

thou hear a voice, my son?" "Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation." Then Cain raised up the Shape that was like Abel, and said:—"The Creator of our father, who had respect unto thee, and unto thy offering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee?" Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garment, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sat beside him: the child by his right hand, and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child: "I know where the cold waters are, but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou then take away my pitcher?" But Cain said, "Didst thou not find favour in the sight of the Lord thy God?" The Shape answered, "The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God." Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. "Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life," exclaimed the Shape, "who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead: but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and his dominion." Having uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands: and Cain said in his heart, "The curse of the Lord is on me; but who is the God of the dead?" and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outran Cain, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still stood; and the child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground. And Cain stopped, and beholding him not, said, "he has passed into the dark woods," and he walked slowly back to the rocks; and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground: and Cain once more sat beside him, and said, "Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks, and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovedst, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? where doth he make his dwelling? what sacrifices are acceptable unto him? for I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed; and have not been heard; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am?" The Shape arose and answered, "O that thou hadst

had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, Son of Adam! and bring thy child with thee!"

And they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as the shadows.

161. THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

[Nov 1797–23 Mar 1798; rev 1800–34]

The poem was begun with WW on 12 Nov (?) 1797 to defray the expenses of a walking tour they embarked upon that day (Reed I 210); that is, it began as a collaboration in the same form as *The Three Graves* (see poem 155). A number of central themes are carried forward, and their treatment in ballad form is developed further. The attempt at collaboration soon broke down, however, and WW resigned his part to C. C told Joseph Cottle that "a ballad of about 300 lines" had been written by the time he returned to Stowey, and this was revised and slightly amplified during the following months (CL I 357: to J. Cottle [c. 20 Nov 1797]: 387: to J. Cottle 18 Feb 1798). The poem then underwent a rapid expansion to its "finished" form of some 658 lines between mid-Feb and mid-Mar 1798 (DWJ I 13), and was published in *LB* in 1798.

C tinkered with the *LB* version of the poem in at least one annotated copy, but substantial revision waited until the second edition of *LB* in 1800. A different Argument was substituted, the more obvious archaisms were pruned, and a number of stanzas were deleted. Subsequent editions of *LB* make only very minor adjustments, even though C continued to occupy himself with the poem. The experiences of C's Scottish tour in 1802 and, even more, his voyage to Malta in 1804, increased his sense of identification with the Mariner.

It is possible that C considered more revisions than he actually incorporated in later editions of *LB*; and he worked to recast at least one passage for the edition of his poems he projected with Longman in 1806–7 (see *CW* II 2880). From 1815 these reworkings fused in the preparation of the *SL* version (1817). It

title. The poem was subtitled in the second and subsequent editions of *LB* "A Poet's Reverie." Though the description was at once deplored by CL (*LL*—M—1 266), it has an almost technical meaning in C's vocabulary of dreams. Perhaps it originates in Hartley, who connects reverie with his own associative version of imagination (*Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations* I 383–9); cf e.g. C's later description of 178 *Kubla Khan* as having been composed "in a sort of Reverie brought on by two grains of Opium". C's subtle represents a momentary lapse of confidence in the poem, at a time when he might almost have shared WW's belief that it was "an injury" to their joint volume (*WL*—E rev—264).

is clear from the textual history of the poem that C went over it very carefully at this time: he even took care with details of capitalisation in words like "Moon" and "Sun". He substituted the epigraph from Burnet for the Argument and added the marginal prose gloss; further adjustments were made in a large number of annotated copies, some of which were taken forward to *PW* (1828). The subsequent collections of 1829 and 1834 continue to include small corrections and refinements, so that *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is unique in the corpus of C's poems in the continued, steady though he gave to it.

Of the several backgrounds to the poem, WW's contribution was the first and the occasion of its writing. As WW explained on several occasions, building on the suggestion of a dream by their neighbour John Cruikshank, he contributed the main agent of the story, as well as the nub of the plot and several incidents (*CRB* II 481; *WPW* I 360–1, citing Isabella Fenwick; Christopher Wordsworth *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*—2 vols 1851—II 444, quoting Bonamy Price in 1844; *W Prose* III 374; *The Reminiscences of Alexander Dyce* ed Richard J. Schuler—Columbus, Oh 1972—185; Edward Whately *Personal and Family Glimpses of Remarkable People*—1889—204). Specifically, he contributed the theme of crime, persecution, and wandering, perhaps also of superstition (cf his note on *The Thorn*—*WPW* II 512); the shooting of the albatross in southern latitudes (from George Shelvocke *A Voyage round the World by Way of the Great South Sea, Performed in the Years 1719–1722–1726*—which he had been reading); and the navigation of the ship by dead men. Compare also Oswald's (originally Rivers's) speech in *The Borderers* Act IV (*WPW* I 195–6 etc). These structural elements are more important than his contribution of some particular lines (15–16, 226–7), because, taken with other evidence, they suggest what the original poem was like before C almost doubled its length early in 1798.

WW appears to have been led to withdraw from the collaboration, and later to express doubts about the poem, because of the parts which most modified the original joint conception—that is, the supernatural machinery, especially in Parts V and VI. *Peter Bell*, begun 20 Apr 1798 and completed in its original form by c. mid-May, when it was read to Hazlitt (*H Works* XVII 118; *DWV* I 16; Reed I 233), brought the divergence into the open. WW expressed his doubts most clearly and unkindly in what still remains the most cogent criticism of the poem, the note he added to the 1800 edition of *LB* (pt e.g. *PW*—JDC—596b; *LB* ed R. L. Brett and A. R. Jones—1963—270–1; *LB* ed M. Mason—1992—39–40). Aubrey de Vere *Essays, Chiefly on Poetry* (2 vols 1887) I 201–2 records a similar objection by WW against the remoteness from humanity of the poem. The only answer—which is less an answer than an alternative, more sympathetic, reading—was provided by CL in the letter he wrote in response to WW (*LL*—M—1 266). C's comments in *BL* are really a retrospective justification of his and WW's two quite different modes, and should be read alongside WW's 1819 Dedication of *Peter Bell* (significantly to RS); compare *BL* ch 14 (*CC*) II 6–7 and *WPW* II 331.

RS enclosed his own naturalistic treatment of C's themes, "*The Sailor Who had served in the Slave Trade*", in a letter to his brother Thomas in Oct 1798 (BM Add MS 30927 ff 34^r–35^v). The transcript of the poem is in fact in Edith Southey's hand, and it appears not to have been published. It comprises a monologue of thirty-one four-line stanzas, which centre on the guilt of a seaman or slaver who has flogged a black woman to death. At the beginning of RS's subsequent letter he asserts that the poem is based on a true story told to a friend of Joseph Coyle. (The report of the poem by Chris Rubinstein *TJS*—29 Jan–4 Feb 1988—111 needs to be emended.)

