

DOWNLOAD PDF AN ANCIENT MARINER, APPARENTLY MUCH MARRIED, WHO WILL BE SEEN AT THE FAIR

Chapter 1 : The Rime of the Modern Mariner by Nick Hayes

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The school was originally founded in the 16th century in Greyfriars, London and Hertford. It is now a boarding school in West Sussex. The school was notorious for its unwelcoming atmosphere and strict regimen under the Rev. However, Coleridge seems to have appreciated his teacher, as he wrote in detailed recollections of his schooldays in *Biographia Literaria*: At the same time that we were studying the Greek Tragic Poets, he made us read Shakspeare and Milton as lessons: I learnt from him, that Poetry, even that of the loftiest, and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more, and more fugitive causes In our own English compositions at least for the last three years of our school education he showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words In fancy I can almost hear him now, exclaiming Harp? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! He would often permit our theme exercises, Then placing the whole number abreast on his desk, he would ask the writer, why this or that sentence might not have found as appropriate a place under this or that other thesis: His childhood was characterized by attention seeking, which has been linked to his dependent personality as an adult. He was rarely allowed to return home during the school term, and this distance from his family at such a turbulent time proved emotionally damaging. He later wrote of his loneliness at school in the poem *Frost at Midnight*: In , he won the Browne Gold Medal for an ode that he wrote on the slave trade. In November , he left the college and enlisted in the Royal Dragoons, perhaps because of debt or because the girl that he loved, Mary Evans, had rejected him. Afterwards, he was rumored to have had a bout with severe depression. His brothers arranged for his discharge a few months later under the reason of "insanity" and he was readmitted to Jesus College, though he would never receive a degree from Cambridge. Pantisocracy and marriage At the university, he was introduced to political and theological ideas then considered radical, including those of the poet Robert Southey. Coleridge joined Southey in a plan, soon abandoned, to found a utopian commune-like society, called pantisocracy, in the wilderness of Pennsylvania. He grew to detest his wife, whom he only married because of social constraints. He eventually divorced her. In , Coleridge met poet William Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy. Wordsworth, having visited him and being enchanted by the surroundings, rented Alfoxton Park, a little over three miles [5 km] away. In , Coleridge and Wordsworth published a joint volume of poetry, *Lyrical Ballads*, which proved to be the starting point for the English romantic movement. In the spring of , Coleridge temporarily took over for Rev. Toulmin grieved over the drowning death of his daughter Jane. I suppose you must have heard that his daughter, Jane, on 15 April in a melancholy derangement, suffered herself to be swallowed up by the tide on the sea-coast between Sidmouth and Bere sic. These events cut cruelly into the hearts of old men: Toulmin bears it like the true practical Christian, - there is indeed a tear in his eye, but that eye is lifted up to the Heavenly Father. During this period, he became interested in German philosophy, especially the transcendental idealism of Immanuel Kant, and in the literary criticism of the 18th century dramatist Gotthold Lessing. Coleridge studied German and, after his return to England, translated the dramatic trilogy *Wallenstein* by the German Classical poet Friedrich Schiller into English. It was at Sockburn that Coleridge wrote his ballad-poem *Love*, addressed to Sara. The knight mentioned is the mailed figure on the Conyers tomb in ruined Sockburn church. Hartley argued that one becomes aware of sensory events as impressions, and that "ideas" are derived by noticing similarities and differences between impressions and then by naming them. Connections resulting from the coincidence of impressions create linkages, so that the occurrence of one impression triggers those links and calls up the memory of those ideas with which it is associated See Dorothy Emmet, "Coleridge and Philosophy". Coleridge was critical of the literary taste of his contemporaries, and a literary conservative insofar as he was

