

BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.—No. 97.

EDITED BY W. T. STEAD.

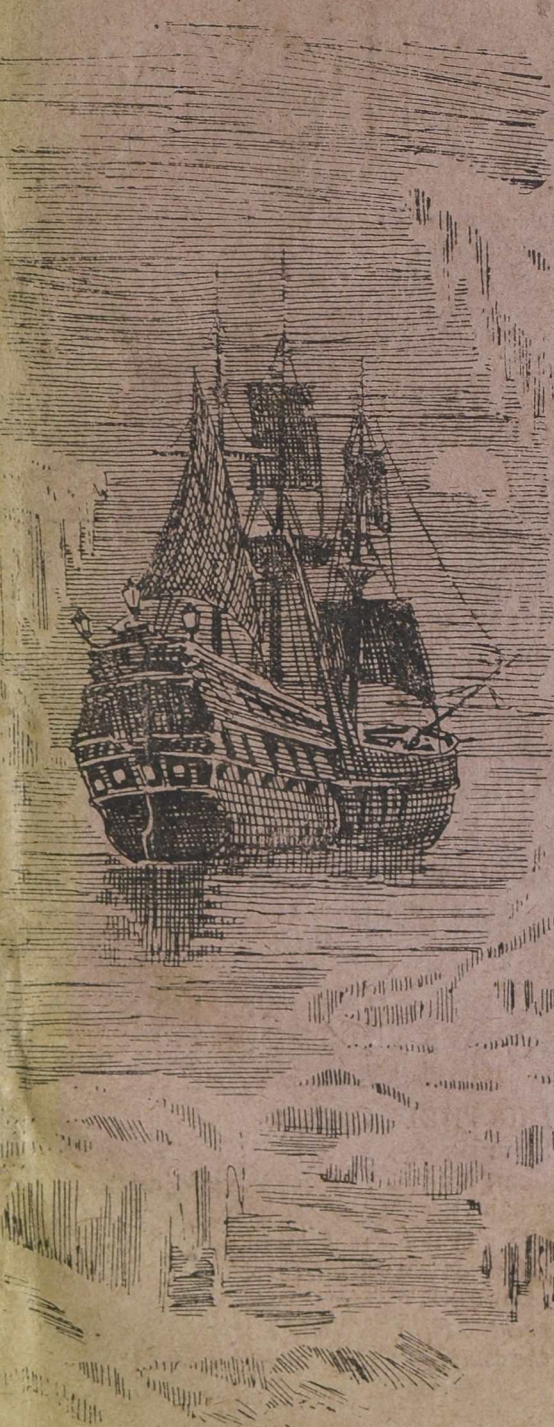
THE
ANCIENT
MARINER.

By S. T. COLERIDGE.

Illustrated by
BRINSLEY LE FANU.

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SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(WHO WROTE THE STORY OF "THE ANCIENT MARINER.")

BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.—No. 97.

THE RIME OF THE
ANCIENT MARINER.

By S. T. COLERIDGE.

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LONDON :

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOVRIL

"Wherever
did I put
that BOVRIL?"



Reg. S. M. B.

"Wherever did I put
that BOVRIL?"

PREFACE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, the author of this wonderful poem, was born in 1772. He was educated as a Bluecoat Boy at Christ's Hospital, and went when nineteen to Cambridge, where, however, he did not greatly distinguish himself. Soon after leaving Cambridge he married, and we find him living near the Bristol Channel; and it was in that locality, in 1797, that "The Ancient Mariner" was written.

Coleridge had just made the acquaintance of William Wordsworth and his gifted and devoted sister Dorothy. Wordsworth was also a Cambridge man, but he was some two and a half years Coleridge's senior. Both had written verses, but neither was as yet known to fame as a poet.

One memorable day in August, 1797, the two Wordsworths and Coleridge started for a walk over the hills from Nether Stowey to Dulverton. On the way Coleridge talked of a very curious dream which a friend of his, one Cruikshank, had had, and added that he wished he could turn it into a poem. The dream having, however, been, like most dreams, too vague to be described in verse just as it was, they felt

that there ought to be some kind of "story" as its central idea; and as they talked it over it occurred to William Wordsworth that if Coleridge made the sailor shoot the albatross, this crime might supply a motive for the dreadful things that happened afterwards.

Coleridge was greatly pleased with this suggestion; the poem began to take definite shape, and when they were indoors again that evening he sat down to write it out. The following year, 1798, saw the publication of "Lyrical Ballads," a volume of verse by the two poets conjointly, in which "The Ancient Mariner" found an honoured place.

Coleridge was twenty-five when he wrote it; and, though he lived to be sixty-two, he never wrote anything to surpass this, his first magnificent achievement.

THE
RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three—

“By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

“The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set :
May'st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand—
“There was a ship,” quoth he ;

“Hold off ! unhand me, greybeard loon !”

—Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

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

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



“‘THERE WAS A SHIP,’ QUOTH HE.”

THE ANCIENT MARINER'S STORY.

I.

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

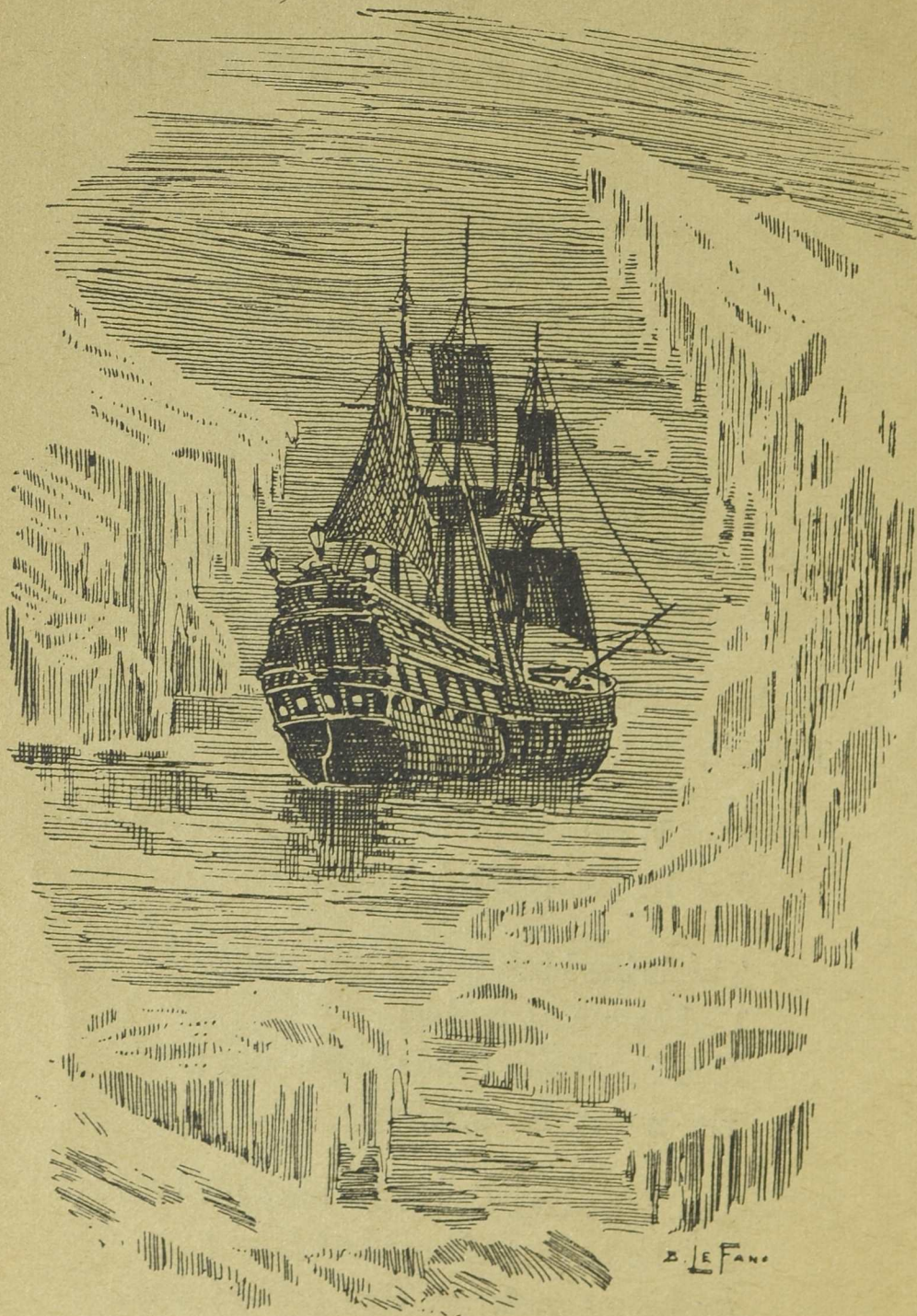
The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he ;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—