The background of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* in C's own poems explains how it developed away from a collaborative venture and became his own. He recorded in his *PW* (1828) Preface to 160 *The Wanderings of Cain* how the *Ancient Mariner* was preceded by the attempt to collaborate on the other poem. DeQ later described how, before the *Ancient Mariner*, C contemplated a poem "on delirium, confounding its own dream-scenery with external things, and connected with the imagery of high latitudes" (*DeQ Works* II 145). The obvious connections with poems written and unwritten—like 139 *The Descent of Nations* and 155 *Continuation of "The Three Graves"*, or the projected *Wandering Jew* and 130.X6 *Hymns to the Elements* (*CW* I 45, 174 No 16)—as well as to 176 *Christabel*, which was begun immediately afterwards, are equally important. *Christabel* was written specifically to realise, C said, what the *Ancient Mariner* had not quite wholly achieved (*BL* ch 14—*CC*—II 7). If the *Ancient Mariner* is set alongside WW's *Peter Bell* and *Christabel* alongside *The White Doe of Rylstone*, their common matrix and at the same time their authors' incompatible preoccupations become obvious.

A good deal of attention has been paid to C's sources, but perhaps the soundest comment was the first: "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner was professedly written in imitation of the style, as well as of the spirit of the elder poets" (Advertisement IV–V, 1798). The poem is first and foremost an exercise in the Gothic Revival ballad, and even when its language and some of the more bizarre incidents were pruned in later editions, and the result was further modified by the addition of a gloss in a different (17th-century) style, other features such as the 18th-century ballad stanza, the medieval setting, and the hermit of the wood remain integral.

The poem incorporates and reflects the very wide range of C's reading, as described by John Livingston Lowes and others. The fact is of great importance, but it should be kept in perspective, and thus no attempt is made here to record the parallels and possible sources in Aeschylus, Boetius, Chaucer, Dante, Bryan Edwards, Falconer, Gower, Herodotus, Iamblichus, Captain James—and so on through the alphabet to Virgil and Gilbert White. The conscious use of books of travel is particularly evident in the earlier sections of the poem, but there are debts of every kind and degree of significance, many of them unconscious.

The range of sources reflects the streamy processes of association, important in the workings of C's mind, and their fusing at many levels is an index of how

the themes and images of the poem so wholly engaged him. The same feature of the poem bears on its continuous relevance. Begun as an attempt merely to earn £5 from the *Monthly Magazine*, it became a mirror in which C came to see his fate endlessly reflected. For instance, in Apr 1804 he found himself travelling to Malta on a ship bearing the same name as the one on which the superstitious Simon Hatley killed the albatross in George Shelvocke's *Voyage Round the World*, i.e. the *Speedwell* (cf 348 *To Captain Findlay* 8; also *CN* II 2049, 2060 f 25", etc for recollections of the *Ancient Mariner* on the voyage). Whereas his concern with 176 *Christabel* was fitful, complicated by hopes for its success and fears for its obscurity, and his attitude to 178 *Kubla Khan* was oddly, even wilfully, repressive, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* came to occupy a central prophetic significance in the body of his poems.

The texts given here are the first and last printed in C's lifetime—the *LB* (1798) version on LH pages, the *PW* (1834) version on RH pages. This arrangement has obviated the need for comment on the major revisions and different versions, fuller details of which will be found in vol II. The 1798 text has been corrected to incorporate the Errata in lines 77, 185, 187, and 612 (also lines 202 and 541). The 1834 text—carefully prepared though it was—is still not entirely consistent in its use of capitals, and some details of punctuation are also questionable, e.g. at the end of lines 171 and 285 and in the marginal gloss. The verse text is reproduced here literally with only one change of wording (in line 197, where the metrically required "are," has been inserted after the first "I've") and one of punctuation ("are," in line 594). Some earlier spellings and punctuation are also restored in the gloss. Certain obscurities—e.g. the exact pattern of the ship's movements—will always remain.

The word "drawn" in the prose gloss at line 41 is customarily revised to "driven" in order to align the sense of the gloss with the verse it accompanies. Supporting arguments are described in *PW* (JDC) 597b: for example, "drawn" echoes the superseded version of the verse lines (41.1, 42.1, 42.1.1, 44.1 in the 1798 text) and is consonant with the phrasing of the Argument (dating from 1798–1800). C's "drawn" is retained here because it registers the power which the Polar Spirit is conceived to exert—that "it was he! That made the ship to go" (lines 379–80)—even at the initial stage of the narrative as C retrospectively viewed it. It is true that "drawn" registers a gap between the action of the poem and C's commentary—what we are shown and what we are told is the significance of what we are shown—a feature which becomes quite striking in later sections. At the same time, such a gap is continuous with the philosophical, theological, and psychological oppositions which C had come to hope, in the spring of 1798, his poetry might provide the means of reconciling.



4. Watchet, on the way from the Quantocks to Exmoor, from whose little harbour with the kirk above it the Ancient Mariner's voyage might be pictured to have begun and near where 178 *Kubla Khan* is said to have been written

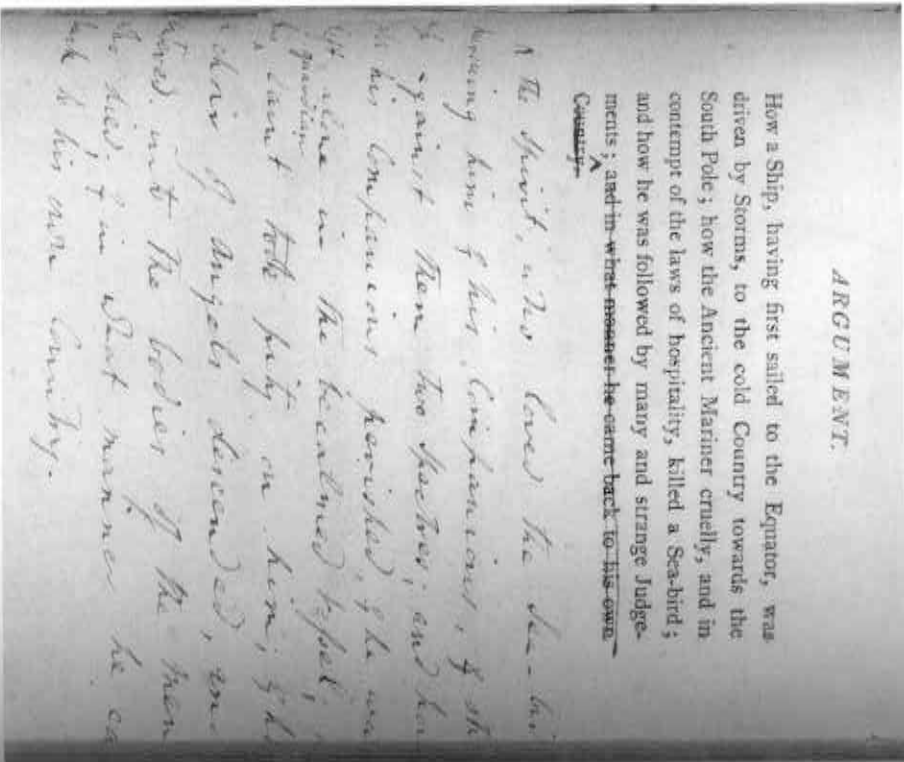
ARGUMENT.