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afraid that the lack of taste in the ever growing masses of literate people would mean a continued desecration of literature itself. In , he returned to England and shortly thereafter settled with his family and friends at Keswick in the Lake District of Cumberland to be near Grasmere, where Wordsworth had moved. Soon, however, he was beset by marital problems, illnesses, increased opium dependency, tensions with Wordsworth, and a lack of confidence in his poetic powers, all of which fueled the composition of *Dejection: An Ode* and an intensification of his philosophical studies. He gave this up and returned to England in Dorothy Wordsworth was shocked at his condition upon his return. Thomas de Quincey alleges in his *Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets* that it was during this period that Coleridge became a full-blown opium addict, using the drug as a substitute for the lost vigour and creativity of his youth. His opium addiction he was using as much as two quarts of laudanum a week now began to take over his life: In , Coleridge instigated his second attempt to become a newspaper publisher with the publication of the journal entitled *The Friend*. Given that Coleridge tended to be highly disorganized and had no head for business, the publication was probably doomed from the start. Coleridge financed the journal by selling over five hundred subscriptions, over two dozen of which were sold to members of Parliament, but in late , publication was crippled by a financial crisis and Coleridge was obliged to approach "Conversation Sharp"[5], Tom Poole and one or two other wealthy friends for an emergency loan in order to continue. Although it was often turgid, rambling, and inaccessible to most readers, it ran for 25 issues and was republished in book form a number of times. Years after its initial publication, *The Friend* became a highly influential work and its effect was felt on writers and philosophers from J. As a result of these factors, Coleridge often failed to prepare anything but the loosest set of notes for his lectures and regularly entered into extremely long digressions which his audiences found difficult to follow. However, it was the lecture on Hamlet given on 2 January that was considered the best and has influenced Hamlet studies ever since. Before Coleridge, Hamlet was often denigrated and belittled by critics from Voltaire to Dr. Coleridge rescued Hamlet and his thoughts on the play are often still published as supplements to the text. Coleridge was regarded by many as the greatest living writer on the demonic and he accepted the commission, only to abandon work on it after six weeks. The text in question first appeared anonymously in He remained there for the rest of his life, and the house became a place of literary pilgrimage of writers including Carlyle and Emerson. Perhaps because he conceived such grand projects, he had difficulty carrying them through to completion, and he berated himself for his "indolence". It is unclear whether his growing use of opium and the brandy in which it was dissolved was a symptom or a cause of his growing depression. He published other writings while he was living at the Gillman home, notably *Sibylline Leaves* , *Aids to Reflection* , and *Church and State* He died of a lung disorder including some heart failure from the opium that he was taking in Highgate on 25 July Coleridge had spent 18 years under the roof of the Gillman family, who built an addition onto their home to accommodate the poet. Even those who have never read the *Rime* have come under its influence: *Christabel* is known for its musical rhythm, language, and its Gothic tale. Both *Kubla Khan* and *Christabel* have an additional "romantic" aura because they were never finished. Stopford Brooke characterised both poems as having no rival due to their "exquisite metrical movement" and "imaginative phrasing. Wordsworth immediately adopted the model of these poems, and used it to compose several of his major poems. Via Wordsworth, the conversation poem became a standard vehicle for English poetic expression, and perhaps the most common approach among modern poets. His poems directly and deeply influenced all the major poets of the age. He was known by his contemporaries as a meticulous craftsman who was more rigorous in his careful reworking of his poems than any other poet, and Southey and Wordsworth were dependent on his professional advice. His influence on Wordsworth is particularly important because many critics have credited Coleridge with the very idea of "Conversational Poetry". And as important as Coleridge was to poetry as a poet, he was equally important to poetry as a critic. This influence can be seen in such critics as A. Jane Austen satirized the style mercilessly in *Northanger Abbey*. He comments in his reviews: To trace the nice boundaries, beyond which terror and sympathy are deserted by the pleasurable emotions, - to reach those limits, yet never to pass them, hic labor,

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hic opus est. Most powerful stimulants, they can never be required except by the torpor of an unawakened, or the languor of an exhausted, appetite We trust, however, that satiety will banish what good sense should have prevented; and that, wearied with fiends, incomprehensible characters, with shrieks, murders, and subterraneous dungeons, the public will learn, by the multitude of the manufacturers, with how little expense of thought or imagination this species of composition is manufactured. Poems like this both drew inspiration from and helped to inflame the craze for Gothic romance. Mary Shelley, who knew Coleridge well, mentions *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* twice directly in *Frankenstein*, and some of the descriptions in the novel echo it indirectly. Although William Godwin, her father, disagreed with Coleridge on some important issues, he respected his opinions and Coleridge often visited the Godwins. Mary Shelley later recalled hiding behind the sofa and hearing his voice chanting *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.

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Chapter 2 : The Ancient Mariner: Signing Ceremony

The lunatic, the stern parent, the romantic daughter, the lover --An ancient mariner, apparently much married, who will be seen at the fair --The Los Angeles county poet (said to be about to start a new cult at Long Beach), who will be at the fair --A dog that can teach some U.S. universities that in which they have proved to be lacking --No.

His head is pounding where Jax hit him. Yet they had still beaten him. Standing there impassively he watches them discussing his fate. Not long after his second mission with Charon had been as roaring a success as the first one the Time Masters had got impatient and sent him after the Waverider. Alone, in the beginning. Frustratingly those first attacks on Rip and his crew were far from a success. Sure, he inconvenienced them a bit, caused some damage, but he never came close to killing or capturing even one of them. He decided he needed a better plan. The Time Masters needed little convincing to let him speak with Charon. Because he never took off his mask Charon never really revealed any of his emotions, if he even had any. But I am allowed to help you plan it. It would be a difficult mission, complicated. And complicated plans take time, even in a place like the Vanishing Point where time worked differently. Between planning sessions they both still went on separate missions that had nothing to do with the Waverider. If in the meantime the Time Masters had a more complicated mission they sometimes sent both of them. It was on one of those missions when suddenly the plan went all to hell and bullets started flying. Neither of them had known the time pirates they were hunting had upgraded their weapons and recruited new members in the time since the intel Chronos and Charon were working with had been gathered. That left their plan with a few pirate-sized holes. They were discovered a lot sooner than anticipated. They had hoped to at least disable their ship before the pirates realised they had guests. The two bounty hunters had still managed to kill more than half of the targets before they were cornered on the bridge. Then one of the pirates got lucky and stabbed Charon in the back, right under one of the plates of his suit. Charon still managed to turn around, shoot the pirate and wound another before he collapsed. That left Chronos with two more pirates. He took them down in record time. Dragging his unconscious partner back to his ship nearly sapped all the strength Chronos had left. He dropped him on the medical chair and took a second just to breath as Grant began his initial scan. Chronos reached for the last piece of armour. For a second he felt like someone had given him an electric shock before it seemed like all the blood in his body had turned to ice. He staggered backwards and caught himself against the door frame. His heart rate is stable and his breathing unimpaired. I need a shower. But even when all the sweat and dirt had been cleaned away Chronos found that it had done little to clear the fog from his mind. He turned the temperature as cold as it would go. That definitely woke him up. He dressed in fresh clothes and soon found himself standing next to the medical bed again, looking down at Charon. The sight had less of an impact on him this time around and Chronos cleaned the blood off the other bounty hunter. He knew he had a hard decision to make. Before he allowed Grant to wake Charon up he made sure to replace the mask on his face. No need to bring more trouble on himself than he was already in. As soon as Charon woke he started removing the infusion cuffs with fingers that were shaking slightly. Your injuries are healed yet you may still experience some residual pain without the pain medication I was giving you. He made his way to the bridge to start up the ship and get them back to the Vanishing Point. With Charon all healed up there was no reason to delay a time jump any longer. It took about half an hour before the other bounty hunter joined him. Chronos realises, seeing Charon in full armour again, that he must have waited until Grant had finished the laundry before he felt ready to be in the same room as Chronos. Chronos shot him a questioning look and found Charon rather intent on the display in front of him, which showed nothing more interesting than their speed and destination. Deciding not to put even more pressure on him right now Chronos let his attention return to steering the ship. You could have let me die on that pirate ship. But then, with the whole voice changer and everything, it might as well have been a cough. After they left him alone in the brig the idiots on the Waverider take turns coming back to talk at him alone. Mostly he just ignores them, still trying to make up his

