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EDITED BY

GEORGE RICE CARPENTER, A.B.

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND ENGLISH COMPOSITION IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

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SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(After a painting by Washington Allston)

Longmans' English Classics

COLERIDGE'S

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

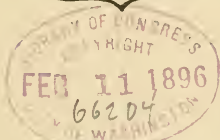
EDITED

WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION

BY

HERBERT BATES, A.B.

INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA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PREFACE

I have treated this poem as introductory to poetry, aiming to help boys and girls to see the beauties of song-land. True, some seem elect, without aid ; others seem by nature debarred. There is, however, a great mean—the host of young people who may be taught to enjoy poetry. Editor and teacher must help them, not merely by admiring, but by explaining admiration. Poetry reaches us, not by miracle, but by means most definite. The printed lines convey certain sounds pleasing in themselves. Yet to the untrained ear even this beauty must be demonstrated. Just so with the ideas, to us so suggestive. The student must be helped to grasp the idea, to master the material for emotion. His imagination must do the rest.

I have tried to avoid both extremes—cold analysis and vague appreciation. Appreciation can hardly be intelligibly conveyed. Analysis, carried too far, becomes mechanical, deadening; leading even to snobbish patronage of art so easily measured. It seems better, aiming at the mean, to explain the reason of our pleasure, and so lead others, first to see, then to feel, as we do.

Such guidance is the object of this book. Alone it cannot accomplish this. The teacher is needed, the teacher who, feeling what poetry is, shall yet be willing patiently to slacken his pace, to explain, to encourage —perhaps along dull paths—other feet to the pleasant eminences of poetry.

H. B.

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INTRODUCTION

I. The Author

"I have known," says Wordsworth, "many men who have done wonderful things, but the only wonderful man I ever saw was Coleridge." Yet a recent critic speaks of this same man as a "poetical Skimpole," who died "after four decades of inglorious dependence upon rich men's bounties." And, strange as it may seem, both are, in some measure, right.

As a boy, Coleridge was unboylike, moping alone over story-books, or cutting down—a knight of his own imagined romances—ranks of unoffending thistles with his mimic sword. In part, this was due to his dreamy, imaginative nature; in part, to his delicate health, which kept him from ruder sports. But it was only for the first nine years of his life (1772–1781) that he was to enjoy the quiet of his country home. The death of his father, the pedantic, lovable, unworldly rector of Ottery St. Mary's, left him an orphan, and he was taken away from his peaceful Devon to the great charity-school, Christ's Hospital, in the busy heart of London.

Here, according to Charles Lamb, the life of a boy without friends—and Coleridge had none near—was far from happy. There was little food, often bad food, and sometimes savage injustice in the guise of discipline. Yet the strict government may have been good for Coleridge's wayward temperament; and literature, however unkindly the guides, was an open land. Once, it is true, disheart-

ened, he sought escape in apprenticeship to a shoemaker, but was forced back into the reluctant pursuit of learning. Yet, even under schoolmaster Bowyer's frown, his dream-life went on. One incident is amusing. He was walking the crowded Strand,—swimming, in mind and arms, an imaginary sea. His outstretched hand brushed a stranger's pocket. He was promptly grasped. "What, so young and so wicked!" "But I'm not a pickpocket, sir; I thought I was Leander swimming the Hellespont." And the stranger, admiring, obtained for him entrance to a circulating library. Years later, De Quincey speaks of the mature Coleridge's "difficulty in regaining his position among daylight realities." The man was no less a dreamer than the boy.

Dreamer or no, Coleridge rose to be Captain, or first student. Consequently he was transferred, on leaving school, to Cambridge University, to Jesus College. Here he remained two years. But he took no degree. Debts; failure to win a scholarship; radical views in religion, which displeased the authorities; and, De Quincey says, "a heavy disappointment in love," drove him friendless into the London streets. In discouragement, he joined a regiment of dragoons, under the name of "Comberback," appropriate to his horsemanship. But a pencilled lament in Latin betrayed him; and his friends extricated him and sent him back to Cambridge.

A few months, however, found him once more adrift, this time with a new friend, Robert Southey, a poet of smaller genius but of bulkier accomplishment, another young dreamer of freedom, strayed from the University fold. These two, with a few kindred spirits, planned the Pantisocracy, an ideal community, a little like the later "Brook Farm," to be founded in some terrestrial paradise beside the Susquehanna, where there would be but two hours of work each day, and poetry, philosophy, and

golden dreams illimitable. But golden dreams require, alas, a golden foundation. The poet-emigrants got no farther than Bristol, Southey's home. There their plans stopped, temporarily from lack of funds, ultimately from the intrusion of other interests. The two poets fell in love with two sisters. Southey married Edith Fricker, Coleridge married Sara, and the prospects of the Pantisocracy languished.

Coleridge was never practical. Of all the steps of his life, however, including the enlisting, his marriage was the maddest. His total income, except for a conditional offer of a few pounds from a publisher, was approximately nothing. But he had "no solicitude on the subject." He hoped, indeed, to raise enough produce on his little patch of ground to support himself and his "pensive Sara." Of course his unsubstantial plans failed to produce substantial results. He tried one device after another—lectured, established a newspaper, published his "Juvenile Poems," wrote for the *Morning Chronicle*, took private pupils, and preached in local Unitarian churches—yet, had it not been for the kindly help of Southey and of the publisher Cottle, he could hardly have contrived to pay the expenses of life.

Remember, however, that this inadequacy was not entirely his fault. His health was poor—it had been from the first. His best work had to be done spontaneously; the knowledge that he must do well seemed to embarrass him. Besides, his home life was unhappy. His wife did not understand him, nor could he sympathize with her. Severe attacks of facial neuralgia, too, were driving him to the use of laudanum, the drug that was, for the rest of his life, in the words of Foster, "to shatter the most extraordinary faculties I have ever yet seen resident in a form of flesh and blood."

Yet, little as he had accomplished, it is at this time

that Hazlitt writes of him. "You wished him to talk forever. His genius had angelic wings." All who met him felt that this young man was remarkable.

Yet what, in 1796—just one year before the writing of the "Ancient Mariner"—had this remarkable young man actually accomplished? His early poems are of no great merit. Swinburne doubts whether the "Religious Musings" or the "Lines to a Young Ass" "be the more damnable," but notes "Time, Real and Imaginary" as the "sweetest among the verses of boys who were to grow up great." The promise, such as it is, is indefinite; the bud hints little of the fruit. The verse is conventional, of but formal excellence. The poet had not yet awakened to his real self. Nor was Southey the man to awake him. The man who could rouse him, who did rouse him, was yet to come into his life.

This new influence was William Wordsworth, then poet merely in prospect, his verses penned but unprinted, pondering his theories, and preaching his doctrines to a little admiring circle. It was in 1797 that Coleridge met him. Their removal to Nether-stowey brought the two poets together and led to one of the most famous and most fruitful of poetic intimacies, a friendship that affected the whole history of English literature.

Let us see Coleridge with the eyes of Dorothy Wordsworth. "At first," she writes, "I thought him very plain, that is for about three minutes. He is pale, has a wide mouth, thick lips, and not very good teeth, longish, loose-growing, half-curling, rough black hair. But if you hear him speak for five minutes, you think no more of these." Hazlitt, another of the group, says, "His forehead is broad and high, light, as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows; and his eyes rolled beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. He removed all doubts by beginning to talk. He did not cease while

he stayed, nor has he since, that I know of." De Quincey says of his eyes, "And it was from the peculiar appearance of haziness or dreaminess, which mixed with their light, that I recognized my object."

He immediately captivated Wordsworth; in fact the captivation was mutual. And mutual admiration is not a bad thing for genius of a disheartened turn. The two became at once inseparable, each bringing out the other's best, pacing the windy downs, with no companion but the admiring Dorothy. True, their choice of walks differed. Coleridge liked "uneven ground," loved to "break through straggling branches of copsewood;" Wordsworth preferred "a straight gravel walk," with no "collateral interruptions," — tastes, by the way, oddly suggestive of the differences of their poetry. The country was ideal, "with woods, smooth down, valleys with brooks running down through green meadows to the sea." "Whether," says Professor Shairp, "it was the freedom from the material ills of life, or the secluded beauty of the Quantock, or the converse with Wordsworth, or all combined, there cannot be any doubt that this was, as it has been called, his *annus mirabilis*, his poetic prime. It was the year of 'Genevieve,' 'The Dark Ladie,' 'Kubla Khan,' the 'Ode to France,' the 'Lines to Wordsworth,' the 'Ancient Mariner,' and the 'First Part of Christabel,' not to mention many other poems of less mark. It was to Wordsworth the hopeful dawning of a new day which completely fulfilled itself; to Coleridge, the brief blink of a poetic morning which had no noon."

"Here," says Mrs. Oliphant, "the two poets came to the edge of their first joint publication, a book which, amid all its manifold imperfections, its presumptions and assumptions, was yet to give the world assurance of two lights of the greatest magnitude in its firmament." This

publication was the "Lyrical Ballads." At the time, little but the imperfections received notice, though—in comparison with Wordsworth, the prime offender—Coleridge escaped with light criticism. Coleridge had contributed little,—the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," and a few other poems. The rest of the volume illustrated Wordsworth's theories of poetry, which, stated briefly, were that the simple emotions of daily life and the simple details of daily life are not out of place in poetry. These simple emotions, Wordsworth further held, should be expressed in the simple language of daily life, in the language of peasants, not in any artificial "poetic diction." There is obviously much truth in this. Wordsworth, however, stated his case in the most aggressive way. In a few poems, too, he carried his practice too far, writing of "idiot boys" and "household tubs," giving, undeniably, good opportunity for ridicule. And the critics, taking advantage of this, ignored all the real beauty of the poems. Coleridge, it seems, understood Wordsworth's theory even better than did Wordsworth himself, and did much, afterwards, to explain what his friend really aimed at. But, be the theory as it might, the new manner was to prevail, and the publication of the "Ballads" marked, in the history of English poetry, a revolution heralded by Burns, Cowper, and Blake, but now first understandingly set afoot by these young champions of simplicity.

