

# The Rime of the Ancient Mariner Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1798)

## PART I

An ancient Mariner  
meeteth three gallants  
bidden to a wedding feast,  
and detaineth one.

IT is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
'By thy long 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.'

5

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

10

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

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

15

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

20

'The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

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,  
Out of the sea came he!  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea.

25

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

30

The Wedding-Guest

The bride hath paced into the hall,

heareth the bridal music;  
but the Mariner continueth  
his tale.                      Red as a rose is she;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.                      35

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.                      40

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.

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 roar'd the blast,  
The southward aye we fled.                      45  
50

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

The land of ice, and of  
fearful sounds, where no  
living thing was to be  
seen.                      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.                      55

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around:  
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,  
Like noises in a swound!                      60

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,  
We hail'd it in God's name.                      65

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 steer'd us through!                      70

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!

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

75

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

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

80

## PART II

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

85

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

90

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

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

95

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 averr'd, I had kill'd the bird  
That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.

100

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 follow'd free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

105

The ship hath been

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,

suddenly becalmed. 'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea! 110

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

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

And the Albatross begins Water, water, everywhere,  
to be avenged. And all the boards did shrink; 120  
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 125  
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. 130

A Spirit had followed And some in dreams assuréd were  
them; one of the invisible Of the Spirit that plagued us so;  
inhabitants of this planet, Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
neither departed souls nor From the land of mist and snow.  
angels; concerning whom  
the learned Jew,

Josephus, and the And every tongue, through utter drought, 135  
Platonic Was wither'd at the root;  
Constantinopolitan, We could not speak, no more than if  
Michael Psellus, may be We had been choked with soot.  
consulted. They are very  
numerous, and there is no  
climate or element without  
one or more.

The shipmates in their Ah! well a-day! what evil looks  
sore distress, would fain Had I from old and young! 140  
throw the whole guilt on  
the ancient Mariner: in  
sign whereof they hang  
the dead sea-bird round  
his neck.

### PART III

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.	'There passed a weary time. Each throat Was parch'd, 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.	145
	At first it seem'd a little speck, And then it seem'd a mist; It moved and moved, and took at last A certain shape, I wist.	150
	A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist! And still it near'd and near'd: As if it dodged a water-sprite, It plunged, and tack'd, and veer'd.	155
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 suck'd the blood, And cried, A sail! a sail!	160
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, As they were drinking all.	165
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
	The western wave was all aflame, The day was wellnigh done! Almost upon the western wave Rested the broad, bright Sun; When that strange shape drove suddenly Betwixt us and the Sun.	175
It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.	And straight the Sun was fleck'd with bars (Heaven's Mother send us grace!), As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd With broad and burning face.	180

	<p>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?</p>	
<p>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. Like vessel, like crew!</p>	<p>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?</p>	185
	<p>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.</p>	190
<p>Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.</p>	<p>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.</p>	195
<p>No twilight within the courts of the Sun.</p>	<p>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.</p>	200
	<p>We listen'd and look'd sideways up!  Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  My life-blood seem'd to sip!  The stars were dim, and thick the night,  The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white;  From the sails the dew did drip—</p>	205
<p>At the rising of the Moon,</p>	<p>Till clomb above the eastern bar  The hornéd Moon, with one bright star  Within the nether tip.</p>	210
<p>One after another,</p>	<p>One after one, by the star-dogg'd Moon,  Too quick for groan or sigh,  Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,  And cursed me with his eye.</p>	215
<p>His shipmates drop down dead.</p>	<p>Four times fifty living men  (And I heard nor sigh nor groan),  With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  They dropp'd down one by one.</p>	220

But Life-in-Death begins  
her work on the ancient  
Mariner.                      The souls did from their bodies fly—  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it pass'd me by  
Like the whizz of my crossbow!

PART IV

The Wedding-Guest                      'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!                      225  
feareth that a spirit is  
talking to him;                      I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribb'd sea-sand.

But the ancient Mariner                      I fear thee and thy glittering eye,                      230  
assureth him of his bodily  
life, and proceedeth to  
relate his horrible  
penance.                      And thy skinny hand so brown.'—  
'Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!  
This body dropt not down.

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

He despiseth the                      The many men, so beautiful!  
creatures of the calm.                      And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.                      240

And envieth that they                      I look'd upon the rotting sea,  
should live, and so many                      And drew my eyes away;  
lie dead.                      I look'd upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

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

I closed my lids, and kept them close,                      250  
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.

But the curse liveth for                      The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
him in the eye of the dead                      Nor rot nor reek did they:                      255  
men.                      The look with which they look'd on me

Had never pass'd away.

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

260

In his loneliness and  
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.  
By the light of the Moon  
he beholdeth God's  
creatures of the great  
calm.

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

265

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

270

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

275

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

280

Their beauty and their  
happiness.

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

285

He blesseth them in his  
heart.

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

290

## PART 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.	295
By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.	The silly buckets on the deck, That had so long remain'd, I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew; And when I awoke, it rain'd.	300
	My lips were wet, my throat was cold, My garments all were dank; Sure I had drunken in my dreams, And still my body drank.	305
	I moved, and could not feel my limbs: I was so light—almost I thought that I had died in sleep, And was a blesséd ghost.	
He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.	And soon I heard a roaring wind: It did not come anear; But with its sound it shook the sails, That were so thin and sere.	310
	The upper air burst into life; And a hundred fire-flags sheen; To and fro they were hurried about! And to and fro, and in and out, The wan stars danced between.	315
	And the coming wind did roar more loud, And the sails did sigh like sedge; And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud; The Moon was at its edge.	320
	The thick black cloud was cleft, and still The Moon was at its side; Like waters shot from some high crag, The lightning fell with never a jag, A river steep and wide.	325
The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on;	The loud wind never reach'd the ship, Yet now the ship moved on! Beneath the lightning and the Moon	330

The dead men gave a groan.

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

335

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

340

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

345

But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

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

350

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

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

355

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

360

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

365

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

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

The lonesome Spirit 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 380  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

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

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

The Polar Spirit's 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.

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

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

The Spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man 405  
Who shot him with his bow."

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

410

PART VI

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

*Second Voice:* "Still as a slave before his lord,  
The Ocean hath no blast;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the Moon is cast—

415

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

420

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

*First Voice:* "But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind?"

*Second Voice:* "The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind.

425

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

430

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

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

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

435

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
Had never pass'd away:  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,

440

Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is finally  
expiated.

And now this spell was snapt: once more  
I viewed the ocean green,  
And look'd far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen—

445

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

450

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

455

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

460

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

And the ancient Mariner  
beholdeth his native  
country.

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

465

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

470

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

475

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less  
That stands above the rock:

The moonlight steep'd in silentness  
The steady weathercock. 480

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

And appear in their own  
forms of light. A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were:  
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—  
O Christ! what saw I there! 485

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

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

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

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

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

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

## PART VII

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

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

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

Approacheth the ship with wonder. "Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—  
"And they answer'd not our cheer!  
The planks looked warp'd! and see those sails, 530  
How thin they are and sere!  
I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag 535  
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) 540  
I am a-fear'd"—"Push on, push on!"  
Said the Hermit cheerily.

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

The ship suddenly sinketh. Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread:  
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;  
The ship went down like lead. 550

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat. Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,

Like one that hath been seven days drown'd  
My body lay afloat;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot's boat. 555

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound. 560

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

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

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

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him. "O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"  
The Hermit cross'd his brow.  
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—  
What manner of man art thou?" 575

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

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

I pass, like night, from land to land;  
I have strange power of speech;  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me: 590



To him my tale I teach.

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

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

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

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay! 610

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

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

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

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

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