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mind about the one big question that had been going around and around in his mind for weeks now. Then he had decided he should wait just a little bit longer, just to be safe. When they had finally finished it the Time Masters ordered the immediate execution of their plan. The time to make a decision had run out and the decision seemingly been made for him. Nothing to do but follow the plan now. At first it all worked well, he actually got control of the Waverider before he was forced to retreat. Grant found the Waverider crew again in Nanda Parbat. Chronos grabbed his weapons and set out for the next round in their game of cat and mouse. As it turned out this should be the round that actually made his decision for him. First of the team to come back to the brig was Jax. He apologised about 10 times for letting him get captured by the Time Masters. How did you end up with the Time Masters? Did they capture you in ? Next one to brave his glare is Haircut. He actually looks like the metaphorical puppy Chronos had been thinking about before. All big sad eyes and hunched shoulders. Is it ok if I call you Mick? Because we really want you back, Mick. And then Kendra, Sara and I were trapped in the past and got a little bit of time drift and I might have been about to propose to Kendra before the Waverider came to pick us back up. Rory, is that I must apologise for my earlier words to you and that I hope we can find a way to make you part of this team again. Especially with your intimate knowledge of Time Master politics and the Vanishing Point your help would be invaluable. Maybe you should go get a drink, loosen up, then come back and try again? She waves shyly at him and her smile is only slightly nervous. Can I get you anything? Um, a blanket maybe? Chronos stares right back. He has no idea how long they stand there like that before she says: Do we even have any chance of bringing you back from whatever the Time Masters did to you? Or should I just kill you now and spare us all the heartbreak? But if you decide to kill me there is something you should know. Pretty sure my big reveal there was very obvious from the beginning but oh well xD I shall see what the muses have to say about me continuing this but so far I have not much of an actual plot for a chapter three. But, you know, comments feed the muses ; Chapter 3: Will you look at that, a third chapter, and I have a rough idea for a fourth.

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Chapter 3 : Poetry - Lit Textual Analysis

The lunatic, the stern parent, the romantic daughter, the lover --An ancient mariner, apparently much married, who will be seen at the fair --The Los Angeles county poet (said to be about to start a new cult at Long Beach), who will be at the fair -- A dog that can teach some U.S. universities that in which they have proved to be lacking -- No.

Lines Coleridge begins Part 4 with the Mariner pausing his tale of horror and returning the focus on the confounded guest. This has the effect of lessening the tension after the extremely dramatic, supernatural life and death quality of Part 3. Note The Wedding-Guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him; But the Ancient Mariner assureth him of his of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance. Lines In this stanza, Coleridge contrasts the beauty of the men while they were alive with the multitude of slimy creatures in the sea. Because he lives, the Mariner feels that he is a part of the world of slime and decay that surrounds him. Note He despiseth the creatures of the calm. And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead. Lines With this stanza, Coleridge emphasizes a key Christian symbol: He cannot avoid the eyes of the dead men, and accepts their curse as he feels that he is the one who brought about this destruction. Lines Coleridge fills this section with contrasting images: Again the color red is used, but this time it connotes hell-fire and terror. Note In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the Stars that still sojourn yet still more onward; and everywhere 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. Lines Coleridge continues contrasting images with vivid descriptions in the next two stanzas. Beyond the shadow of the ship, the water snakes seem to shimmer in the moonlight that reflects off of them as they move. This shift foreshadows the change which will occur in the Mariner himself in the next stanza. Note Their beauty and their happiness. He blesseth them in his heart. Lines Once he is forgiven, the Mariner can pray again. As he prays, the enormous weight of the albatross and his crime is released. Note The spell begins to break. Lines As Part 5 begins, Coleridge uses a series of images to convey the peace and comfort that comes to the Mariner; he is finally able to sleep. Lines When the Mariner dreams of rain, it rains. He feels light in his body and soul. This atmosphere is in contrast to the previous section where there was a predominance of weariness, loneliness, and decay. Note By grace of the holy Mother, the Ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain. Lines The calm and quiet of the last verses disappear as the Mariner is surrounded by strange sights and sounds. The fires in the sky, which make the stars seem pale in comparison, sound like the Aurora Borealis. It would make geographical sense if this were the case, since the ship must leave the Pacific and round Cape Horn at the tip of South America again in order for the Mariner to return home. Coleridge does not stress the geography, but his awareness of it in other parts of the poem makes this a possibility. The fires may also be seen as a manifestation of the spirit world. Note He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element. Lines Coleridge uses vivid imagery to describe the supernatural phenomena in this storm. When the dead return to life and the Mariner assumes his place beside them, there is a deep sense of terror and oppression. Lines Coleridge adds a very poignant quality to the tale with these lines. Perhaps more than any other in the poem, they serve to remind the reader of the normal world to which the Mariner once belonged. It is ironic that he is seen as having a family only after he is forced to work next to his nephew, with whom there is no longer any possibility of love or communication. Lines The ghastly quality of the story frightens the guest. Lines The contrast continues in these lines. When the dead first rose, they groaned a typical Gothic detail. As the day dawns, the spirits become music, creating a marvelous mixture of sounds and notes. In these lines, sound and music are used to create a sense of peace. Another interesting contrast is with the spirits that gather around the mast at dawn: Lines Coleridge uses natural and musical imagery to convey the beauty of the music the Mariner hears. Lines After the music of the spirits ceases, Coleridge continues using sound imagery, creating a simile: Interestingly, Coleridge uses sound to convey a sense of quiet. Lines Coleridge supplies details about the voyage itself in

