**"The Ruin" by Anonymous -- An Old-English Elegy**

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| The following is an anonymous poem from the 8th or 9th century, translated into modern English by Charles Kennedy. Note the **alliteration** and **caesuras**. Think about the descriptions and how they shape the mood and **tone**. What loss does this **elegy** mourn?  Wondrous this masonry    wasted by Fate! |
| Giant-built battlements    shattered and broken! |
| The roofs are in ruin,    the towers are wrecked, |
| The frost-covered bastions    battered and fallen. |
| Rime whitens mortar;    the cracking walls |
| Have sagged and toppled,    weakened by Time. |
| The clasp of earth    and the clutch of the grave |
| Grip the proud builders,    long perished and gone, |
| While a hundred generations    have run. |
| Hoary with lichen    and ruddy of hue |
| This wall has outlasted,    unshaken by storm, |
| Reign after reign;    now ravaged and wrecked |
| The lofty arch    is leveled in ruin. ... |
| Firmly the builder    laid the foundations, |
| Cunningly bound them     with iron bands; |
| Stately the palaces,    splendid the baths, |
| Towers and pinnacles    pointing on high; |
| Many a mead-hall    rang with their revelry, |
| Many a court     with clangor of arms, |
| Till Fate the all-leveling    laid them low. |
| A pestilence rose    and corpses were rife, |
| And death laid hold     on the warrior-host. |
| Then their bulwarks were broken,    the fortresses     fell, |
| The hands to restore them    were helpless and still. |
| Desolate now are the courts,    and the dome, |
| With arches discolored,    is stripped of its tiles. |
| Where of old once the warrior    walked in his pride, |
| Gleaming with gold    and wanton with wine, |
| Splendidly shining     in glittering mail, |
| The structure lies fallen     and scattered in ruin. |
| Around him he saw     a treasure of silver, |
| Riches of pearl    and precious stones, |
| In a shining city    of far-flung sway. |
| There stood courts of stone,    with a gushing spring |
| Of boiling water    in welling floods, |
| And a wall embosomed    in gleaming embrace |
| The spot where the hot baths    burst into air. |