The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

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

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



B. LE FANG

"THE ICE, MAST-HIGH, CAME FLOATING BY."

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

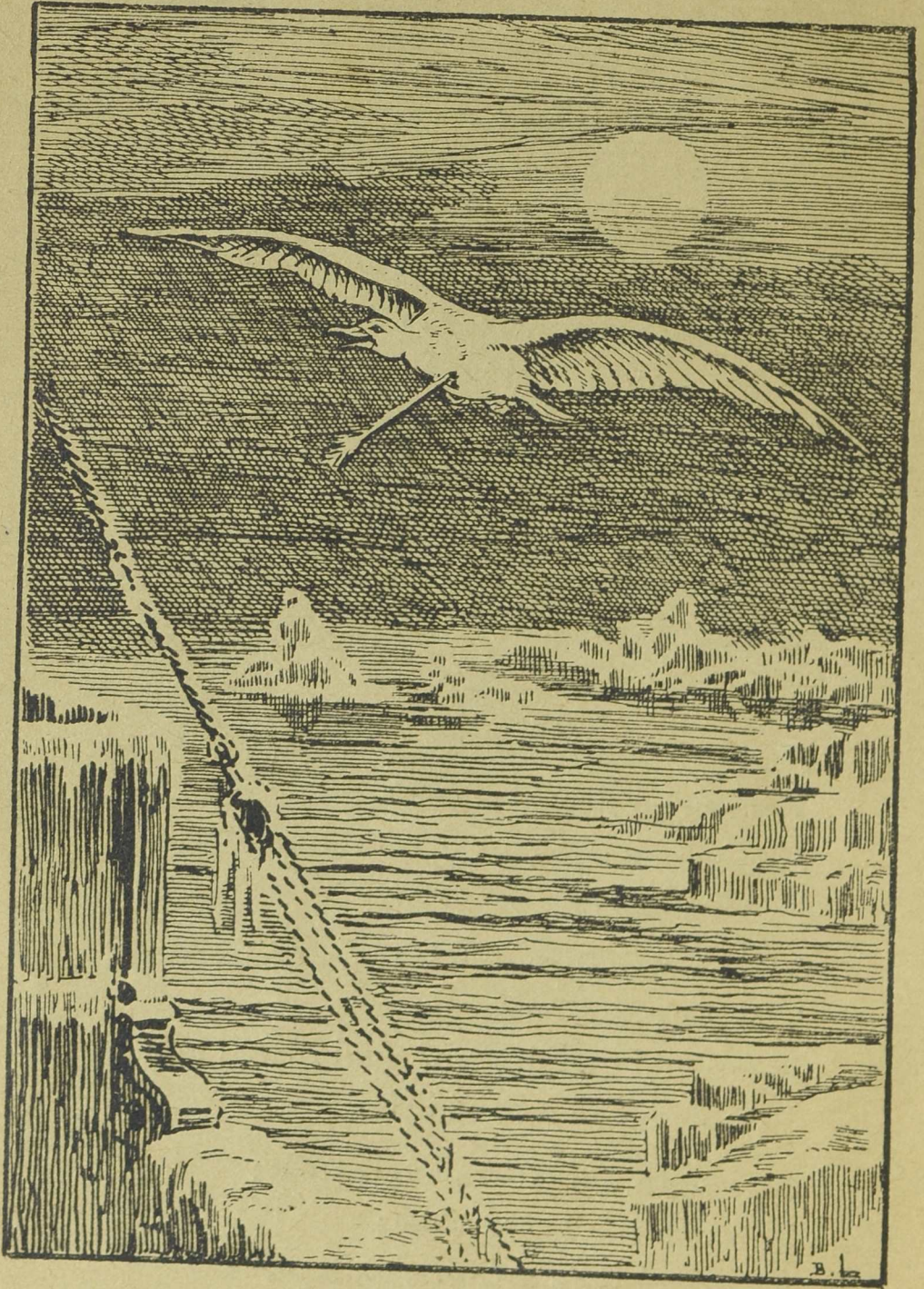
With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who, pursued with yell and blow,
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

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

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

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

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



"—WITH MY CROSS-BOW
I SHOT THE ALBATROSS."

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.

And a good south wind sprang up behind ;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' *hollo*.

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

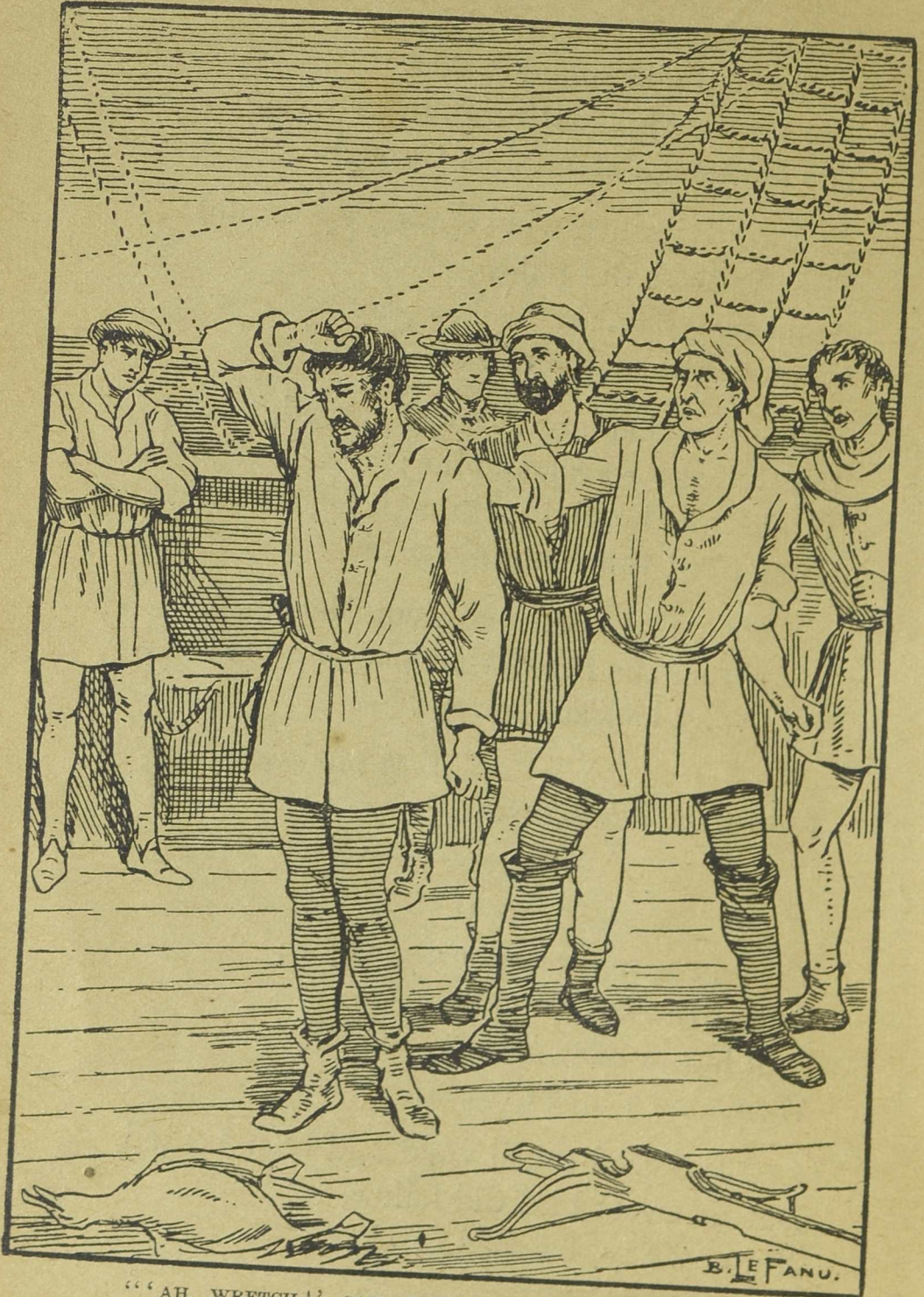
“ God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends that plague thee thus !
Why look'st thou so ? ” —