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these two stanzas and in the accompanying note that explain how the ship moves without a breeze. The Spirit of snow and ice is carrying the ship from below. The note makes it clear that this spirit resents helping the Mariner and wants him to receive further punishment for the murder of the albatross. Note 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. Lines Coleridge once again reestablishes clear geographic details with a metaphor. The sun, straight above the mast, pins the ship to the water at the equator. When the ship moves again, the motion causes the Mariner to faint. Lines When the Mariner regains partial consciousness, he hears the voices of spirits. Coleridge uses these voices to review the details of the poem. The note identifies the speakers as fellow daemons of the Polar Spirit. The word daemon is not the same as the modern word, demon. Rather, daemons are invisible spirits, living in the world. They may be patterned after similar spirits in Greek mythology who lived in nature, serving as messengers between the gods and man. The gentle albatross loved and trusted the Mariner, who shot him. The reference to Jesus in line serves to reinforce the Christian symbolism of the albatross. Lines This final stanza in Part 5 foreshadows the rest of the poem. The peace of this section is only transitory; the Mariner will suffer more. Lines Coleridge continues to use the spirit voices to clarify the poem for the reader. In lines through , they explain how the ship is moving. Lines The second voice points out the still ocean that is waiting for directions from the Moon. Line contains a simile in which there is a slave before a master, that is used to illustrate the calm. Lines Since the moon controls the tides, it gives the ocean its direction. Note The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure. Lines In answer to the repeated query, the second voice explains that the ship is being driven by a power that parts the air so that it may pass through. The marginal note adds that this is an angelic power, and that the ship is moving so swiftly that the Mariner could not survive if he were fully conscious. Lines Coleridge returns to the Gothic imagery of Part 3, providing a distinct contrast to the peaceful descriptions of Part 5. As the Mariner wakes, he finds the dead men staring at him. The moonlight, usually peaceful, is reflected in their eyes. These lines also recall Part 4 when the Mariner finds himself momentarily unable to pray. Note The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew. Lines The spell is broken and the Mariner can look to the ocean. Note The curse is finally expiated. Lines The wind returns, but now it is a supernatural force that touches only the Mariner and not the objects around him. In fact, the entire stanza contains many instances of alliteration. Lines The Mariner sees his home. Note And the Ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country. He prays that if this is only a dream, it will be one from which he will never waken. Lines The moon provides a benevolent guiding light revealing to the Mariner his home in a series of vivid images. Lines The crimson shapes filling the bay in the moonlight seem to be living, supernatural creatures. Note The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies, and appear in their own forms of light. Lines The spirits within the crew leave and the Mariner sees that they are angels. They bid the Mariner farewell and, in their silence, bless the Mariner. Lines With the sound of oars, Coleridge reintroduces the ordinary world. The Mariner recognizes the voices of people he knew, and the supernatural realm vanishes. His happiness is so great that even the realization that he, alone, is returning from the voyage cannot diminish it. Lines Coleridge includes the hermit as the third passenger in the boat. Lines Coleridge opens Part 7 with a description of the hermit: These characteristics are important since the Mariner has been out of harmony with all three. Note The Hermit of the wood approacheth the ship with wonder. Lines The lights from the seraph band had drawn the men toward the ship. Now that the angels have departed, the ship lies in darkness. Lines As the three men approach the ship, they are shocked by its ragged condition. Lines In these lines, Coleridge contrasts the fear of the pilot with the open-hearted optimism of the hermit. Lines For the last time, the world of the supernatural intrudes.

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Chapter 4 : An ancient Mariner - Chapter 5 - Opositiv - DC's Legends of Tomorrow (TV) [Archive of Our Own]

An ancient mariner, apparently much married, who will be seen at the fair The Los Angeles county poet (said to be about to start a new cult at Long Beach), who will be at the fair A dog that can teach some U.S. universities that in which they have proved to be lacking.

