

THE RIME  
OF THE  
ANCIENT MARINER,  
IN  
SEVEN PARTS.

ARGUMENT.

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by Storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancient Marinere came back to his own Country.

***The Rime of the Ancient Mariner***

*Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit, et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quae loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernae vitae minutis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.*

- T. BURNET, *ARCHAEOLOGICAL PHILOLOGY*, p. 68

PART I.

An ancient Mariner  
meeteth three Gallants  
bidden to a wedding-  
feast,  
and detaineth one.

~~It is an ancient Marinere.~~ *It is an ancient Mariner,*  
—And he stoppeth one of three.  
“By thy long grey beard and ~~thy~~ glittering eye  
—“Now wherefore ~~stoppest~~ *stopp’st* thou me?

“The Bridegroom’s doors are ~~open’d~~ *dopened* wide,  
—“And I am next of kin;  
“The ~~Guests~~ *guests* are met, the ~~Feast~~ *feast* is set,—  
—“May’st hear the merry din.

~~But still he holds the wedding-guest—  
—There was a Ship, quoth he—  
“Nay, if thou’st got a laughsome tale  
—“Marinere! come with me.”~~

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
~~—Quoth he, there was a Ship—  
“There was a ship”, quoth he.  
“Now get thee hence, thou”~~ *Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard Leen!loon!”*  
~~—“Or my Staff shall make thee skip.  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.~~

The wedding-guest is  
spell-bound by the eye of  
the old sea-faring man,  
and constrained to hear  
his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
~~—The wedding-guest~~ *Wedding-Guest* stood still,  
And listens like a three ~~year’s~~ *years’* child;  
~~—The Marinere hath his will.~~

The wedding-guest sat on a stone;  
~~—He cannot chuse~~ *choose* but hear;  
And thus spake on that ~~aneyent~~ *ancient* man,  
~~—The bright-eyed Marinere.~~

~~The Ship was cheer’d, the Harbour clear’d—~~ *The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,*  
~~—Merrily did we drop  
Below the Kirk~~ *kirk*, below the ~~Hill~~ *hill*,  
~~—Below the Light~~ *light* house top.

The Mariner tells how  
the ship sailed southward  
with a good wind and fair  
weather, till it reached  
the line.

The ~~Sun~~ *sun* came up upon the left,  
~~—Out of the Se~~ *sea* came he!  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
~~—Went down into the Se~~ *sea*.

Higher and higher every day,  
~~—Till over the mast at noon—  
The wedding-guest~~ *Wedding-Guest* here beat his breast,  
~~—For he heard the loud bassoon.~~

The wedding-guest  
heareth the bridal music;  
but the Mariner  
continueth his tale.

The ~~Bride~~ *bride* hath ~~pac’d~~ *paced* into the ~~Hall~~ *hall*,  
~~—Red as a rose is she;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
—The merry~~ *Minstralsy* *minstrelsy*.

The ~~wedding-guest~~ *Wedding-Guest* he beat his breast,  
~~—Yet he cannot chuse~~ *choose* but hear;  
And thus spake on that ~~aneyent Man~~ *ancient man*,  
~~—The bright-eyed Marinere.~~

The ship drawn by a  
storm toward the south  
pole.

~~Listen, Stranger! Storm and Wind,~~ *And now the storm-blast came, and he*  
~~—A Wind~~ *Was tyrannous* and ~~Tempest~~ *strong!*  
~~For days and weeks it play’d~~ *He struck with his o’ertaking wings,*  
~~And chased us~~ *freaks—*  
~~—Like Chaff we drove~~ *south* along.

*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.*

~~Listen, Stranger! Mist and Snow,~~  
*And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wond'rous cold:  
And Iceice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as Emerald emerald.*

The land of ice, and of  
fearful sounds where no  
living thing was to be  
seen.

And ~~thro<sup>2</sup>~~*through* the drifts the snowy cliffs  
—Did send a dismal sheen;  
~~Ne~~*Nor* shapes of men ~~nenor~~ beasts we ken—  
—The *Iceice* was all between.

