ʌh Nupsemqɪs! ʃe sul ozboz Suʌno on mer ψɪfemʌ, ψɪfemʌ: ¢ʌ boz ¢ɛɛm ʌnoo¢, ¢ʌ God ɻlsuʌ Sɪmoz utɛʃʌ bɪz lʌ.
O sweeter than the marriage-feast, 'Tis sweeter far to me, To walk together to the kirk With a goodly company!	Ʌh qudmuʌ kom nupsem-mɪlem, ʃɛ bez mu qudmuʌ pʏ mɛ, Ψʏkɪz ʌqʌ u ¢ɛ¢ ʏɛk frɛnʌq qudʌ!
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!	Ψʏkɪz ʌqʌ u ¢ɛ¢, Ψe ʌl ʌqʌ preɪz, Dur ɪ¢ blʌɪz u pɿɪl qrʌnʌ ʌʏul, Peɪlɪ uʄʌ ψe bʌbɪ ψe frenɪ loʏɪzʌ Ψe ʄupeɪ ψe ɛleɪɪ ¢ɪrʌ!
Farewell, farewell! but this I tell To thee, thou Wedding-Guest! He prayeth well, who loveth well Both man and bird and beast.	Qudsep, qudsep! Kψʌ ʃeef mɛ ¢ez U ʄu, ʄu Nupsemqɪs! ɻl preɪz qudʌ, ¢ʌ loʏɪz qudʌ Ʌldu peɪ ψe ʌʏsɪ ψe nɪmɪ.
He prayeth best, who loveth best All things both great and small; For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all.	ɻl preɪz qudmuʌ, ʃʌ loʏɪz qudmuʌ Ʌl efɪ ʌldu emʌ ψe etʌ; ɾɛ God dɿlʌ ʃʌ loʏez ψɪ, ɻl odoz ψe loʏez ʌl.
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.	ʃɪpɿr, ʌʏʃʌ ʌɪn bez brɪtʌ, ʌʏʃʌ brb bez ψutʌ ʌʄ ʌʄ, Dez oqoz: ψe ezte Nupsemqɪs tʏnoz o dʏr ʌʏ nupsemɪl.
He went like one that hath been stunned, And is of sense forlorn: A sadder and a wiser man, He rose the morrow morn.	ɻl qoz sɪm ʌn ʃʌ ozboz zʌsʌsɪz, Ψe boz zʌψʌsetoz: Peɪl musʌdʌ ψe muψʌsʌ, ɻl unbedoz mʏn ɾʏʌ.

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' (ᛆ) which does give an automatic rhyme to many verses.

Alan Giles

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