

APPENDIX

BIOGRAPHY AND WORKS OF COLERIDGE

Samuel Taylor Coleridge is a major poet and one of the foremost English critics. He was born in 1772 in the country town of Ottery St. Mary, where his father was vicar. As the youngest of fourteen children, he was his father's favorite. *The Arabian Nights* with its marvelous world of magic, color, and mystery made a profound impression on his youthful mind.

When his father died in 1781 he was admitted to 'Christ's Hospital in London where he first met Charles Lamb. Throughout his life he made friends with extraordinary ease and he exploited the libraries and the opportunities for intellectual discussion.

The year in which Wordsworth left that university, Coleridge was admitted to Cambridge, as a sizar at Jesus College. He was miserably poor there. In 1792, he won a medal for a Greek ode on the slave trade, the next year he was granted a scholarship. He had already formed the habit of taking opium to relieve any kind of physical pain. His debts were mounting, and he

was growing restless. Suddenly in November 1793 he left the university, and in a few days had enlisted in the Light Dragoons under the absurd alias of Silas Tomkyn Comberbacke. It is characteristic of Coleridge that, hating war and dreading even mounting a horse, he should have joined the cavalry. Luckily, his brother procured his release, and he returned to Cambridge but left in 1794 without a degree.

In that same year he met Robert Southey. They hit upon a scheme for establishing a colony to be lived by the most ideal of Rousseauistic standards in America, on the banks of the Susquehanna. Their new society was to be called Pantisocracy (i.e. a society in which everyone would be equal to everyone else). But the experiment would require money. Southey and Coleridge decided that would be easy: all they had to do was a little lecturing to raise funds. In the meantime their plans required each man to be married; since the Fricker girls seemed to be closely involved in Pantisocracy's future, then Coleridge married to Sara Fricker. Coleridge's great hopes for reforming the world can be read in *To Young a Ass, Its Mother Chained to It near a Log* (1794). Their financial aims failing, they collaborated on a play, *The Fall of Robespierren* (1794), which netted them nothing.

His feverish intellect was never at rest. *The Watchman* (1796) appeared as a newspaper. In 1797, while he was living at Nether Stowey, he came to know William and Dorothy Wordsworth, his close friends. They removed to Alfoxden to be near him, there they planned publishing the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798) in which appeared Coleridge 's great poem, *The Ancient Mariner*. He also wrote *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan*.

Coleridge's other poems of unfaded greatness include two odes, *France* and *Dejection*. The *Biographia Literaria* account of the origin and purpose of *Lyrical Ballads* and Wordsworth constitutes one of the three master expositions of the Romantic theory of Poetry. In this work and in his lectures on Shakespeare, Coleridge became the leader of Romantic criticism.

Coleridge died in Highgate on July 25, 1834. He was survived by his wife, his sons and his daughter, who later his nephew H.N. Coleridge edited his critical works. But the memory about him is unforgettable.

APPENDIX

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

☞ The greatest work of genius in this unit is the famous, ballad-like poem below. It tells a haunting story of the suffering that a sailor had to endure because he wantonly killed an albatross. Coleridge based the poem on the old superstition that the ocean around the South Pole has a spirit watching over it; this spirit loves the albatross, which becomes thereby a sacred bird. To harm an albatross would be an act of sacrilege that would surely be punished.

Thus a sort of magic is introduced into the poem by the supernatural qualities of the albatross. Another element of magic, appears in the unearthly quality of all the scenes. When the ship is becalmed in the Indian Ocean, the old sailor has visions more magical and weird than any that Thomas the Rhymer ever saw in Elfland. Magic appears also in the way in which the spirit of the deep controls the life of the Mariner after he has killed the sacred albatross.

You can follow the story of the poem without difficulty if you read the author's "gloss," that is, the prose summary in small print in the margin. This gloss frequently explains why things happen as they do, and is itself a sort of poem in prose.

PART THE FIRST

1

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and
glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou
me?"

An ancient
Mariner
meeteth
three Gal-
dents to a
wedding-
feast, and
detaineth
one.

2

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."

3

He holds him with his skinny
hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-
beard loon!"
Eftsoons¹ his hand dropt he.

¹ Eftsoons, at once.

4

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye;
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child—
The Mariner hath his will.

