

The Wanderer

	Oft him anhaga are gebideð, metudes miltse, þeah þe he modcearig geond lagulade longe sceolde	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 [<i>in context</i> = row]
4a	hreran mid hondum hrimcealde sæ wadan wræclastas. Wyrd bið ful aræd! Swa cwæð eardstapa, earfeþa gemyndig, wraþra wælsleahta, winemæga hryre:	along the waterways, (along) the ice-cold sea, tread the paths of exile. Events always go as they must! So spoke the wanderer, mindful of hardships, of fierce slaughters and the downfall of kinsmen:
8a	Oft ic sceolde ana uhtna gehwylce mine ceare cwīpan. Nis nu cwicra nan þe ic him modsefan minne durre sweotule asecgan.	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.
12a	Ic to soþe wat þæt biþ in eorle indryhten þeaw, þæt he his ferðlocan fæste binde, healde his hordcofan, hycge swa he wille. Ne mæg werig mod wyrde wiðstondan,	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. The weary spirit cannot withstand fate (the turn of events),
16a	ne se hreo hyge helpe gefremman. Forðon domgeorne dreorigne oft in hyra breostcofan	nor does a rough or sorrowful mind do any good (perform anything helpful). Thus those eager for glory often keep secure dreary thoughts

	bindað fæste;	in their breast;
	swa ic modsefan	So I,
	minne sceolde,	often wretched and sorrowful,
20a	oft earmcearig,	bereft of my homeland,
	eðle bidæled,	far from noble kinsmen,
	freomægum feor	have had to bind in fetters
	feterum sælan,	my inmost thoughts,
	sipþan geara iu	Since long years ago
	goldwine minne	I hid my lord
	hrusan heolstre biwrah,	in the darkness of the earth,
	ond ic hean þonan	and I, wretched, from there
24a	wod wintercearig	travelled most sorrowfully
	ofer waþema gebind,	over the frozen waves,
	sohte seledreorig	sought, sad at the lack of a hall,
	sinces bryttan,	a giver of treasure,
	hwær ic feor oþþe neah	where I, far or near,
	findan meahte	might find
	þone þe in meoduhealle	one in the meadhall who
	mine wisse,	knew my people,
28a	oþþe mec freondleasne	or wished to console
	frefran wolde,	the friendless one, me,
	wenian mid wynnum.	entertain (me) with delights.
	Wat se þe cunnað	He who has tried it knows
	hu sliþen bið	how cruel is
	sorg to geferan	sorrow as a companion
	þam þe him lyt hafað	to the one who has few
	leofra geholena:	beloved friends:
32a	warað hine wræclast,	the path of exile (wræclast) holds him,
	nales wunden gold,	not at all twisted gold,
	ferðloca freorig,	a frozen spirit,
	nalæs foldan blæd.	not the bounty of the earth.
	Gemon he selesecgas	He remembers hall-warriors
	ond sincþege,	and the giving of treasure
	hu hine on geoguðe	How in youth his lord (gold-friend)
	his goldwine	accustomed him
36a	wenede to wiste.	to the feasting.
	Wyn eal gedreas!	All the joy has died!
	Forþon wat se þe sceal	And so he knows it, he who must

	his winedryhtnes	forgo for a long time
	leofes larcwidum	the counsels
	longe forþolian:	of his beloved lord:
	ðonne sorg ond slæð	Then sorrow and sleep
	somod ætgædre	both together
40a	earmne anhogan	often tie up
	oft gebindað.	the wretched solitary one.
	þinceð him on mode	He thinks in his mind
	þæt he his mondryhten	that he embraces and kisses
	clyppe ond cysse,	his lord,
	ond on cneo lecge	and on his (the lord's) knees lays
	honda ond heafod,	his hands and his head,
	swa he hwilum ær	Just as, at times (hwilum), before,
44a	in geardagum	in days gone by,
	giefstolas breac.	he enjoyed the gift-seat (throne).
	Ðonne onwæcneð eft	Then the friendless man
	wineleas guma,	wakes up again,
	gesihð him biforan	He sees before him
	fealwe wegas,	fallow waves
	baþian brimfluglas,	Sea birds bathe,
	brædan feþra,	preening their feathers,
48a	hreosan hrim ond snaw	Frost and snow fall,
	hagle gemenged.	mixed with hail.
	Þonne beoð þy hefigran	Then are the heavier
	heortan benne,	the wounds of the heart,
	sare æfter swæsne.	grievous (sare) with longing for (æfter) the lord.
	Sorg bið geniwad	Sorrow is renewed
	þonne maga gemynd	when the mind (mod) surveys
	mod geondhweorfeð;	the memory of kinsmen;
52a	greteð gliwstafum,	He greets them joyfully,
	georne geondsceawað	eagerly scans
	secga geseldan;	the companions of men;
	swimmað oft on weg	they always swim away.
	fleotendra ferð	The spirits of seafarers
	no þær fela bringeð	never bring back there much
	cuðra cwidegiedda.	in the way of known speech.
	Cearo bið geniwad	Care is renewed
56a	þam þe sendan sceal	for the one who must send