The "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," save in its irregular metre, its moral of love for the humblest of creatures, and its very simple diction, bears little trace of this new manner of poetry. It seems, indeed, to have been regarded as rather a flat failure, or, as Southey termed it, "a very Dutch attempt at the sublime." Even Wordsworth failed to find in it any great merit. It is interesting to read his note in a subsequent edition. He says

that the reader owes to him the republication of the poem :—

"The Author was himself very desirous that it should be suppressed. This has arisen from a consciousness of the defects of the Poem, and from a knowledge that many Persons had been much displeased with it. The Poem of my Friend has, indeed, many great defects; first, that the principal person has no distinct character, either in his profession of Mariner, or as a human being who having been long under the control of supernatural impressions, might be supposed himself to partake of something supernatural; secondly, that he does not act, but is constantly acted upon; thirdly, that the events having no necessary connection, do not produce each other; and lastly, that the imagery is somewhat too laboriously accumulated. Yet the Poem contains many delicate touches of passion, and indeed, the passion is everywhere true to Nature; a great many of the stanzas present beautiful images, and are expressed with unusual felicity of language; and the versification, tho' the metre is in itself unfit for long poems, is harmonious and artfully varied, exhibiting the utmost power of that metre, and every variety of which it is capable. It therefore appeared to me that these several merits (the first of which, namely, that of the passion, is of the highest kind) gave to the Poem a value which is not often possessed by better Poems. On this account, I requested of my Friend to permit me to republish it."

It was not, in fact, for years, that the "Ancient Mariner" took its present deserved position as one of the immortal poems of the language. Coleridge had written ahead of his time. He had to wait for appreciation.

His life, after this, we may pass over rapidly. In many ways the story is cheerless. It was the philosopher who lived on. The poet, the best of him, seems to have passed away with the passing of that year at Quantock.

For a year or so Coleridge travelled in Germany with the Wordsworths, studying a little, and translating Schiller's "Death of Wallenstein." In 1799 he retired with Wordsworth into the Lake region of northern England—a region that gave to this group, Southey, Coleridge, and

Wordsworth, the name of the "Lake School." There Wordsworth remained. Not so Coleridge. Separated entirely from his family, who were supported by the less gifted but more dutiful Southey, he roamed at large. He made short flights to London, once even to Malta, returning always to the old shelter, to the old companions, who, however, shattered as he was in health and will, could no longer stimulate him to poetic effort.

In 1814, determined to overcome the opium-habit, he placed himself under the care of Mr. Gilman of Highgate, near London. With this help, to some degree, he succeeded, but it was too late to recall the best of his powers. He still wrote brilliant fragments of verse, but his work as poet was virtually closed. His new work, different as it was, was no less wonderful. "A Doctor Johnson of the nineteenth century," he still talked marvellously to groups of admiring friends, to young poets, young critics, young philosophers, who came from far and near to hear him, most with reverence; a few, like Carlyle, in the gruff contempt of youth. It was in these later years that he accomplished the bulk of his prose work—work that established his reputation as philosopher and as critic. And so he lived, till, at last, after fifteen years, the end came, the visit of "gentle Sleep, with wings of healing."

Coleridge had, he owned, a "smack of Hamlet" in him. He realized, it was his burden to realize, his own inadequacy. It was, in part, this that drove him into philosophic speculation.

"There was a time when, though my path was rough,
    This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
    Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness.
For hope grew round me like the twining vine,
And fruit and foliage not my own seemed mine.

But now afflictions bow me to the earth,
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,
But oh ! each visitation
Suspends what Nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping power of imagination.
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can ;
And haply by abstruse research to seal
From my own nature all the natural man ;—
This was my sole resource, my only plan :
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul."

He lacked self-help,—needed, as Mrs. Oliphant said, "to weave himself in with some more steady, more deep-rooted being." As to his philosophy, critics disagree. Some say that its golden haze hinted more than it really hid. Almost certainly the philosophy ultimately spoiled the poet. And yet his fame as philosopher dwindles year by year. It is as poet that he will live. "The highest lyric work," says Mr. Swinburne, "is either passionate or imaginative ; of passionate, Coleridge has nothing ; but for height and perfection of imaginative quality, he is the greatest of lyric poets. This was his special power, and this is his special praise."

II. The Origin of the Poem.

Of this Wordsworth gives the following account :

"In the autumn of 1797, he (Coleridge), my sister, and myself, started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Linton and the Valley of Stones near to it ; and as our united funds were small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem to be sent to the *New Monthly Magazine*. Accordingly we set off, and proceeded along the Quantock hills, towards Watchet, and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of the 'Ancient Mariner,' founded on a dream,* as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend

* A dream of "a skeleton ship with figures in it."

Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention ; but certain parts I suggested ; for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the 'Old Navigator,' as Coleridge afterward delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of the crime and of his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvocke's 'Voyages' a day or two before that while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw Albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet. 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time, at least not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous afterthought. We began the composition together, on that to me memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular,

> 'And listened like a three years' child:
> The Mariner had his will.'

These trifling contributions, all but one, which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded. slipped out of his mind, as well they might. As we endeavored to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening) our respective manners proved so widely different that it would have been quite presumptuous for me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. . . . We returned by Duburton to Alfoxden. The 'Ancient Mariner,' grew and grew till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds; and we began to think of a volume, which was to consist, as Mr. Coleridge has told the world, of poems chiefly on supernatural subjects, taken from common life, but looked at, as much as might be, through an imaginative medium."—"Memoirs of William Wordsworth," by Christopher Wordsworth.

The passage from Shelvocke is as follows :

"They saw no fish, nor one sea-bird, except a disconsolate black Albitross, who accompanied us for several days, hovering about us as

if he had lost himself, till Hatley (my second captain), observing in one of his melancholy fits that this bird was always hovering near us, imagined from his color that it might be some ill-omen. That which, I supposed, induced him the more to encourage his superstition was the continued series of contrary tempestuous winds, which had oppressed us ever since we had got into this sea. But, be that as it would, he after some fruitless attempts at length shot the albitross, not doubting (perhaps) that we should have a fair wind after it."—Shelvocke, "Voyage round the World," 1726.

Coleridge says, with regard to the origin of the poem:

"The incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural, and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. . . . In this idea originated the plan of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' in which it was agreed that my endeavors should be directed to persons and characters supernatural or at least romantic, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to secure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith."—"Biographia Literaria."

These accounts are valuable as showing from how many sources the creative mind may absorb its material. But the poem, composed of all these stray elements, is no more a collection of them than a fire is a mere collection of the various twigs, straw, and papers that feed it. Every one of us, in every day, stores up a little saving of sights, sounds, and thoughts. A creative mind will, at some later day, transform all these into some new whole, sprung from, but unlike, any of its various sources. Imagination is but a transubstantiation of fact, a transmuting of the commonplace. And genius is but a rare endowment of this transmuting imagination.

III. The Form of the Poem.

The "Ancient Mariner" is a poem in substance and in form. Let us first examine this form. Read aloud the first stanza. It does not, you see, sound like ordinary prose. What is the difference? It is not in the rhyme, for, if you change "one of three" to "one of five," the sound will still be unlike that of prose.

Read the stanza a second time, this time after a "sing-song" fashion. You will find that you pronounce some syllables heavily,—with emphasis, or stress; while others you pass over lightly. Your reading will be much like this:

> It *ís* an *án*cient *már*inér,
> And he *stóp*peth *óne* of *thrée*,
> By thy *lóng* gray *béard* and *glít*tering *éye*,
> Now *whére*fore *stóppst* thou *mé*?"

See now, if, in these light and heavy syllables, you cannot find some system. Write out a "scheme" of the stanza, marking the heavy, emphasized sounds ∠, and the light sounds, which you pass over quickly, ∪. You will find the result as follows:

∪ ∠ ∪ ∠ ∪ ∠ ∪ ∪́*
∪ ∪ ∠ ∪ ∠ ∪ ∠
∪ ∪ ∠ ∪ ∠ ∪ ∠ ∪ ∠
∪ ∠ ∪ ∠ ∪ ∠

No two heavy syllables come together, and there are never, between two heavy syllables, more than two light syllables,—usually there is only one. You might say, then, that the syllables usually come by turns, first one light, then one heavy, etc., or, better still, that the line consists, for the most part, of *groups* of two syllables, and

* The emphasis on the last syllable of *mariner* is slight, merely a secondary accent.

that in each group the first is light, the second heavy. If there are three syllables, the first two are light. These groups are called *feet.*

Examine, now, any line in the poem. You will find the same thing true. We may, then, make a rule. The poem, we may say, consists of groups of syllables, each group consisting of two syllables, or sometimes of three. In each group, one syllable receives extra emphasis, a little more than any other syllable in the same group.

This is the rule, not only for this poem, but for all English poetry. If, then, you arrange words so that the emphatic syllables, when read naturally, will come at these intervals, you will be making verse. You will, at least, if you comply with one more condition.

The poem, we have seen, consists of groups of syllables, and these groups we called *feet.* There is another division. The poem is printed in *lines.* Each line contains a certain number of feet. Furthermore, the whole poem consists of groups of lines, or *stanzas.* How are these made up ? In each stanza of four lines, you will find that the first and third lines contain four groups ; the second and fourth, three groups. That is, there is a larger grouping than feet. As feet are groups of syllables, so lines are groups of feet, and stanzas are groups of lines. And all these must follow some regular rule, or, at least, some principle of symmetry.

If you can, now, arrange words so that they will naturally be read in this way, you will be writing verse. Try writing a stanza that shall sound like the first stanza of the "Ancient Mariner." By imitating the effect, you will the better appreciate the art.