The *Iceice* was here, the *Iceice* was there,  
—The *Iceice* was all around:  
It ~~crack'd~~*cracked* and ~~growl'd~~*growled*, and ~~roar'd~~*droared* and ~~howl'd~~*howled*,  
—Like noises ~~of~~*in* a swound-!

Till a great sea-bird,  
called the Albatross,  
came through the snow-  
fog, and was received  
with great joy and  
hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross,  
—Thorough the ~~Fog~~*fog* it came;  
~~And an~~*As if* it ~~werehad been~~ a Christian ~~Soul~~*soul*,  
—We ~~hail'd~~*hailed* it in God's name.

~~The Mariners gave it biscuit worms,~~  
*It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
—And round and round it flew;  
The Iceice did split with a Thunderthunder-fit;  
—The Helmsman steer'd us thro<sup>2</sup>.  
The helmsman steered us through!*

And lo! the Albatross  
proveth a bird of good  
omen, and followeth the  
ship as it returned  
northward through fog  
and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;  
—The Albatross did follow;  
And every day, for food or play,  
—Came to the ~~Marinere's~~*mariner's* hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
—It ~~perch'd~~*perched* for vespers nine;  
Whiles all the night ~~thro<sup>2</sup>~~*through* fog smoke-white,  
—~~Glimmer'd~~*Glimmered* the white ~~moon~~*Moon*-shine.

The ancient Mariner  
inhospitably killeth the  
pious bird of good omen.

“God save thee, ~~aneyent Marinere!~~*ancient Mariner!*  
—“From the fiends, that plague thee thus—!—  
“Why look'st thou so?”—~~with~~*With* my cross-bow  
—I shot the Albatross.

PART II.

The Sun ~~came up now~~ *rose* upon the right;  
—Out of the ~~Sea~~*sea* came he;  
~~And broad as a weft upon the left~~  
—~~Still hid in mist, and on the left~~  
Went down into the ~~Sea~~*sea*.

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
—But no sweet ~~Bird~~*bird* did follow,  
~~Ne~~*Nor* any day for food or play  
—Came to the ~~Marinere's~~*mariners'* hollo!

His shipmates cry out  
against the ancient  
Mariner, for killing the  
bird of good luck.

And I had done an hellish thing,  
—And it would work 'em woe:  
For all ~~averr'd~~*averred*, I had ~~kill'd~~*killed* the ~~Bird~~*bird*  
—That made the ~~Breeze~~*breeze* to blow.  
*Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,*  
*That made the breeze to blow!*

But when the fog cleared  
off, they justify the same,  
and thus make  
themselves accomplices  
in the crime.

~~Ne~~*Nor* dim ~~nenor~~*red*, like God's own head,  
—The glorious Sun uprist  
Then all ~~averr'd~~*averred*, I had ~~kill'd the Bird~~*killed the bird*  
—That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
—That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze  
continues; the ship  
enters the Pacific Ocean,  
and sails northward,  
even till it reaches the  
Line.

The ~~breezes~~*fair breeze* blew, the white foam flew,  
—The furrow ~~follow'd~~*followed* free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
—Into that silent ~~Sea~~*sea*.

The ship hath been  
suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the ~~Sails~~*sails* dropt down,  
—'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
—The silence of the ~~Sea~~*sea*!

All in a hot and copper sky,  
—The bloody ~~sun~~*Sun*, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
—No bigger than the ~~moon~~*Moon*.

Day after day, day after day,  
—We stuck, ~~nenor~~*breath nenor* motion;  
As idle as a painted ~~Ship~~*ship*  
—Upon a painted ~~Ocean~~*ocean*.

And the Albatross begins  
to be avenged.

Water, water, every where,  
—And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, Water every where  
—~~Ne~~*Nor* any drop to drink.

The very deeps did rot: O Christ!  
—That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
—Upon the slimy ~~Sea~~sea.

About, about, in reel and rout  
—The ~~Death~~death-fires ~~danc~~danced at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
—Burnt green, and blue and white.

A Spirit had followed  
them; one of the invisible  
inhabitants of this  
planet, neither departed  
souls nor angels;

concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there  
no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assured were  
—Of the Spirit that plagued us so;  
Nine fathom deep he had ~~follow~~d followed us  
—From the ~~Land~~land of ~~Mist~~mist and ~~Snow~~snow.