Part I It is an ancient mariner And he stoppeth one of three. Mayst hear the merry din. 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. 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. 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. 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. Mist and snow, And it grew wondrous cold: And ice-mast-high came floating by, As green as emerald. 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! The ice did split with a thunder-fit; The helmsman steered us through! 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. From the fiends, that plague thee thus! 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. For all averred, I had killed the bird That made the breeze to blow. Then all averred, I had killed the bird That brought the fog and mist. The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, The furrow followed free; We were the first that ever burst Into that silent 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 Upon a painted ocean. Water, water, everywhere, And all the boards did shrink; Water, water, everywhere, Nor any drop to drink. The very deeps did rot: That ever this should be! Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs Upon the slimy sea. And some in dreams assured 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. Instead of the cross, the albatross About my neck was hung. Part III There passed a weary time. Each throat Was parched, and glazed each eye. How glazed each weary eye, When looking westward, I beheld A something in the sky. 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. With throats unslaked, with black lips baked, We could nor laugh nor wail; Through utter drouth all dumb we stood! I bit my arm, I sucked the blood, And cried, A sail! With throats unslaked, with black lips baked, Agape they heard me call: 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 aflame. 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. As if through a dungeon grate he peered With broad and burning face. Are those her sails that glance in the sun, Like restless gossameres? Are those her ribs through which the sun Did peer, as through a grate? And is that woman all her crew? Is that a Death? Her lips were red, her looks were free, Her locks were yellow as gold: We listened and looked sideways up! Fear at my heart, as at a cup, My lifeblood seemed to sip! One after one, by the star-dogged moon, Too quick for groan or sigh, Each turned his face with ghastly pang, And cursed me with his eye. Four times fifty living men, And I heard nor sigh nor groan With heavy thump, a lifeless lump, They dropped down one by one. Their souls did from their bodies fly-- They fled to bliss or

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woe! And every soul, it passed me by, Like the whizz of my crossbow! 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. This body dropped not down. Alone, alone, all, all alone, Alone on a wide wide sea! And never a saint took pity on My soul in agony. The many men, so beautiful! And they all dead did lie: And a thousand thousand slimy things Lived on; and so did I. 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 gushed, A wicked whisper came, and made My heart as dry as dust. I closed my lids, and kept them close, Till 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. 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. Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse, And yet I could not die. The moving moon went up the sky, And nowhere did abide: 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: Blue, glossy green, and velvet black, They coiled and swam; and every track Was a flash of golden fire. 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 selfsame moment I could pray; And from my neck so free The albatross fell off, and sank Like lead into the sea. Part V Oh sleep! To Mary-Queen the praise be given! She sent the gentle sleep from heaven, That slid into my soul. 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, 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. 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 bursts 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.

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Chapter 5 : The Rime of the Ancient Mariner by Samuel Taylor Coleridge - Poems | calendrierdelascience.

The collection is considered the first great work of the Romantic school of poetry and contains Coleridge's famous poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." That autumn the two poets traveled to the Continent together.

It is an ancient Mariner, And he stoppeth one of three. 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. 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. 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. 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. And now there came both mist and snow, And it grew wondrous cold: And ice, mast-high, came floating by, As green as emerald. 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! The ice did split with a thunder-fit; The helmsman steered us through! 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. From the fiends, that plague thee thus! 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. For all averred, I had killed the bird That made the breeze to blow. Then all averred, I had killed the bird That brought the fog and mist. The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, The furrow followed free; We were the first that ever burst Into that silent 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 Upon a painted ocean. And all the boards did shrink; Water, water, every where, Nor any drop to drink. The very deep did rot: That ever this should be! Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs Upon the slimy sea. 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. Instead of the cross, the Albatross About my neck was hung. Each throat Was parched, and glazed each eye. How glazed each weary eye, When looking westward, I beheld A something in the sky. 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. 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! With throats unslaked, with black lips baked, Agape they heard me call: As they were drinking all. 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; When that strange shape drove suddenly Betwixt us and the Sun. As if through a dungeon-grate he peered With broad and burning face. And is that Woman all her crew? We listened and looked sideways up! Fear at my heart, as at a cup, My life-blood seemed to sip! 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. Four times fifty living men, And I heard nor sigh nor groan With heavy thump, a lifeless lump, They dropped down one by one. The souls did from their bodies fly,— They fled to bliss or woe! And every soul, it passed me by, Like the whizz of my cross-bow! Gray prefaced his poem with this paragraph: The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that EDWARD the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death. Stout Gloucester stood aghast in speechless trance: They do not sleep. In , however, his father drowned, and Marvell abandoned his studies. Marvell spent most of the s working as a tutor for children of supporters of Oliver Cromwell. Marvell also wrote much poetry during this time. The forward

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youth that would appear Must now forsake his Muses dear, Nor in the shadows sing His numbers languishing.

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Chapter 6 : COLERIDGE - The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" is the first poem in Lyrical Ballads, the collaborative effort of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth designed to explore new directions in poetic language and style, and move away from the formal and highly stylized literature of the eighteenth.