In this poem, every group—with a variation that will be spoken of later—begins with a light syllable, and ends with an emphasized syllable. Such a foot, if of two syllables, is called iambic ; if of three, anapestic. In the

first stanza the first four groups are iambic ; the fifth, anapestic ; the sixth and seventh, iambic ; the eighth, anapestic ; the ninth and tenth, iambic ; the eleventh, anapestic. Examine other stanzas in the same way.

If you have studied music at all, you will see that verse is much like music. In music, the groups are called measures ; in verse, they are called feet. In music, the accent is always at the beginning of the measure. So it is in some kinds of verse ; in this kind, however, it is always at the end. A measure in music may have many notes. A measure in verse very seldom indeed has over three. In music, you find length, pitch, and even accent indicated. In verse, your only guide is the natural pronunciation of the words, which shows you where to put the emphasis. But there is one marked resemblance. In music, in two measures of the same length, one measure will have two notes, say a half note and a quarter note ; another will have three notes, say three quarter notes. And these two measures are equivalent in time. Just so, in verse, an anapest, of three syllables, takes no more time than an iambic foot, of two. The syllables are pronounced more quickly, made shorter—that is all. And this usually gives the line an effect of speed and lightness.

Observe, for instance, stanza lviii. There one line is made up entirely of anapests,—"And the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky." This is not "irregular." Coleridge chose this form deliberately. If he had wished, he could have written "And sky and sea, and sea and sky." But he preferred the swifter effect, and so used anapests.

Let us now, having established our rule, look at the exceptions. Take, first, those in the form of the feet. The second line of stanza vi. runs, "Merrily did we drop." Surely we cannot say "Merr*í*ly." The right

reading is the natural reading, "Mérrily did we drop," or, putting it in symbols, –́ ⏑ ⏑ –́ ⏑ –́. What has happened? The first foot has simply been inverted. The heavy syllable comes, not at the end, but at the beginning. Instead of being iambic, the first foot has become, in terms of verse, trochaic. The line has the usual number of groups and of syllables in the groups, but the arrangement is varied; the accent has been drawn ahead, as in syncopation in music. This gives a pleasant variety to the sound. Other lines of the same kind are "Hither to work us weal," "Red as a rose is she," "Nodding their heads before her goes." Try to find others.

The poem, we have seen, is divided into lines, and these lines are combined in groups, called stanzas. These groups consist, usually, of four lines. In each, the first and third lines are of four feet, the second and fourth of three. That is, each stanza can be divided into two parts, into halves, each of these having one line of four feet and one of three. And the last syllable of the first half rhymes with the last syllable of the second. In the first stanza, for example, "three" at the end of line two rhymes with "me" at the end of line four. All this results in a certain balance between the two parts, a certain symmetry. Those who have studied music will see it is a little like the phrasing that one finds there. Read the first few stanzas aloud and note the symmetry of sound. Look at the printed page and see how it is represented in the form. The two parts of the stanza match, both to ear and to eye.

This stanza is imitated from old ballads. Compare, for instance, the following:

> "It fell about the Martinmas
>   Whan nichts are lang and mirk,
> That the carline wife's three sons came hame,
>   And their hats were o' the birk.

"It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh,
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh."

. . . . . .

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide.
Gin we be mist out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide."

You will find this stanza, too, in many hymns,—in, for example, "There is a green hill far away." It is of all stanzas, probably, the most common.

What variations does Coleridge introduce into the form of this stanza? We see at first sight that there are some, for the stanzas are many of them of more than four lines. Where are the extra lines inserted? What is the effect of their presence on the rhyme-system? Let us take up the variations one by one.

The first consist in adding, after the third line, an extra line, rhyming with the line that it follows, suspending, so to speak, the flow of the stanza. Such in stanza lxxix. is the line, "Which to their corses came again." If this line be omitted, the stanza will be like any four-line stanza. Of the same kind are stanzas xxxix., xliv., xlv., lxii., lxiii., lxiv., lxxii., lxxiv., lxxxii., lxxxix., cxxii., cxxxviii. In stanza xii., the extra line follows the first line, instead of following the third.

Another variation is in adding two lines, following out the regular structure. Line five, like lines one and three, is unrhymed. Line six rhymes with lines two and four. Of this type are stanzas * xxiii., * xxiv., * xli., lx., * lxv., lxxxiv., lxxxvi., * lxxxvii., cii., cxvii., cxxi., cxxvi., cxxix., cxxxv. Stanzas marked * repeat, in line six, the rhyme-word of line four.

Stanza xlviii. contains all these variations. It ap-

proaches very closely, and may have suggested, the stanza that Scott uses in "Marmion."

Observe, in addition to what is noted above, *alliteration,* the repeating of the same sound—not necessarily of the same letter—at the beginning of words that stand near together, as in, "The *b*reeze to *b*low," the "*w*estern *w*ave," etc. Watch for instances of this. Observe its effect.

You will find, too, what is known as "medial rhyme," where the middle of the line rhymes with the end of the same line, as in "The guests are *met,* the feast is *set,*" or, "And he shone *bright,* and on the *right.*" Usually this occurs in the third line of the four-line stanza, or in the corresponding line of the longer stanzas.

Remember that all this deals only with the form. Verse may be perfect in form, and yet have not a spark of poetry. We have found what makes verse. Let us see what more is needed to make a poem.

IV. What is Poetry?

The "Ancient Mariner" is a poem. What do we mean by that? Simply that it is written in the form known as verse? By no means. There must be something more. Not only must poetry have verse; verse should, to make a poem, have added to it—poetry. And what is this poetry? Certainly it is not poetry to say,—

> "I put my hat upon my head,
> And went into the Strand,
> And there I met another man,
> Whose hat was in his hand."

This has the form of poetry; but what is wanting? Are the words too simple? Look at another stanza, this time from the "Ancient Mariner":

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

Here the words are no less simple, and the sound is very much the same. What is the difference? What is in one that is not in the other? Nothing in the first would move anybody's feelings. Few, in reading the second, can fail to feel emotion. The first states facts that neither we nor the writer care anything about. The second expresses an emotion that appeals at once to all. Here is one difference—intensity of feeling.

But all intensity of feeling would not make poetry. Suppose you miss a train, are insulted by a street-car conductor, are exultant over a shrewd bargain in business. Would feeling of this sort fit poetry? Apparently, then, we must limit the kind of feeling. It must have dignity, a certain elevation, a certain beauty, and must be seen, not too crudely, but through softening, enhancing mists of imagination. Emotion, then, dignified, beautiful, idealized,—not immediate, but recollected in tranquillity—is one thing needed. And this is about as far as we can go. Poetry, some say, is heightened expression. It demands heightened thoughts, intensified feeling. To write a poem, one must attempt to utter the unutterable; the greater the poem, the more approximate the success. But it can never, of itself, quite accomplish its aim. It can but take the reader near to the poet's original inspiring vision—within sight, perhaps within touch. It is for the reader to complete the work; take, with his own imagination, the last step; bridge the abyss and stand where the poet stands, where he invites.

And this imagination, this ability to respond to the summons of poetry, you must find by patience, by constant fellowship with the best of the world's poets, by

open sympathy, by steady striving to cultivate, in yourself, the poet-sense of the wonder, the unexplored infinitude, of the things about us and over us.

How shall you best appreciate this particular poem? That is the next point to consider.

V. Method of Study.

At the outset, let us see what not to do. Do not study the poem as a piece of English to be "parsed." Do not, if you are a teacher, make your pupils rewrite it into prose. It is not meant to be written in prose. Poetical ideas are meant for poetry; in prose they are out of place—as awkward as the poor Albatross must have been if he tried to walk the ship's deck. Do not make of the poem a combined edition of grammar, spelling-book, dictionary, rhetoric, and encyclopedia. It is a poem, and as a poem it should be studied.

Avoid merely mechanical methods of study. Point out, for examples, words that are suggestive, picturesque, poetic,—words that suggest a whole clause of description. Do not, however, think that the poetry lies in these particular words. They are suggestive *here*. In another place they would be, very likely, as prosaic as any others. Too elaborate analysis of the essence of poetry will fail of its end. You will merely kill the goose, and get not a golden egg for your pains. Macaulay was right in saying, "The man who is best able to take a machine to pieces will be the man most competent to form another machine of similar power. In the branches of physical and moral science which admit of perfect analysis, he who can resolve will be able to combine. But the analysis which criticism can make of poetry is necessarily imperfect. One element must forever elude its researches, and that is the very element by which poetry is poetry."

How, then, shall we approach the poem? What plan will lead, most helpfully, to sympathetic appreciation?

First, gather from the pages that have gone before, the individuality of the man who wrote the poem. Next, get, incidentally, an idea of why he told the story. After that read the whole poem through, rapidly, at one sitting. Then you will be ready to study it.

"Study" has, perhaps, an unfortunate suggestion. It recalls struggles with Latin and Greek poems. Say, then, rather, that you are to endeavor to extract from the poem, not merely what you catch up in casual and careless reading, but what you can garner by diligent, appreciative search, stanza by stanza, line by line. In writing it, the poet pondered every detail. In reading it, ponder, in your turn, each slightest sign, that it may render up to you the significance that he entrusted to it.

You may hurry through a gallery of paintings, getting but a blurred glimpse of the whole array. Or you may work your way through, step by step, studying each canvas till you are sure you can make it mean to you what it meant to the man that made it. In this poem, each stanza is a picture. Slow study, sympathetic repetition, will bring out beauties that the hasty reader gets no hint of. What is more, whenever, afterward, you read the poem rapidly—just as when you pass through the gallery rapidly—you will get, in your passing glance, not merely the blurred glimpse, but you will recall, on the hint of that, all the beauty that you may have found in your hour of study. The riches, once extracted, will never relapse.