And every tongue ~~thro~~², through utter ~~drouth~~drought,  
—Was ~~wither~~²d withered at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
—We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates, in their  
sore distress, would fain  
throw the whole guilt on  
the ancient Mariner: in  
sign whereof they hang  
the dead sea-bird round  
his neck.

Ah ~~wel~~! well a-day! what evil looks  
—Had I from old and young;  
Instead of the ~~Cross~~cross, the Albatross  
—About my neck was hung.

PART III.

The ancient Mariner  
beholdeth a sign in the  
element afar off.

~~I saw~~ 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~~ A something in the ~~Skys~~sky.  
—No bigger than my fist;

At first it ~~seem'd~~seemed a little speck,  
—And then it ~~seem'd~~seemed a mist;  
It ~~mov'd and mov'd~~moved and moved, and took at last  
—A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
—And still it ~~ner'd~~neared and ~~ner'd~~neared:  
~~And, an~~As if it ~~dodg'd~~dodged a water-sprite,  
—It ~~plung'd~~plunged and ~~tack'd~~tacked and ~~veer'd~~veered.

At its nearer approach, it  
seemeth him to be a ship;  
and at a dear ransom he  
freeth his speech from  
the bonds of thirst.

With ~~throat unslack'd~~throats unslaked, with black lips ~~bak'd~~baked,  
—~~Ne~~We could ~~we nor~~laugh, ~~ne nor~~wail;  
~~Then while thro' drouth~~Through utter drought all dumb ~~they~~we stood!  
I bit my arm ~~and suck'd~~, I sucked the blood,  
—And ~~ery'd~~cried, A sail! ~~A-a~~ sail!

A flash of joy;

With ~~throat unslack'd~~throats unslaked, with black lips ~~bak'd~~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.

And horror follows. For  
can it be a ship that  
comes onward without  
wind or tide?

~~She doth not tack from side to side —~~  
—~~See! see!~~ (I cried) she tacks no more!  
—Hither to work us weal;  
~~Withouten wind, withouten tide~~  
—~~Without a breeze, without a tide,~~  
She ~~steddies~~steadies with upright keel-!

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.

It seemeth him but the  
skeleton of a ship.

And ~~strait~~straight the Sun was ~~fleck'd~~flecked with bars,  
—(Heaven's ~~mother~~Mother send us grace!)  
As if ~~thro'~~through a dungeon-grate he ~~peer'd~~peered  
—With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
—How fast she ~~neres~~nears and ~~neres!~~nears!  
Are those her ~~Sails~~sails that glance in the Sun,  
—Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs are seen as  
bars on the face of the  
setting Sun.  
The spectre-woman and  
her death-mate, and no  
other on board the  
skeleton-ship.

Are ~~thesethose~~ her ~~naked~~ribs, *through* which ~~fleek'd~~the Sun  
—~~The sun that did behind them peer?~~  
*Did peer, as through a grate?*  
And ~~are these twois that Woman all,~~ ~~all the~~ her crew?  
—~~That woman and her fleshless Phceere?~~  
*Is that a Death? and are there two?*  
*Is Death that woman's mate?*

~~His bones were black with many a crack,~~  
—~~All black and bare, I ween;~~  
~~Jet black and bare, save where with rust~~  
~~Of mouldy damps and charnel crust~~  
—~~They're patch'd with purple and green.~~

Like vessel, like crew!

~~Her~~ *Her lips were red, her* her looks were free,  
—~~Her~~ *Her locks were yellow as gold:*  
*Her skin is* ~~is~~ *was* as white as leprosy,  
~~And she is far liker Death than he;~~  
—~~Her flesh makes the still air cold.~~  
*The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,*  
*Who thicks man's blood with cold.*

Death and Life-in-Death  
have dined for the ships  
crew, and she (the latter)  
winneeth the ancient  
Mariner.

*The naked* ~~Hulk~~ *hulk* alongside came,  
—~~And the Twain were playing~~ *And the twain were casting dice;*  
“~~The~~ *Game* ~~game~~ *is done! I've won, I've won!”*  
—~~Quoth she, and whistled~~ *whistles* thrice.