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 Mariner came back to his own Country.

15

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 Judgments; and in what manner he came back to his own Country.

5. Coleridge's annotated copy of *Lyrical Ballads* (1800)

contains the beginnings of the prose gloss. The annotations were perhaps made in 1800–2, in response to the critical note which Wordsworth added at the end of the 1800 volume, or in 1806–7, as Coleridge discussed a new collection with Longman

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 attingit. Juvat, interea, non difficileior, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majores 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. ARCHÆOL. PHIL. p. 68.

110

15

epigraph. C's copy of Burnet's *Archæologiae Philosophicae* (1692 ed) is at VCL; he wrote out the page used here in CV 1000H. An 18th-century translation of the complete passage (with brackets round C's omissions) reads as follows: "I can easily believe, that there are more Invisible than Visible Beings in the Universe; [and that there are more *Orders of Angels* in the Heavens, than *variety of Fishes* in the Sea,] but who will declare to us the Family of all these, and acquaint us with the Agreements, Differences, and peculiar Talents which are to be found among them? It is true, human Wit has always desired a Knowledge of these Things, though it has never yet attained it. [The Heathen Divines have very much philosophized about the invisible World of Souls, Genii, Manes, Demons, Heroes, Minds, Deities, and Gods, as we may see in *Jamblichus's Treatise on the Mysteries of the Egyptians*, and in *Pselus* and *Pletho* on the *Chaldean Rites*, and every where in the *Platonic Authors*. Some Christian Divines have imitated these also, with Reference to the Orders of Angels; and The *Gnostics* have feigned many Things in this Matter, under the Names of *Eons* and *Gods*. Moreover, The *Cabalists* in their *Jeruzrah* (or *World of Angels*) range Myriads of Angels under their Leaders *Saddaphon* and *Metatron*, as they who

are Conversant in those Studies very well know. But of what Value are all these Things? Has this Seraphic Philosophy any Thing sincere or solid about it? I know that St. *Paul* speaks of the Angelic World, and has taken Notice of many Orders and Distinctions among them; but this is in general only; he does not philosophize about them; he disputes not, nor teaches any thing in particular concerning them; nay, on the contrary, he reproves those as puff up with vain Science, who rashly thrust themselves forwards to seek into these unknown and unsearchable Things.] I will own that it is very profitable, sometimes to contemplate in the Mind, as in a Draught, the Image of the greater and better World: lest the Soul being accustomed to the Trifles of this present Life, should contract itself too much, and altogether rest in mean Cogitations; but, in the mean Time, we must take Care to keep to the Truth, and observe Moderation, that we may distinguish certain from uncertain Things, and Day from Night" (Thomas Burnet *Doctrina antiqua de rerum originibus; or, An Inquiry into the Doctrine of the Philosophers of All Nations concerning the Original of the World* ch 7 trans Richard Mead and Thomas Foxton—1736—86–8).

The Epigraph was added at the same time as the marginal gloss, in

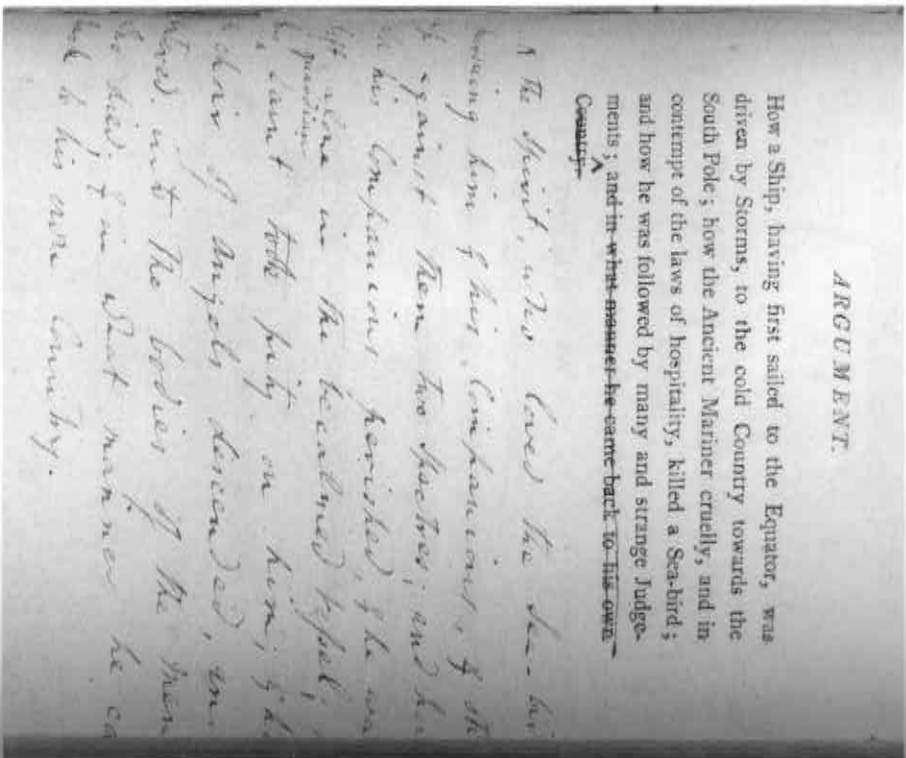
ARGUMENT.

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 Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

T. 15

ARGUMENT.

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

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T. BURNET. ARCHAEOLOG. PHIL. p. 68.

