

## The Rime of the Ancient Mariner Part IV

Task One (Choose One)	Task Two (Choose One)	Task Three
1a) What is happening in this part of the poem? Write five clear sentences to describe the events and support each one with a clear quotation (no more than 10 words).	2a) Underline and label the following devices on this copy of the poem: - alliteration - repetition - sibilance	Re-read stanzas 1-8 <b>How has the poet created a spooky atmosphere?</b> Answer this question in PEAL You can refer to: - alliteration - emotive language - sibilance - repetition
1b) Copy out one stanza and explain its meaning in three sentences. Ext: refer to specific vocabulary to support your explanation.	2b) Who do you think is talking in the first stanza? Clue: Look back at your notes from Stanza one - what happened at the beginning of the poem. Copy out two lines that link to the opening of the poem?	Remember: Use quotations and quotation marks.

### PART IV

'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.

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 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 dead 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.

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.

The moving Moon went up the sky,  
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 always  
A still and awful red.

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 self-same moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.