

Predict what poem is about.

The Wanderer-author unknown

Intro.

Often the solitary one
finds grace for himself
the mercy of the Lord,
Although he, sorry-hearted,
must for a long time
move by hand
along the waterways,
(along) the ice-cold sea,
tread the paths of exile.
Events always go as they must!

Note: This was originally an Old English (means a long long time ago) poem. Back then, religion & God were new ideas to most people.

First person narration starts

8a

Often (or always) I had alone
to speak of my trouble
each morning before dawn.

There is none now living
to whom I dare
clearly speak
of my innermost thoughts.

→ Connect: Do you have anyone to share your inner thoughts with?

12a

I know it truly,
that it is in men
a noble custom,
that one should keep secure
his spirit-chest (mind),
guard his treasure-chamber (thoughts),
think as he wishes.

16a

The weary spirit cannot
withstand fate,
nor does a rough or sorrowful mind
do any good.

Thus those eager for glory
often keep secure
dreary thoughts
in their breast;

20a

So I,
often wretched and sorrowful,
bereft of my homeland,
far from noble kinsmen,

24a have had to bind in fetters
my inmost thoughts,
Since long years ago
I hid my lord
in the darkness of the earth,
and I, wretched, from there
travelled most sorrowfully
over the frozen waves,
sought, sad at the lack of a hall,
a giver of treasure,
where I, far or near,
might find
one in the mead hall who
knew my people,
28a or wished to console
the friendless one, me,
And entertain (me) with delights.
He who has tried it knows
how cruel is
sorrow as a companion
to the one who has few
beloved friends:
32a the path of exile holds him,
not at all twisted gold,
a frozen spirit,
not the bounty of the earth.
He remembers hall-warriors
and the giving of treasure
How in youth his lord
accustomed him
36a to the feasting.
All the joy has died!
And so he knows it, he who must
forgo for a long time
the counsels
of his beloved lord:
Then sorrow and sleep
both together
40a often tie up

— chain or shackles on feet

He has to leave.

He leaves during winter.

He leaves by _____.

→ Take an educated guess.

— liquor

Connect: How would you feel to leave your home, country, + friends?

What do you dream about? Predict what he will dream about.

the wretched solitary one.
He thinks in his mind
that he embraces and kisses
his lord,
and on his (the lord's) knees lays
his hands and his head,
Just as, at times, before,
44a in days gone by,
he enjoyed the gift-seat (throne).
Then the friendless man
wakes up again,
He sees before him
dead — fallow waves
Sea birds bathe,
preening their feathers,
48a Frost and snow fall,
mixed with hail.
Then are the heavier
the wounds of the heart,
grievous with longing for the lord.
Sorrow is renewed
when the mind surveys
the memory of kinsmen;
52a He greets them joyfully,
eagerly scans
the companions of men;
they always swim away.
The spirits of seafarers
never bring back there much
in the way of known speech.
Care is renewed
56a for the one who must send
very often
over the binding of the waves
a weary heart.
Indeed I cannot think
why my spirit
does not darken

Is the season & weather
significant to the tone?
(of course it is)

60a when I ponder on the whole
life of men
throughout the world,
How they suddenly
left the floor (hall),
the proud thanes.
So this middle-earth,
a bit each day,
drips and decays -

rich men

64a Therefore man
cannot call himself wise, before he has
a share of years in the world.
A wise man must be patient,
He must never be too impulsive
nor too hasty of speech,
nor too weak a warrior
nor too reckless,

68a nor too fearful, nor too cheerful,
nor too greedy for goods,
nor ever too eager for boasts,
before he sees clearly.

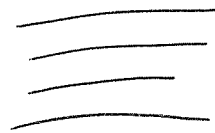
A man must wait
when he speaks oaths,
until the proud-hearted one
sees clearly

72a whither the intent of his heart
will turn.
A wise hero must realize
how terrible it will be,
when all the wealth of this world
lies waste,

76a as now in various places
throughout this middle-earth
walls stand,
blown by the wind,
covered with frost,
storm-swept the buildings.
The halls decay,
their lords lie

✓ for understanding
What must a man
endure before
being considered "wise?"

a hero must realize:



what?

80a deprived of joy,
the whole troop has fallen,
the proud ones, by the wall.
War took off some,
carried them on their way,
one, the bird took off
across the deep sea,
one, the gray wolf
shared one with death,
one, the dreary-faced
84a man buried
in a grave.

Who is "He"?

And so He destroyed this city,
He, the Creator of Men,
until deprived of the noise
of the citizens,
the ancient work of giants
stood empty.

88a He who thought wisely
on this foundation,
and pondered deeply
on this dark life,
wise in spirit,
remembered often from afar
many conflicts,
and spoke these words:

92a Where is the horse gone? Where the rider?
Where the giver of treasure?
Where are the seats at the feast?
Where are the revels in the hall?
Alas for the bright cup!
Alas for the mailed warrior!
Alas for the splendor of the prince!
How that time has passed away,
96a dark under the cover of night,
as if it had never been!
Now there stands in the trace
of the beloved troop

flexible armor

a wall, wondrously high,
wound round with serpents.
The warriors taken off
by the glory of spears,
100a the weapons greedy for slaughter,
the famous fate (turn of events),
and storms beat
these rocky cliffs,
falling frost
feters the earth,
the harbinger of winter;
Then dark comes,
104a Night shadows deepen,
from the north there comes
a rough hailstorm
in malice against men.
All is troublesome
in this earthly kingdom,
the turn of events changes
the world under the heavens.

108a Here money is fleeting,
here friend is fleeting,
here man is fleeting,
here kinsman is fleeting,
all the foundation of this world
turns to waste!

What does a
person need to
survive the bad
times?

112a So spoke the wise man in his mind,
where he sat apart in counsel.
Good is he who keeps his faith,
And a warrior must never speak
his grief of his breast too quickly,
unless he already knows the remedy -
a hero must act with courage.
It is better for the one that seeks mercy,
consolation from the father in the heavens,
where, for us, all permanence rests.

Conclusion