~~A gust of wind sterte up behind~~  
—~~And whistled thro' his bones;~~  
~~Thro' the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth~~  
—~~Half-whistles and half-groans.~~

No twilight within the  
courts of the sun.

*The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:*  
*At one stride comes the dark;*  
With ~~never a far-heard~~ *whisper* ~~in,~~ o'er the ~~Seasea,~~  
—~~Oft darts the Spectre ship;~~  
*Off shot the spectre-bark.*

At the rising of the  
Moon,

*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 steerman's face by his lamp gleamed white;*  
*From the sails the dew did drip—*  
~~While clombe~~ *Till clomb* above the ~~Eastern~~ *eastern* bar  
*The horned Moon, with one bright* ~~Star~~ *star*  
—~~Almost atween the tips.~~  
*Within the nether tip.*

One after another,

One after one, by the ~~horned~~*star-dogged* Moon,  
—(~~Listen, O Stranger! to me~~)  
*Too quick for groan or sigh,*  
Each ~~turn'd~~*turned* his face with a ghastly pang,  
—And ~~curs'd~~*cursed* me with his ~~eeeye~~.

His ship-mates drop  
down dead.

Four times fifty living men,  
—~~With never a~~(*And I heard nor* sigh *nor* groan~~;~~)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
—They ~~dropp'd~~*dropped* down one by one.

But Life-in-Death begins  
her work on the ancient  
Mariner.

~~Their~~*The* souls did from their bodies fly,—  
—They fled to bliss or woe~~;~~!  
And every soul, it ~~pass'd~~*passed* me by,  
—Like the ~~whiz~~*whizz* of my ~~Cross~~*cross*-bow~~;~~!

PART IV.

The wedding-guest  
feareth that a Spirit is  
talking to him;

“I fear thee, ~~ancient Mariner!~~ *ancient Mariner!*  
—“I fear thy skinny hand;  
“And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
—“As is the ~~ribb'd Sea~~ *ribbed sea*-sand.\*

\* For the last two lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed.

But the ancient Mariner  
assureth him of his  
bodily life, and  
proceedeth to relate his  
horrible penance.

“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.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
—Alone on ~~the~~ *a* wide wide ~~Sea~~ *sea!*  
And ~~Christ would take none~~ *never a saint took* pity on  
—My soul in agony.

He despiseth the  
creatures of the calm,

The many men, so beautiful;  
—And they all dead did lie!  
~~And a million million~~ *And a thousand thousand* slimy things  
—~~Liv'd~~ *Lived* on—; and so did I.

And envieth that they  
should live, and so many  
lie dead.

~~Hook'd~~ *I looked* upon the rotting ~~Sea~~ *sea*,  
—And drew my eyes away;  
I ~~hook'd~~ *looked* upon the ~~eldritch~~ *rotting* deck,  
—And there the dead men lay.

~~Hook'd~~ *I looked* to ~~Heaven~~ *heaven*, and ~~try'd~~ *tried* to pray;  
—But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
—My heart as dry as dust.

~~I clos'd~~ *I closed* my lids, and kept them close,  
—~~Till~~ *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.

But the curse liveth for  
him in the eye of the  
dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
—~~Ne~~ *Nor* rot, ~~ne~~ *nor* reek did they;  
The look with which they ~~hook'd~~ *looked* on me;  
—Had never ~~pass'd~~ *passed* away.

An orphan's curse would drag to ~~Hell~~ *hell*  
—A spirit from on high;  
But ~~O!~~ *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.

In his loneliness and  
fixedness he yearneth  
towards the journeying  
Moon, and the stars that  
still sojourn,

yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes,  
which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving Moon went up the sky,  
—And no where did abide:  
Softly she was going up,  
—And a star or two beside—

Her beams ~~bemock'd~~ *bemocked* the sultry main,  
—Like ~~morning frosts~~ *April hoar-frost* spread;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charmed water burnt away  
—A still and awful red.