5

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone—
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

6

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared;
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk,² below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

7

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.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather till it reached the Line.³

8

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

9

The bride hath paced into the hall;
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.⁴

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

¹ kirk, Scotch form of the word "church." Evidently the voyage began in Scotland. ² Line, Equator. ³ minstrelsy, the band of musicians playing instruments like the bassoon.

10

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

11

"And now the Storm-Blast came,
and he,
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship drove by storm toward the south pole.

12

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 ay⁵ we fled.

13

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by
As green as emerald.

14

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken⁶—
The ice was all between.

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

⁵ ay, ever.
⁶ ken, see.

PART THE SECOND

15

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!"

16

At length did cross an Albatross;
Thorough⁸ the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian
soul,
• We hailed it in God's name.

17

It ate the food it ne'er had cat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-
fit;
The helmsman steered us
through!

18

And a good south wind sprung
up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

19

In mist or cloud, on mast or
shroud,
It perched for vespers⁹ nine;
Whiles all the night, through
fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-
shine."

20

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends, that plague
thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With
my crossbow
I shot the Albatross."

⁷ noises . . . around, confused sounds
such as one hears in a fainting spell.
⁸ Thorough, poetic form for "through."
⁹ vespers, here means "evenings."

21

"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.

22

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

23

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!'

His ship-
mates cry
out against
the ancient
Mariner,
for killing
the bird of
good luck.

24

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.'

But when
the fog
cleared off,
they justify
the same,
and thus
make them-
selves ac-
complices
in the crime.

25

The fair breeze blew, the white
foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever
burst
Into that silent sea.

The fair
breeze con-
tinues; the
ship enters
the Pacific
Ocean and
sails north-
ward, even
till it
reaches the
Line.

Till a great
sea-bird
called the
Albatross
came
through the
open sea,
and was re-
ceived with
great joy
and hospi-
tality.

And lo! the
Albatross
proves a
bird of good
omen, and
follows
the ship as
it returns
northward,
through fog
and floating
ice.

The ancient
Mariner
inhospita-
bly kills
the pious
bird of good
omen.



"With my crossbow I shot the Albatross."

The ship
hath been
suddenly
breasted.

26

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!

27

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

28

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor mo-
tion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

29

And the
Albatross
begins to be
avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

30

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

31

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.

32

And some in dreams assurèd
were
Of the spirit that plagued us
so;

Nine fathom deep he had fol-
lowed us
From the land of mist and
snow.

A spirit had
followed
them, one
of the in-
visible in-
habitants of
this planet.
Neither de-

parted souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew Josephus
and the Platonic Constantopolitan, Michael Psellus,¹⁰ may be
consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or
element without one or more.

33

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.

The ship-
mates in
their sore
distress
would fain
throw the
whole guilt
on the an-
cient Mar-
iner; in sign
whereof
they hang
the dead
sea-bird
round his
neck.

34

Ah! well-a-day!—what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Alba-
tross
About my neck was hung.

PART THE THIRD

35

"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 be-
held

The ancient
Mariner be-
holdeth a
sign in the
element
afar off.

A something in the sky.

36

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.¹¹

¹⁰ Josephus . . . Psellus. Josephus (37-95 A.D.) was a Jewish historian. Michael Psellus (1015-1079), born in Constantinople, was a disciple of the Greek philosopher Plato. ¹¹ wist, knew.

37

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.

At its
nearer an-
proach, it
seemeth
him to be a
ship; and
at a dear
rainbow
he freeth
his speech
from the
hands of
thirst.

38

With throats unslaked,¹² with
black lips baked,
We could not laugh, nor
wail:
Through utter drought all dumb
we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, "A sail! a sail!"

A flash of
joy:

39

With throats unslaked, with
black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy!¹³ they for joy did
gin,
And all at once their breath
drew in,
As they were drinking all,

And horror
follows. For
can it be a
ship that
comes on-
ward with-
out wind or
tide?

40

See! see! (I cried) she tacks!¹⁴ no
more!
Hither to work us weal!¹⁵
Without a breeze, without a
tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

41

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.

¹² unslaked, not moistened by any
drink of water. ¹³ gramercy, a word
expressing thanks.