How is such study to be directed? Not, as I have said, to derivations and such philological facts. These are useful, but this is not the place for them. Here they are useful only so far as they enable you to grasp the poet's precise meaning. It is to help you in this that the notes

are inserted, not to administer information important in itself.

Gain from study of a poem is twofold : appreciation of what the poet says, and appreciation of the art by which he says it. Add the poet's vision to your vision. Add too, to your own power of expression, a little, if only the tiniest fragment, of the power that you find in him.

How are you to appreciate what the poet says ? Resolve to see every scene distinctly. Picture, for example, the "three" on the way to the feast, and the gaunt figure of the Ancient Mariner, picking out, with his glittering eye, the "one" who must hear his tale. See, if you can, some good illustrations. Doré's, while over-wrought, may prove suggestive. But, if your imagination be vivid, it will show you better pictures than you can find printed or engraved. In this process the teacher should help, by questioning his pupils with regard to each scene, and by having them compare the mental pictures that they see. This will suggest to each much that would have otherwise passed unnoticed.

Build up each scene from its detail. See, for example, that the "ship" be not modern. It must harmonize with the Ancient Mariner. Recall, if you saw them at the World's Fair, the models of the Columbus caravels. If you live by the sea, or have ever seen it, recall, from your own experience, scenes of calm, of storm, of moonrise, of sunset. If you have never seen the sea, recall pictures of the sky, of northern lights, star-dogged moons, bloody suns. How many of all the pictures in the poem can you duplicate in your own experience ? Remember that, after this, when you see these things again—a sea-bird following a ship, a harbor "strewn with level light"—you will appreciate them the more for having seen them here, under guidance of this sovereign lover of nature's magic, approaching them through the golden gate of poetry.

Try to appreciate, too, the poet's art. Ask constantly what artistic impulse prompted him to select this word, this incident, this metrical form. Why could it not, just as well, have been otherwise ? Think of all the possible means of expression, all the possible turns of the story, and try to decide why, of all these, he settled on those before us. Examine every detail of the work. Try to find what purpose—perhaps, what unconscious purpose—inspired it. But do not, in this, lose sight of the more important thing—the emotion that pervades the whole.

For method, take a few stanzas at each lesson, dwelling on each till, if possible, you have absorbed it into your memory,—not only in its words but in its spirit—till its poetry has become part of you, without the aid of printed letters. Try to enjoy without scorning study, and to study without missing enjoyment. Poetry, without pleasure, is profitless.

VI. The Purpose of the Poem.

Some will tell you to "interpret" the poem. You would do better not to make the attempt. Shakespeare and Browning may need "interpreting"—certainly they get it. But beware lest you extract from poems ideas which the authors never put in,—which have, in fact, originated in your own "inner consciousness." As to the "Ancient Mariner," we have Coleridge's own assurance that it is innocent of deeper meaning than appears on the face :

"Mrs. Barbauld once told me that she admired the 'Ancient Mariner' very much, but that there were two faults in it,—it was improbable and had no moral. As for the probability, I owned that that might admit some question ; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that, in my judgment, the poem had too much, and that the only or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral senti-

ment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have no more moral than the Arabian Nights' tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo! a geni starts up, and says he must kill the aforesaid merchant, because one of the date-shells had, it seemed, put out the eye of the geni's son."—Coleridge, "Table-talk" (p. 324).

Coleridge's leading idea was, it seems (see p. xvii.), merely to compose a thrilling poem of the supernatural, founded on his friend's strange dream of a ship full of dead men. The leading idea must have been the mystery of the ocean-spaces, where anything was possible; and the presence of those beings invisible, inhabitants of every element. And it is through these stronger motives that we hear, like a quiet flute in the turmoil of an orchestra, the tender teaching, "He prayeth best who loveth best."

A few say that the poem is an allegory, setting forth, in the form of a story,—as does "Pilgrim's Progress"—a "profound philosophy of life." The ship, such tell us, is "life, or a life"; the voyage, progress from childhood to maturity, "when the Me begins to be conscious of itself through the pressure upon it of the Not-me." One critic says that, without such interpretation, the poem is "a mere musical farrago." Some of us may prefer musical farragos to unmusical metaphysics. Let us take the poem as Coleridge meant it, not as ingenious men may contrive to imagine that he meant it. Do not let people steal from you this beautiful dreamland story, to turn it into rather a commonplace sermon. True "interpretation" is that which is content to accept, with humble admiration, the author's simple meaning.

What is the lesson of the poem? You will find a little of it in the beautiful stanza that tells us to love all creatures, great and small. You will find far more in the spirit of the whole poem—a spirit to which hill and plain,

sea and sky, have not lost their primal wonder,—the splendor of the time

> "When meadow, grove, and stream,
> The earth and every common sight
> . . . . did seem
> Apparelled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream."

VII. Wider Reading.

Read, besides the "Ancient Mariner," a few more of Coleridge's poems. "Christabel," especially the First Part, you will be sure to enjoy, particularly if you will be content to appreciate the mystery without demanding an explanation. The whole charm of the poem lies in its being beyond explanation. "Kubla Khan" you will find fascinating—most of all, the first lines. Swinburne says of this, "For absolute melody and splendor, it were hardly rash to call it the first poem in the language, a supreme model of music, a model unapproachable except by Shelley." You might read, besides these, the "Ode to France," the "Ode to Dejection," the "Lines to Wordsworth," "The Dark Ladie," "Love," and "Frost at Midnight." After this you may wander through the pages of his poems, pausing for whatever seems attractive. The plays you will find disappointing, the work of a man "inapt for dramatic poetry." If you read them, it will be largely as a study.

Read, at the same time, if you can, some of the poetry of Wordsworth,—his poems about "Lucy"; a little, here and there, of the "Prelude" and the "Excursion"; certainly the great "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." Remember that he and Coleridge had, with all their differences, much in common. Read, if you can, a little of the work of the others of the group of friends,—

Lamb, De Quincey, Southey, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt. See what qualities—if any—their work has in common. Make, in brief, this poem a centre, a nucleus, for more reading. That will give your work system, and help you to keep together as a whole your impressions of one period of literature.

VIII. Some Criticisms on the Poem.

The student will be helped, in forming his opinion of the "Ancient Mariner," by noticing what famous critics have said of it:

"It is so well known that it needs no fresh comment. Only I will say that it may seem as though this great sea-piece might have had more in it of the air and savor of the sea. Perhaps it is none the worse, and indeed any one speaking of so great and famous a poem must feel and know that it cannot but be right, although he or another may think it would be better if this were retrenched or that appended. And this poem is beyond question one of the supreme triumphs of poetry. The 'Ancient Mariner' has doubtless more of breadth and space, more of material force and motion, than anything else of the poet's. And the tenderness of sentiment which touches with significant colour the pure white imagination is here no more morbid or languid, as in the earlier poems of feeling and emotion. It is soft and piteous enough, but womanly rather than effeminate: and thus serves indeed to set off the strange splendours and boundless beauties of the story. For the execution, I presume no human eye is too dull to see how perfect it is and how high in kind of perfection. Here is not the speckless and elaborate finish which shows everywhere the fresh rasp of file or chisel on its smooth and spruce excellence: this is faultless after the fashion of a flower or a tree. Thus has it grown: not thus has it been carved."—A. C. Swinburne, "Essays and Studies," page 264.

"Neither the poet himself nor his companions seem to have perceived the extraordinary superiority of this wonderful conception to the other poems with which it was published: for not only was its subject more elevated, but it possessed in fact all the completeness

of execution and faithfulness to its plan which they failed in. While Wordsworth represented the light in the landscape chiefly in his imitation of the prominence sometimes given by the sunshine to the most insignificant spot, Coleridge carried out the similitude on his side with a faithfulness of the grandest kind. Like a great shadow moving noiselessly over the widest sweep of mountain and plain, a pillar of cloud—or like flight of indescribable fleecy hosts of winged vapors spreading their impalpable influence like a breath, changing the face of the earth, subduing the thoughts of men, yet nothing, and capable of no interpretation—such was the great poem destined to represent in the world of poetry the effect which these mystic cloud agencies have upon the daylight and the sky."—Mrs. Oliphant, "Literary History of England, 1790–1825." *

"Fancies of the strange things which may very well happen, even in broad daylight, to men shut up alone in ships far off on the sea, seem to have arisen in the human mind in all ages with a peculiar readiness, and often have about them the fascination of a certain dreamy grace, which distinguishes them from other kinds of marvellous inventions. This sort of fascination the 'Ancient Mariner' brings to its highest degree; it is the delicacy, the dreamy grace in his presentation of the marvellous, that makes Coleridge's work so remarkable. The too palpable intruders from the spirit world, in almost all ghost literature, in Scott and Shakespeare even, have a kind of coarseness or crudeness. Coleridge's power is in the very fineness with which, as with some really ghostly finger, he brings home to our inmost sense his inventions, daring as they are—the skeleton ship, the polar spirit, the inspiriting of the dead bodies of the ship's crew; the 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner' has the plausibility, the perfect adaptation to reason and the general aspect of life, which belongs to the marvellous when actually presented as part of a credible experience, in our dreams."—Walter Pater, in Ward's "English Poets."

IX. Suggested Subjects for Compositions.

A. Suggested Subjects for Long Compositions.—1. The story of the poem. 2. Description and discussion of the human characters in the poem. 3. The supernatural

* The student will do well to read all that Mrs. Oliphant has to say in this book with regard to Wordsworth and Coleridge.

figures and agencies of the poem. 4. The incident in the "Ancient Mariner" that most moves me. 5. The obvious moral of the poem. (See page xxxi.) 6. The presence or absence of moral motive in the poem. (See page xxx.) 7. Why stories of the supernatural sometimes seem true. (See page xxxiv.) 8. The lack of human character in the poem. (See page xv.) 9. The elements that produce the effect of a dream. 10. The poem regarded as a picture of the sea. Is it accurate? Is Mr. Swinburne's criticism just? (See page xxxiii.)