Lake Poets all lived in the Lake District of England at the turn of the nineteenth century. As a group, they followed no single "school" of thought or literary practice, although their works were uniformly disparaged by the Edinburgh Review. They are considered part of the Romantic Movement. Songs of Innocence to which was added, in , the Songs of Experience unlike the earlier work, never published on its own. Broadly speaking the collections look at human nature and society in optimistic and pessimistic terms, respectively - and Blake thinks that you need both sides to see the whole truth. Back to top Blake had very firm ideas about how his poems should appear. Although spelling was not as standardised in print as it is today, Blake was writing some time after the publication of Dr. In keeping with his profession, Blake did not print his poems in type, but engraved them like handwriting on an illustrated background. The printed copies were then coloured by hand: Blake was an artist in words and pictures. In some modern editions for students such as the AQA Anthology, used by people taking GCSE exams in England , the spelling and punctuation have been modernised in standard forms; type replaces handwriting and no pictures appear - you should look at copies of the poems as Blake produced them, in order to decide whether this is a good or bad thing. The titles more or less tell the reader what the poems are about. In the first, a father leaves behind his tearful child in the dark. In the second, as the child cries, God appears, kisses the child and restores him to his mother who has been crying and looking for the boy. They are both horrible, especially the former, in which a priest accuses a boy of blasphemy for not showing God enough love , puts him in an "iron chair" and burns him to death "in a holy place" where "many had been burned before", while his parents look on and weep. Back to top The poems in detail The three human characters are not at all specific people but clearly representative or universal types - like people in the parables of Jesus. This is true of all the people we meet in The Songs of Innocence and Experience, though sometimes there are distinguishing features as with the children in The Little Black Boy or The Chimney Sweeper, where the sweep is called Tom Dacre. In this poem, God appears, too but not as an abstract idea a view of God that Blake hated. The first half of The Little Boy Lost is a cry of alarm from the child - he asks where his father is going, tells him to slow down and asks the father to speak, or else his "little boy" will be lost. The dew is forming and the boy is in a deep mire muddy or marshy ground. As the boy cries, the mist goes away - perhaps a hint that something good will happen. The reader is not very alarmed - for two reasons. First, all the Songs of Innocence have happy endings of sorts, and second, the reader may have seen that there is another poem called The Little Boy Found. Back to top In The Little Boy Found we see another hopeful sign - the boy is being guided by some kind of "wandering light". It may belong to the father who has left him, or may suggest in the word "led" a guardian angel or spirit. As the boy cries, God comes to his aid - in white, which suggests his goodness. The father, who leaves the boy, is contrasted with the anxious mother who goes in search of him, "pale" with sorrow and weeping though Blake may mean "weeping" to refer to the "little boy". God brings the child back to his mother. Because she has been looking in the wrong place - the "lonely dale" a valley , while the boy has been in a marsh "mire" or "fen". Unless Blake means us to understand that the fen is in the valley - which is possible. The poems also appeal to one of our most basic fears - or rather two: This is amplified by real-life reports of abductions and violence to children - and is one of the most profound and terrifying fears we ever face. For many readers, The Little Boy Lost will be far scarier than any conventional horror story or film. But they tell of profound and universal experiences or ideas. The two poems thus form a narrative in two parts - being lost and being found. Blake does not use metaphors - where something in the poem represents some other thing, usually an abstraction, in a one-to-one way. Rather he uses symbols - and leaves it to the reader to decide what they mean. So we may understand God in the

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poem as being more or less the same as in Genesis, or, very differently, as the divine element in good people who look after children. And we may see the poem as being about a real child getting lost in a fen, or about the way in which generally, we are unsure about the world and our place in it. The poems are very short - each has only two stanzas, and the pair together have a mere 16 lines. Although the narrative seems to be stripped down to its essentials, there is room for some suggestive details - so we read that God is "in white", that the "vapour" mist, presumably flies away, that a "wandering light" leads the child and that he is lost in a fen, while his mother seeks him in a dale. With this poet, we can never quite be sure how far these things are intentional and how far they are simply suggested by the need for a rhyme - but it is wiser to suppose that Blake means exactly what he says or writes in the Songs of Innocence and Experience. Back to top

The Tyger Blake was regarded in his time as very strange, but many of his ideas make sense to the modern reader. When this poem was written it was most unusual for writers to show interest in wild animals. People did not have access to wildlife documentaries on television, as we do today: Just as today the tiger is a symbol of endangered wildlife, so for Blake, the animal is important as a symbol - but of what? One clue is to be found in the comparison with The Lamb see the next poem, and the fifth stanza of this one. Back to top

The questions that follow are directed at the tiger, though they are as much questions for the reader. They are of the kind sometimes called rhetorical frequently used in public speaking, rhetoric in Greek because no answer is given. However, these are questions to which the answer is far from obvious. The idea that the tiger is made by someone with hands and eyes suggests the stories in the Biblical book of Genesis, where God walks in the Garden of Eden and shuts Noah in his ark. The sensitive human artist is awe-struck by the divine artistry. It is as if some utterly daring person has seized this fire and given it to the tiger as, in Greek myth, Prometheus stole fire from the gods and gave it to men. God is represented as being pleased with His creation, but Blake wonders whether this can be true of the tiger. If so, it is not easy to see how the same creator should have made The Lamb. The poem appropriately ends, apparently with the same question with which it started, but the change of verb from "could" to "dare" makes it even more forceful. This poem is not so much about the tiger as it really is, or as a zoologist might present it to us; it is the Tyger, as it appears to the eye of the beholder. In the first stanza Blake, as in The Tyger, asks questions, and these are again directed to the animal, although the reader has less difficulty guessing the answer, which the poet in any case gives in the second stanza. As well as becoming a child like the speaker of the poem Jesus became known as The Lamb of God: This was believed to take away the sins of the people who took part in the feast. So when Jesus was killed, for the sins of all people, according to the Christian faith, He came to be called The Lamb of God. Although this is an image mainly of meekness and self-sacrifice, in the last book of the Bible Revelation Jesus appears as a Lamb with divine powers, who defeats the Anti-Christ and saves mankind. Back to top

The Tyger and The Lamb go well together, because in them, Blake examines different, almost opposite or contradictory, ideas about the natural world, its creatures and their Creator. How do you see the two animals depicted? What images do you find interesting, and what do they tell you? How, in these two poems, does Blake explore different ideas about God and nature? Which do you find more appealing if either and why? Both poems use simple rhymes and regular metre. Does this mean the ideas in the poems are simple, too? Give reasons for your answer. A useful exercise here as with all the poems is to present the poems either as Blake did this will require some research, or as you imagine he might have done. You could use this copy for familiarising yourself with the poems. Back to top