T. 110

epigraph. C's copy of Burnet's *Archaeologiae Philoosophicae* (1692 ed) is at VCL; he wrote out the page used here in CW 11000h. An 18th-century translation of the complete passage (with brackets round C's omissions) reads as follows: "I can easily believe, that there are more Invisible than Visible Beings in the Universe; [and that there are more *Orders of Angels* in the Heavens, than *variety of Fishes* in the Sea] but who will declare to us the Family of all these, and acquaint us with the Agreements, Differences, and peculiar Talents which are to be found among them? It is true, human Wit has always desired a Knowledge of these Things, though it has never yet attained it. [The Heathen Divines have very much philosophized about the invisible World of Souls, Genii, Manes, Demons, Heroes, Minds, Deities, and Gods, as we may see in *Jamblichus's Treatise on the Mysteries of the Egyptians*, and in *Psalus* and *Pletho* on the *Chaldean Rites*, and every where in the *Platonic Authors*. Some Christian Divines have imitated these also, with Reference to the Orders of Angels; and The *Gnostics* have feigned many Things in this Matter, under the Names of *Eons* and *Gods*. Moreover, The *Cabalists* in their *Jetzirah* (or *World of Angels*) range Myriads of Angels under their Leaders *Sardaphon* and *Metatron*, as they who

are Conversant in those Studies very well know. But of what Value are all these Things? Has this Seraphic Philosopher any Thing sincere or solid about it? I know that St. *Paul* speaks of the Angelic World, and has taken Notice of many Orders and Distinctions among them: but this is in general only; he does not philosophize about them; he disputes not, nor teaches any thing in particular concerning them; nay, on the contrary, he reproves those as puff up with vain Science, who rashly thrust themselves forwards to seek into these unknown and unsearchable Things.] I will own that it is very profitable, sometimes to contemplate in the Mind, as in a Draught, the Image of the greater and better World: lest the Soul being accustomed to the Trifles of this present Life, should contract itself too much, and altogether rest in mean Cogitations; but, in the mean Time, we must take Care to keep to the Truth, and observe Moderation, that we may distinguish certain from uncertain Things, and Day from Night" (Thomas Burnet *Doctrina antiqua de rerum originibus; or, An Inquiry into the Doctrine of the Philosophers of All Nations concerning the Original of the World* ch 7 trans Richard Mead and Thomas Foxton—1736—86–8).

The Epigraph was added at the same time as the marginal gloss, in

I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long grey beard and thy glittering eye
"Now wherefore stoppest me?"

"The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide
"And I am next of kin;
"The Guests are met, the 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—
"Now get thee hence, thou grey-beard Loon!
"Or my Staff shall make thee skip.

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 cannot chuse but hear:
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The Ship was cheer'd, the Harbour clear'd—
Merrily did we drop
Below the Kirk, below the Hill,
Below the Light-house top.

PART I.

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 glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"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."

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

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

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear:
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light house top.

SL, and the omitted passages show how it is connected with the gloss in both purpose and style. There is a copy of *LB* (1800) in Melbourne in which C expanded his introductory Argument and continued it as a gloss in the body of the poem (at lines 345–53). The expanded Argument and the substituted Epigraph, together with the prose gloss, reinforce the part of the poem which WW called in question.

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.	25
Higher and higher every day, Till over the mast at noon— The wedding-guest here beat his breast, For he heard the loud bassoon.	30
The Bride hath pac'd into the Hall, Red as a rose is she; Nodding their heads before her goes The merry Minstralsy.	35
The wedding-guest he beat his breast, Yet he cannot choose but hear: And thus spake on that ancyent Man, The bright-eyed Marinere.	40
Listen, Stranger! Storm and Wind, A Wind and Tempest strong! For days and weeks it play'd us freaks— Like Chaff we drove along.	41.1 42.1 42.1.1 44.1

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.	25
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.	25
Higher and higher every day, Till over the mast at noon— The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast, For he heard the loud bassoon.	30
The bride hath paced into the hall, Red as a rose is she; Nodding their heads before her goes The merry minstrelsy.	35
The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast, Yet he cannot choose but hear: And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner.	40
And now the storm-blast came, and he Was tyrannous and strong: He struck with his o'ertaking wings, And chased us south along.	40

32. loud bassoon] C was probably encouraged to introduce this 18th-century instrument into his ballad imitation by TP's gift of a bassoon to the Stowey church (*Poole* 1246–7). Cf 24 “light house”, first recorded in 1662 and therefore another anachronism in a ballad context, the earlier name being “pharos”.

In the same way, Quantock scenery mingles with the language of the border country. Watchet and St Decumans become the “harbour-bay” with its “kirk”, the dark shale emerging from the sand at Kllive “like the spiny backs of of a half-buried sea monster” gives rise to the image of “the ribbed sea-sand” (see EHC

“The Genesis of the Ancient Mariner” *Poetry Review* II (Jan 1913) 11–15; DW’s *Alfoxden Journal* is filled with observations that make their way into the medieval pastiche.

41. storm-blast] A Coleridgean coinage, resembling the earlier coinage “storm-rent”, at 81 *With a Poem on the French Revolution* 21. Coinages made up of hyphenated compounds are something of a feature of the present poem (cf 65gl “snow-fog”; 69 “thunder-fit”; 336 “up-blew” [1798 version]). There are similar compounds in 176 *Christabel*, but they resemble the revised version of the last example here in the 1834 version in being unhyphenated.

Listen, Stranger! Mist and Snow,
And it grew wond'rous cold:
And Ice mast-high came floating by
As green as Emerald.

51

And thro' the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen;
Ne shapes of men ne beasts we ken—
The Ice was all between.

55

The Ice was here, the Ice was there,
The Ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd—
Like noises of a swound.

60

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the Fog it came;
And an it were a Christian Soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

65

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 eye we fled.

45

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

50

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

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

55

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!

60

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

65

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

63. an Albatross] C evidently had in mind the smaller, black albatross described by Shelvocke, not the larger variety. (In a pencilled marginal comment in his copy of C's *TT*—Cornell WORDSWORTH PR 4480 T2 1835 Copy 2, 1-11—WW emphasises that C was quite conscious of Shelvocke when he began the poem, whatever he told DeQ.) The point is worth making, since some readers, including Nathaniel Hawthorne, have wondered how a very large albatross could be hung round the Mariner's neck.

A similar misimagining concerns the Mariner himself, who, in C's mind, was not an old man on board ship. "He was in my mind the everlasting wandering Jew—had told this story ten thousand times since the voyage which was in early youth and fifty years before" (*TT* 31 Mar 1832—CC—1 273-4); cf the comment in HNC's unsigned review of *PW* (1834) in *Quarterly Review* LII (Aug 1834) 1-38 at 29, in which HNC had C's assistance.

The Mariners gave it biscuit-worms,
 And round and round it flew:
 The Ice did split with a Thunder-fit;
 The Helmsman steer'd us thro'.

