

[PDF File](#)

## "RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER" -BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE-



A statue of the Ancient Mariner at Watchet Harbour, Somerset, England, unveiled in September 2003 as a tribute to Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

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

### PARTS V - VII

Alliteration, Imagery, Comparison, Literary Ballad

**UNIT OVERVIEW:** In this unit you will be reading the conclusion of “Rime of the Ancient Mariner.” As we left off last unit, the albatross had just fallen off the Mariner’s neck and into the water. Let’s see what happens.

### PART V

*She sent the gentle* ‘O sleep! It is a gentle thing  
*sleep*

- from Heaven,* Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise be  
given! 295  
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,  
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew; 300  
And when I awoke, it rain'd.
- 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. 305
- I moved, and could not feel my limbs:  
I was so light—almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blesséd ghost.
- He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.* And soon I heard a roaring wind: 310  
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; 315  
To and fro they were hurried about!  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.
- And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge; 320  
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, 325  
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 the ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on!  
Beneath the lightning and the Moon  
The dead men gave a groan. 330

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise. 335

The helmsman steer'd, 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 lifeless tools—  
We were a ghastly crew. 340

The body of my brother's son  
Stood by me, knee to knee:  
The body and I pull'd at one rope,  
But he said naught to me.' 345

*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: 350

For when it dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms,  
And cluster'd round the mast;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound, 355  
Then darted to the Sun;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mix'd, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the skylark sing; 360  
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; 365  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook 370  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sail'd on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe: 375  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

*The lonesome Spirit* Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
*from the South Pole* From the land of mist and snow,  
*carries on the ship* The Spirit slid: and it was he 380  
*as far as the Line, in* That made the ship to go.  
*obedience to the* The sails at noon left off their tune,  
*angelic troop, but* And the ship stood still also.  
*still requireth*  
*vengeance.*

The Sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fix'd her to the ocean: 385  
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, 390  
She made a sudden bound:  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoond.

*The Polar Spirit's* How long in that same fit I lay,  
*fellow-demons, the* I have not to declare; 395  
*invisible inhabitants* But ere my living life return'd,

*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.*

I heard, and in my soul discern'd  
Two voices in the air.  
"Is it he?" quoth one, "is this the man?  
By Him who died on cross, 400  
With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The harmless Albatross.  
The Spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man 405  
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew:  
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,  
And penance more will do." 410

## 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 doing?"

*Second Voice:* "Still as a slave before his lord, 415  
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. 420  
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:* "The air is cut away before, 425  
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.' 430

*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, 435  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:  
All fix'd on me their stony eyes,  
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
Had never pass'd away: 440  
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 viewed the ocean green,  
And look'd far forth, yet little saw 445  
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turn'd round, walks on,  
And turns no more his head; 450  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made:  
Its path was not upon the sea, 455  
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek  
Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming. 460

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sail'd softly too:

Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
On me alone it blew.

*And the ancient  
Mariner beholdeth  
his native country.*

O dream of joy! is this indeed 465  
The lighthouse top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray— 470  
O let me be awake, my God!  
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moonlight lay, 475  
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less  
That stands above the rock:  
The moonlight steep'd in silentness  
The steady weathercock. 480

*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 485  
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! 490  
A man all light, a seraph-man,  
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:  
It was a heavenly sight!  
They stood as signals to the land, 495  
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
 No voice did they impart—  
 No voice; but O, the silence sank  
 Like music on my heart. 500

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

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy, 505  
 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! 510  
 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 515  
 Which slopes down to the sea.  
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
 He loves to talk with marineres  
 That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve— 520  
 He hath a cushion plump:  
 It is the moss that wholly hides  
 The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat near'd: I heard them talk,  
 "Why, this is strange, I trow! 525  
 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 not our cheer!



The planks looked warp'd! and see those sails, 530  
 How thin they are and sere!  
 I never saw aught like to them,  
 Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
 My forest-brook along; 535  
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
 That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—  
 (The Pilot made reply) 540  
 I am a-fear'd"—"Push on, push on!"  
 Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
 But I nor spake nor stirr'd;  
 The boat came close beneath the ship, 545  
 And 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, it split the bay;  
 The ship went down like lead. 550

***The ancient Mariner  
 is saved in the Pilot's  
 boat.***

Stunn'd 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 555  
 Within the Pilot's boat.

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. 560

I moved my lips—the Pilot shriek'd  
 And fell down in a fit;  
 The holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
 And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy, 565  
 Who now doth crazy go,  
 Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while  
 His eyes went to and fro.  
 "Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see  
 The Devil knows how to row." 570

And now, all in my own countree,  
 I stood on the firm land!  
 The Hermit stepp'd 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!" 575  
 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 wench'd  
 With a woful agony, 580  
 Which 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 agony returns:  
 And till my ghastly tale is told, 585  
 This heart within me burns.  
 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: 590  
 To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!  
 The wedding-guests are there:  
 But in the garden-bower the bride  
 And bride-maids singing are: 595  
 And hark the little vesper bell,  
 Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been

Alone on a wide, wide sea:  
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself 600  
Scarce seeméd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!— 605

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! 610

*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!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best 615  
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, 620  
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,  
And is of sense forlorn:  
A sadder and a wiser man 625  
He rose the morrow morn.



Now answer questions 1 - 30