By the light of the Moon  
he beholdeth God's  
creatures of the great  
calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
—I ~~watch'd~~ *watched* the water-snakes:  
They ~~mov'd~~ *moved* in tracks of shining white,  
And when they ~~rear'd~~ *reared*, the elfish light  
—Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
—I ~~watch'd~~ *watched* their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They ~~coil'd~~ *coiled* and swam; and every track  
—Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their  
happiness.

He blesseth them in his  
heart.

O happy living things! no tongue  
—Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love ~~gush'd~~ *gushed* from my heart,  
—And I ~~bless'd~~ *blessed* them unaware!  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
—And I ~~bless'd~~ *blessed* them unaware.

The spell begins to  
break.

The self-same moment I could pray;  
—And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
—Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

~~Oh~~ sleep; it is a gentle thing,  
—~~Belov'd~~ *Beloved* from pole to pole!  
To Mary-~~queen~~ *Queen* the praise be ~~yeve~~ *given*!  
She sent the gentle sleep from ~~heaven~~ *Heaven*,  
—That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy  
Mother, the ancient  
Mariner is refreshed with  
rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
—That had so long ~~remain'd~~ *remained*,  
I dreamt that they were ~~fill'd~~ *filled* with dew;  
—And when I awoke, it ~~rain'd~~ *drained*.

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.

I ~~mov'd~~ *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~~ *ghost*.

He heareth sounds and  
seeth strange sights and  
commotions in the sky  
and the element.

~~The~~ *And soon I heard a* roaring wind! ~~it roar'd far off~~;  
—It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
—That were so thin and sere.

The upper air ~~burst~~ *into life*!  
—And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
To and fro they ~~are~~ *were* hurried about;  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
—The *wan* stars ~~dance~~ *and danced* between.

~~The~~ *And the* coming wind ~~doth~~ *did* roar more loud;  
—~~The~~ *And the* sails ~~do~~ *did* sigh like sedge;  
~~The~~ *And the* rain ~~pours~~ *poured* down from one black cloud;  
—~~And the~~ *The* Moon ~~is~~ *was* at its edge.

~~Hark! hark! the~~ *The* thick black cloud ~~is~~ *was* cleft, *and still*  
—~~And the~~ *The* Moon ~~is~~ *was* at its side:  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning ~~falls~~ *fell* with never a jag,  
—A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's  
crew are inspired, and  
the ship moves on;

The ~~strong~~ *loud* wind ~~reach'd~~ *never reached* the ship: ~~it roar'd~~;  
—~~And dropp'd down, like a stone!~~  
*Yet now the ship moved on!*  
Beneath the lightning and the ~~moon~~ *Moon*  
—The dead men gave a groan.

They ~~groan'd~~*groaned*, they ~~stir'd~~*stirred*, they all uprose,  
—~~Ne~~*Nor* spake, ~~ne mov'd~~*nor moved* their eyes;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
—To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman ~~steer'd~~*steered*, the ship ~~mov'd~~*moved* on;  
—Yet never a breeze up-blew;  
The ~~Marineres~~*mariners* all 'gan work the ropes,  
—Where they were wont to do;  
They ~~rais'd~~*draised* their limbs like lifeless tools—  
—We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son  
—Stood by me, knee to knee:  
The body and I ~~pull'd~~*pulled* at one rope,  
—But he said nought to me—  
~~And I quak'd to think of my own voice~~  
—~~How frightful it would be!~~

But not by the souls of  
the men, nor by demons  
of earth or middle air,  
but by a blessed troop of  
angelic spirits, sent down  
by the invocation of the  
guardian saint.

*“I fear thee, ancient Mariner!”  
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!  
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
Which to their corsers came again,  
But a troop of spirits blest:*

~~The day-light dawn'd~~*For when it dawned*—they ~~dropp'd~~*dropped* their arms,  
—~~And cluster'd~~*And clustered* round the mast;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly ~~thro'~~*through* their mouths,  
—And from their bodies ~~pass'd~~*passed*.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
—Then darted to the ~~sun~~*Sun*;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
—Now ~~mix'd~~*mixed*, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
—I heard the ~~Lavrock~~*sky-lark* sing;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they ~~seem'd~~*seemed* to fill the sea and air  
—With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
—Now like a lonely flute;  
And now it is an ~~angel's~~*angels* song,  
—That makes the heavens be mute.