70

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

75

It perch'd for vespers nine,
 Whiles all the night thro' fog-smoke white
 Glimmer'd the white moon-shine.

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

80

II.

The Sun came up upon the right,
 Out of the Sea came he;
 And broad as a weft upon the left
 Went down into the Sea.

85

And the good south wind still blew behind,
 But no sweet Bird did follow
 Ne any day for food or play
 Came to the Mariner's hollo!

90

And I had done an hellish thing
 And it would work 'em woe:
 For all aver'd, I had kill'd the Bird
 That made the Breeze to blow.

94

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

70

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!

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

75

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

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

The ancient Mariner intently killed the pious bird of good omen.

80

PART II.

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.

85

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!

90

And I had done an 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.

95

Ne dim ne red, like God's own head,

97

The glorious Sun uprist:

Then all aver'd, I had kill'd the Bird

That brought the fog and mist.

100

'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay

That bring the fog and mist.

The breezes blew, the white foam flew,

The furrow follow'd free:

We were the first that ever burst

105

Into that silent Sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the Sails dropt down,

'Twas sad as sad could be

And we did speak only to break

110

The silence of the Sea.

All in a hot and copper sky

The bloody sun at noon,

Right up above the mast did stand,

No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,

We stuck, ne breath ne motion,

As idle as a painted Ship

115

Upon a painted Ocean.

Water, water, every where

And all the boards did shrink;

Water, water, every where,

120

Ne any drop to drink.

The very deeps did rot: O Christ!

That ever this should be!

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs

125

Upon the slimy Sea.

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.

100

'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,

That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,

The furrow followed free:

We were the first that ever burst

105

Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,

'Twas sad as sad could be;

And we did speak only to break

110

The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,

The bloody Sun, at noon,

Right up above the mast did stand,

No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,

We stuck, nor breath nor motion;

As idle as a painted ship

115

Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,

And all the boards did shrink;

Water, water, every where,

120

Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!

That ever this should be!

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs

125

Upon the slimy sea.

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

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

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

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

130

And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the Land of Mist and Snow.

And every tongue thro' utter drouth
Was wither'd at the root;

135

We could not speak no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

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

140

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.

130

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathoms deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

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 Cosmopolitans, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;

135

We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

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

Ah! wel-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!

140

Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

142

131-42l This mention of Josephus and Psellus in connection with terrestrial spirits is convincingly accounted for in RX 233-8. In the small volume of Latin translations from Greek Neoplatonic philosophers by Marsilio Ficino, which included *inter alia* Iamblichus *De mysteriis Aegyptiorum* and Psellus *De daemoniibus*, which C asked Thelwall to buy for him on 19 Nov 1796 (CL I 262), Psellus' work is preceded only a few pages earlier by a relevant passage from Josephus on the Essenes, quoted by Porphyry in *De abstinentia*. C may have acquired the Venice edition of 1503 (Henry Southgate & Co *Catalogue of a Valuable Collection of Books, Including the Library of James Gillman, Esq.*—1843—lot 526; marked copies in BL,

SC Sg 64(2) and SC Sg a 53), or the edition of [Geneva] 1607 (VCL book No 497). In spite of Burner's mention of Psellus and Pletho (see the Epigraph above), the connection made in RX 235 with the Chaldean Oracles (otherwise the "Oracles of Zoroaster") and Psellus' commentary on them is less convincing than the view that the source lies in Jeremy Taylor (see KC in CN I 180n; cf on var 139 *The Destiny of Nations* 134). The earliest indubitable evidence for C's reading of the oracles with the commentaries of Psellus and Pletho (in Thomas Stanley's *The History of Philosophy* 3rd ed.—1701) apparently dates from late 1818 (cf CL IV 884; to G. Frere [late Nov 1818]: CN III 4424, 4446, 4447; Nov 1818]: CN III 4424, 4446, 4447; *Friend*—CC—12, 516).

III.

I saw a something in the Sky
 No bigger than my fist;
 At first it seem'd a little speck
 And then it seem'd a mist:
 It mov'd and mov'd, and took at last
 A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
 And still it ner'd and ner'd;
 And, an it dodg'd a water-sprite,
 It plung'd and tack'd and veer'd.

With throat unslack'd, with black lips bak'd
 Ne could we laugh, ne wail:
 Then while thro' drouth all dumb they stood
 I bit my arm and suck'd the blood
 And cry'd, A sail! a sail!

With throat unslack'd, with black lips bak'd
 Agape they hear'd me call:
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin
 And all at once their breath drew in
 As they were drinking all.

She doth not tack from side to side—
 Hither to work us weal
 Withouten wind, withouten tide
 She steddies with upright keel.

148.1

148.1.1

149

150

155

160

165

170

PART III.

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 something in the sky.

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.

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.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could nor laugh nor wail;
 Through utter drouth all dumb we stood!
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips 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! (I cried) she tacks no more!
 Hither to work us weal;

145

150

155

160

165

The ancient
 Mariner beholds
 on a sign in the
 element after off.

At its nearer
 approach, it
 scorcheth 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?

164. they for joy did grin] C with the fact as he observed it on his voyage to Malta (*CW* II 1996). His particular concern in this respect is due partly to what WW said, that the imagery of the poem was "laboriously accumulated" from books, and perhaps more importantly to his developing self-recognition in and identification with the protagonist.

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.

175

And strait the Sun was fleck'd with bars
 (Heaven's mother send us grace)
 As if thro' a dungeon grate he peer'd
 With broad and burning face.

180

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

185

Are these *her* naked ribs, which fleck'd
 The sun that did behind them peer?
 And are these two all, all the crew,
 That woman and her fleshless Pheere?

187

189

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.

189.1.1
 189.1.2
 189.1.3
 189.1.4
 189.1.5

Her lips are red, *her* looks are free,
Her locks are yellow as gold:
 Her skin is as white as leprosy,
 And she is far liker Death than he;
 Her flesh makes the still air cold.

190
 192
 193.1
 194.1

The naked Hulk alongside came
 And the Twain were playing dice;
 "The Game is done! I've won, I've won!"
 Quoth she, and whistled thrice.

195
 198

Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel!

170

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.

175

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.

180

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 gossameres?

185

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?

189

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,
 The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
 Who thicks man's blood with cold.

190

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.

195

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
 At one stride comes the dark;

200

It seemeth him
 but the skeleton
 of a ship.

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.

Death and Life-
 in-death have
 dined for the
 ship's crew, and
 she (the latter)
 winneth the
 ancient Mariner.

No twilight
 within the
 covers of the
 sun.

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.

