

in front of him, the crew members die one by one and he sees the expressions in their eyes and on their faces. He suffered for seven days and nights.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.  
The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I  
I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

The curse is lifted only after he starts, even unconsciously, to appreciate the beauty of sea creatures swimming in the water and bless them:

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.

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 like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

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.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell  
A spirit from on high;  
But oh! more horrible than that  
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!