It ~~ceas'd~~*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.

~~Listen, O listen, thou Wedding-guest!~~  
~~—“Marinere! thou hast thy will:~~  
~~“For that, which comes out of thine eye, doth make~~  
~~—“My body and soul to be still.”~~

~~Never sadder tale was told~~  
~~—To a man of woman born:~~  
~~Sadder and wiser thou wedding-guest!~~  
~~—Thou’lt rise to morrow morn.~~

~~Never sadder tale was heard~~  
~~—By a man of woman born:~~  
~~The Mariners all return’d to work~~  
~~—As silent as before.~~

~~The Mariners all ’gan pull the ropes,~~  
~~—But look at me they n’old:~~  
~~Thought I, I am as thin as air—~~  
~~—They cannot me behold.~~

Till noon we ~~silently sail’d~~*quietly sailed* on,  
—Yet never a breeze did breathe:  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
—~~Mov’d~~*Moved* onward from beneath.

The lonesome spirit from  
the south-pole carries on  
the ship as far as the  
line, in obedience to the  
angelic troop, but still  
requireth vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
—From the land of mist and snow,  
The spirit slid: and it was ~~Hehe~~  
—That made the ~~Shipship~~ to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
—And the ~~Shipship~~ stood still also.

The ~~sun~~*Sun*, right up above the mast,  
—Had ~~fix’d~~*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.

Then, like a pawing horse let go,  
—She made a sudden bound:  
It flung the blood into my head,  
—And I fell ~~intodown~~ *in* a swoond.

The Polar Spirits fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate. one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
—I have not to declare;  
But ere my living life ~~return'd~~, *returned*,  
I heard and in my soul ~~discern'd~~ *discerned*  
—Two voices in the air.

“Is it he?” quoth one, “Is this the man?  
—“By him who died on cross,  
“With his cruel bow he ~~lay'd~~ *laid* full low  
—“The harmless Albatross.

“The spirit who <sup>2</sup>bideth by himself  
—“In the land of mist and snow,  
“He ~~lov'd~~ *loved* the bird that ~~lov'd~~ *loved* the man  
—“Who shot him with his bow.”

The other was a softer voice,  
—As soft as honey-dew:  
Quoth he ~~the~~, “*The* man hath penance done,  
—And penance more will do.”

PART VI.

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~~*ocean* doing?

SECOND VOICE.

“Still as a ~~Slave~~*slave* before his ~~Lord~~*lord*,  
—“The ~~Ocean~~*ocean* hath no blast;  
“His great bright eye most silently  
—“Up to the ~~moon~~*Moon* is cast—

“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.

FIRST VOICE

“But why drives on that ship so fast,  
—“~~Withouten~~ *Without or* wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE—

“The air is cut away before,  
—“And closes from behind.

“Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!  
—“Or we shall be belated:  
“For slow and slow that ship will go,  
—“When the ~~Mariner's~~*Mariner's* trance is abated.”

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

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.

All stood together on the deck,  
—For a charnel-dungeon fitter:  
All ~~fix'd~~*fixed* on me their stony eyes,  
—That in the ~~moon~~*Moon* did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
—Had never ~~pass'd~~*passed* away:  
I could not draw my ~~eyes~~*eyes* from theirs,  
—~~Ne~~*Nor* turn them up to pray.

The curse is finally expiated.

And ~~in its time the~~*now this* spell was snapt; *once more*  
—~~And I could move my een;~~  
~~I look'd~~*I viewed the ocean green,*  
*And looked far-* forth, ~~but~~*yet* little saw  
—Of what ~~mighthad~~ else ~~be~~*been* seen.—

Like one, that on a ~~lonely~~ *lonesome* road  
—Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once ~~turn'd~~ *turned* round, walks on,  
—And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows, a frightful fiend  
—Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there ~~breath'd~~ *breathed* a wind on me,  
—~~Ne~~ *Nor* sound ~~ne~~ *nor* motion made:  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
—In ripple or in shade.