198.11
 198.12
 198.13
 198.14

With never a whisper in the Sea
 Off darts the Spectre-ship;
 While clombe above the Eastern bar
 The horned Moon, the one bright Star
 Almost atween the tips.

201.1
 202.1
 209
 210

One after one by the horned Moon
 (Listen, O Stranger! to me)
 Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang
 And curs'd me with his ee.

215

Four times fifty living men,
 With never a sigh or groan,
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump
 They dropp'd down one by one.

Their souls did from their bodies fly,—

220

They fled to bliss or woe;
 And every soul it pass'd me by,
 Like the whizz of my Cross-bow.

IV.

"I fear thee, ancyent Marinere!
 "I fear thy skinny hand;
 "And thou art long and lank and brown
 "As is the ribb'd Sea-sand.

225

With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life-blood seemed to sip!

205

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 clomb above the eastern bar

The horned Moon, with one bright star

210

Within the nether tip.

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.

215

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

The souls did from their bodies fly,—

220

They fled to bliss or woe!
 And every soul, it passed me by,
 Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV.

"I fear thee, ancient Marinere!
 I fear thy skinny hand!

225

The wedding
 guest feareth
 that a spirit is
 talking to him.

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

His ship-mates
 drop down
 dead.

One after an-
 other.

At the rising of
 the Moon.

210. C added the following explanation to a copy of the first edition of *LB*, now at Trinity College Cambridge: "It is a common superstition among Sailors, that something evil is about to happen whenever a star dogs the Moon." *RX* 179-85 cites many such references from the 17th and 18th centuries, and cf *DWJ* 113.

'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.

230

Alone, alone, all all alone
 Alone on the wide wide Sea;
 And Christ would take no pity on
 My soul in agony.

235

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

I look'd upon the rotting Sea,
 And drew my eyes away;

240

I look'd upon the eldritch deck,
 And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to Heaven, and try'd to pray;
 But or ever a prayer had gush't,
 A wicked whisper came and made
 My heart as dry as dust.

245

I clos'd my lids and kept them close,
 Till 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.

250

And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
 As is the ribbed sea-sand.*

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.

230

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

235

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

I looked upon the rotting sea,
 And drew my eyes away;

240

I looked upon the rotting deck,
 And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
 But or ever a prayer had gush't,
 A wicked whisper came, and made
 My heart as dry as dust.

245

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
 And the balls like pulses beat;
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,
 And the dead were at my feet.

250

* 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.

233. Alone on a wide wide sea! — 177.XI *To Lesbia*. See *WEPF* 299, red (var) in a margin of the Racedown 871. Notebook in W'W's hand, alongside

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
 Ne rot, ne reek did they:
 The look with which they look'd on me,
 Had never pass'd away. 255

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
 A spirit from on high:
 But O! 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. 260

The moving Moon went up the sky
 And no where did abide:
 Softly she was going up
 And a star or two beside— 265

Her beams bennock'd the sultry main
 Like morning frosts yspread;
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
 The charmed water burnt alway
 A still and awful red. 270

Beyond the shadow of the ship
 I watch'd the water-snakes:
 They mov'd in tracks of shining white;
 And when they rear'd, the elfish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes. 275

Within the shadow of the ship
 I watch'd their rich attire:
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black
 They coil'd and swam: and every track
 Was a flash of golden fire. 280

O happy living things! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare:
 A spring of love gush't from my heart,
 And I bless'd them unaware! 285

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

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. 255

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
 A spirit from on high:
 But 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. 260

In his loneliness
 and fix'dness
 he yearneth
 towards the
 journeying
 Moon, and the
 stars that still
 surround, 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 birds 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 bennock'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. 270

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
 I watch'd the water-snakes:
 They mov'd in tracks of shining white,
 And when they rear'd, the elfish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes. 275

Within the shadow of the ship
 I watch'd their rich attire:
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
 They coil'd and swam: and every track
 Was a flash of golden fire. 280

O happy living things! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare:
 A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
 And I blessed them unaware: 285

Their beauty
 and their happi-
 ness.
 He blesseth
 them in his
 heart.

Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I bless'd 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.

290

V.

O sleep, it is a gentle thing
Belov'd from pole to pole!
To Mary-queen the praise be given
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul.

295

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

300

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 and could not feel my limbs,

305

I was so light, almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed Ghost.

The roaring wind! it roar'd far off,

It did not come anear;

310

But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air bursts into life,
And a hundred fire-flags sheen
To and fro they are hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out
The stars dance on between.

315

Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

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

290

The spell begins
to break.

PART V.

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.

295

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

300

By grace of the
holy Mother,
the ancient
Mariner is re-
freshed with
rain.

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 moved, and could not feel my limbs:

305

I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:

It did not come anear;

310

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 danced between.

315

He heareth
sounds, and
seeth strange
lights and com-
menceth in the
sky and the
element.

The coming wind doth roar more loud;
 The sails do sigh, like sedge:
 The rain pours down from one black cloud
 And the Moon is at its edge. 320

Hark! hark! the thick black cloud is cleft,
 And the Moon is at its side:
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning falls with never a jag 325
 A river steep and wide.

The strong wind reach'd the ship: it roar'd
 And dropp'd down, like a stone!
 Beneath the lightning and the moon
 The dead men gave a groan. 330

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
 Ne spake, ne mov'd their eyes:
 It had been strange, even in a dream
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd, the ship mov'd on;
 Yet never a breeze up-blew;
 The Mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do:
 They rais'd 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 nought to me— 344
 And I quak'd to think of my own voice 344.11
 How frightful it would be! 344.12

The day-light dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms,
 And cluster'd round the mast: 350

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. 320

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, 325
 A river steep and wide.

The bodies of
 the ship's crew
 are inspired, and
 the ship moves
 on.
 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. 330

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.

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 pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me. 344

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!
 "I was not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their courses came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest: 345

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
 And clustered round the mast: 350

161. The Ancyent Marinere (1798)

Sweet sounds rose slowly thro' their mouths
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,

Then darted to the sun:

Slowly the sounds came back again

Now mix'd, now one by one.

355

Sometimes a dropping from the sky

I heard the Lavrock sing;

Sometimes all little birds that are

How they seem'd to fill the sea and air

With their sweet jargoning,

360

And now 'twas like all instruments,

Now like a lonely flute;

And now it is an angel's song

That makes the heavens be mute.

365

It ceas'd: 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.

370

372

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."

372.1.1

372.1.2

372.1.3

372.1.4

161. The Ancient Mariner (1834)

Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,

Then darted to the Sun;

Slowly the sounds came back again,

Now mixed, now one by one.

355

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky

I heard the sky-lark sing;

Sometimes all little birds that are,

How they seemed to fill the sea and air

With their sweet jargoning!

