

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner - Sun / Moon SCRIPT

Sun/Moon – You have SUCH A FUN ROLE! You'll have to be very fast – very creative – and OVER THE TOP. Don't be afraid to improvise, dance, etc. There may be times you'll change from Sun to Moon or visa/versa very quickly – so be ready. **ALWAYS be ready to go on at a moment's notice. Always hang around the ship. Look ahead! You'll have to listen because you can't be holding the script as you're acting out!**

DO NOT read what is in [Square Brackets] *or in italics* ***If the instructions, settings or stage directions [in brackets] apply to you they will be in BLUE***

Pay attention to those Blue Lines – they may tell you WHAT YOU SHOULD BE DOING and how you should be acting. OR what you should be getting ready for.

YOUR LINES will appear in RED --- (YOU HAVE NO LINES – YOU ARE A HEAVENLY BODY!

Your script will include the PAGES THAT YOU APPEAR AND ONE PAGE BEFORE – BE READY AND KNOW WHAT YOUR UPCOMING STAGE DIRECTIONS ARE!

Stage Directions or Instructions for the Teacher or Others will appear in Black or in Green. You can ignore those.

PART I

[AT WEDDING]

(An ancient Mariner meets a wedding guest bidden to a wedding-feast, and detains him.)

It is an ancient Mariner,

And he stoppeth one of three.

'By thy long beard and glittering eye,

Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,

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,

'There was a ship,' quoth he.

'Hold off ! unhand me, grey-beard loon !'

Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound 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 :

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.

[AT SHIP]

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

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, [Spoken by the Mariner – as most of your stage directions are – just do it!]

Out of the sea came he !

And he shone bright, and on the right [Make sure you do all of that! – SHINE BRIGHT!!!!]

Went down into the sea. [Do ALL of these things]

Higher and higher every day,

Till over the mast at noon--'

[AT WEDDING]

The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast, [Wedding Guest beat your breast]

For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest hears the bridal music ; but the Mariner continues 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,

Yet he cannot choose but hear ;

And thus spake on that ancient man,

The bright-eyed Mariner.

[AT SHIP]

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,

The southward aye we fled.

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.

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 !

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.

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 !

And lo ! the Albatross proves a bird of good omen, and follows 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 mariner's hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;

*Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white, [GLIMMER through the Fog Moon!]
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.'*

[AT WEDDING]

'God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !--
Why look'st thou so ?'--With my cross-bow

[AT SHIP]

The ancient Mariner inhospitably kills the pious bird of good omen.

I shot the ALBATROSS.

PART II

*The Sun now rose upon the right : [AGAIN – Very quickly as the Mariner says these things – do them!]
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.*

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 !

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done an 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 !

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, [ARISE SUN – And be GLORIOUS!]

The glorious Sun uprist :

Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.

'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay, [ALL the Mariners should here cheer and applaud – Hurray]
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

Into that silent sea.

The ship is suddenly becalmed – and stops moving [Mariners act like there was a sudden stop].

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,

'Twas sad as sad could be ;

And we did speak only to break

The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,

The bloody Sun, at noon, [Sun come out looking bloody]

Right up above the mast did stand,

No bigger than the Moon. [Quickly, Sun you are now the Moon]

Day after day, day after day,

We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;

As idle as a painted ship

Upon a painted ocean. [Mariners should all be still, like the ship is not moving – starting to grumble]

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, every where,

And all the boards did shrink ;

Water, water, every where,

Nor any drop to drink. [Mariners should all act very thirsty]

The very deep did rot : O Christ !

That ever this should be ! [Slimy things should enter – wiggle about looking as slimy & disgusting as possible]

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs

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. [Slimy things exit]

A Spirit had followed them

And some in dreams assuréd were [Spirit enter and throw curses and plagues at the ship]

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. [Spirit exit]

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.

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks

Had I from old and young !

Instead of the cross, the Albatross

About my neck was hung. [Mariners all hang the albatross around the Mariner's neck]

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.

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

[At this point, Specter Woman and Death Mate start approaching, very slowly – sit on ground and slowly scooch towards the ship from as far away as you can – time yourself to be on the ship when you arrive]

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.
 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.

At its nearer approach, it seems to him to be a ship ; and at a dear ransom he frees his speech from the bonds of thirst.

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, [Bite arm and suck blood before saying the following]
 And cried, A sail ! a sail !

[A flash of joy]

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call :
 Gramercy ! they for joy did grin, [Mariners hear him, see the sail and start acting joyful]
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

[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 !
 The western wave was all a-flame.

The day was well nigh done !