It ~~rais'd~~ *raised* my hair, it ~~fann'd~~ *fanned* my cheek,  
—Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
—Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
—Yet she ~~sail'd~~ *sailed* softly too:  
Sweetly, sweetly, blew the breeze—  
—On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Mariner  
beholdeth his native  
country.

*Oh!* dream of joy! is this indeed  
—The light-house top I see?  
Is this the ~~Hill?~~ *Is hill?* is this the ~~Kirk?~~ *kirk?*  
—Is this mine own ~~countrée?~~ *countree?*

We drifted o'er the ~~Harbour~~ *harbour*-bar,  
—And I with sobs did pray—  
“O let me be awake, my God!  
—“Or let me sleep away!”.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
—So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moon-light lay,  
—And the shadow of the ~~moon.~~ *Moon.*

*The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock:  
The moonlight steeped in silentness  
The steady weathercock.*

*And the bay was white ~~all o'er,~~ with silent light,  
—Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
—Like as of torches came.  
In crimson colours came.*

The angelic spirits leave  
the dead bodies,

And appear in their own  
forms of light.

A little distance from the prow  
—Those ~~dark-red~~ *crimson* shadows were;  
But soon I saw that my own flesh  
—Was red as in a glare.  
I turn'd my head in fear and dread,  
—I turned my eyes upon the deck—  
*Oh, Christ! what saw I there!*

*Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,*  
And, by the holy rood;  
The bodies had advanc'd, and now  
—Before the mast they stood.

They lifted up their stiff right arms,  
—They held them strait and tight;  
And each right arm burnt like a torch,  
—A torch that's borne upright.  
Their stony eye balls glitter'd on  
—In the red and smoky light.

I pray'd and turn'd my head away  
—Forth looking as before.  
There was no breeze upon the bay,  
—No wave against the shore.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less  
—That stands above the rock;  
The moonlight steep'd in silentness  
—The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,  
—Till rising from the same  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
—In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow  
—Those crimson shadows were:  
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—  
—O Christ! what saw I there?

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;  
—And by the Holy rood  
A man all light, a seraph-man,  
—On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each ~~wav'd~~ *dwaved* his hand:  
—It was a heavenly sight!  
They stood as signals to the land,  
—Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
—No voice did they impart—  
No voice; but ~~O!~~*oh!* the silence sank;  
—Like music on my heart.

~~Eftsoons~~*But soon* I heard the dash of oars,  
—I heard the ~~pilot's~~*Pilot's* cheer;  
My head was ~~turn'd~~*turned* perforce away,  
—And I saw a boat appear.

~~Then vanish'd all the lovely lights;~~  
—~~The bodies rose anew:~~  
~~With silent pace, each to his place;~~  
—~~Came back the ghastly crew.~~  
~~The wind, that shade nor motion made;~~  
—~~On me alone it blew.~~

~~The pilot,~~*The Pilot* and the ~~pilot's~~*Pilot's* boy,  
—I heard them coming fast:  
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy  
—The dead men could not blast.

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.

PART VII.

The Hermit of the wood,

This Hermit good lives in that wood  
—Which slopes down to the ~~Seasea~~.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
He loves to talk with ~~Marineres~~ *marineres*  
—That come from a far ~~Contrée~~ *countree*.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—  
—He hath a cushion plump:  
It is the moss, that wholly hides  
—The rotted old ~~Oak~~ *oak*-stump.

The ~~Skiff~~ *skiff*-boat ~~ne'rd~~ *neared*: I heard them talk,  
—“Why, this is strange, I trow!  
“Where are those lights so many and fair,  
—“That signal made but now?”

Approacheth the ship  
with wonder.

“Strange, by my faith!,” the Hermit said—  
—“And they ~~answer'd~~ *answered* not our cheer!  
“The planks ~~look warp'd~~ *looked warped!* and see those sails,  
—“How thin they are and sere!  
“I never saw aught like to them,  
—“Unless perchance it were

“~~The~~ *Brown* skeletons of leaves that lag  
—“My forest-brook along;  
“When the ~~Ivy~~ *ivy*-tod is heavy with snow,  
“And the ~~Owlet~~ *owlet* whoops to the wolf below,  
—“That eats the she-wolf’s young.”