360

And now 'twas like all instruments,

Now like a lonely flute;

And now it is an angel's song,

That makes the heavens be mute.

365

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.

370

Till noon we quietly sailed on,

Yet never a breeze did breathe:

Slowly and smoothly went the ship,

Moved onward from beneath.

375

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.

380

The Sun, right up above the mast,

Had fixed her to the ocean:

But in a minute she 'gan stir,

385

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

Never sadder tale was told 372.15
 To a man of woman born: 372.16
 Sadder and wiser thou wedding-guest! 372.17
 Thou'lt rise to morrow morn. 372.18

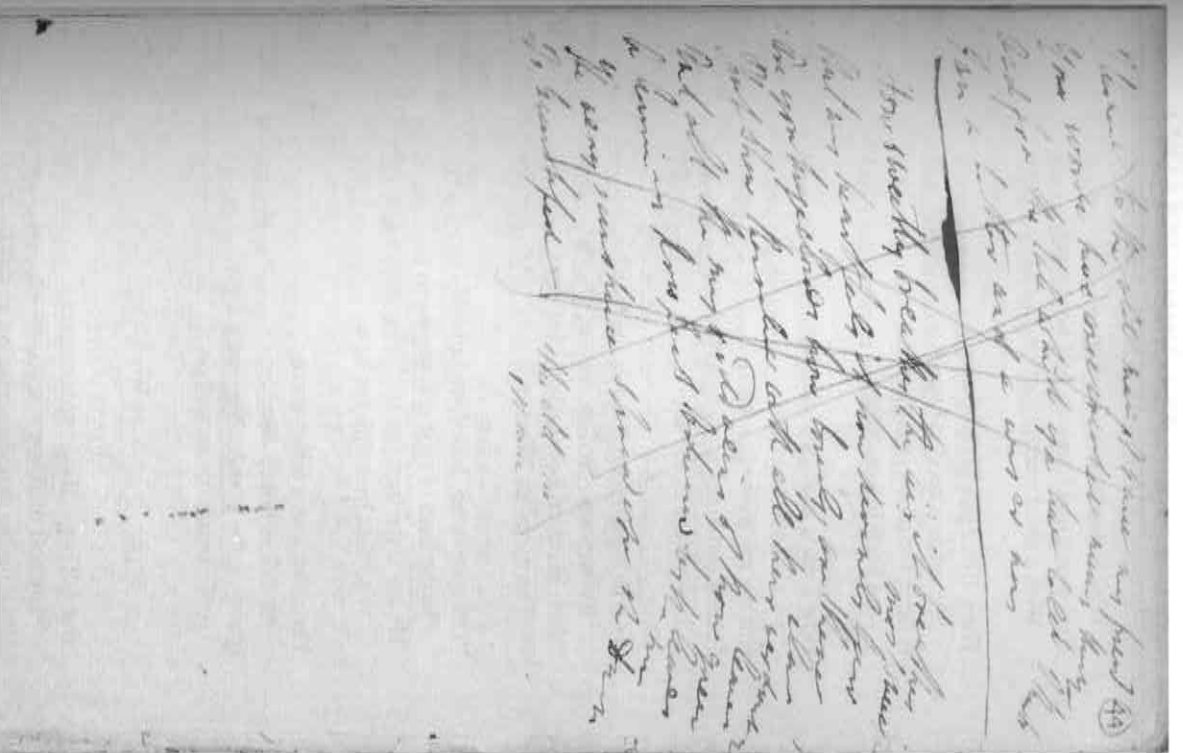
Never sadder tale was heard 372.19
 By a man of woman born: 372.110
 The Mariners all return'd to work 372.111
 As silent as before. 372.112

The Mariners all 'gan pull the ropes, 372.113
 But look at me they n'old: 372.114
 Thought I, I am as thin as air— 372.115
 They cannot me behold. 372.116

Till noon we silently sail'd on 373
 Yet never a breeze did breathe: 373
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship 375
 Mov'd onward from beneath.

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 sun right up above the mast
 Had fix'd her to the ocean:
 But in a minute she 'gan stir 385



6. The original ending of William Wordsworth's *The Ruined Cottage*, which was completed during spring 1798, reads: "I turned to the old man, & said my friend! Your words have consecrated many things! And for the tale which you have told I think | I am a better and a wiser man" (WRCP 258–9). The lines overlap *Ancient Mariner* 372.1.5–8 and also prefigure Coleridge's closing lines

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 into a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life return'd,
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,
"With his cruel bow he lay'd full low
"The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who 'bideth by himself
"In the land of mist and snow,
"He lov'd the bird that lov'd the man
"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.

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,
"The Ocean hath no blast;

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 down in a swound.

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.

"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 spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
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."

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,
The ocean hath no blast;

390

395

400

405

410

415

390

395

400

405

410

415

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

"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.

420

FIRST VOICE.

"But why drives on that ship so fast

"Withouten wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

"The air is cut away before,

"And closes from behind.

425

"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."

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.

430

All stood together on the deck,

For a charnel-dungeon fitter:

All fix'd on me their stony eyes

That in the moon did glitter.

435

The pang, the curse, with which they died,

Had never pass'd away:

I could not draw my een from theirs,

Nor turn them up to pray.

440

And in its time the spell was snapt,

And I could move my een:

I look'd far-forth, but little saw

Of what might else be seen.

445

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.

420

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.

425

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.

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.

430

All stood together on the deck,

For a charnel-dungeon fitter:

All fixed on me their stony eyes,

That in the Moon did glitter.

435

The pang, the curse, with which they died,

Had never passed away:

I could not draw my eyes from theirs,

Nor turn them up to pray.

440

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—

445

The Mariner
had been cast
into a trance:
for the angelic
power causeth
the vessel to
drive northward
faster than hu-
man life could
endure.

The supernat-
ural motion is
repeated; the
Mariner awakes,
and his penance
begins anew.

The curse is
finally explained.

Like one, that on a lonely 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.

450

But soon there breath'd a wind on me,
 Ne sound ne motion made:
 Its path was not upon the sea
 In ripple or in shade.

455

It rais'd 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:

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

460

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

O dream of joy! is this indeed
 The light-house top I see?
 Is this the Hill? Is this the Kirk?
 Is this mine own countree?

465

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

470

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.

475

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.

450

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.

455

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:

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
 Yet she sailed softly too:

460

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

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

465

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

470

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.

475

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

And the ancient
 Mariner beheld
 Of his native
 country.