B. Suggested Subjects for Short Compositions.—1. A description of some one scene,—the Death-ship, the Harbor, the Calm. 2. The story of the Albatross, of the return to the harbor, of the rising of the dead men. 3. A short treatment of one of the topics suggested for long compositions. 4. A discussion of the picture suggested by some one stanza. 5. A discussion of the form of some part of the poem.

These are merely suggestions, a mere beginning of a list, to which each teacher may add indefinitely. See, so far as possible, that each pupil write on that phase of the poem that most interests him.

C. Suggestions for Examination.—To some extent build questions on the comments in the notes, and on the additional comments made in class. Do not ask questions of formal detail,—how many fathom deep the spirit slid, what the Albatross ate, in what latitude ice occurs, and the like. Ask rather questions that will lead the pupil to look into the meaning and into the poetry of the poem. The following questions may suggest others:

1. What happened to the Pilot's Boy? By what significant detail is it described? 2. Describe Life-in-Death. Why is her appearance more horrible than that of Death? 3. What is mentioned at the end of every "Part" but the

last ? 4. Quote some stanza that you remember as particularly musical. Explain its form. 5. What are the most effective details in the picture of the calm ? 6. "They stood as signals to the land." Who ? Describe the scene. What comment was made on it in the notes ?

X. Bibliography.

The standard edition of Coleridge's Poetical Works is that which appeared in 1834, the year of his death. The latest reprint, that of B. M. Pickering, 1877, is founded on this. There is also an edition by W. M. Rossetti, containing a reprint of the earliest form of the "Ancient Mariner."

For biographies, there is the "Life of Coleridge," by James Gillman (1838) ; "Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey," by Joseph Cottle (1847) ; a "Life of Coleridge" (in the English Men of Letters Series), by H. D. Traill ; a "Life," in "Lives of Famous Poets," by W. M. Rossetti. The new edition of Coleridge's letters (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1895) casts not a little new light on his character and on the circumstances of his life. There is also much indirect biography contained in the writings of his friends and associates, in their letters, autobiographies, and reminiscent essays. Consult, for this, the works of De Quincey, Wordsworth, Southey, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, John Foster, Hazlitt, and, later, Carlyle. Good examples of the early reviews will be found in the *Edinburgh Review* for September, 1816 ; in *Blackwood's Magazine* for October, 1819 ; and in the *North American Review* for October, 1834. Later magazine articles will be found in *Blackwood's* for November, 1871 ; in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1880 ; and in the same magazine for September, 1895.

Helpful essays will be found in Edward Dowden's "Studies in Literature," in J. C. S. Shairp's "Studies in Philosophy and Poetry," in Mrs. Oliphant's "Literary History of England," and in A. C. Swinburne's "Essays and Studies." Good, too, especially for older readers, is Walter Pater's essay introducing the selections from Coleridge in Ward's "English Poets." But it would be impossible to state in little space all the books that deal with a man whose personality was so essentially interwoven with the literary life of his day.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

Coleridge's Life.	Coleridge's Works.	English Literature.	American Literature.	History.
1772. Born.				
				1774. Goldsmith died.
1781. Christ's Hospital.				
		1783. Crabbe, The Village. Blake, Poetical Sketches.		1783. Irving born.
				1784. Johnson died.
		1785. Cowper, The Task.		
				1786. De Quincey born.
		1787. Blake, Songs of Innocence.		
				1790. Franklin died.
1791. Entered Jesus College, Cambridge.				
1793. Entered dragoons.		1793. Burns, Poems.		
1794. Left college finally. Met Southey.				1794. Bryant born.
1795. Married Sara Fricker.	1795. Moral and Political Lectures, Conciones ad Populum, etc.			
1796. Life in Bristol.	1796. *The Watchman.* Poems on various subjects. (Later editions 1797, 1803.)			1796. Burns died.
1797. Met Wordsworth. The year of his "poetic prime."				
1798. Continental tour.	1798. Lyrical Ballads (with Wordsworth).			
1799. Returned to London. First visit to the Lakes.				
1799–1803. Spent in London and at the Lakes.				

	1800. Various poems in *The Morning Post.* Reprinted in pamphlet form. Translation of Wallenstein.			1800. Cowper died.
				1803. Emerson born.
1804. Went to Malta for his health.				
1805. Returned to London.		1805. Scott, Lay of the Last Minstrel.		
1805–1810. Spent like 1799–1803.				
			1807. Irving, Salmagundi.	1807. Longfellow born.
		1808. Scott, Marmion.		
	1809. *The Friend.*		1809. Irving, Knickerbocker's History of New York.	1809. Holmes, Lincoln, Poe, Tennyson, Darwin, Gladstone born.
1810. Farewell to the Lakes. Went to London. Left his family with Southey.		1810. Scott, Lady of the Lake.		
				1811. Thackeray born.
		1812. Byron, Childe Harold. (Cantos I. and II.)		1812. Dickens born. Browning born.
	1813. Remorse produced at Drury Lane Theatre.			
1814. Went to Mr. Gilman's. Ceased, virtually, the use of opium.		1814. Waverley.		
1814–1834. Lived at Mr. Gilman's.				
	1816. A Lay Sermon. Christabel.	1816. Shelley, Alastor.		
	1817. Sibylline Leaves. Another Lay Sermon. Biographia Literaria.	1817. Lalla Rookh.	1817. Bryant, Thanatopsis.	
	1818. Zapola. Second edition of *The Friend.*	1818. Keats, Endymion.		

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.—*Continued.*

Coleridge's Life.	Coleridge's Works.	English Literature.	American Literature.	History.
			1819. Irving, Sketch-book.	1819. George Eliot, Lowell, Ruskin born.
		1820. Keats, Lamia, Isabella, Eve of St. Agnes, Hyperion. Shelley, Prometheus Unbound.		
		1821. De Quincey, Confessions. Byron, Marino Faliero.	1821. Cooper, The Spy.	1821. Keats died.
		1822. Lamb, Essays of Elia.	1822. Irving, Bracebridge Hall.	1822. Arnold born; Shelley died.
			1823. Cooper, The Pilot.	
			1824. Irving, Tales of a Traveller.	1824. Byron died.
	1825. Aids to Reflection.	1825. Macaulay, Essay on Milton.		1825. Huxley born.
		1827. Alfred and Charles Tennyson, Poems by Two Brothers.	1827. Poe, Tamerlane.	1827. Blake died.
	1828. Poetic and Dramatic Works.			
	1829. Second edition.			
		1830. Tennyson, Poems, chiefly Lyrical.		
			1831. Poe, The Raven.	
				1832. Scott died.
		1833. Carlyle, Sartor Resartus.	1833. Longfellow, Outre-Mer.	
1834. Died.	Posthumous: Complete Works; Literary Reminiscences; Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit.			

THE

RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

IN SEVEN PARTS

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? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis 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.

Translation.—"I find it easy to believe that in the universe the visible beings are outnumbered by the invisible. But who shall tell us the nature common to these, their rank, their kindreds, the signs by which they are distinguished, the gifts in which they excel? What is their task? Where is their abode? Close to full knowledge of these wonders, the mind of man has ever circled, nor ever attained the centre. Meanwhile, I trust, it will give us profit to contemplate in the mind, as in a picture, the image of this other world, greater than ours and better, lest our minds, becoming wont to the petty details of daily life, be narrowed overmuch, and sink to paltry thoughts. We must, meanwhile, keep watch, with vigilance, toward truth, preserving temperance of judgment, that we distinguish things certain from things uncertain, day from night."

PART THE FIRST.

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 gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stoppst thou me?

II.

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide, 5
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din."

The glosses—Coleridge's prose comments in the margin—should be read carefully, both in connection with the poem, and by themselves. They were added, in *Sibylline Leaves*, some time after the poem was written, in imitation of an old custom. You will find them of help in indicating the action of the poem.

I. *It is.* A beginning common in tales and old ballads. It—the man I am going to tell you about—is. The principal figure is brought before us at once. *Ancient Mariner.* Why not *old sea-faring man*, as in the gloss at the side of the page? What difference is there in the suggestion? From what language is each phrase derived? *One of three.* Why one of *three*, rather than of four or five? (See note on XIX.) Does the fact that other passers-by are thus mentioned add to the mental picture called up by this stanza? *By thy*, etc. Abrupt, but we guess the speaker. What is gained by indirect description—that is, description introduced not formally, but as if by accident? How do you get your impression of the Mariner? What is it? Why is the Wedding-Guest introduced? Why does not the Mariner tell his tale directly to the reader? Why is *glittering* better than *shining* or *flashing*?

II. Why are *Bridegroom*, *Mariner*, etc., capitalized? *Mayst.* Notice the form of the verb used, and the effect of impatience produced by the omission of the subject.

III.

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he. 10
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

IV.

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

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child: 15
The Mariner hath his will.

V.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner. 20

III. The Mariner ignores the Guest's protest. He seems not to hear it. This increases the uncanny impression. What kind of being, we ask, is this, on whom words have no effect? *There was a ship.* The ship, as, later, the Albatross, the calm, and the Death-ship, appears suddenly, as things appear in dreams, without explanation or preparation. We are in a world of wonders. *Loon.* Compare *Macbeth*, "The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon" (Act V., sc. iii., line 2). *Eftsoons*, immediately, straightway. To us the word has a more leisurely suggestion. *Dropt.* How does this verb compare in tense with *holds?* What do you observe with regard to tenses throughout the opening stanzas? What is the effect of this uncertainty of time? Observe the spelling. Can you find other words in the poem similarly spelled?

V. Does *bright*, in *bright-eyed*, suggest *glittering?* Is it not, perhaps, unfortunately cheerful in suggestion?

VI.

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

VII.