	<p>swiþe geneahhe ofer waþema gebind werigne sefan.</p>	<p>very often over the binding of the waves a weary heart.</p>
60a	<p>Forþon ic geþencan ne mæg geond þas woruld for hwan modsefa min ne gesweorce þonne ic eorla lif eal geondþence, hu hi færlice flet ofgeafon, modge maguþegnas. Swa þes middangeard ealra dogra gehwam dreoseð ond fealleð;</p>	<p>Indeed I cannot think why my spirit does not darken 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, droops and decays -</p>
64a	<p>forþon ne mæg weorþan wis wer, ær he age wintra dæl in woruldrice. Wita sceal geþyldig, ne sceal no to hatheort ne to hrædwyrde, ne to wac wiga ne to wanhydig,</p>	<p>Therefore man (wer) 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,</p>
68a	<p>ne to forht ne to fægen, ne to feohgifre ne næfre gielpes to georn, ær he geare cunne. Beorn sceal gebidan, þonne he beot spricedð, oþþæt collenferð cunne gearwe</p>	<p>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</p>
72a	<p>hwider hreþra gehygd hweorfan wille. Ongietan sceal gleaw hæle hu gæstlic bið, þonne ealre þisse worulde wela weste stondeð, swa nu missenlice</p>	<p>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, as now in various places</p>

76a	<p>geond þisne middangeard winde biwaune weallas stondað, hrime bihrorene, hryðge þa ederas. Woriað þa winsalo, waldend licgað dreame bidrorene, dugub eal gecrong,</p>	<p>throughout this middle-earth walls stand, blown by the wind, covered with frost, storm-swept the buildings. The halls decay, their lords lie 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 man buried in a grave.</p>	
80a	<p>wlonc bi wealle. Sume wig fornom, ferede in forðwege, sumne fugel oþbær ofer heanne holm, sumne se hara wulf deaðe gedælde, sumne dreorighleor</p>	<p>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.</p>	
84a	<p>in eorðscræfe eorl gehydde. Ypde swa þisne eardgeard ælda scyppend oþæt burgwara breahtma lease eald enta geweorc idlu stodon.</p>	<p>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:</p>	
88a	<p>Se þonne þisne wealsteal wise gepohte ond þis deorce lif deope geondþenceð, frod in ferðe, feor oft gemon wælsleahta worn, ond þas word acwið:</p>	<p>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?</p>	
92a	<p>Hwær cwom mearg? Hwær cwom mago? Hwær cwom maþpumgyfa? Hwær cwom symbla gesetu? Hwær sindon seledreamas?</p>	<p>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?</p>	

	Eala beorht bune!	Alas for the bright cup!
	Eala byrnwiga!	Alas for the mailed warrior!
	Eala þeodnes þrym!	Alas for the splendour of the prince!
96a	Hu seo þrag gewat, genap under nihthelm, swa heo no wære. Stondeð nu on laste leofre duguþe weal wundrum heah, wyrmlicum fah. Eorlas fornoman asca þryþe,	How that time has passed away, dark under the cover of night, as if it had never been! Now there stands in the trace of the beloved troop a wall, wondrously high, wound round with serpents. The warriors taken off by the glory of spears,
100a	wæpen wælgifru, wyrð seo mære, ond þas stanhleoþu stormas cnyssað, hrið hreosende hrusan bindeð, wintres woma, þonne won cymeð,	the weapons greedy for slaughter, the famous fate (turn of events), and storms beat these rocky cliffs, falling frost fetters the earth, the harbinger of winter;
104a	nipeð nihtscua, norþan onsendeð hreo hæglfare hæleþum on andan. Eall is earfoðlic eorþan rice, onwendeð wyrda gesceaft weoruld under heofonum.	Then dark comes, nightshadows 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	Her bið feoh læne, her bið freond læne, her bið mon læne, her bið mæg læne, eal þis eorþan gesteal idel weorþeð!	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!
	Swa cwæð snottor on mode, gesæt him sundor æt rune.	So spake the wise man in his mind, where he sat apart in counsel.
112a	Til biþ se þe his treowe gehealdeþ, ne sceal næfre his torn to rycene	Good is he who keeps his faith, And a warrior must never speak

beorn of his breostum acyþan,
nemþe he ær þa bote cunne,
eorl mid elne gefremman.
Wel bið þam þe him are secēð,
frofre to Fæder on heofonum,
þær us eal seo fæstnung stondeð.

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.