The moonlight bay was white all o'er,
 Till rising from the same,
 Full many shapes, that shadows were,
 Like as of torches came. 475.11
 475.12
 475.13
 475.14

A little distance from the prow
 Those dark-red shadows were;
 But soon I saw that my own flesh
 Was red as in a glare. 475.15
 475.16
 475.17
 475.18

I turn'd my head in fear and dread,
 And by the holy rood,
 The bodies had advanc'd, and now
 Before the mast they stood. 475.19
 475.110
 475.111
 475.112

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. 475.113
 475.114
 475.115
 475.116
 475.117
 475.118

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. 475.119
 475.120
 475.121
 475.122

475.11–22. These five stanzas, omitted from later versions, describe the "Hand of Glory", the right arm of the resurrected dead blazing like torches in the moonlight on the deck. *RX* 555–8 n 60 supplies voluminous commentary on this phenomenon, with references to Francis Grose *A Provincial Glossary, with a Collection of Local Proverbs, and Popular*

Superstitions (1787), *RS Thalaba*, and many others. C probably cancelled the stanzas for the same reasons as the individual stanzas in Part III following lines 189 and 198, because they were too Gothic and too graphic. The 1798 stanza following line 503, on the other hand, was cancelled after an early attempt at revision (see vol II).



7. The Valley of the Stones (or Rocks) lies several miles west along the Exmoor coast from Watchet. It provided the terminus of a walk undertaken by Coleridge, William Wordsworth, and Dorothy Wordsworth the week before the *Ancient Mariner* was begun and influenced the desolate setting of 160 *The Wanderings of Cain*. A contemporary illustration emphasises the Gothic atmosphere which the two poems also share and which C curtailed in revision

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

476
And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

480
A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there?

485
Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;
And by the Holy rood
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

490
This seraph-band, each wav'd his hand:
It was a heavenly sight:
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light:

495
This seraph-band, each wav'd his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but O! the silence sank,
Like music on my heart.

500
Eftsoones 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.

503
Then vanish'd all the lovely lights;
The bodies rose anew:
With silence pace, each to his place,
Came back the ghastly crew.
503.11
503.12
503.13
503.14
503.15
503.16
The wind, that shade nor motion made,
On me alone it blew.

480
And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

485
A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

490
Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

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

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

505
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.

510
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.

510
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.

The angelic
spirits leave the
dead bodies,

And appear in
their own forms
of light.

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.

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.

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 Contrée.

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.

The Skiff-boat ne'rd: I heard them talk,
 "Why, this is strange, I throw!
 "Where are those lights so many and fair
 "That signal made but now?"

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

"The skeletons of leaves that lag
 "My forest brook along:
 "When the Ivy-tod is heavy with snow,

PART VII.

The Hermit of
the wood.
 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 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-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
 "Why, this is strange, I throw!
 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 answered not our cheer!
 The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
 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:
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
 And the owl whoops to the wolf below,
 That eats the she-wolf's young."

514. This Hermit! The puzzling figure of the Hermit may be related to WW's Pedlar, as he emerged in the MS B expansion of *The Ruined Cottage* during Jan-Mar 1798, when C was engaged in enlarging the *Ancyent Mariner*.

Among the woods,
 A lone enthusiast . . .
 He could afford to suffer

With those whom he saw suffer.
 But the Pedlar, specifically, does not pray (see *WRCP* 178-9, 182-3, 156-7; *WPPW* v 382, 379, 386n). Compare also, with lines 519-22 below, "the soft cool moss" around the oak in *The Ruined Cottage* (*WRCP* 136-7), as well as poems like *The Tables Turned* in *LB* (*WPPW* iv 57).

"And the Owllet whoops to the wolf below
 "That eats the she-wolf's young.

"Dear Lord! it has a fiendish look—
 (The Pilot made reply)

"I am a-fear'd—"Push on, push on!
 Said the Hermit cheerly.

The Boat came closer to the Ship,
 But I ne spake ne stirr'd!

The Boat came close beneath the Ship,
 And strait a sound was heard!

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.

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
 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.

I mov'd my lips: the Pilot shriek'd
 And fell down in a fit.

The Holy Hermit rais'd his eyes
 And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
 Who now doth crazy go,

Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
 His eyes went to and fro,

"Hal' ha!" quoth he—"full plain I see,
 "The devil knows how to row."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
 (The Pilot made reply)

I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on!"
 Said the Hermit cheerly.

The boat came closer to the ship,
 But I not spake nor stirr'd:

The boat came close beneath the ship,
 And straight a sound was heard.

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.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful 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.

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.

I mov'd my lips—the Pilot shrieked
 And fell down in a fit;

The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
 And prayed where he did sit.

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.

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

And now, all in my own countree,
 I stood on the firm land!

The ship sud-
denly sinketh.

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

540

545

550

555

560

565

570

And now all in mine own Countree
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand. 570

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy Man!
The Hermit cross'd his brow—
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say
"What manner man art thou?" 575

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woeful agony,
Which forc'd me to begin my tale
And then it left me free. 580

Since then at an uncertain hour,
Now oftimes and now fewer,
That anguish comes and makes me tell
My ghastly aventure. 582,11
582,12
582,13

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
The moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me;
To him my tale I teach. 590

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The Wedding-guests are there;
But in the Garden-bower the Bride
And Bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little Vesper-bell
Which biddeth me to pray. 595

O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be. 600

O sweeter than the Marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me

The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"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?" 575

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free. 580

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns. 585

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. 590

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

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be. 600

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

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

And ever and
anon throughout
his future life
an agony con-
strains him to
travel from land
to land.

To walk together to the Kirk
With a goodly company.

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.

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,
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
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
He rose the morrow morn.

605

610

615

620

625

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!

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
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
Turned from the bridegroom's door:

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

605

610

615

620

625

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

614-17. It is often argued that C had this passage in mind when, in reply to Mrs Barbauld's criticism that the poem had no moral, he said it had too much, "and that the only, or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination" (TT 31 May 1830—CC—II 100; cf HNC's report in *Quarterly Review* LI—Aug 1834—1-38 at 28). The gloss also determines the moral of the poem, and, it should be noted, was perhaps added at the time when the meeting with Mrs Barbauld took place

(cf *CN* III 4317). Revisions to the text of the poem—e.g. the dropping of five stanzas between lines 475 and 476 of the final text, describing the hand-of-glory—also affect the moral. But to what extent these revisions were prompted by poetic or by moral considerations is open to debate.

624. A sadder and a wiser man] WW used a similar phrase, "a better and a wiser man", to close *The Ruined Cottage* in two drafts written while C was completing the *Ancient Mariner* (WRCP 257, 259). Cf also the cancelled lines in Part v of the 1798 version, centring on line 372.1.7.