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

"The sun came up upon the left, 25
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

VIII.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—" 30
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

VI. A moment ago we learned that there was a ship. Suddenly we are aboard and under way. *Drop.* Used in a nautical sense,—move down the coast. *Below the lighthouse top* is, in this connection, a little confusing. Probably the poet had in mind here the related idea of the lighthouse top dropping—vanishing—last of all, below the horizon.

VII. Compare the beginning of Tennyson's poem, *The Voyage.* Read, also, Longfellow's *The Discoverer of the North Cape,* which in a small degree, recalls the manner of this. Observe how quickly the story has passed into the open sea, where anything may happen.

VIII. "When the Ancient Mariner [*Was* it the Ancient Mariner?] thought he heard 'the loud bassoon,' he probably heard nothing of the kind."—F. W. Apthorp, in *Boston Symphony Orchestra Programme.* Is the criticism true? If it is, is it important?

IX.

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

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes 35
The merry minstrelsy.

X.

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

XI.

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

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

IX. *Their heads . . . goes.* Is this violation of the rule of concord justifiable? Why? *Cf.* "But first the nodding minstrels go." Coleridge, *Ballad of the Dark Ladie.* Why is *nodding* appropriate?

X. This stanza is repeated almost verbatim from V. A critic condemns Coleridge for "trying to awaken our feelings by the force of verbal iteration." What do you think of the charge?

XI. Is the "along" called for by the thought, or by the rhyme, or by both? What figure of speech is used in this stanza?

XII.

With sloping masts and dipping prow, 45
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled. 50

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

And through the drifts the snowy clifts 55
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

XII. If you have ever seen a gale at sea, recall the picture. If not, try to find some good picture to help your imagination. Make a mental picture of the ship, with *sloping masts,* etc. *Treads the shadow.* What does this mean ? What does it imply ? How is *aye* to be pronounced in this sense ? See the dictionary. This stanza contains six lines. How are they distributed ? See the Introduction, III.

XIII. Suggested, it may be, by Captain James's *Strange and Dangerous Voyage,* published in London, 1633. The book describes "Ice as high as our Top-Mast-Head," which had "sharp blue corners," and made "a hollow and a hideous noise." See correspondence in the *Athenæum,* 1890. The ice, like the other apparitions, comes with no preparation.

XIV. *Drifts.* Snow drifts? Would "clifts" then show through them ? Try the word in the sense of driving clouds of mist and snow. *Clifts.* An old form, a confusion, perhaps, of "cliffs" and "clefts." *Cf. Robinson Crusoe,* "climbed up the clifts of the shore." *Sheen.* Like the cold light of a snow-storm. *All between.* Between what ? How is *between* used here ?

XV.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around: 60
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

XVI.

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

At length did cross an Albatross:
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul, 65
We hailed it in God's name.

XVII.

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

XV. *Swound.* Archaic for "swoon." Like noises that one hears when swooning. Try to imagine them.

XVI. *Did cross.* Crossed our course. Compare the common phrase, "I came across it." *Thorough.* The old form of "through" is used here for metrical convenience. Why would not "through" fit as well? Realize, as vividly as you can, the delight of these men, so long out of sight of land, at meeting a living thing.

XVII. *Had eat.* A form of the verb now obsolete and inelegant. *Thunder-fit.* A noise like thunder, "A burst of thunder-sound." *Steered us through.* Recall the old story of the Argo and the Symplegades. A dim recollection of it may have been in Coleridge's mind. See Murray's *Manual of Mythology*, pp. 273–274. Read William Morris's *Jason.* See, too, Swinburne:

"When the oars won their way
Where the narrowing Symplegades whitened the straits of Propontis with spray."

XVIII.

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

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

XIX.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, 75
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

XX.

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

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !— 80
Why lookst thou so ?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."

XIX. *Shroud.* One of the supporting ropes that run from the mast-head to the side of the ship. *Vespers nine. Vespers* suggests the religion of the world in the time in which the scene is laid. What was it ? *Nine.* The prevailing numbers in this poem are three, five, seven, and nine. The odd numbers have always been regarded as particularly appropriate to the mystical or supernatural. See, for example, Rossetti's *Blessed Damozel :*

"She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven."

Tennyson writes, in the *Hesperides :*

". . . Five and three,
Let it not be noised abroad, make an awful mystery."

There are, you remember, nine muses, seven wonders of the world, three fates, etc.

XX. *God save thee !* Why does he say this ? What has happened ? Note the abruptness of the answer. It begins in the middle of the line. Can you find another line so abruptly broken in the middle ? See how this form emphasizes the answer. *Cross-bow.* In what age of the world was the cross-bow used ? What was it ? Each part ends with mention of the Albatross. Why ?

PART THE SECOND.

XXI.

"The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left 85
Went down into the sea.

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay, 95
That made the breeze to blow!'

XXI. Varied from XXVII. Why is the change first mentioned here? They had already been sailing north "for vespers nine."

XXII. Varied from what previous stanza?

XXIII. '*Em.* Would a writer of to-day be likely to use this in a serious poem, even if, according to one critic, it is "a sign not of barbarism, but of a fondness for the choicest of Old English"? What contractions are not out of place in poetry?

XXIV.

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

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.'

XXV.

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

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst 105
Into that silent sea.

XXVI.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea! 110

XXIV. Pause after *red*. The phrase *like God's own head* modifies *Sun*. Read carelessly, the stanza makes nonsense.

XXV. The original edition reads *followed free*. Coleridge changed it to "streamed off free," observing that, seen from shipboard the furrow did not follow, but streamed off. Later, however, he resumed the first form, for the sake of smoothness of sound; also, to some extent, for the sake of swiftness. Compare the effect of the two. Observe that this weighing of forms must be the constant task of every conscientious writer. *Into that silent sea*. The silent sea comes as suddenly as the ice and the Albatross. Compare a similar phrase in *Kubla Khan:*

"Where Alph the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

XXVI. Note how the speed of line 105 is checked in the halting movement of line 107. You can feel the ship stop. Why is it hard to read line 107 rapidly? Why did the writer put such a line here? Why not *down dropt the sails*, keeping the same order as the first clause? This stanza ends with the same rhyme-word, *sea*, as the last. Note the dreary effect.

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

Day after day, day after day, 115
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

XXIX.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink; 120
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

XXX.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs 125
Upon the slimy sea.

XXVII. *All.* What does it mean here? Note the effect of each adjective. Is any superfluous? Why is *copper* appropriate?

XXVIII. *Day after day.* The repetition suggests the monotony. *Stuck.* Not a pretty word; but can you find a pretty word that shall be as forcible?

XXIX. Why could they not drink it? Why was not the presence of the water cooling?

XXX. *With legs.* What kind of slimy things does this suggest? The repetition of *slimy* adds force.

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

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

XXXIII.

And every tongue, through utter drought, 135
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

XXXI. *Rout.* See dictionary. *Death-fires.* Phosphoric lights, corpse-candles. Perhaps, too, St. Elmo's fires, the mast-head lights that sailors call "corposants." *Witch's oils.* The use of strange fires was a common device of necromancers.

XXXII. Is the reader really supposed to look up these learned authorities mentioned in the gloss? Can you find any other reason for their being mentioned here? *Assured were.* Learned certainly what they had suspected. Perhaps merely "learned." What Latin idiom is the phrase a little like? A fathom is six feet. Here the actual depth is of little moment. *Nine* is chosen merely as a "mystical" number. The Spirit keeps out of sight. Would it be easy, without loss to the effect on our imagination, to make him appear on the deck and speak to the Mariner? Read the criticism of Walter Pater, on page xxxiv. *Plagued.* Not used so trivially as by people now.

XXXIII. The last two lines seem a little prosaic. Why? Is there a double negative in the third line? Why not?

XXXIV.

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

Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young ! 140
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

XXXIV. *Well-a-day.* A mixture of "walaway" (an old exclamation of distress) and "Woe's the day !" The Albatross appears again at the end of the part.

PART THE THIRD.

XXXV.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
  Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time! 145
  How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward, I beheld
  A something in the sky.

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

XXXVI.

At first it seemed a little speck,
  And then it seemed a mist: 150
It moved and moved, and took at last
  A certain shape, I wist.

XXXVII.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
  And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite, 155
  It plunged and tacked and veered.

XXXV. The indefinite *something* rouses our curiosity as it did the Mariner's.

XXXVI. *I wist.* Inserted for meaning, or for rhyme?

XXXVII. *Water-sprite.* This comparison keeps us in touch with the supernatural. *Tacked.* Not to be taken as a nautical term. It expresses here merely wayward motion.

XXXVIII.

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

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood, 160
And cried, A sail! a sail!

XXXIX.

A flash of joy.

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, 165
As they were drinking all.

XXXVIII. The extra line adds suspense. See page xxiv. Note the effect of the means by which the Mariner found his voice. It was not simply "with difficulty."

XXXIX. *Gramercy.* Originally "*grand merci*," great thanks. Here merely intensive. *For joy did grin.* "I took the thought of grinning for joy from poor Burnett's remark to me when we had climbed to the top of Plinlimmon, and were nearly dead with thirst. We could not speak for the constriction till we found a little puddle under a stone. He said to me, 'You grinned like an idiot.' He had done the same."—Coleridge, *Table-talk.* But is not the realism a trifle grotesque? *As they were drinking.* Note the appropriateness of the figure.

XL.

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

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
  Hither to work us weal,—
Without a breeze, without a tide,
  She steadies with upright keel! 170

XLI.

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 175
  Betwixt us and the Sun.

XL. *She steadies.* Used chiefly of vessels. Are the last two lines of the stanza as joyful as the first? Is there not dread mixed with them? Compare Longfellow's *Phantom Ship:*

> "On she came with a crowd of canvas,
>   Right against the wind that blew,
> Until the eye could distinguish
>   The faces of her crew."

