



It is an ancient manner
And he stappeth one of three.



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.



He holds him with his glittering eye -
The wedding guest stood still

And listening like a three
years' child:
The Minister both hissed

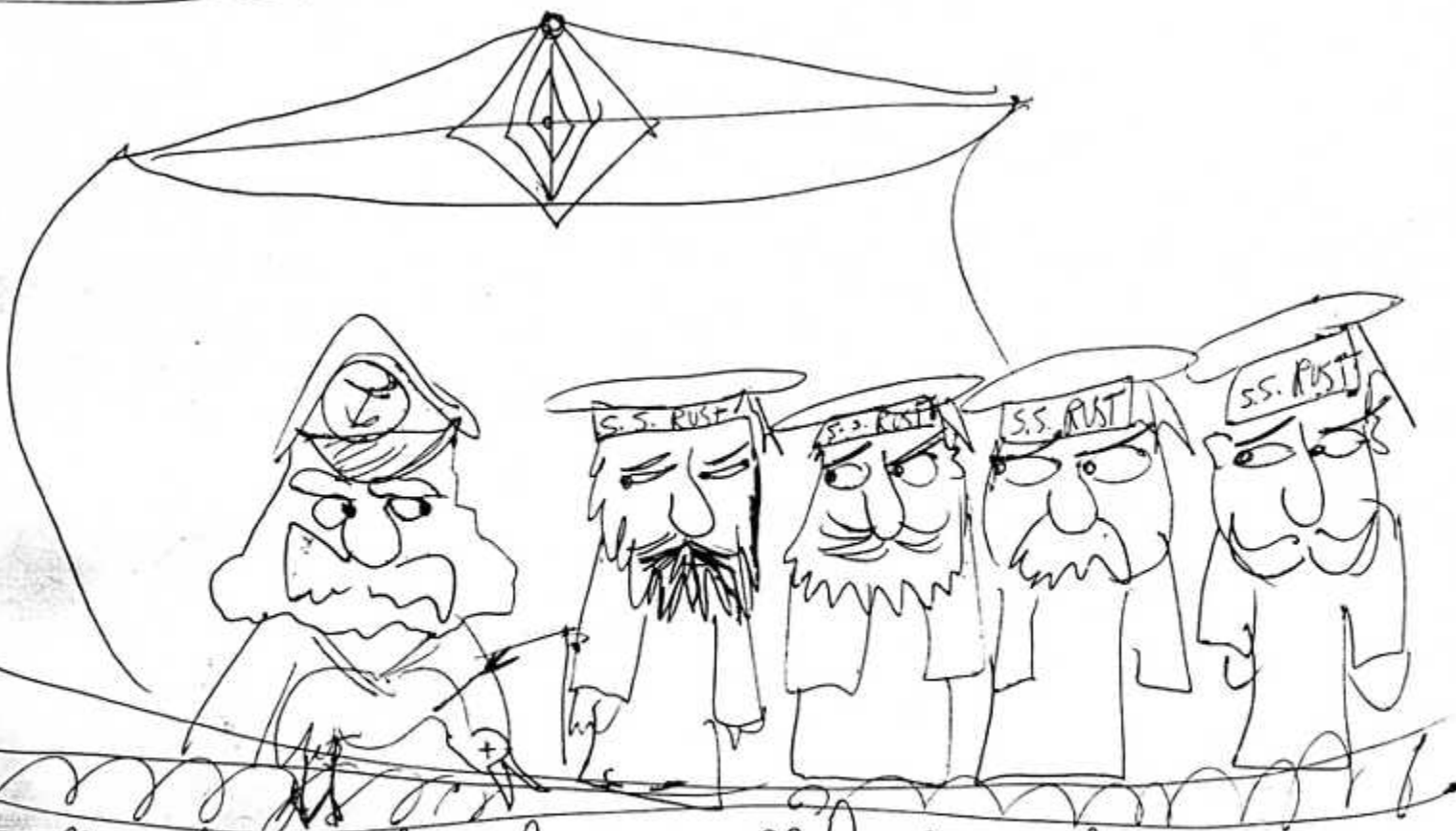


BAP!

The Wedding-Guest wore heat, his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.



~~And save the day~~
 Why didst thou so? "With my crossbow
 I shot the albatross."



all stood together on the deck
 For a lone-dungem fitter

all fix'd on me their stony eyes,
 that in the hooded glitters.