

THE  
ANCIENT MARINER,

A POET'S REVERIE.

ARGUMENT.

How a Ship having first sailed to the Equator, was driven by Storms, to the cold Country towards the South Pole; how the Ancient Mariner cruelly, and in contempt of the laws of hospitality, killed a Sea bird; and how he was followed by many and strange Judgements; and in what manner he came back to his own Country.

I.

*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 ambivert ingenium humanum, nunquam attingit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in Tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernae vitae minutiis se contrahat nimis, & tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.*

- T. BURNET: *Archaeol. Phil.*, p. 68.

*The Rime of the  
Ancient Mariner*

IN SEVEN PARTS

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

It is an ancient Mariner,  
—And he stoppeth one of three.  
“By thy long grey beard and thy glittering eye  
—“Now wherefore ~~stoppeth~~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  
—“Mariner! 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 ~~Loon!~~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 stood still,  
And listens like a three year’s child;  
—The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sate on a stone;  
—He ~~can~~*can* not chuse but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
—The bright-eyed ~~Mariner-~~*mariner.*

The ~~Ship~~*ship* was cheer’d, the ~~Harbour~~*harbour* clear’d—,  
—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 came up upon the left,  
—Out of the ~~Sea~~*sea* came he;  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
—Went down into the ~~Sea~~*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 ~~pae~~*pac*’d into the ~~Hall,~~*hall,*  
—Red as a rose is she;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
—The merry ~~Minstralsy-~~*minstrely.*

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

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

~~But~~*And* now the ~~Northwind~~*STORM-BLAST* came ~~more fierce,~~ *and he*  
—~~There came a Tempest strong!~~  
*Was tyrannous and strong:*  
*He struck with his o’ertaking wings,*  
And ~~Southward still for days and weeks~~  
—~~Like Chaff we drove-chased us 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 roar'd the blast,  
And southward aye we fled.*

And now there came both ~~Mist~~*mist* and ~~Snow~~*snow*,  
—And it grew ~~wond'rous~~*wondrous* cold:  
And ~~Ice~~*ice*, 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'~~*through* the drifts the snowy clifts  
—Did send a dismal sheen;  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
—The ~~Ice~~*ice* was all between.

The ~~Ice~~*ice* was here, the ~~Ice~~*ice* was there,  
—The ~~Ice~~*ice* was all around:  
It ~~crack'd~~*cracked* and ~~growl'd~~*growled*, and roar'd and howl'd—,  
—~~A wild and ceaseless sound.~~  
*Like noises 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;  
As if it had 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 ~~Ice~~*ice* did split with a ~~Thunder~~*thunder*-fit;  
—~~The Helmsman steer'd us thro'.~~  
*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 Mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
—It perch'd for vespers nine;  
Whiles all the night ~~thro'~~*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, ancient Mariner!  
—“From the fiends, that plague thee thus—!  
—“Why look'st thou so?”—~~with~~*With* my cross-bow  
—I shot the ~~Albatross~~*ALBATROSS!*

## II

### THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

#### PART THE SECOND.

The Sun now rose upon the right;  
—Out of the ~~Sea~~sea came he;  
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,  
Nor any day for food or play  
—Came to the ~~Mariner'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 sla[y],  
That made the breeze to blow!*

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

Nor dim nor red, like ~~an Angel's~~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~~\* stream'd off free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
—Into that silent ~~Sea~~sea.

\* In the former edition the line was  
The furrow follow'd free;

but I had not been long on board a ship, before I perceived that this was the image as seen by a spectator from the shore, or from another vessel. From the ship itself, the *Wake* appears like a brook flowing off from the stern.

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, nor breath nor 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,  
—~~And all the boards did shrink;~~  
~~Water, water, every where,~~  
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 ~~Seasea~~.

About, about, in reel and rout  
—The ~~Death~~death-fires ~~danc'd~~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 is no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assured were  
—Of the ~~Spirits~~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'~~, ~~through~~ utter ~~drouth~~drought,  
—Was ~~wither'd~~withered at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
—We had been ~~choked~~choak'd 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.

### III.

#### THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

##### PART THE THIRD.

~~So past~~ *There passed* a weary time; ~~each~~. *Each* throat  
—Was ~~pareh'd~~ *parched*, and ~~glaz'd~~ *glazed* each eye;  
*A weary time! a weary time!*  
*How glazed each weary eye!*

When looking westward, I beheld  
—A something in the sky.

