THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

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The Rime of the Ancient Mariner by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

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SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

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THE RIME

THE ANCIENT MARINER

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ILLUSTRATED.



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19 *

ILLUSTRATIONS.

			Drawn by	Page
At length did cross an Albatross .	8 8		E. H. WERNERT .	Title.
It is an ancient Mariner,			8	
And he stoppeth one of three	7 0	10%	B. H. WERNERY .	. 6
Merrily did we drop				
Below the kirk, below the hill	3 30	:33	BIRKET FOSTER .	. 7
Nodding their heads before her goes				
The merry minstrelsy	: :	600	E. H. WEHNERT .	. 9
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,				
As green as emerald		37.55	E. Duncan	. 10
And every day, for food or play,				
Came to the mariners' hollo!			E. H. Wennerr .	, 12
With my cross-bow				
I shot the Albutross	î Es	. 3	E. H. WEHNERT .	. 13
Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,				
That made the breeze to blow 1	6 60	9 (8)	E. H. Wehnerr .	. 14
As idle as a painted ship				
Upon a painted ocean	6 60	× (1)	E. DUNCAN	. 16
Instead of the cross, the Albatross				
About my neck was hung	888 8		E. H. WRHNERT .	. 18
When looking westward, I beheld				
something in the sky	1082 2	5 5	E. H. WEHNERT .	. 19
When that strange shape drove sudden	y			98
Setwixt us and the Sun		y 23	E. DUNCAN	. 21

iv

Illustrations.

The naked hulk alongside cam	e,						Denun by	Pay
And the twain were casting die			10	(*)	e	•	E. H. WEHNERT	23
The souls did from their bodies They fled to bliss or woe!	7.0	0.0		*		-	E. H. Wernert	24
I fear thee, ancient Mariner ! I fear thy skinny hand!			· ·		*		E. H. Wehnert	26
The moving Moon went up the a							E. Duncan	29
A spring of love gushed from a And I blessed them unaware .	7						E. H. WEHNERT	30
Till noon we quietly sailed on, Yet never a breeze did breathe		: 4	16	100	٠		E. Duncan	34
I heard, and in my soul discer Two voices in the air			98		10		E. H. WERNERT	36
Twas night, calm night, the mo The dead men stood together					33	2.5	E. H. WEHNERT	39
And on the bay the moonlight l And the shadow of the moon .			÷	50	٠		Birker Foster	42
The skiff-boat neared: I heard Why, this is strange, I trow / .				10	20	S.	E. H. WEHNERT	44
The boat came closer to the ship But I nor spake nor stirred .			(*)	*:	٠		E. DUNCAN	46
I took the oars: the Pilot's boy, Who now doth crazy go	200	÷		*	9		E. H. WEHNERT	47
To walk together to the kirk, And all together pray	28	9		*	- 50	:: <u>:</u>	E. H. WEHNERT	49
He prayeth well, who loveth wei Both man and bird and beast	u		(2)	No.		*	E. H. WEHNERT	51

Engraved by Hobace Harral and Edmund Evens.