The "Flying Dutchman" always came, as in the old ballad, "to windward." The first steamships terrified ignorant sailors by doing the same thing. Compare Longfellow's *Ballad of Carmilhan:*

> "A ghostly ship, with a ghostly crew,
>   In tempests she appears;
> And before the gale, or against the gale,
> She sails without a rag of sail,
>   Without a helmsman steers."

The whole poem, in many ways, will recall the *Ancient Mariner.*

XLI. With this comes certainty of the supernatural. The sail becomes *that strange shape.* (One editor reads "ship.") Observe the repetition of the rhyme-word *Sun.* Compare Poe's *Annabel Lee:*

> "In her sepulchre there by the sea,
>   In her tomb by the sounding sea."

Broad. What does this imply? Is the sun elongated, or simply an enlarged circle?

XLII.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

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

XLIII.

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?

XLIV.

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

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun 185
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?

XLII. *Heaven's Mother.* See note on stanza XIX. Were his feelings joyful now?

XLIII. Is he glad that she is nearing fast? Why is *her* italicized? Read the line aloud. Why is *Woman* capitalized? Why *a Death?* Why not simply *Death?*

XLV.

Like vessel, like crew!

Her lips were red, her looks were free, 190
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.

XLVI.

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

The naked hulk alongside came, 195
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

XLVII.

No twilight within the courts of the Sun.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark; 200
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

XLV. Why is Death not described as well as Life-in-Death? Red lips and golden hair are certainly not in themselves repelling. It is only when we join to them *skin as white as leprosy* that the picture becomes horrible,—the more horrible for the contrast. Have these contradictory details any fitness to the character? Think of her name.

XLVI. Naked even of planking, since the ribs show. Why does she whistle? Why thrice? See note on XIX. Originally another stanza followed this:

"A gust of winde sterte up behind,
And whistled through his bones;
Through the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth,
Half whistles and half groans."

What reason can you see for omitting it?

XLVII. Note the rapidity of the scene. To what words is it chiefly due? What would cause the "whisper"? Observe the very poetical form of the gloss. What is meant by it? Where are the "courts of the sun"?

XLVIII.

At the rising of the Moon,

We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
  My life-blood seemed to sip ! 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 hornèd Moon, with one bright star 210
  Within the nether tip.

XLIX.

One after another,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
  Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
  And cursed me with his eye. 215

XLVIII. *Looked sideways up.* Why not directly up or down ? What does the position imply ? Observe the fitness of the comparison. Recall some time when you have been afraid. *His lamp.* In front of the steersman a small, partly covered lamp illuminates the compass. The light reflected on the steersman's face would have a ghastly effect. *The dew did drip.* Suggestive of what kind of weather ? of wind ? *Clomb.* Would you use this in prose ? Tennyson writes:

"And dewed with showery drops
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse." —*Lotos-Eaters.*

Bar, edge of the sea. Often it shows, at moonrise, as a bright bar. *Hornèd*, two syllables. *Within.* Was it actually within ? Could it have been ? Observe the form of the stanza. See the Introduction, p. xxiv.

XLIX. "It is a common superstition among sailors that something is going to happen when stars dog the moon."—Coleridge.

L.

His shipmates drop down dead.

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

LI.

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

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!"

L. *Thump, lump.* This rhyme sounds, to the modern ear, undignified. Perhaps this is because so many undignified words—"bump," "dump," "hump," etc.—end in this way. But the sound seems to have had more dignity. In an old ballad we are told quite seriously of a man who was "in doleful dumps."

LI. *And every soul.* Compare the last lines of Rossetti's *Sister Helen:*

"Ah! what white thing at the door has crossed,
Sister Helen?
Ah! what is this that sighs in the frost?"
"A soul that's lost as mine is lost,
Little brother!"
(*Oh Mother, Mary Mother,*
Lost, lost, all lost between Hell and Heaven!)

The last lines of this part carry us back to the Albatross.

PART THE FOURTH.

LII.

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him;

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand! 225
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

LIII.

"I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest! 230
This body dropt not down.

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

LIV.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony. 235

LII. The fear is explained in the gloss. Read LII. in close connection with what precedes. Lines three and four were composed by Wordsworth. Do they join on smoothly, or can you detect the patch? *Ribbed.* Sea-sand, at low tide, is marked by ripples, left by the receding waves.

LIV. Note the repeated *alone,* with its long vowel. See above, in the quotation from Rossetti, a similar repetition of "lost." *Never a saint.* Why *never* instead of "*not*"? Is there a difference in force? In what churches are saints prayed to?

LV.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm.

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

LVI.

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

I looked upon the rotting sea, 240
  And drew my eyes away:
I looked upon the rotting deck,
  And there the dead men lay.

LVII.

I looked to Heaven and tried to pray;
  But or ever a prayer had gusht, 245
A wicked whisper came, and made
  My heart as dry as dust.

LV. *So beautiful.* In themselves? Lamb—in a perverse mood—suggested that they were "Vagabonds, all covered with pitch." But what does Coleridge mean? Does he not mean beautiful as higher works of God, beautiful in comparison with the "slimy things" that lived on? The Mariner's cure was not yet complete. He could not yet love and admire all that God had made.

LVI. *Rotting.* Recall, if you have ever seen one, a pool of stagnant salt water. What do you observe in the form and sound of lines one and three?

LVII. What is the heart compared to? Is *gusht* and *dust* a good rhyme? How would you spell *gusht?*

LVIII.

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 250
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

LIX.

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

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me 255
Had never passed away.

LX.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye! 260
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

LVIII. Notice the anapestic third line. What alliteration do you observe?

LIX. *Reek.* See the dictionary. This is the first stage of the punishment; the beginning of Life-in-Death.

LX. *Seven.* See note on stanza XIX.

LXI.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide :
Softly she was going up, 265
And a star or two beside—

LXII.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway 270
A still and awful red.

LXIII.

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

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light 275
Fell off in hoary flakes.

LXI. Read the gloss aloud. What poetical thought is in it that is not in the text ? While it is prose in form, it is in substance as poetical as any part of the poem.

LXII. Written continuously with LXI., yet with an independent rhyme system.

LXIII. *Elfish,* a word of indefinite supernatural suggestion.

"Hark, 'tis an elfin storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming."—Keats, *Eve of St. Agnes.*

LXIV.

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

LXV.

Their beauty and their happiness.

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

He blesseth them in his heart.

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

LXVI.

The spell begins to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank 290
Like lead into the sea.

LXIV. Their color appears more clearly in the *still and awful red* of the ship's shadow. Recall, if you have seen it, the phosphorescence of sea-water.

LXV. They are no longer *slimy things;* they, too, are beautiful. The Mariner's perception of this removes, or begins to remove, the curse. Compare, for form, stanzas XXIII., XXIV., and XLI.

LXVI. What does *so free* modify ? *Albatross* or *neck?* What scene in *Pilgrim's Progress* does this recall ? The Albatross carries the weight of offence with it. The story is, for the instant, allegorical.

PART THE FIFTH.

LXVII.

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, 295
  That slid into my soul.

LXVIII.

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

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

LXIX.

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.

LXVII. *Sleep.* Sleep is much praised by poets. See *Macbeth*, II., ii., 7; the second part of *King Henry IV.*, i., 5–31; also Keats, *Endymion*, Book i., line 453, and what immediately follows. See, too, the sonnet by Sir Philip Sidney, beginning:

> "Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
> The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe."

Probably you can recall other passages. *Mary Queen.* See stanza XIX. *Slid.* Why more appropriate than "came"?

LXVIII. *Silly.* The word first meant *blessed*, then *innocent*, then *simple;* finally, *foolishly simple.* Here, *empty, useless.* Why is their uselessness here significant?

LXIX. *Sure.* This same form occurred in the same construction in stanza LXV. Would you use it in that way now?

LXX.

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 blessèd ghost.

LXXI.

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

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear ; 310
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

LXXII.

The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about; 315
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

LXX. *So light.* Remember how you have felt after a long illness. *Almost* modifies *thought.* Pause after *light.* *A blessed ghost,* as opposed to a lost, damned ghost; or a *blessed ghost,* as opposed to a very miserable living man.

LXXI. *Anear.* What is the modern form ? *Sere.* Usually applied to what ? What implied comparison? What is the meaning of *element* in the gloss ? See dictionary. *Cf.* gloss on XXXII.

LXXII. Examine the construction of the second line. *Fire-flags* is the subject. The sentence is pleonastic in form. *Sheen* is an adjective modifying *flags.* We have had it before as a noun. See XIV. What lights, sometimes seen in the sky, might be called *fire-flags ?* In what quarter of the heavens do they appear ?

LXXIII.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
  And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black
    cloud; 320
  The Moon was at its edge.

LXXIV.

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.

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

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.

LXXIII. *Sedge.* The figure is faint to us, since the word is strange. Recall the sound of the wind in rushes, tall grass, or corn.

LXXIV. Pause till you see the picture definitely.

LXXV. Suppose the wind had reached the ship—would the story have been so effective?

LXXVI. *Had.* What mood? How used? *To have seen.* Should not this be, properly, "to see"?

LXXVII.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ; 335
  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

LXXVIII.

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

LXXIX.

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 !" 345
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
  But a troop of spirits blest :

LXXX.

For when it dawned—they dropped their
    arms, 350
  And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
  And from their bodies passed.

LXXVIII. *The body . . . he.* Incongruous. But can you change *he* to *it ?*

LXXIX. What previous stanza does this recall ?

LXXX. What, in the description, hints that not the bodies, but the spirits, sing ?

LXXXI.

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

LXXXII.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
  I heard the sky-lark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are, 360
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
  With their sweet jargoning !

LXXXIII.

And now 'twas like all instruments,
  Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song, 365
  That makes the heavens be mute.

LXXXIV.

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, 370
That to the sleeping woods all night
  Singeth a quiet tune.