¹⁴ tacks, sails in one direction and
then in another. ¹⁵ work us weal, bring
us good.

42

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.

It seemeth
him but the
skeleton of
a ship.

43

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 gossamers?¹⁶

44

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?

And its ribs
are seen as
bars on the
face of the
setting Sun.
The Swee-
ter-Woman
and her
Death-
mate. And
no other ac-
heard the
skeleton-
ship.

45

Her lips were red, her looks were
free,
Her locks were yellow as
gold;
Her skin was as white as lep-
rosy;
The Nightmare Life-in-Death
was she,
Who thicks man's blood with
cold.

Like sev-
el.
like crew!

46

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.

Death and
Life-in-
Death have
died for
the ship's
crew, and
she (the
latter) com-
eth the
ancient
Barber.

¹⁶ gossameres, cobwebs.

47

No twilight
within the
curts of
the Sun.

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 specter-bark.

48

At the rising
of the Moon.

We listened and looked side-
ways 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 clomb¹⁷ above the eastern
bar^v
The horned Moon, with one
bright star
Within the nether tip.

49

One after
another

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.

50

His ship-
mates drop
down dead.

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor
groan).
With heavy thump, a lifeless
lump,
They dropped down one by one.

51

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

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!"

¹⁷ clomb, climbed.

PART THE FOURTH

52

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and
brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

The Wed-
ding-Guest
feareth
that a
Ghost is
talking to
him:

53

I fear thee and thy glittering eye
And thy skinny hand, so
brown" —
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wed-
ding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the an-
cient Mar-
iner assureth
him of his
bodily life,
and pro-
ceedeth to
relate his
horrible
penance.

54

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

55

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy
things
Lived on; and so did I.

He despi-
seth the
creatures
of the calm.

56

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And emi-
seth that
they should
live, and so
many lie
dead.

57

I looked to Heaven, and tried to
pray;
But or ever¹⁸ a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and
made
My heart as dry as dust.

58

I closed my lids, and kept them
close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
¹⁸ or ever, before.

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.

59
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.

60
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!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw
that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his lone-
liness and
fixedness he
yearneth
toward the
journeying
Moon, and
the stars
that still
sojourn, yet
still move
onward;
and every-
where the
blue sky be-
longs to
them, and is
their ap-
pointed rest
and their
native coun-
try 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.

61
The moving Moon went up the
sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

62
Her beams bemoaned the sultry
main,¹⁹
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge
shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light
of the Moon
he behold-
eth God's
creatures of
the great
calm.

63
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.

¹⁹ bemoaned . . . main, looked cool
in contrast with the hot sea-surface.

64
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.

65
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.

Their
beauty and
their happi-
ness

He bleaseth
them in his
heart.

66
The selfsame moment I could
pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

The spell
begins to
break.

PART THE FIFTH

67
"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.

68
The silly²⁰ buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled
with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

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

69
My lips were wet, my throat was
cold,
My garments all were dank;²¹
²⁰ silly, useless. ²¹ dank, damp.

Sure I had drunken in my
dreams,
And still my body drank.

70

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.

71

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 scar.

He heareth
sounds
and seeth
strange
sights and
commo-
tions in the
-ty and the
element.

72

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags
sheen;²²
To and fro they were hurried
about;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced be-
tween.

73

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.

74

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.

²² sheen, shone.

75

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.

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

76

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.

77

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 life-
less tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

78

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee;
The body and I pulled at one
rope,
But he said naught to me."

79

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-
Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in
pain,
Which to their corpses²³ came
again,
But a troop of spirits blest;
But a troop of spirits blest;

But not by
the souls of
the men,
nor by
demons of
earth or
middle air,
but by a
blessed
troop of an-
gelic spirits
sent down
by the In-
vocation of
the guard-
ian saint.

²³ corpses, corpses.

80

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.

81

Around, around, flew each sweet
sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back
again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

82

Sometimes a-dropping from the
sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that
are,
How they seemed to fill the sea
and air
With their sweet jargoning!

83

And now 'twas like all instru-
ments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song.
That makes the heavens be
mute.

84

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.

85

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;

Slowly and smoothly went the
ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

86

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.

