

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

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the light-house top. 24

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.

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.

The wedding-
 guest heareth
 the bridal
 music; but the
 Mariner con-
 tinueth his
 tale.

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, 37
 Yet he can not 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.