— *With my cross-bow*
I SHOT the albatross !

II.

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

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*.



“‘AH, WRETCH!’ SAID THEY, ‘THE BIRD TO SLAY.’”

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

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist :
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
"'Twas right," said they, "such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist."

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

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

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



"YEA, SLIMY THINGS DID CRAWL WITH LEGS
UPON THE SLIMY SEA."

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

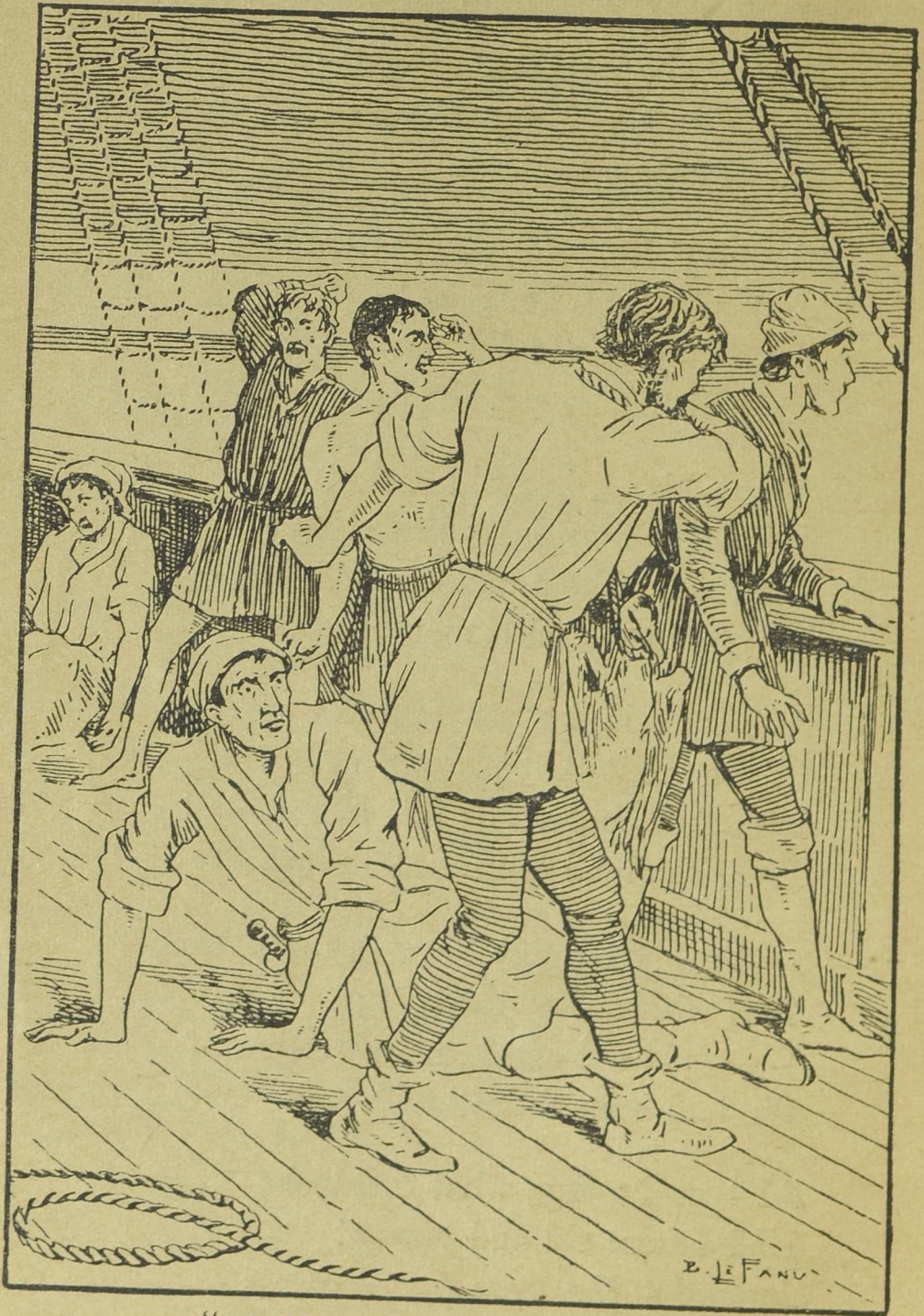
The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

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.

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.

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

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



"—I BIT MY ARM, I SUCKED THE BLOOD,
AND CRIED, 'A SAIL! A SAIL!'"

III.