The lone-
some Spirit
from the
south pole
carries on
the ship as
far as the
Line, in
obedience
to the an-
gelic troop,
but still re-
qureth ven-
geance.

87

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.

88

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 swoond.

89

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.

90

'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.

The Polar
Spirit's fel-
low de-
mon, the
invisible in-
habitants of
the ele-
ment, 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 re-
turneth southward.



For when it dawned—they dropped their arms.

91

The spirit who bideth by him-
 self
 In the land of mist and
 snow,
 He loved the bird that loved the
 man
 Who shot him with his bow.'

92

The other was a softer voice,
 As soft as honey-dew;
 Quoth he, 'The man hath pen-
 ance done
 And penance more will do.'

PART THE SIXTH

93

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?'

94

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—

95

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.*

96

FIRST VOICE:

'But why drives on that ship so
fast,
Without or² wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE:

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

97

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.'

98

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.

99

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon²³ fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes
That in the Moon did glitter.

100

The pang, the curse, with which
they died,
Had never passed away;

* or, either.
²³ charnel-dungeon, burial vault.

I could not draw my eyes from
theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

101

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—

102

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.

103

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.

104

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.

105

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the
breeze—
On me alone it blew.

106

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? Is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

The curse
is finally
expiated.

And the
ancient
Mariner be-
holdeth his
native
country.

The Mar-
iner hath
been cast
into a
trance; for
the angelic
power caus-
eth the ves-
sel to drive
northward
faster than
human life
could en-
dure.

The super-
natural
motion is
retarded;
the Mariner
awakes, and
his presence
begins
again.

107

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

108

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight
lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

109

The rock shone bright, the kirk
no less,
That stands above the rock;
'The moonlight steeped in silent-
ness
The steady weathercock.

110

*The angelic
spirits leave
the dead
bodies.*

And the bay was white with
silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows²⁴
were,
In crimson colors came.

111

*Spirits appear
in their own
forms of
light.*

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were;
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

112

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and
flat,
And, by the holy rood!²⁵
A man all light, a seraph-man,²⁶
'On every corse there stood.

113

This seraph-band, each waved
his hand—
It was a heavenly sight!

²⁴ shadows, reflections.
²⁵ holy rood, cross of Christ.
²⁶ seraph-man, angel.

They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

114

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

115

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.

116

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.

117

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 shrive²⁷ my soul, he'll
wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART THE SEVENTH

118

"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 mariners
That come from a far coun-
tree.

*The Hermit
of the wood*

²⁷ shrive, shrive, give me absolution
for my sins.

119

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.

120

The skiff-boat neared; I heard
them talk,
'Why this is strange, I trow!'²⁰
Where are those lights so many
and fair
'That signal made but now?'

121

'Strange, by my faith!' the Her-
mit said—
'And they answered not our
cheer!
The planks look warped! and see
those sails
'How thin they are and sear!
I never saw aught like to
them,
Unless perchance it were

122

Brown skeletons of leaves that
lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod²¹ is heavy with
snow,
And the owlet whoops to the
wolf below
That eats the she-wolf's
young.'

123

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish
look'—
(The Pilot made reply)
'I am a-fear'd'—'Push on, push
on!
Said the Hermit cheerily.

²⁰ trow, think, am sure.²¹ ivy-tod, bushy clump of ivy.

124

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.

125

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.

The ship
suddenly
sanketh.

126

Stunned by that loud and dread-
ful 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.

The ancient
Mariner is
saved in the
Pilot's boat

127

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.

128

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.

129

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.

Approach-
eth the ship
with won-
der.

'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
'The Devil knows how to row.'

130

And now, all in my own coun-
tree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from
the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

131

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!'

The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee
say—
What manner of man art
thou?'

132

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

133

And ever
and anon
throughout
his future
life an
agony con-
straineth

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

134

him to
travel from
land to
land.

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.

135

What loud uproar bursts from
that door!
The wedding-guests are there;

But in the garden-bower the
bride
And bridemaids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

136

O Wedding-Guest! this soul
hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea;
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seem'd there to be.

137

O sweeter than the marriage-
feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a godly company!—

138

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!

And to
teach, by
his own ex-
ample, love
and rever-
ence to all
things that
God made
and loveth.

139

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

140

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and
small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

141

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.

142

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