

Name:

Date:

Block:

Part 1: Read and annotate your given poem, then complete the chart below

Title of Poem: \_\_\_\_\_

Stanza	Kennings	Actions/Thoughts/Remembrances	Message re: A-S Life
1			
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
7			

Part 2: Act like a scop!

Since the other half of class has not had the pleasure of reading your poem, you need to share it with them. Your task is to decide among yourselves how this is going to be presented. There is one caveat—EVERYONE needs to be a part of the dramatic presentation, as in you will stand and speak/act/present.

You should use simple props, motions, and/or sound effects to bring this poem to life. I will be assessing the opposite group on the basics of the poem, so make sure that comes across as well. You hold the others' grades in your (hopefully!) capable hands.

I am intentionally not giving you further direction—let's see where your minds can go!

(Use the blank space below to plan, assign tasks, etc)

“THE WANDERER”

--translated by Burton Raffel,

This lonely traveller longs for grace,  
For the mercy of God; grief hangs on  
His heart and follows the frost-cold foam  
He cuts in the sea, sailing endlessly,  
Aimlessly, in exile. Fate has opened  
A single port: memory. He sees  
His kinsmen slaughtered again, and cries:

    “I’ve drunk too many lonely dawns,  
Grey with mourning. Once there were men  
To whom my heart could hurry, hot  
With open longing. They’re long since dead.  
My heart has closed on itself, quietly  
Learning that silence is noble and sorrow  
Nothing that speech can cure. Sadness  
Has never driven sadness off;  
Fate blows hardest on a bleeding heart.  
So those who thirst for glory smother  
Secret weakness and longing, neither  
Weep nor sigh nor listen to the sickness  
In their souls. So I, lost and homeless,  
Forced to flee the darkness that fell  
On the earth and my lord.

    Leaving everything,  
Weary with winter I wandered out  
On the frozen waves, hoping to find  
A place, a people, a lord to replace  
My lost ones. No one knew me, now,  
No one offered comfort, allowed  
Me feasting or joy. How cruel a journey  
I’ve traveled, sharing my bread with sorrow

Alone, an exile in every land,  
Could only be told by telling my footsteps.  
For who can hear: "friendless and poor,"  
And know what I've known since the long cheerful nights  
When, young and yearning, with my lord I yet feasted  
Most welcome of all. That warmth is dead.  
He only knows who needs his lord  
As I do, eager or long-missing aid;  
He only knows who never sleeps  
Without the deepest dreams of longing.  
Sometimes it seems I see my lord,  
Kiss and embrace him, bend my hands  
And head to his knee, kneeling as though  
He still sat enthroned, ruling his thanes.  
And I open my eyes, embracing the air,  
And I see the brown sea-billows heave,  
See the sea-birds bathe, spreading  
Their white-feathered wings, watch the frost  
And the hail and the snow. And heavy in heart  
I long for my lord, alone and unloved.  
Sometimes it seems I see my kin  
And greet them gladly, give them welcome,  
The best of friends. They fade away,  
Swimming soundlessly out of sight,  
                    Leaving nothing.  
How loathsome become  
The frozen waves to a weary heart.  
                    In this brief world I cannot wonder  
That my mind is set on melancholy,  
Because I never forget the fate  
Of men, robbed of their riches, suddenly  
Looted by death—the doom of earth,

Sent to us all by every rising  
Sun. Wisdom is slow, and comes  
But late. He who has it is patient;  
He cannot be hasty to hate or speak,  
He must be bold and yet not blind,  
Nor ever too craven, complacent, or covetous,  
Nor ready to gloat before he wins glory.  
The man's a fool who flings his boasts  
Hotly to the heavens, heeding his spleen  
And not the better boldness of knowledge.  
What knowing man knows not the ghostly,  
Waste-like end of worldly wealth:  
See, already the wreckage is there,  
The wind-swept walls stand far and wide,  
The storm-beaten blocks besmeared with frost,  
The mead-halls crumbled, the monarchs thrown down  
And stripped of their pleasures. The proudest of warriors  
Now lie by the wall: some of them war  
Destroyed; some the monstrous sea-bird  
Bore over the ocean; to some the old wolf  
Dealt out death; and for some dejected  
Followers fashioned an earth-cave coffin.  
Thus the Maker of men lays waste  
This earth, crushing our callow mirth.  
And the work of old giants stands withered and still."

He who these ruins rightly sees,  
And deeply considers this dark twisted life,  
Who sagely remembers the endless slaughters  
Of a bloody past, is bound to proclaim:

"Where is the war-steed? Where is the warrior?

Where is his war-lord?

Where now the feasting-places?

Where now the mead-hall pleasures?  
Alas, bright cup! Alas, brave knight!  
Alas, you glorious princes! All gone,  
Lost in the night, as you never had lived.  
And all that survives you a serpentine wall,  
Wondrously high, worked in strange ways.  
Mighty spears have slain these men,  
Greedy weapons have framed their fate.

    These rocky slopes are beaten by storms,  
This earth pinned down by driving snow,  
By the horror of winter, smothering warmth  
In the shadows of night. And the north angrily  
Hurls its hailstorms at our helpless heads.  
Everything earthly is evilly born,  
Firmly clutched by a fickle Fate.  
Fortune vanishes, friendship vanishes,  
Man is fleeting, woman is fleeting,  
And all this earth rolls into emptiness.”