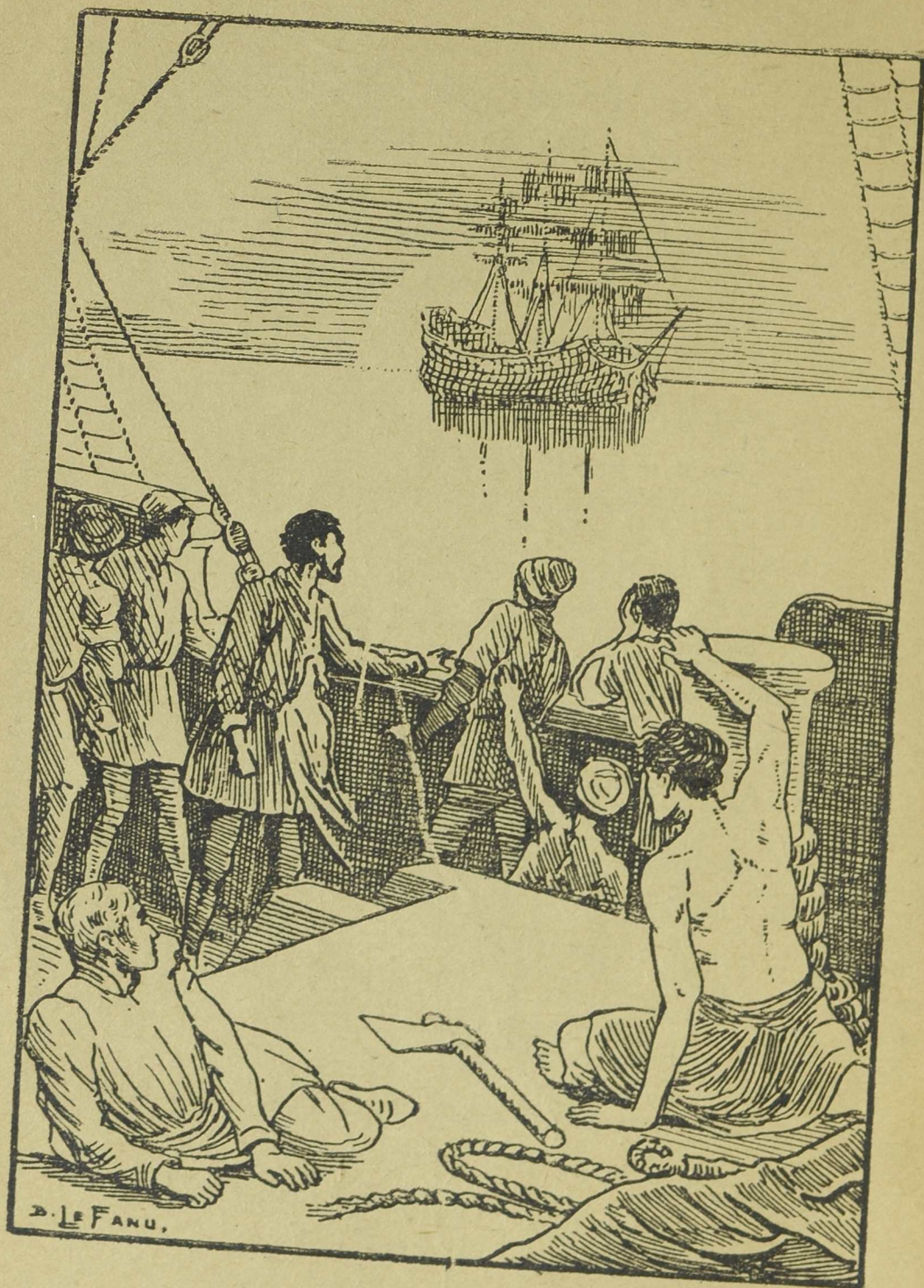
There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

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

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

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh or wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood.
—I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, “ A sail ! a sail ! ”

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



"ARE THOSE HER SAILS?"

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

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done;
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

And 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.

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?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman’s mate?



“THE GAME IS DONE ; I’VE WON, I’VE WON !”
QUOTH SHE, AND WHISTLES THRICE.”

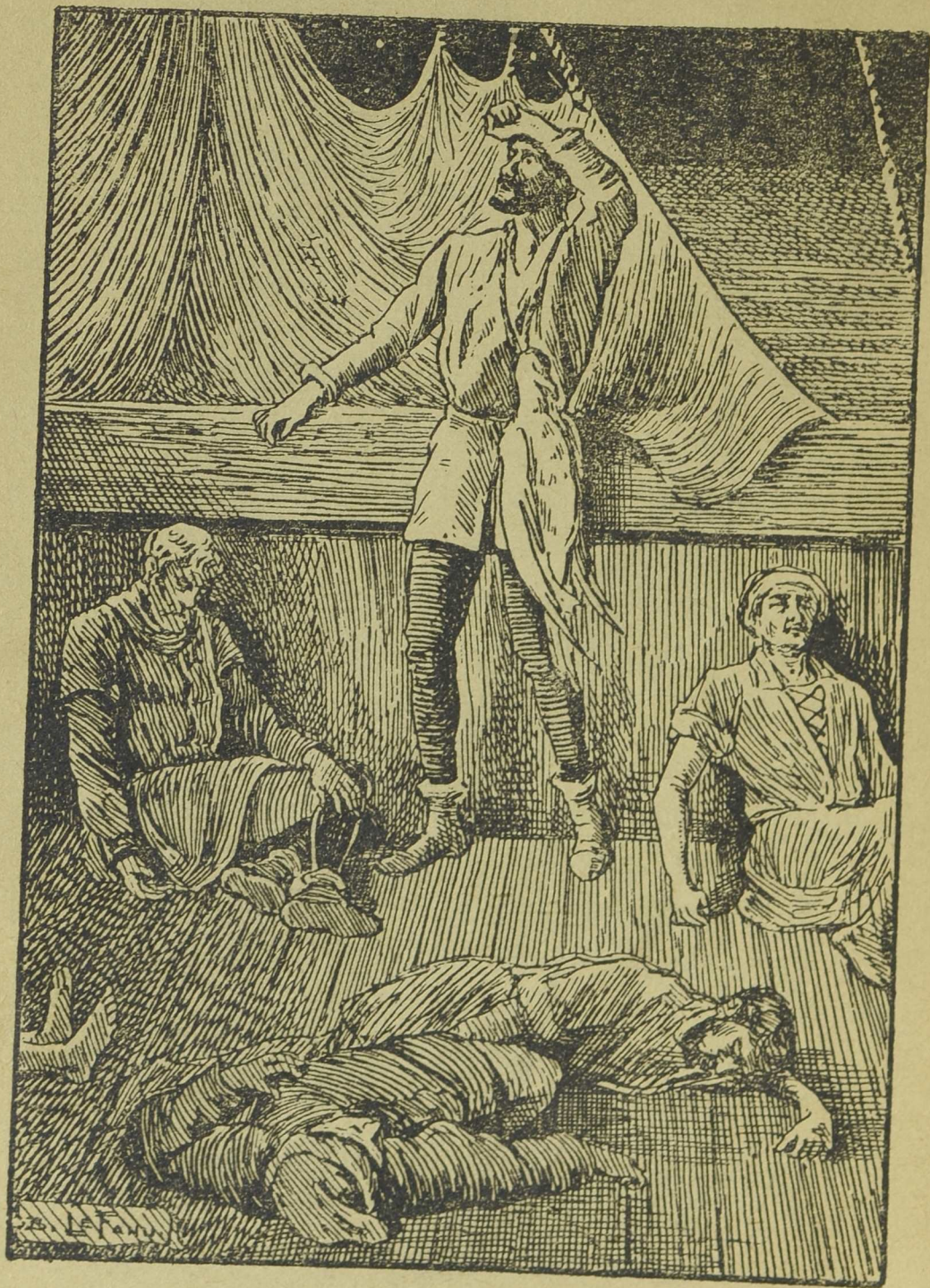
Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold ;
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

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

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

We listened and looked sideways up :
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip ;
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

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



"ALONE, ALONE, ALL, ALL ALONE,
ALONE ON A WIDE, WIDE SEA!"

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

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe :
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !

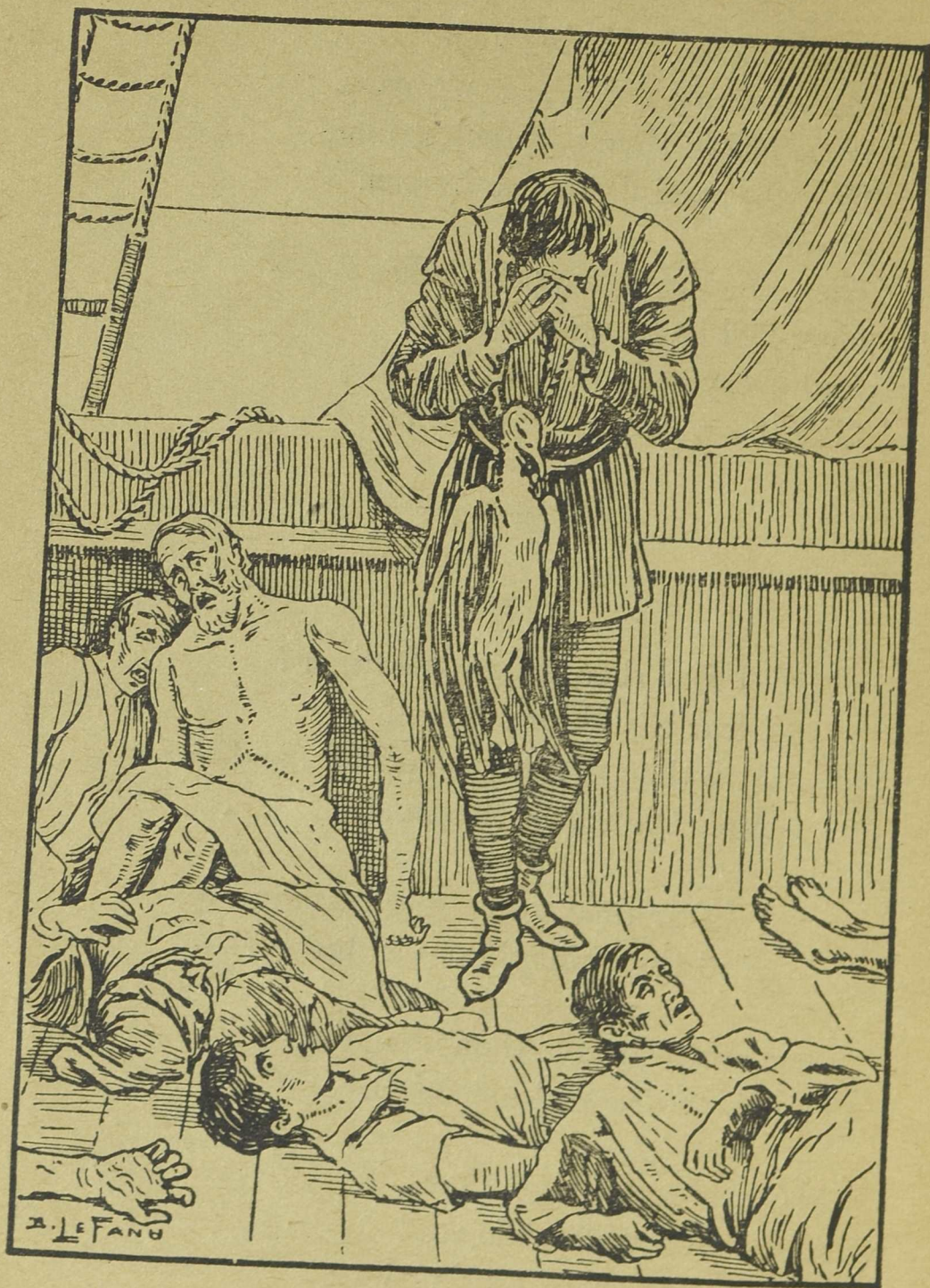
IV.

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

“ I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown,” —

Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest—
This body dropped not down.

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



"AND THE DEAD WERE AT MY FEET."

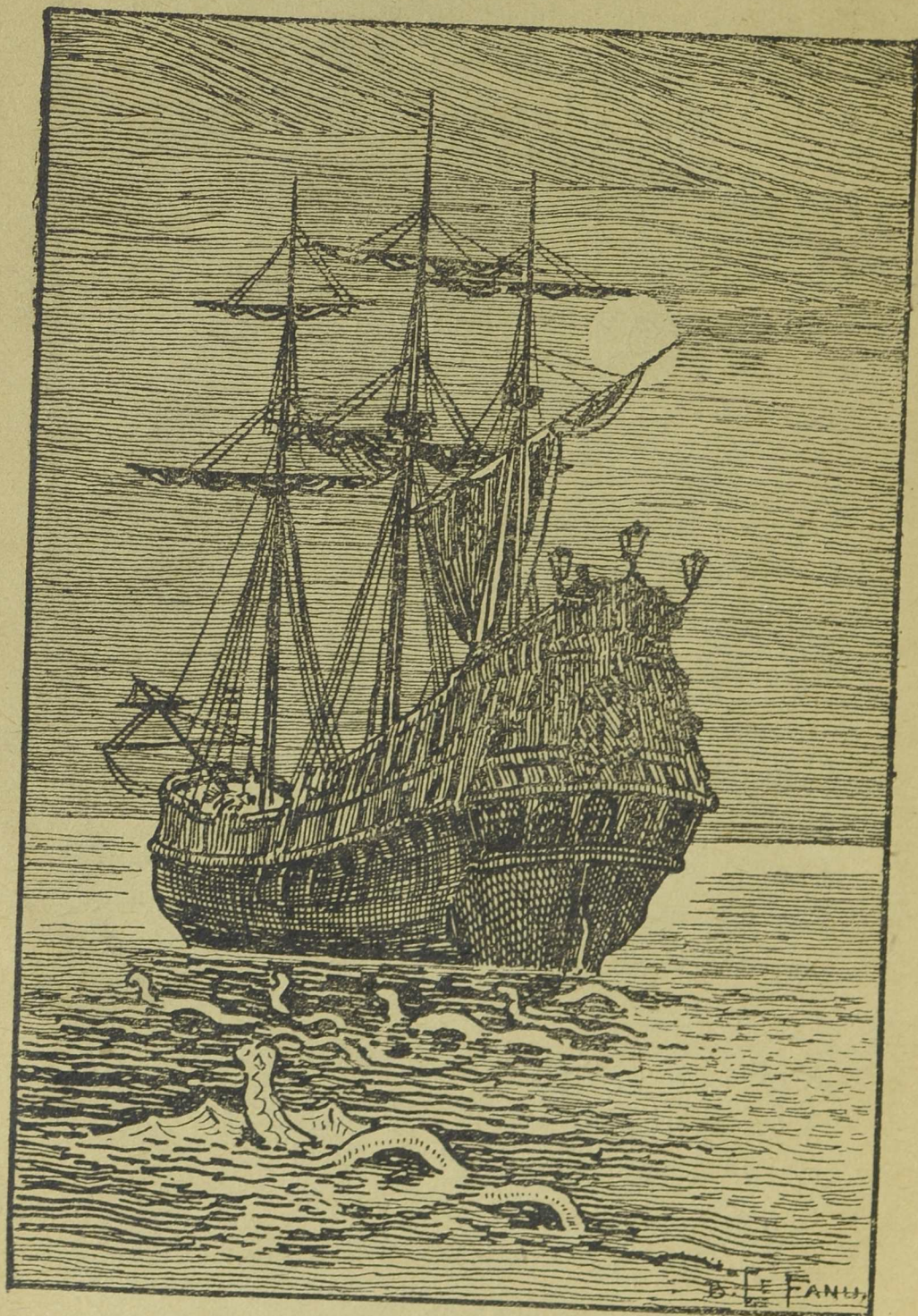
The many men, so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie ;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on, and so did I.

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

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

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

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



"BEYOND THE SHADOW OF THE SHIP
I WATCHED THE WATER-SNAKES."