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

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

With ~~throat unslack'd~~ *throats unslak'd*, with black lips ~~bak'd~~ *baked*,  
—~~Nor~~ *We* could ~~we~~ *nor* laugh; nor wail;  
~~Thro'~~ *Through* utter ~~drouth~~ *drought* all dumb we stood!  
~~Till~~ I bit my arm ~~and~~ *suck'd*, *I sucked* the blood,  
—And ~~ery'd~~ *cried*, A sail! ~~A~~ *a* sail!

With ~~throat unslack'd~~ *throats unslak'd*, 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.

See! ~~See!~~ *see!* (I ~~ery'd~~ *cried*) she tacks no more!  
—Hither to work us weal;  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
—She steddies 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.

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

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

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.

A flash of joy.

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

It seemeth him but the  
skeleton of a ship.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
—How fast she ~~neres~~*near*s and ~~neres!~~*near*s!  
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 those *her ribs*, ~~thro<sup>2</sup>~~ *through* which the Sun  
—Did peer, as ~~thro<sup>2</sup>~~ *through* a grate?  
And ~~are these two all,~~ *is that Woman* all her crew?  
—~~That Woman, and her 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.  
Is that a DEATH? and are there two?  
Is DEATH that woman's mate?~~

Like vessel, like crew!

*Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
—Her locks were yellow as gold:  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
And she was far liker Death than he;  
—Her flesh made the still air cold.  
The Night-Mair LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.*

DEATH and LIFE-IN-  
DEATH have dived for the  
ships crew, and she (the  
latter) winneth the ancient  
Mariner.

The naked ~~Hulk~~ *hulk* alongside came,  
—And the ~~Twain~~ *twain* were ~~playing~~ *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<sup>2</sup>~~ *through* his bones;  
~~Thro<sup>2</sup>~~ *Through* the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth,  
—Half- whistles and half-groans.

~~With never a whisper in the Sea  
The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:  
—Oft darts the Spectre-ship;  
While clombe above the Eastern bar  
The horned Moon, with one bright Star  
—Almost between the tips.~~

At the rising of the Moon,

~~One after one by the horned Moon  
—(Listen, O Stranger! to me)  
At one stride comes the dark;  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre-bark.~~

*We listen'd and look'd sideways up!  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seem'd to sip!  
The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steerman's face by his lamp gleam'd white;  
From the sails the dew did drip—  
Till clombe above the eastern bar  
The horned Moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip.*

One after another,

*One after one, by the star-dogg'd Moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,  
—And curs'd 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 souls did from their bodies fly,—  
—They fled to bliss or woe;!  
And every soul, it ~~pass'd~~ *passed* me by,  
—Like the whiz of my ~~Cross-bow~~ *CROSSS-BOW!**

## IV

### THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

#### PART THE FOURTH.

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

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner!  
—“I fear thy skinny hand;!  
“And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
—“As is the ~~ribb’d~~ *Scaribbed* 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!~~ *Wedding-Guest!*  
—This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
—Alone on ~~the a~~ wide wide *Sea;sea!*  
And ~~Christ would take no~~ *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~~ *thousand thousand* slimy things  
—Liv’d on—; and so did I.

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

I look’d upon the rotting *Sea;sea,*  
—And drew my eyes away;  
I look’d upon the ~~ghastly~~ *rotting* deck,  
—And there the dead men lay.

I look’d to 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~~ *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 ~~cloud~~ *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,  
—Nor rot; nor reek did they;:  
The look with which they look’d on me;  
—Had never pass’d away.

An orphan's curse would drag to ~~He~~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 every where 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.

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

Their beauty and their  
happiness.

He blesseth them in his  
heart.

The spell begins to break.

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 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.

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 their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They ~~coil~~'d ~~coiled~~ and swam; and every track  
—Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue  
—Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love ~~gush~~t ~~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 self-same moment I could pray;  
—And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
—Like lead into the sea.

V.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART THE FIFTH.

Oh sleep; it is a gentle thing,  
—~~Belov'd~~ *Beloved* from pole to pole!  
To Mary-~~queen~~ *Queen* the praise be 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.

