

That is, all is now bathed in moonlight save the shadow of the ship. The Mariner looks beyond the shadow, and *for the first time sees from the point of view of the God of Love* those sea-creatures whom he had previously despised and condemned as "a thousand, thousand slimy things". Beheld in this moonlight aspect, they reveal unsuspected grace and charm:

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.

Seen thus from the higher point of view, the Mariner sees them thus thereafter, even within the shadow of the ship. "The spell," says the gloss, "begins to break."

Corresponding to the transfiguration of the water-snakes comes soon afterwards, in Part V, another change. The souls of the Mariner's companions "that fled in pain" are replaced by "a troop of spirits blest". The sounds of their singing are sustained with an exquisite sweetness, and they renew that sweetness by darting to their source in the Sun. But there is another spirit who does not sing. "The lonesome Spirit from the south-pole," says the gloss, "carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance." The Polar Spirit and the Sun are at one in this, for, as the poet immediately declares:

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.