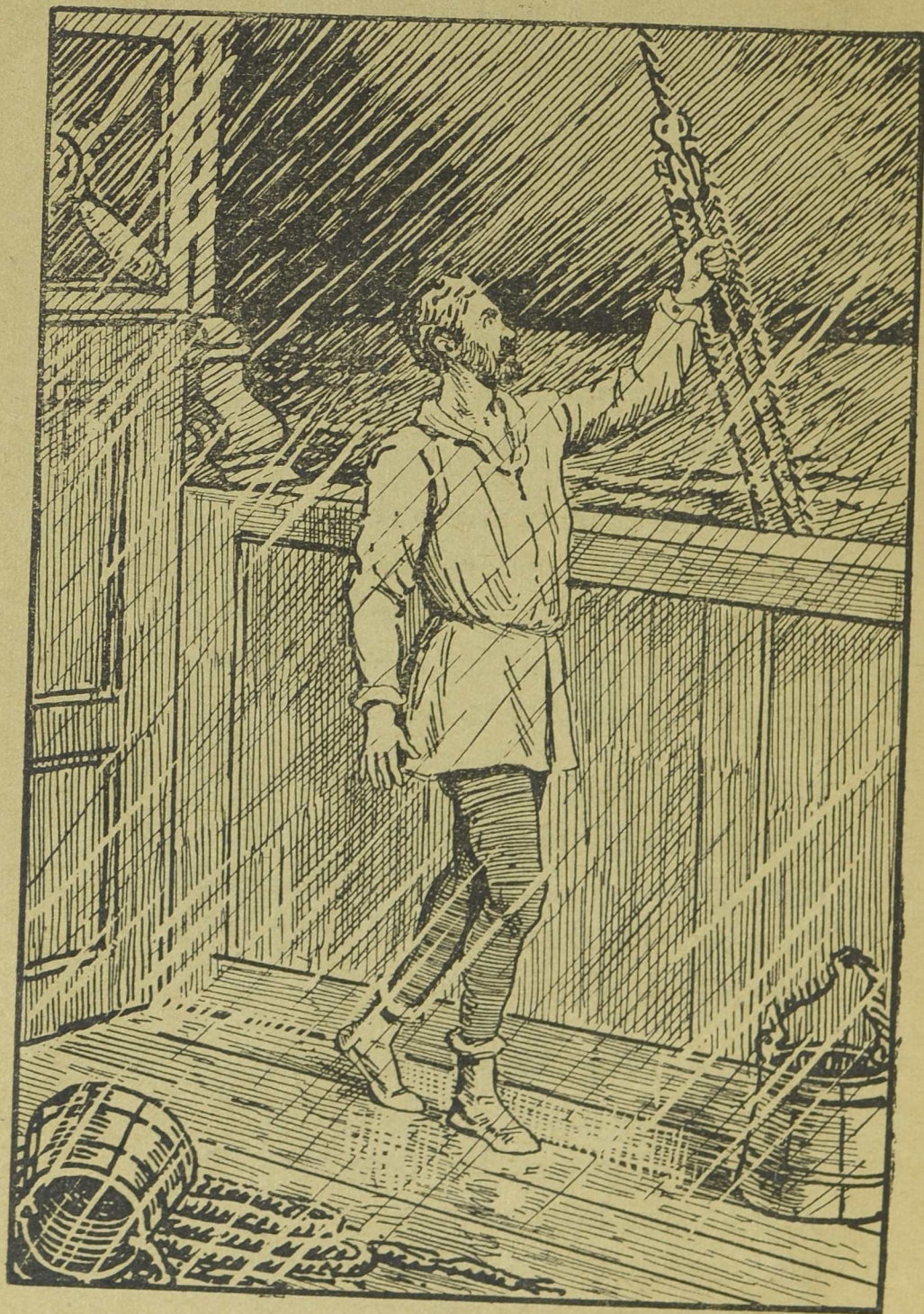
The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside ;

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

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

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

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware—
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.



‘ AND WHEN I WOKE, IT RAINED.’

The self-same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

V.

O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

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

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.



"THE THICK BLACK CLOUD WAS CLEFT, AND STILL
THE MOON WAS AT ITS SIDE,"

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

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

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

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on.
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan,
They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.



"THE HELMSMAN STEERED, THE SHIP MOVED ON,
YET NEVER A BREEZE UP-BLEW."

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up-blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do :
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

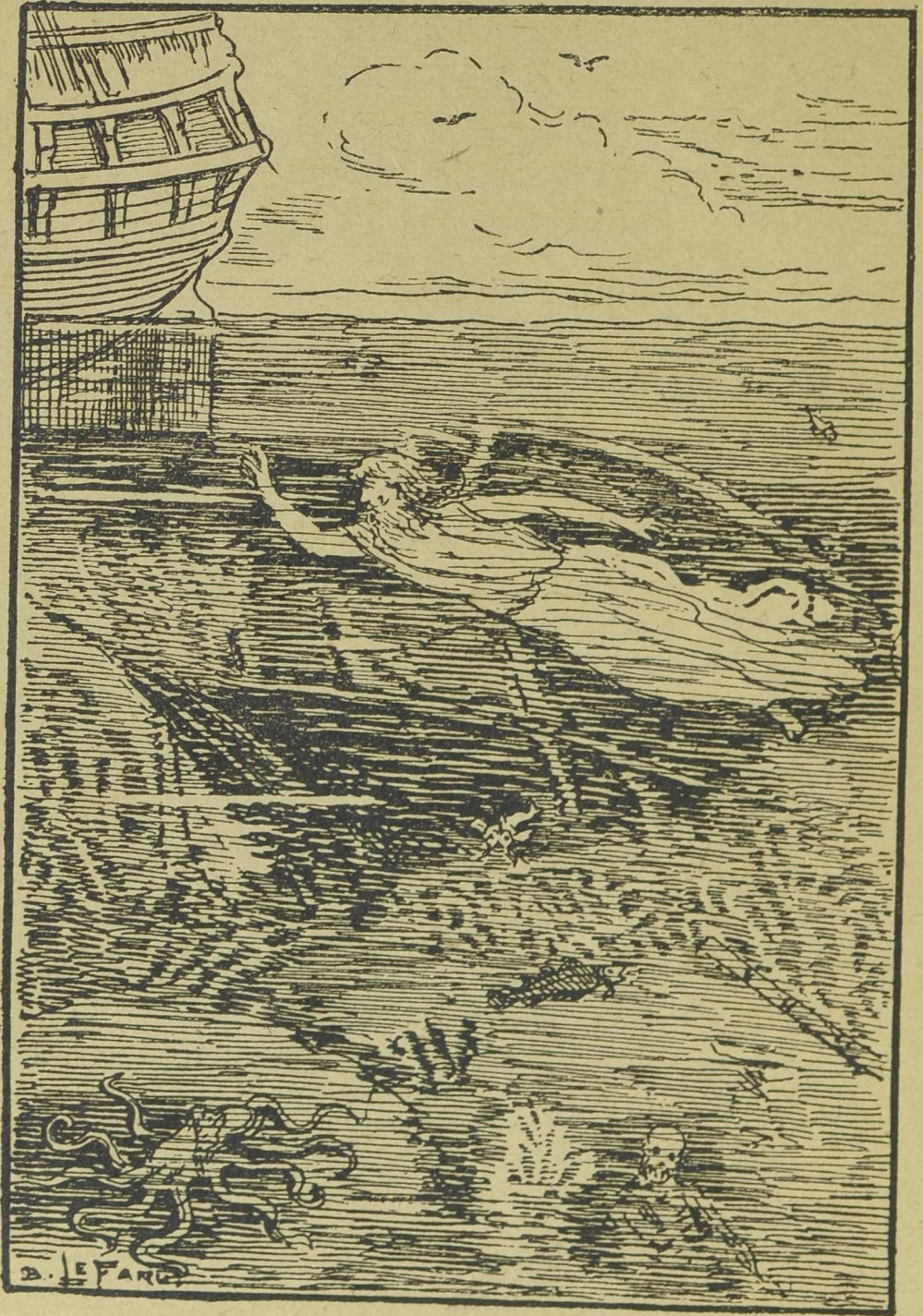
The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope
But he said nought to me.