And soon I heard a roaring wind;  
—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 were hurried about;  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
—The wan stars ~~danc'd~~ *danced* between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;  
The Moon was at its edge.

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.

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

The loud wind never ~~reach'd~~reached the ~~Ship~~ship,  
—Yet now the ~~Ship~~mov'dship moved on!  
Beneath the lightning and the ~~moon~~Moon  
—The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,  
—Nor spake, nor ~~mov'd~~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 ~~Mariners~~mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
—Where they were wont to do:  
They ~~rais'd~~raised 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.

But not by the souls of the men, nor by daemons 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~~Wedding-Guest!  
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
Which to their corpses came again,  
—But a troop of ~~Spirits~~spirits blest:

For when it ~~dawn'd~~dawned—they ~~dropp'd~~dropped their arms,  
—And ~~cluster'd~~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 ~~Sky~~sky-lark sing;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seem'd 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 song,  
—That makes the ~~heavens~~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.

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<sup>;</sup>; and it was ~~He~~*he*  
—That made the ~~Ship~~*ship* to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
—And the ~~Ship~~*ship* stood still also.

The ~~sun~~*Sun*, right up above the mast,  
—Had ~~fix'd~~*fixed* her to the ocean<sup>;</sup>;  
But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
—With a short uneasy motion—  
Backwards and forwards half her length  
—With a short uneasy motion.

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

The Polar Spirit's 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

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~~*VOICES* in the air<sup>;</sup>.

the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

“Is it he<sup>?</sup>?” 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.”

## VI

### THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

#### PART THE SIXTH.

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 before his lord,  
The OCEAN hath no blast;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the 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.*

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

FIRST VOICE.

*But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind?*

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—~~

~~“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  
—“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 trance is abated.”~~

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~~<sup>d</sup>*fixed* on me their stony eyes,  
—That in the ~~moon~~<sup>Moon</sup> did glitter.

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

The curse is finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt: once more  
—I ~~view~~<sup>d</sup>*viewed* the ocean green,  
And ~~look~~<sup>d</sup>*looked* far forth, yet little saw  
—Of what had else been seen—

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

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

It ~~rais~~<sup>d</sup>*draised* my hair, it ~~fann~~<sup>d</sup>*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~~<sup>d</sup>*sailed* softly too:  
Sweetly, sweetly<sup>;</sup> 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?~~<sup>Is hill?</sup> is this the ~~Kirk?~~<sup>kirk?</sup>  
—Is this mine own ~~countrée?~~<sup>countrée?</sup>

We drifted o’er the ~~Harbour~~<sup>harbour</sup>-bar,  
—And I with sobs did pray—  
“O let me be awake, my God!  
—“Or let me sleep away!<sup>”</sup>

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~~-Moon.

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

The angelic spirits leave  
the dead bodies,

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

And appear in their own  
forms of light.

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

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

This seraph-band, each ~~wav~~'~~d~~waved 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 ~~Oh~~!oh! the silence sank;  
—Like music on my heart.

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

The ~~pilot~~Pilot, and the ~~pilot~~'sPilot'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.

## VII

### THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

#### PART THE SEVENTH.

The Hermit of the Wood,

This Hermit good lives in that wood  
—Which slopes down to the *Sea* sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
He loves to talk with *Mariners* *marineres*  
—That come from a far *contrée* *countrie*.

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-boat ~~ner'd~~ *near'd*: 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 ~~has~~ *hath* a fiendish look—  
—(The Pilot made reply)  
“I am a ~~fear'd~~. —“*feared* — Push on, push on!  
—Said the Hermit cheerily.

The *Boat* *boat* came closer to the *Ship*, *ship*,  
—But I nor spake nor ~~stirr'd!~~ *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 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  
—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'd~~ *moved* my lips:—the Pilot ~~shrick'd~~ *shrieked*  
—And fell down in a fit;  
The ~~Holy~~ *holy* Hermit ~~rais'd~~ *raised* his eyes,  
—And ~~pray'd~~ *prayed* where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,  
—Who now doth crazy go,  
~~Laugh'd~~ *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'd~~ *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'd his brow—.  
“Say quick,” quoth he, “I bid thee say—  
—“What manner *of* man art thou?”

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

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

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
—That ~~agency~~ *agony* returns;  
And till my ghastly 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 Mariner, 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 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.