Almost upon the western wave

Rested the broad bright Sun ; [Rest upon a wave, Sun]

*When that strange shape drove suddenly [Sun, get behind Death Mate and Spectre Woman]
 Betwixt us and the Sun.*

[It seems to him but the skeleton of a ship]

*And straight the Sun was flecked with bars, [Sun – LOOK through your fingers like bars]
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)*

*As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
 With broad and burning face. [SUN – put on your most evil grin!]*

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun.

*Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
 How fast she nears and nears !*

Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun, [Sun – you're still there!]
 Like restless gossameres ?
The Spectre-Woman and her Death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton ship.
 And those *her* ribs through which the Sun [SUN – Make sure you close to the Spectre Woman]
 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 ?
Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
 Her locks were yellow as gold :
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,
 The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
 Who thicks man's blood with cold.
Death and Life-in-Death have dined for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) wins the ancient Mariner.
 The naked hulk alongside came, [By now Death Mate and Spectre Woman should be at the ship]
 And the twain were casting dice ; [DM and SW should be casting dice, as though betting]
 'The game is done ! I've won ! I've won !' [Spectre Woman Says this line]
 Quoth she, and whistles thrice. [Spectre Woman whistle]
 [No twilight within the courts of the Sun]
 The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out : [Dip your RIM – whatever that means – Sun – then disappear!]
 At one stride comes the dark ;
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark. [Spectre Woman and Death Mate scoot quickly off]
 [At the rising of the Moon] [ok – Moon rise yourself up]
 We listened and looked sideways up !
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life-blood seemed to sip !
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,
 The steerman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;
 From the sails the dew did drip--
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 The hornéd Moon, with one bright star [Moon give yourself horns]
 Within the nether tip.
 [One after another]
 One after one, by the star-dogged Moon, [Mariners start dropping dead – ONE by ONE – as you drop silently
 curse him and remain staring at him even after you lie dead on the ground.]
 Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
 And cursed me with his eye.
 [His shipmates drop down dead.]
 Four times fifty living men,
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropped down one by one.
 [But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.]
 The souls did from their bodies fly,-- [Spirit, here you will act as the mens' spirits flying from their bodies]
 They fled to bliss or woe !
 And every soul, it passed me by,
 Like the whizz of my cross-bow !

[Back at the Wedding]

PART IV

The Wedding-Guest is afraid that a Spirit is talking to him ;

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner !

I fear thy skinny hand !

And thou art long, and lank, and brown,

As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,

And thy skinny hand, so brown.'--

Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !

This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assures him of his bodily life, and proceeds to relate his horrible penance.

[Back at SHIP]

Alone, alone, all, all alone,

Alone on a wide wide sea !

And never a saint took pity on

My soul in agony.

[He despises the creatures of the calm]

The many men, so beautiful ! [Mariners look particularly beautiful]

And they all dead did lie : [Slimy Things – enter and start squiggling about – the slimier you are the better]

And a thousand thousand slimy things

Lived on ; and so did I.

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

I looked upon the rotting sea,

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,

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

Lay like a load on my weary eye,

And the dead were at my feet. [Slimy things exit]

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

Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell

A spirit from on high ;

But oh ! more horrible than that

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 yearns 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, [Moon, do your stuff]

And no where did abide :

Softly she was going up,

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 charmed water burnt alway

A still and awful red. [Water snakes enter and be snaky in the water – with big smiles]

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm. [Shed forth Light Moon!]

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.

Within the shadow of the ship

I watched their rich attire : [Water snakes keep being snaky but regal also]

Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,

They coiled and swam ; and every track

Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

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.

The spell begins to break.

The self-same moment I could pray ;

And from my neck so free

The Albatross fell off, and sank [Albatross release his neck and slowly float back to audience]

Like lead into the sea.

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.

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.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold, [Ancient Mariner react to water and rain]

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 blessed ghost.

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 ;
 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 !
 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 ;
 The Moon was at its edge. [\[Moon be on the edge\]](#)
 The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side : [\[Moon be on your side\]](#)
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 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. [\[Mariners ALL groan – no not at the same time\]](#)
 They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose, [\[Mariners get up\]](#)
 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 ;
 Yet never a breeze up-blew ;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes, [\[Mariners work the ropes\]](#)
 Where they were wont to do ;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools--
 We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son [\[One mariner go next to the Ancient Mariner and work a rope with him\]](#)
 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 demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits,
 sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.*

[\[BACK to WEDDING\]](#)

`I fear thee, ancient Mariner !'
 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 :

[BACK to SHIP]

For when it dawned--they dropped their arms, [Sun – you must be dawn and come up out of the sea!]

And clustered round the mast ; [Mariners all cluster around the Mast]
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths, [Mariners start swinging sweetly]
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound, [Sun you need to be there for the men to dart to!]

Then darted to the Sun ;

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,

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,

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,

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,

Moved onward from beneath.