“Dear Lord! it ~~hath~~ *hath* a fiendish look—  
—(The Pilot made reply)  
“I am ~~afear'd~~ *feared*”—“Push on, push on!”  
—Said the Hermit cheerily.

The ~~Boat~~ *boat* came closer to the ~~Ship~~ *ship*,  
—But I ~~nenor~~ spake ~~ne-stirr'd~~ *nor stirred*;  
The ~~Boat~~ *boat* came close beneath the ~~Ship~~ *ship*,  
—And ~~strait~~ *straight* a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly  
sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,  
—Still louder and more dread:  
It ~~reach'd~~ *dreached* the ~~Ship~~ *ship*, it split the bay;  
—The ~~Ship~~ *ship* went down like lead.

The ancient Mariner is  
saved in the Pilot’s boat.

~~Stunn'd~~ *Stunned* by that loud and dreadful sound,  
—Which sky and ocean smote;  
Like one that hath been seven days ~~drown'd~~ *drowned*  
—My body lay afloat;  
But, swift as dreams, myself I found  
—Within the Pilot’s boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ~~Ship~~*ship*,  
—The boat spun round and round;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
—Was telling of the sound.

I ~~mov~~*moved* my lips;—the Pilot ~~shriek~~*shrieked*  
—And fell down in a fit;  
The ~~Holy~~*holy* Hermit ~~rais~~*raised* his eyes,  
—And ~~pray~~*prayed* where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,  
—Who now doth crazy go,  
~~Laugh~~*Laughed* loud and long, and all the while  
—His eyes went to and fro;  
“Ha! ha!” quoth he—, “full plain I see,  
—“The ~~devil~~*Devil* knows how to row.”

And now, all in my own ~~Countrée~~*countree*,  
—I stood on the firm land!  
The Hermit ~~stepp~~*stepped* forth from the boat,  
—And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner  
earnestly entreateth the  
Hermit to shrieve him;  
and the penance of life  
falls on him.

“O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy ~~Man~~*man!*”  
—The Hermit ~~cross~~*crossed* his brow—.  
“Say quick,” quoth he, “I bid thee say—  
—“What manner *of* man art thou?”

Forthwith this frame of mine was ~~wrench~~*wrenched*  
—With a ~~woeful~~*woeful* agony,  
Which ~~fore~~*forced* me to begin my tale;  
—And then it left me free.

And ever and anon  
through out his future  
life an agony  
constraineth him to  
travel from land to land;

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
—~~Now oft~~*times and now fewer*,  
~~That anguish comes and makes me tell~~  
—~~My~~*That agony returns:*  
~~And till my ghastly aventure~~*tale is told,*  
~~This heart within me burns.~~

I pass, like night, from land to land;  
—I have strange power of speech;  
~~The~~*That* moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me;  
—To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!  
—The ~~Wedding~~*wedding*-guests are there;  
But in the ~~Garden~~*garden*-bower the ~~Bride~~*bride*  
—And ~~Bride~~*bride*-maids singing are:  
And hark the little ~~Vesper~~*vesper* bell,  
—Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-~~guest!~~*Guest!* this soul hath been  
—Alone on a wide wide sea:  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
—Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the ~~Marriage~~*marriage*-feast,  
—'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the ~~Kirk~~*kirk*  
—With a goodly company:—

To walk together to the ~~Kirk~~*kirk*,  
—And all together pray,  
While each to his great ~~father~~*Father* bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
—And ~~Youths,~~*youths* and ~~Maidens,~~*maidens* gay:!

And to teach, by his own  
example, love and  
reverence to all things  
that God made and  
loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
—To thee, thou ~~wedding-guest!~~*Wedding-Guest!*  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
—Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best;  
—All things both great and small;  
For the dear God, who loveth us,  
—He made and loveth all.  
The Marinere, whose eye is bright,  
—Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone; and now the ~~wedding-guest~~*Wedding-Guest*  
—~~Turn'd~~*Turned* from the ~~bridegroom's~~*bridegroom's* door.

He went, like one that hath been ~~stunn'd~~*stunned*,  
—And is of sense forlorn:  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
—He rose the morrow morn.