    So says the sage in his heart, sitting alone with  
    His thought.

It's good to guard your faith, nor let your grief come forth  
Until it cannot call for help, nor help but heed  
The path you've placed before it. It's good to find your grace  
In God, the heavenly rock where rests our every hope.

“THE SEAFARER”

--translated by Burton Raffel,

This tale is true, and mine. It tells  
How the sea took me, swept me back  
And forth in sorrow and fear and pain,  
Showed me suffering in a hundred ships,  
In a thousand ports, and in me. It tells  
Of smashing surf when I sweated in the cold  
Of an anxious watch, perched in the bow  
As it dashed under cliffs. My feet were cast  
In icy bands, bound with frost,  
With frozen chains, and hardship groaned  
Around my heart. Hunger tore  
At my sea-weary soul. No man sheltered  
On the quiet fairness of earth can feel  
How wretched I was, drifting through winter  
On an ice-cold sea, whirled in sorrow,  
Alone in a world blown clear of love,  
Hung with icicles. The hailstorms flew.  
The only sound was the roaring sea,  
The freezing waves. The song of the swan  
Might serve for pleasure, the cry of the sea-fowl,  
The death-noise of birds instead of laughter,  
The mewling of gulls instead of mead.  
Storms beat on the rocky cliffs and were echoed  
By icy-feathered terns and the eagle's screams;  
No kinsman could offer comfort there,  
To a soul left drowning in desolation.

And who could believe, knowing but  
The passion of cities, swelled proud with wine  
And no taste of misfortune, how often, how wearily,  
I put myself back on the paths of the sea.

Night would blacken; it would snow from the north;  
Frost bound the earth and hail would fall,  
The coldest seeds. And how my heart  
Would begin to beat, knowing once more  
The salt waves tossing and the towering sea!  
The time for journeys would come and my soul  
Called me eagerly out, sent me over  
The horizon, seeking foreigners' homes.

But there isn't a man on earth so proud,  
So born to greatness, so bold with his youth,  
Grown so brave, or so graced by God,  
That he feels no fear as the sails unfurl,  
Wondering what Fate has willed and will do.  
No harps ring in his heart, no rewards,  
No passion for women, no worldly pleasures,  
Nothing, only the ocean's heave;  
But longing wraps itself around him.  
Orchards blossom, the towns bloom,  
Fields grow lovely as the world springs fresh,  
And all these admonish that willing mind  
Leaping to journeys, always set  
In thoughts travelling on a quickening tide.  
So summer's sentinel, the cuckoo, sings  
In his murmuring voice, and our hearts mourn  
As he urges. Who could understand,  
In ignorant ease, what we others suffer  
As the paths of exile stretch endlessly on?

And yet my heart wanders away,  
My soul roams with the sea, the whales'  
Home, wandering to the widest corners  
Of the world, returning ravenous with desire.  
Flying solitary, screaming, exciting me



To the open ocean, breaking oaths  
On the curve of a wave.

Thus the joys of God  
Are fervent with life, where life itself  
Fades quickly into the earth. The wealth  
Of the world neither reaches to Heaven nor remains.  
No man has ever faced the dawn  
Certain which of Fate's three threats  
Would fall: illness, or age, or an enemy's  
Sword, snatching the life from his soul.  
The praise the living pour on the dead  
Flowers from reputation: plant  
An earthly life of profit reaped  
Even from hatred and rancour, of bravery  
Flung in the devil's face, and death  
Can only bring you earthly praise  
And a song to celebrate a place  
With the angels, life eternally blessed  
In the hosts of Heaven.

The days are gone  
When the kingdoms of earth flourished in glory;  
Now there are no rulers, no emperors,  
No givers of gold, as once there were,  
When wonderful things were worked among them  
And they lived in lordly magnificence.  
Those powers have vanished, those pleasures are dead.  
The weakest survives and the world continues,  
Kept spinning by toil. All glory is tarnished.  
The world's honor ages and shrinks,  
Bent like the men who mould it. Their faces  
Blanch as time advances, their beards  
Wither and they mourn the memory of friends.

The sons of princes, sown in the dust.  
The soul stripped of its flesh knows nothing  
Of sweetness or sour, feels no pain,  
Bends neither its hand nor its brain. A brother  
Opens his palms and pours down gold  
On his kinsman's grave, strewing his coffin  
With treasures intended for Heaven, but nothing  
Golden shakes the wrath of God  
For a soul overflowing with sin, and nothing  
Hidden on earth rises to Heaven.

We all fear God. He turns the earth,  
He set it swinging firmly in space,  
Gave life to the world and light to the sky.  
Death leaps at the fools who forget their God.  
He who lives humbly has angels from Heaven  
To carry him courage and strength and belief.  
A man must conquer pride, not kill it,  
Be firm with his fellows, chaste for himself,  
Treat all the world as the world deserves,  
With love or with hate but never with harm,  
Though an enemy seek to scorch him in hell,  
Or set the flames of a funeral pyre  
Under his lord. Fate is stronger  
And God mightier than any man's mind.  
Our thoughts should turn to where our home is,  
Consider the ways of coming there,  
Then strive for sure permission for us  
To rise to that eternal joy,  
That life born in the love of God  
And the hope of Heaven, Praise the Holy  
Grace of Him who honored us,  
Eternal, unchanging creator of earth. Amen.