LXXXII. *A-dropping.* *A* is the old "on,"—in the act of dropping. Compare "a-fishing." *Sky-lark.* An American bird ? Read Wordsworth's *Ode to a Skylark*, and Shelley's. Which do you prefer ? *Jargoning.* The confused sound of a flock of birds.

LXXXIII. Note the music in this and the following stanzas. Observe the alliteration in *like, lonely, makes, mute, noise, noon, sleeping, singeth.* Would you use "be" in this way in prose ?

LXXXIV. Why in June rather than in December ? Why at night, in sleeping woods ? How does all this detail help ? *Like of.* Explain.

LXXXV.

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

LXXXVI.

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

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
  From the land of mist and snow,
The Spirit slid : and it was he
  That made the ship to go. 380
The sails at noon left off their tune
  And the ship stood still also.

LXXXVII.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
  Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir, 385
  With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
  With a short uneasy motion.

LXXXV. Note the alliteration.

LXXXVI. Repeated, in part, from what stanza ? *Slid.* Why is this better than *went*, *followed*, or some such word ? Here there is an inconsistency. The gloss to stanza XXV. says : "The ship sails northward, even till it reaches the Line." Here the Spirit carries the ship as far as the Line. How can he, if it be already there ? Either the poet forgot the former stanza, or felt that poetic geography may take licenses.

LXXXVII. What peculiarity of the stanza suggests the *uneasy motion ?*

LXXXVIII.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
  She made a sudden bound ; 390
It flung the blood into my head,
  And I fell down in a swound.

LXXXIX.

How long in that same fit I lay,
  I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned, 395
I heard and in my soul discerned
  Two voices in the air.

XC.

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.

'Is it he ?' quoth one, 'Is this the man ?
  By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low, 400
  The harmless Albatross.

XCI.

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.' 405

LXXXVIII. *Swound.* Met once before. Where ?

LXXXIX. *Have not to.* Cannot. *Living life.* Is *living* superfluous ? Is there, in this poem, life not living ? *Discerned.* Spirit voices are perceptible to the spirit as well as to ears of flesh.

XCI. Note the musical reiteration of *loved.*

XCII.

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

XCII. *Honey-dew.* Just what is *honey-dew ?* See dictionary. Did the poet care just what it meant, in this case, or did he choose the words *honey* and *dew* for their suggestion of dropping sweetness ? *Will do.* Observe that it is not *shall do.* The speaker merely knows of the punishment. A higher power inflicts it.

PART THE SIXTH.

XCIII.

FIRST VOICE.

‘But tell me, tell me! speak again, 410
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the Ocean doing?’

XCIV.

SECOND VOICE.

‘Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast. 415
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

XCIV. *Still*, etc. Coleridge borrows from his own play *Osorio:*

"O woman,
I have stood silent as a slave before thee."

Great eye. Here he perhaps recalls a stanza by Sir John Davies:

"For lo the Sea that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand;
For his great crystal eye is ever cast
Up to the Moon and on her fixèd fast."
—*Orchestra, a Poeme of Dauncing.*

Compare Keats:

"O Moon, far-spooming Ocean bows to thee."—*Endymion.*

XCV.

If he may know which way to go ;
  For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see ! how graciously 420
  She looketh down on him.'

XCVI.

FIRST VOICE.

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

' 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

XCVII.

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.'

XCVIII.

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

I woke, and we were sailing on 430
  As in a gentle weather :
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high ;
  The dead men stood together.

XCVI. *Or.* What would this be in prose ?

XCVII. *Slow and slow.* How different in effect from "slower and slower" ? *Abated.* Not ordinarily applied to so passive a state.

XCVIII. *A weather.* Why *a ?*

XCIX.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter : 435
All fixed on me their stony eyes
That in the Moon did glitter.

C.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away :
I could not draw my eyes from theirs, 440
Nor turn them up to pray.

CI.

The curse is finally expiated.

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

CII.

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 450
Doth close behind him tread.

XCIX. *Charnel-dungeon.* See dictionary.

CI. *Green.* Is the ocean actually *green* by moonlight ?

CIII.

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

CIV.

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.

CV.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, 460
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

CVI.

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see ? 465
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

CIII. Visible either by a ripple or by a belt of darker water. But is breeze on moonlit water dark ?

CIV. *Gale.* In what sense ? *Welcoming.* "Wel″coming′." Note the secondary stress, thrown by the metre on the last syllable. It is not so strong as the primary. *Cf. mariner,* stanza I.

CV. Note parallel form of lines 1 and 3.

CVI. The landmarks reappear in reversed order. They come without warning. Observe the miraculous swiftness of the journey. In what gloss is comment made on it ? *Countree.* A ballad form. Compare the ballad of *Thomas the Rhymer :*

"And they waded through blude aboon the knee,
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie."

"Own country" and "ain country" are common in verse.

CVII.

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

CVIII.

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

CIX.

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

CX.

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

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

CVII. *O let*, etc. "Let this prove real. If it be dream, let me dream forever."

CVIII. *Strewn.* Spread evenly with *level light.* Observe how melodiously the sound of *moon* is anticipated in *moonlight. Shadow.* Reflected image.

CIX. What does *steady* imply here ? Observe the alliteration : *stands, steeped, steady.*

CX. His back is turned to the deck. He sees the reflected images first.

CXI.

And appear in their own forms of light.

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

CXII.

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

CXIII.

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

CXIV.

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

CXII. *Rood.* Cross. Compare the term *rood-screen,* used of the cross-bearing screen in many Anglican and Catholic churches. *Seraph-man.* Compare Milton's

"The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed."
—*Hymn on the Nativity.*

CXIII. *Signals.* Vessels at night summon a pilot by a flare, a flame blazing from the deck, lighting spars and sails. Perhaps such a sight suggested to Coleridge this picture.

CXIV. *Impart.* An odd use of the word.

CXV.

But soon I heard the dash of oars, 500
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

CXVI.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast: 505
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

CXVII.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns 510
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

CXV. *Cheer.* In what sense?

CXVI. *A joy the dead,* etc. Insert *that.* A joy that the presence of the dead could not overcome.

CXVII. Why is the Hermit introduced? *Shrieve.* See dictionary.

PART THE SEVENTH.

CXVIII.

The Hermit of the wood

THIS Hermit good lives in that wood
  Which slopes down to the sea: 515
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
  That come from a far countree.

CXIX.

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

CXX.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
  'Why this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair, 525
  That signal made but now?'

CXVIII. Why seven parts? See note on XIX.

CXIX. How does this help the story? Would a priest from the town have done as well?

CXX. *Skiff-boat.* With us, the first part of the word would be enough. *Trow.* See dictionary.

CXXI.

Approacheth the ship with wonder.

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails
How thin they are and sere! 530
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

CXXII.

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

CXXIII.

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

CXXIV.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard. 545

CXXI. Is *sere* and *were* a perfect rhyme? Note how the construction of the stanza runs over to the next.

CXXII. *Tod.* Bush. The description seems a little disproportionate. Does it add to our idea of leaves, or of sails?

CXXIII. *A-feared.* *Cf.* "a-thirst," "an-hungered."

CXXIV. and CXXV. Note the approach of the sound. Would a sudden burst, a *thunder-fit*, have been so effective? How does the sinking of the ship aid the plan of the story?

CXXV.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

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.

CXXVI.

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

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, 550
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. 555

CXXVII.

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.

CXXVIII.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked 560
And fell down in a fit ;
The Holy Hermit raised his eyes
And prayed where he did sit.

CXXVI. *Seven.* See note to XIX. *As dreams.* See note to III.

CXXVII. Note how the splitting of the bay and the dreadful sound are reënforced by the mention of the whirl and the echo. Were these omitted, the scene would lose much.

CXXVIII. Why is the moving of his lips worse to them than his silence ?

CXXIX.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go, 565
Laughed 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.'

CXXX.

And now, all in my own countree, 570
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

CXXXI.

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

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The Hermit crossed his brow. 575
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

CXXXII.

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

CXXIX. *Doth go.* "Go crazy" is common. Here "go" is used a little more nearly in the sense of "be." If line two were omitted, line four would suggest his madness.

CXXXI. Note the Biblical effect of the last line. To what words is it due?

CXXXIII.

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,
  This heart within me burns. 585

CXXXIV.

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

CXXXV.

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, 595
  Which biddeth me to prayer!

CXXXIII. Some editions, for *an agony*, in the gloss, read *and agony*.

CXXXIV. What great traditional "wanderer" of romance does this suggest? *Teach*. Used in what sense? *That moment*. Some editions read *the*.

CXXXV. Observe the transition from the *uproar* to the *little vesper bell*. After this the whole tone of the poem changes. This stanza is what, in music, would be called a modulating passage, changing key and subject.

CXXXVI.

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

CXXXVII.

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

CXXXVIII.

To walk together to the kirk, 605
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

CXXXIX.

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

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell 610
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

CXXXVI. and CXXXVII. Introduced by CXXXV. Why does he prefer the kirk ? What reason does the preceding stanza suggest ?

CXXXVIII. *Gay.* Happy, or brightly dressed. Does it modify *youths and maidens*, or only *maidens ?*

CXXXIX. and CXL. Note the repetition. Note also the progression from *well* to *best.* Observe how the verse lingers on *loveth.*

CXL.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ; 615
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

CXLI.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest 620
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

CXLII.

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

CXL. *All things both great and small.* Is there a suggestion of *Psalms* civ., 25 ? Compare the last stanza of Wordsworth's *Hart-leap Well :*

"One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows and what conceals,
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

Read that poem. Compare its lesson with that of this poem. Which has the more positive, the more far-reaching moral ?

CXLI. Why did the Wedding-Guest turn away ?

CXLII. What does *sense* mean here ? What two meanings has the word ? *Forlorn.* Abandoned. Why was the Wedding-Guest "sadder and wiser" ?

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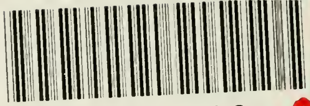
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