

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER
In Seven Parts

How a ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

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 grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide, 5
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand, 10
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

**The Wedding-Guest is
spellbound 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: 15
The Mariner hath his will.

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 Mariner tells how the
ship sailed southward with
a good wind and fair
weather, till it reached the
Line.**

'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left, 25
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 continueth his tale.	The bride hath paced into the hall, 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 driven 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 roared the blast, And 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 cracked and growled, and roared and howled, 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 hailed 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 steered 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 perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.' 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 cross-bow
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 a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed 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 averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist. 100
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

**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 followed free;
We were the first that ever burst 105
Into that silent sea.

**The ship hath been
suddenly becalmed.**

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break 110
The silence of the sea!

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

**And the Albatross begins
to be avenged.**

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where, 120
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 them:
one of the invisible inhabi-
tants of this planet, neither
departed souls nor angels,
concerning whom the learned
Jew, Josephus, and the
Platonic Constantinopolitan,
Michael Psellus, may be
consulted. They are very
numerous, and there is no
climate or element without
one or more.**

**The shipmates, in their sore
distress, would fain throw
the whole guilt on the
ancient Mariner: in sign
whereof they hang the dead
sea-bird round his neck.**

**The ancient Mariner
beholdeth a sign in the
element afar off.**

**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.**

A flash of joy;

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot. 135

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung. 140

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, 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 seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed 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 neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered. 155

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 sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail! 160

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 a-flame. The day was well nigh 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 flecked with bars, (Heaven's Mother send us grace!) As if through a dungeon-grate he peered With broad and burning face.	180
And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. The Spectre- Woman and her Deathmate, and no other on board the skeleton ship.	Alas (thought I, and my heart beat loud) How fast she nears and nears! Are those <i>her</i> sails that glance in the Sun, Like restless gossameres? Are those <i>her</i> 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?	185
Like vessel, like crew! Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.	<i>Her</i> lips were red, <i>her</i> looks were free, <i>Her</i> locks were yellow as gold: <i>Her</i> skin was as white as leprosy, The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she, Who thicks man's blood with cold. 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.	190 195
No twilight within the courts of the Sun.	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.	200

At the rising of the moon,	<p>We listened and looked sideways up! Fear at my heart, as at a cup, My life-blood seemed to sip! 205 The stars were dim, and thick the night, The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white; From the sails the dew did drip— Till clomb above the eastern bar The hornèd Moon, with one bright star 210 Within the nether tip.</p>
One after another,	<p>One after one, by the star-dogged Moon, Too quick for groan or sigh, Each turned his face with a ghastly pang, And cursed me with his eye. 215</p>
His shipmates drop down dead.	<p>Four times fifty living men, (And I heard nor sigh nor groan) With heavy thump, a lifeless lump, They dropped down one by one.</p>
But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.	<p>The souls did from their bodies fly,— 220 They fled to bliss or woe! And every soul, it passed me by, Like the whizz of my cross-bow!</p>

PART IV

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him;	<p>'I Fear thee, ancient Mariner! I fear thy skinny hand! 225 And thou art long, and lank, and brown, As is the ribbed sea-sand.</p>
But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.	<p>I fear thee and thy glittering eye, And thy skinny hand, so brown.'— 230 'Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest! This body dropt not down.</p> <p>Alone, alone, all, all alone, Alone on the wide, wide sea! And never a saint took pity on My soul in agony. 235</p>

**He despiseth the creatures
of the calm,**

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

**And envieth that they
should live, and so many
lie dead.**

I looked upon the rotting sea, 240
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

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

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky 250
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

**But the curse liveth for
him in the eye of the dead
men.**

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me 255
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that 260
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

**In his loneliness and
fixedness he yearneth
towards the journeying
Moon, and the stars that
still sojourn, yet still move
onward; and every where
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.**

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up, 265
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway 270
A still and awful red.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.	Beyond the shadow of the ship, I watched the water-snakes: They moved in tracks of shining white, And when they reared, the elfish light Fell off in hoary flakes.	275
	Within the shadow of the ship I watched their rich attire: Blue, glossy green, and velvet black, They coiled 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 gushed from my heart, And I blessed them unaware:	285
He blesseth them in his heart.	Sure my kind saint took pity on me, And I blessed them unaware.	
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

	Oh 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 remained, I dreamt that they were filled with dew; And when I awoke, it rained.	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.	
	I moved, and could not feel my limbs: I was so light – almost I thought that I had died in sleep, And was a blessèd ghost.	305

**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; 310
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about! 315
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud; 320
The Moon was at its edge.

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, 325
A river steep and wide.

**The bodies of the ship's
crew are inspired, and the
ship moves on;**

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan. 330

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

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; 335
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 pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

But not by the souls of the men, nor by daemons 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!' 345
 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:

For when it dawned – they dropped their arms, 350
 And clustered round the mast;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the Sun; 355
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the sky-lark sing;
 Sometimes all little birds that are, 360
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute;
 And now it is an angel's song, 365
 That makes the heavens be mute.

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

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
 Yet never a breeze did breathe:
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship, 375
 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
 That made the ship to go. 380
 The sails at noon left off their tune,
 And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
 Had fixed her to the ocean:
 But in a minute she 'gan stir, 385
 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: 390
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

**The Polar Spirit's fellow-
 daemons, 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;
 But ere my living life returned, 395
 I heard and in my soul discerned
 Two voices in the air.

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

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

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

PART VI

FIRST VOICE

'But tell me, tell me! speak again, 410
 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; 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 northward
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 supernatural 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.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed 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 looked 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 turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend 450
Doth close behind him tread.

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 fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, 460
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

**And the ancient Mariner
beholdeth his native
country.**

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed 465
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

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 steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

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.	480
And appear in their own forms of light.	A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were: I turned my eyes upon the deck— Oh, Christ! what saw I there!	485
	Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat, And, by the holy rood! A man all light, a seraph-man, On every corse there stood.	490
	This seraph-band, each waved his hand: It was a heavenly sight! They stood as signals to the land, Each one a lovely light;	495
	This seraph-band, each waved his hand, No voice did they impart— No voice; but oh! the silence sank Like music on my heart.	
	But soon I heard the dash of oars, I heard the Pilot's cheer; My head was turned perforce away, And I saw a boat appear.	500
	The Pilot and the Pilot's boy, I heard them coming fast: Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy The dead men could not blast.	505
	I saw a third – I heard his voice: It is the Hermit good! 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.	510

PART VII

- The Hermit of the Wood,** This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea. 515
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—
He hath a cushion plump: 520
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.
- The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights, so many and fair, 525
That signal made but now?'
- Approacheth the ship with wonder.** 'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere! 530
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were
- Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow, 535
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)
I am a-feared' – 'Push on, push on!' 540
Said the Hermit cheerily.
- The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard. 545
- The ship suddenly sinketh.** Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

**The ancient Mariner is
saved in the Pilot's boat.**

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
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.

I moved my lips – the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit. 560

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed 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

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand. 570

**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 crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?' 575

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
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:
To him my tale I teach. 590

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

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

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

To walk together to the kirk, 605
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends
 And youths and maidens gay!

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

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell 610
 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,
 Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest 620
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

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

1797 – 1798.