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner !”

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

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

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



"THE SPIRIT SLID : AND IT WAS HE
THAT MADE THE SHIP TO GO."

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

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

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

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

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



"IT FLUNG THE BLOOD INTO MY HEAD,
AND I FELL DOWN IN A SWOOND."

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

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

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

“ Is it he ? ” quoth one, “ Is this the man ?
By Him who died on Cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

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



" THE MAN HATH PENANCE DONE,
AND PENANCE MORE WILL DO."

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

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

" Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast ;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

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

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

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

" Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
Or we shall be belated ;
For slow and slow that ship will go
When the Mariner's trance is abated."



“ ONCE MORE
I VIEWED THE OCEAN GREEN.”

VI.

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

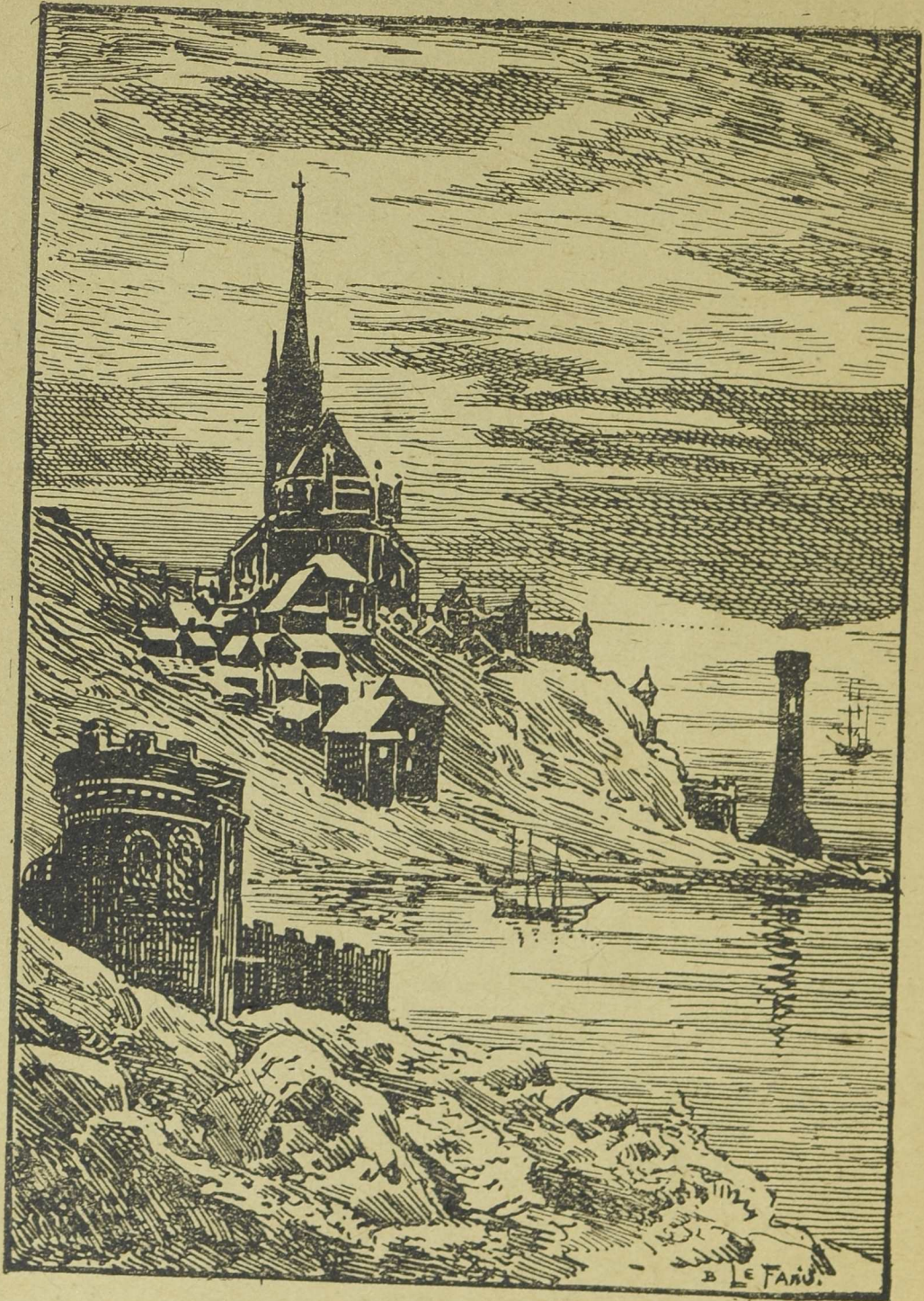
All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

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

And now this spell was snapped : once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen.

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.

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.



"THE HARBOUR-BAY WAS CLEAR AS GLASS,
SO SMOOTHLY IT WAS STREWN."

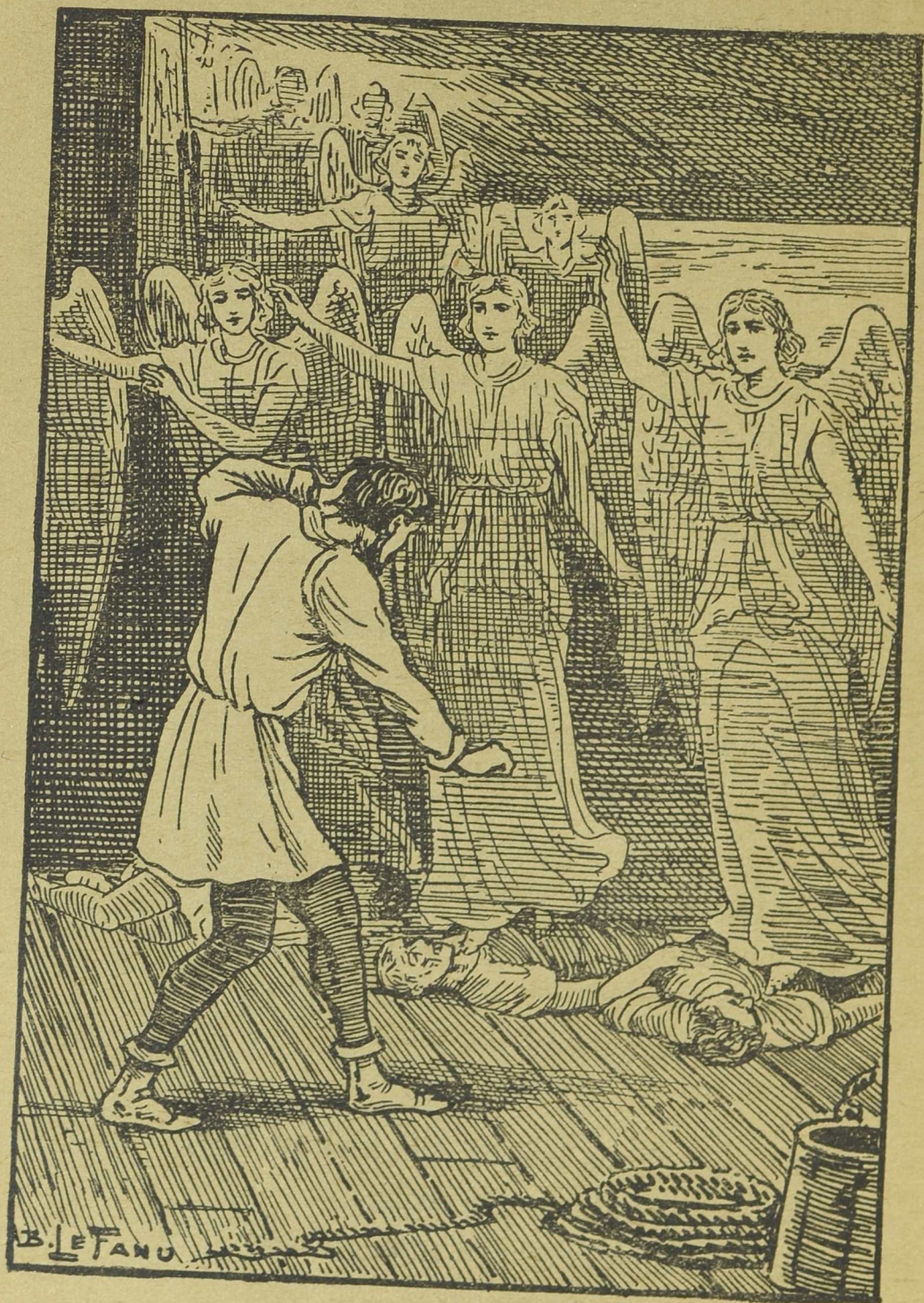
Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