A Poison Tree In this poem and the two which follow it, a central metaphor explains a truth of human nature. A Poison Tree shares with The Human Abstract the image of a tree as it grows, while in London the image is of manacles: A Poison Tree tells how anger can be dispelled by goodwill or nurtured to become a deadly poison. It is appropriate that poems touching on Biblical themes should be parables, not unlike those of Jesus, in which a spiritual or abstract meaning is expressed in a vivid, picturesque story. Back to top

Blake does not tell us what is growing although we may guess this to be the tree of the title but it is evidently a plant of some kind: At length the tree grows to bear a single fruit, which the "foe" wants because he supposes the speaker to value it: The sequel is shocking: As we remember that this is a

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metaphor we realise that literal murder of the body is not what Blake describes but some profound spiritual, or as we would now say psychological harm is meant. This is a horrible poem because it depicts with appalling honesty the hatred of which man is capable and the cunning with which we can conceal our anger. The anger depicted here is not the anger we call the heat of the moment, but "wrath", one of the seven deadly sins, a brooding, festering desire to get even at all costs. Back to top The apple of the third stanza reminds us of the story of Adam and Eve. Another apple which caused trouble was the golden apple from the garden of the Hesperides, which Paris, prince of Troy , gave to Aphrodite, goddess of love, in preference to Athena and Hera. As a symbol of irresistible temptation, the apple is deeply convincing. The enemy is almost as wily as the speaker, waiting until a night which has "veiled the pole". This "pole" could mean simply the hemisphere which surrounds the pole or, some critics suggest, the Pole Star: The metaphor suggests the darkness, the inscrutable mystery of evil: Perhaps, though, the most shocking word in the poem is "glad". This is not the innocent gladness of a clear conscience, but the almost diabolical self-satisfaction of the poisoner. The poem perfectly unites the simple extended image, and the deep human truth it illustrates. The Human Abstract The title and the last stanza of this poem make it clear that the tree described here is a symbol of an "abstract" quality found in "the human brain". This is less easy to understand than the evil of anger, which Blake explains in A Poison Tree, but again the poet is aware of the "Two Contrary States of the Human Soul" and the "Mystery" Stanza 4 of the tree which "bears the fruit of deceit", and in which the Raven, the omen of death, "his nest has made". What was meant by Jesus as a shrewd comment on poverty that it will never wholly go away has been taken by some readers of the gospels to be a kind of universal law: The key word here is "make" - as if we force people into poverty so that they can receive our "pity". Instead of a fair society, the rich give handouts to the poor, and feel smug about doing so. In the same way, happiness is not allowed to be universal, or no-one would need "Mercy". Blake may be merely describing the way things are. If he is suggesting how things ought to be, then he does so ironically:

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Chapter 7 : Jamal Khashoggiso what happened then?? - PPRuNe Forums

The name of Ancient Mariner. I'm married to the lovely Chris, and we have a son, Ben. Apparently it should cost makers an extra \$10 to \$40 per phone.

Charon stands up and listens. It seems the time ship is under attack. Surely it is the Time Masters. This was not part of the plan. Expect the plan to go off the rails. Time for a new plan. He promised to let the Waverider know when he could come back. Mick and Barry had taken turns shoving hot cocoa and beer and any other beverage they thought he might like at Snart. Sometimes it was just Snart and Mick, sometimes it was just Snart and Barry but sometimes Barry and Mick ganged up on him, too. Over that week Mick was sure he slowly saw Charon become a little more like Len. It had all been going well, slowly but well, which of course meant that disaster was waiting just around the corner, with a crew like theirs. And the Time Masters were unsurprisingly pissed at losing two of their bounty hunters to Rip and his vendetta. Rip had them hiding out in the wild, wild west. A blind spot, he said. Of course the hunters found them. They were suddenly surrounded and only just made it back to the Waverider in one piece. The team got separated pretty fast, which was not as bad as it could have been, given that this was their ship and they knew all or most of her hiding places and ambush points. Still, it left most of them with no backup. Mick found out this particular disadvantage when he rounded a corner, tactically retreating from one bounty hunter, only to nearly run into another. So, determined to take down at least one of them with him, he roasted the nearest one alive, expecting a bullet in the back as soon as he pulled the trigger. To his surprise the bullet never came. Instead he heard the distinctive sound of a body hitting the floor right behind him. As he turned around he found himself face to face with Charon. Apparently finding it serviceable his cold gaze settled on Mick once again. The two of them took out two more hunters before they reached the bridge where Rip and Sara were fighting back to back to keep the hunters from taking control of the Waverider. The four of them made short work of the three remaining hunters who had managed to get this far. As soon as the last one dropped Rip and Sara aimed their weapons at Snart. Snart just ignored the guns aimed at him and dropped his empty weapon to pick up a different one. He looked like he meant it, too. So Mick really had no choice but to step between him and Snart. And neither should they be yours. Have you forgotten why we left them in the first place? Snart was sitting in one of the chairs, gun still in his hand and legs crossed at the ankles, while the Waverider crew stood together at the other end of the bridge. Mick turned back to her. Snart just broke out of there? You do know I can just knock you out, take my weapons, commandeer this ship and get us back to my ship myself, right? Mick packed the souvenirs and other stuff from his room into a duffle bag while Len was next door doing the same. When he had everything he wanted to keep packed away and turned around to leave Mick suddenly found Snart leaning against the side of his door. Snart merely grinned smugly. An actual grin, not just that barely there smirk Mick had seen now and then. The Time Masters were hurting him, he could feel them digging through his brain, poking around in his memories, hurting him for disobeying, hurting him for speaking, hurting him for not speaking, just hurting him, forcing the helmet on him! Strong hands on his upper arms pulled his mind back from the past. Mick tried to slow down his rapid breathing, and with it his heart. His hands were gripping the crate so strongly it pressed all the blood out of his knuckles. He reached down to pick up the lid and put it back on. The hands on his arm left as he turned around. Mick approached the armory with a certain trepidation. Len apparently felt the same because he kept a close eye on Mick while they were cleaning and packing away their arsenal. The rest of the crew were watching them warily, now that they were armed. Mick sat in his own chair, still feeling slightly shaken from what happened before. Now, my ship, where is it? Mick thought he saw Len grin again when they all realized that cloaking a ship was all well and good unless it snowed. There was a decidedly ship shaped heap of snow just floating in midair. Jax stepped forward and hugged a very surprised Mick for a second before quickly getting out of reach again. Rip and Stein both nodded at them before herding their bunch of do-gooders back onto the Waverider. He thought he heard Len

