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SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE



**THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT
MARINER**



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MARINER**

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

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Contact: info@sharpinkbooks.com

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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?

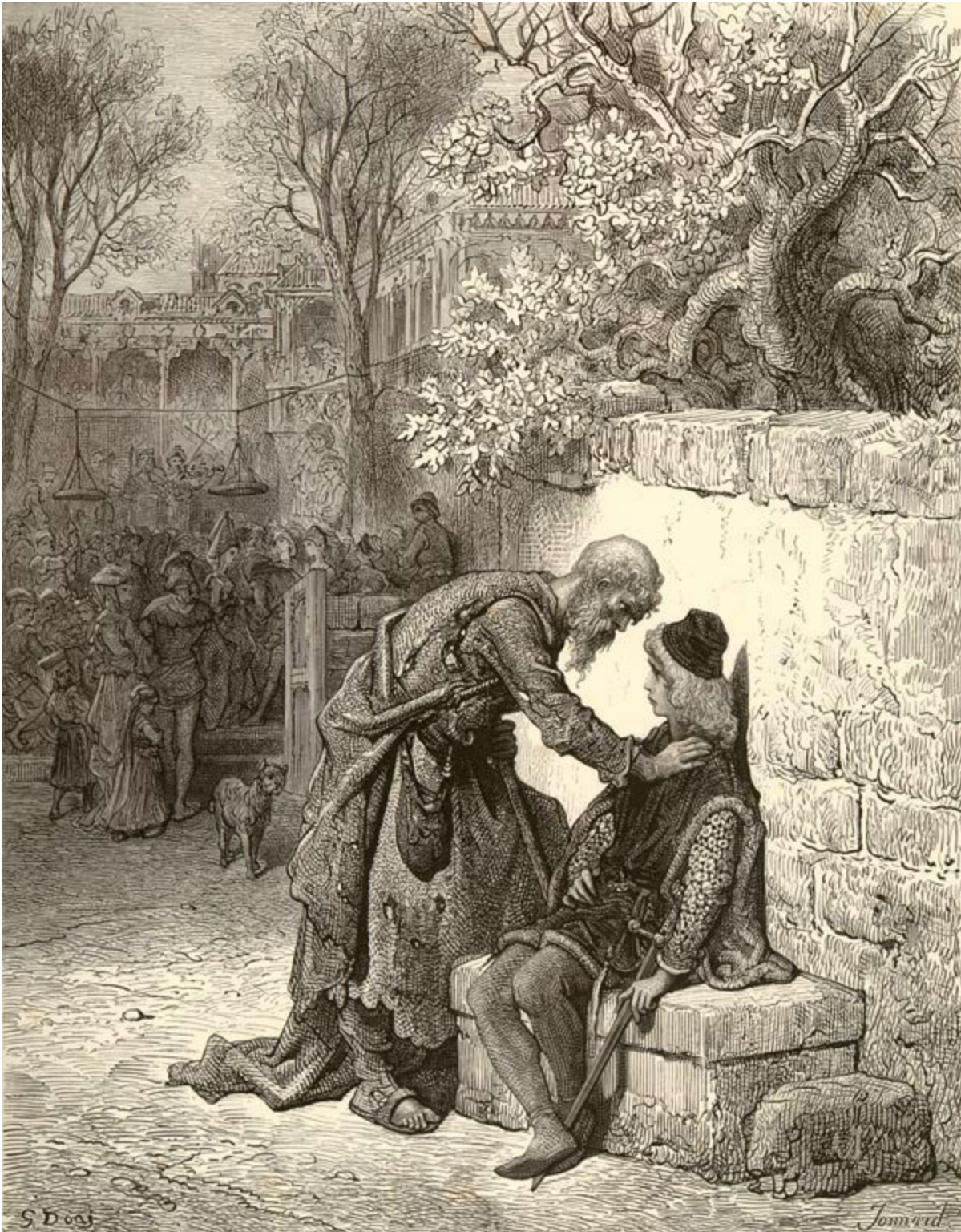
“The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May’st hear the merry din.”



Wherefore stopp'st thou me?

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.

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

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
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 —
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.