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

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

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn ;
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon

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



"THIS SERAPH BAND, EACH WAVED HIS HAND,
NO VOICE DID THEY IMPART."

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

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

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

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

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

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



"HE KNEELS AT MORN, AND NOON, AND EVE."

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

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

VII.

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

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

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



"IT REACHED THE SHIP, IT SPLIT THE BAY;
THE SHIP WENT DOWN LIKE LEAD.

“Strange, by my faith!” the hermit said

“And they answered not our cheer.

The planks looked warped; and see those sails,

How thin they are and sere!

I never saw aught like to them,

Unless perchance it were

“Brown skeletons of leaves that lag

My forest-brook along;

When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,

And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,

That eats the she-wolf’s young.”

“Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look”—

The pilot made reply.

“I am a-feared”—“Push on, push on!”

Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,

But I nor spake nor stirred;

The boat came close beneath the ship,

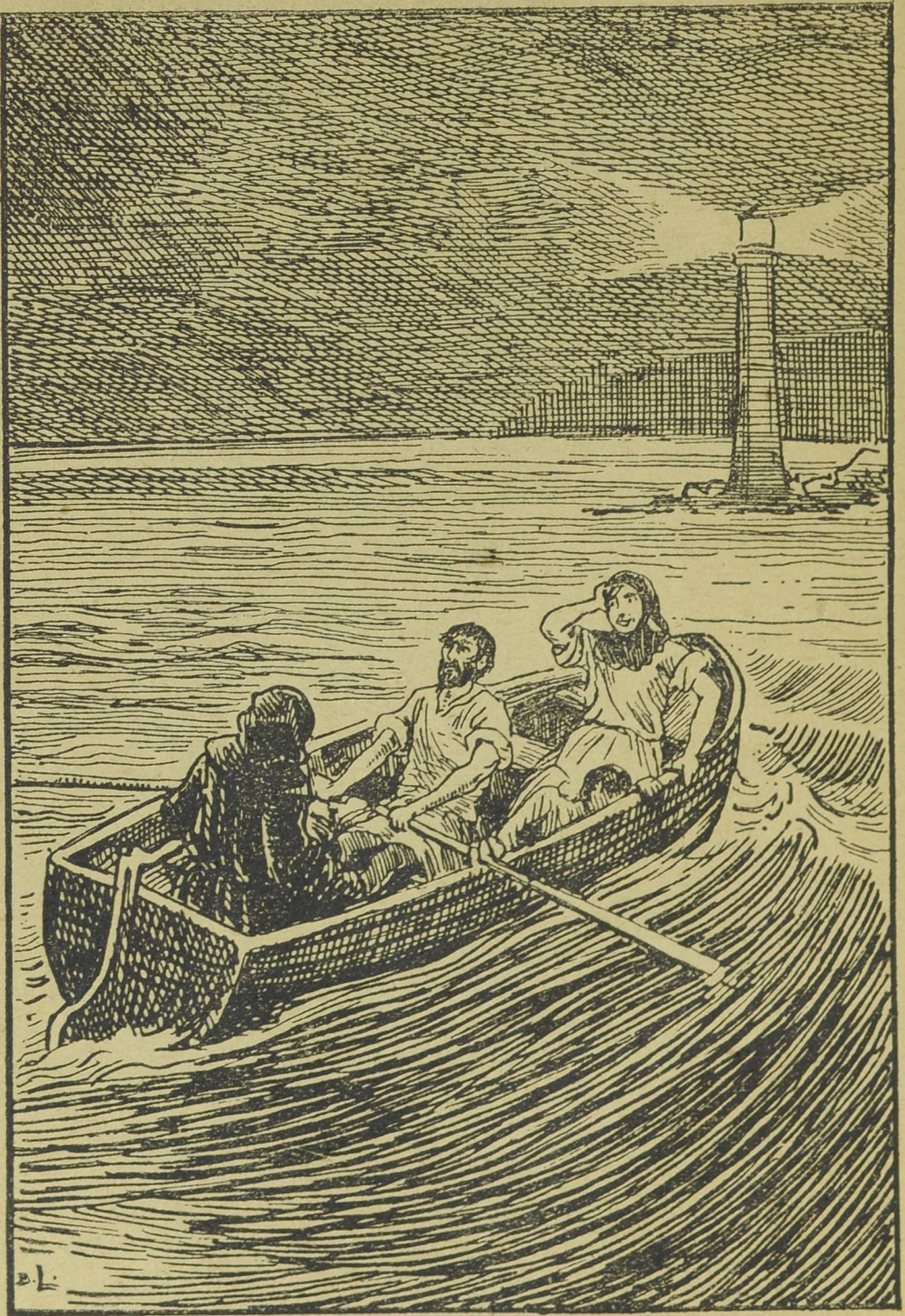
And straight a sound was heard.

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!



“‘HA! HA!’ QUOTH HE, ‘FULL PLAIN I SEE,
THE DEVIL KNOWS HOW TO ROW!’”

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked,
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars ; the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
“ Ha ! ha ! ” quoth he, “ full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row ! ”

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



“BUT IN THE GARDEN-BOWER THE BRIDE
AND BRIDE-MAIDS SINGING ARE.”

“ O shrive me, shrive me, holy man ! ”
The hermit crossed his brow ;
“ Say quick,” quoth he, “ I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou ? ”

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

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

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

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



"HE PRAYETH BEST WHO LOVETH BEST
ALL THINGS BOTH GREAT AND SMALL."

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

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

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

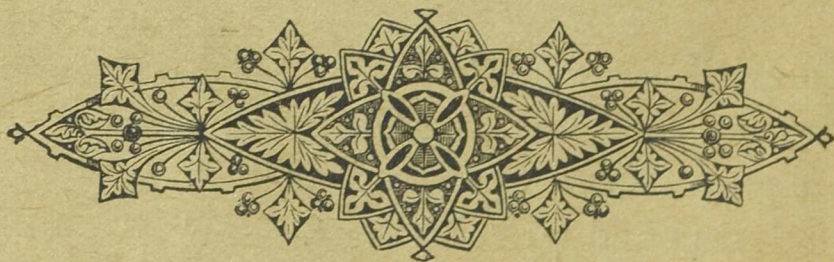
Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest—
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

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

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

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

THE END.



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