

THE ANCIENT MARINER

17

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 —

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.”

FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner  
hath been cast  
into a trance;  
for the angelic  
power causeth  
the vessel to  
drive north-  
ward 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

“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.”

The supernat-  
ural 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.

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.