[Spirit, now act like you are pushing the ship]

The lonesome Spirit from the south-pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requires vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,

From the land of mist and snow,

The spirit slid : and it was he

[Spirit, do your best attempt at the Electric Slide]

That made the ship to go.

The sails at noon left off their tune,

[Mariners stop your tune – stand still standing]

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,

[Mariners act like the ship is starting to move – swaying]

With a short uneasy motion--

Backwards and forwards half her length

With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,

[Mariners, jerk suddenly forward – as though the ship moved quickly]

She made a sudden bound :

It flung the blood into my head,

And I fell down in a swoond. [Ancient Mariner faint] [ALL MARINERS should also be laying on ground]

The Polar Spirit's fellow-dæmons, 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 has been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay, [Two Spirit Demons should now be at the ship]

I have not to declare ;

But ere my living life returned,

I heard and in my soul discerned

Two voices in the air.

[Spirit Demon 1 say this:] 'Is it he ?' quoth one, 'Is this the man ?

By him who died on cross,

With his cruel bow he laid full low

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.'

The other was a softer voice,

As soft as honey-dew :

Quoth he, [Spirit Demon 2 say this:] 'The man hath penance done,

And penance more will do.'

PART VI

FIRST Spirit Demon VOICE

'But tell me, tell me ! speak again,

Thy soft response renewing--

What makes that ship drive on so fast ?

What is the ocean doing ?'

SECOND Spirit Demon VOICE

'Still as a slave before his lord,

The ocean hath no blast ;

[His great bright eye most silently](#) [Moon – make one of your eyes real big here!]

[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

She looketh down on him.'

The Mariner has been cast into a trance ; for the angelic power causes the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

FIRST Spirit Demon VOICE

'But why drives on that ship so fast,

Without or wave or wind ?'

SECOND Spirit Demon VOICE

'The air is cut away before,

And closes from behind.

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 slowed ; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on

As in a gentle weather :

'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;
 The dead men stood together. [Mariners get up and stand]
 All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,
 That in the Moon did glitter. [Moon glitter]
 The pang, the curse, with which they died,
 Had never passed away :
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
 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--
 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
 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.
 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,
 Yet she sailed softly too :
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze--
 On me alone it blew.
And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.
 [Mariner act like you sight land – jump up and down] Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
 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.
 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. [Moon do something]

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
 That stands above the rock :

The moonlight steeped in silentness [Moon be steeped in silentness – have fun with it!]

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.

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 !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat, [Angels enter and stand by the dead mariners]

On every corse there stood.

And, by the holy rood !

A man all light, a seraph-man,

This seraph-band, each waved his hand : [Angels wave your hands]

It was a heavenly sight !

They stood as signals to the land,

Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,

[At this point, Pilot, Pilot's boy, and Hermit should all be scooching like sitting up in a small boat towards the Mariner's boat]

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.

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.

I saw a third--I heard his voice :

[Hermit, be speaking indistinguishably, muttering loudly]

It is the Hermit good !

He singeth loud his godly hymns

[Hermit, start singing loudly]

That he makes in the wood.

He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away

The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

The Hermit of the Wood,

This Hermit good lives in that wood

Which slopes down to the sea.

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 :

It is the moss that wholly hides
 The rotted old oak-stump.
 The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
 [Pilot says this:] Why, this is strange, I trow !
 Where are those lights so many and fair,
 That signal made but now ?'

Approach the ship with wonder.

[Hermit says this:] 'Strange, by my faith !' the Hermit said--
 The planks looked warped ! and see those sails,
 How thin they are and sere !

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,
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
 That eats the she-wolf's young.'

[Pilot says this:] 'Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look--

[Ancient Mariner or Teacher says this:] (The Pilot made reply)

[Hermit says this:] I am a-feared'-- 'Push on, push on !'

[Ancient Mariner or Teacher says this:] 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.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

[Mariners all go down as though the ship suddenly sank]

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, [Pilot, Pilot's boy, Hermit, drag the Ancient Mariner into your boat]

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.

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 ;

[Pilot shriek like a girl, then fall down in a fit]

The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
 And prayed where he did sit.

[Hermit, raise your eyes – start praying]

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.

[Pilot's boy, start acting crazy – laughing like a maniac]

[Pilot's Boy says this] 'Ha ! ha !' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

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.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreats the Hermit to shrieve (bless) 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 ?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched [Ancient Mariner should act as though under a spell]

With a woful agony,

Which forced me to begin my tale ;

And then it left me free.

And ever and anon through out his future life an agony constrains him to travel from land to land ;

[BACK at WEDDING]

Since then, at an uncertain hour,

That agony returns :

And till my ghastly tale is told,

This heart within me burns.

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.

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,

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 seeméd there to be.

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, [Ancient Mariner & Wedding Guest should walk together]

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

To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !

He prayeth well, who loveth well

Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
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
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.

[Guest walk away as stunned]