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chuckling quietly behind him.

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Chapter 8 : The blog of the Ancient Mariner

In "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" at first the sailors are upset that the mariner killed the albatross, but then they justify it which makes them _____ in the crime allegory The fact that the albatross hung around the Mariner's neck in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" is an _____.

Copyright courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery, used with permission. Indeed, when looking at the material available, it does seem as though Wordsworth was far from sympathetic towards his needy poet friend, and on occasion, rather cruel. His lack of faith in his own creative genius was sadly lacking, and he lost heart easily. He claims that Wordsworth was a bully, uninterested in helping or saving his friend. Holmes quotes Frank Cottrell Boyce, who wrote the screenplay: But Wordsworth betrayed him. He was feeding on two other geniuses – his sister Dorothy and Coleridge. While it seems fair to say that Coleridge needed to latch onto a stronger personality he believed he could trust, a more fitting comparison might be that of a concerned older brother. Biographers describe Coleridge as a weaker personality, but maybe this is to judge him too harshly. He was a man of great imagination and sensitivity. Coleridge was unable to withstand such harsh criticism and rejection and so he did not publish the work spurned by Wordsworth. Instead, he turned to opium for both consolation and inspiration. His consumption was staggering. He began to gulp laudanum – liquid opium – as if it were wine. According to Jonathan Wordsworth, the only mistake made was by Montagu, for telling Coleridge what Wordsworth had written. It was a betrayal, regardless of whether the victim had knowledge of it. Coleridge had been married, but the marriage, unsurprisingly, had broken down. The other contributing factor, according to Jonathan Wordsworth in his interview with Helien, was this: Visionary poetry was what Coleridge did best. Did Wordsworth Abandon Coleridge? Indeed, were I an irritable man and an unthinking one, I should probably have considered myself as having been very unkindly used by him in this respect, for I was at one time confined for two months, and he never came to see me – me, who had ever paid such unremitting attention to him! Coleridge was depressed and unproductive. Even here, the poet would find no haven. Image by Decoded Past. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of everyday. Here is the relevant passage: I am deep in all out of the way books, whether of the monkish times of of the puritanical era. I have read and digested most of the historical writers, but I do not like history. Then, in , he went to Highgate and settled in the home of Dr. James Gilman, where he remained until the end of his life. A Philosophical Evaluation Although he may not have achieved the poetic commendations he yearned for from Wordsworth and his peers, Coleridge is now remembered, deservedly, for his visionary originality. Love Samuel Taylor Coleridge? Click here to buy the t-shirt and support Decoded Past!

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Chapter 9 : People (edition) | Open Library

seen in the light of Coleridge [s own more settled religious convictions, which contrast with the spiritual despair of the Mariner: ^ Alone on a wide wide sea; / So lonely Z twas, that God himself / Scarce seemed there to be. _.

As with most of his work, it had previously appeared in serial form. Although neither of my copies has a stated copyright or publishers date, the plainer one on the right does state that it is a reprint of the first edition printed by M. The version with the black and gold label was printed by Grosset and Dunlop, New York. Again, there is no publishing date, but I do know that is part of a 24 Classics series with illustrations. Unfortunately, there are no credits listed as to who sketched them. The dust cover is a little ratty, but it has helped keep the hard cover clean. It was covered in soft black leather and embossed with gold leaf. There is no publishing date, but there is an inscription dated It really is a beautiful volume. In the background, you can see three golden-coloured books. The thickest one is The Complete Works of Shakespeare. Both the embossed covers and page edges have been gilded. The three books were published by the Oxford University Press. Shakespeare and Browning were printed in Milton was printed a year later. They were both produced by Walter Scott Ltd, London. The page edges are gilded as well as the embossing on the covers. I was surprised to see among the other books a narrow volume with the title Ancient Mariner by the English poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It contains illustrations by E. Wehnert, Birket Foster and E. It has no publishing date. My favourite book on the shelf has to be this volume of the Complete Works of William Shakespeare. I love the red leather gold-embossed cover and gilded pages. The first inscription on the cover is dated It appears to have been a wedding present from Ross E. Cook to his bride May in Perhaps it was given to one of my grandparents by May. While cleaning out the cottage in preparation for its sale, we came across some treasures. The first is an old writing notebook that I think belonged to my grandfather.