

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.