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

The following is an anonymous poem about life out at sea. Note the **alliteration** and **kennings (**I've bolded some of the **kennings** -- see if you can use **context clues** to determine what they mean). Think about the descriptions and how they shape the mood and **tone**. What loss does this **elegy** mourn?

About myself I can utter a **truth-song**,
tell journeys--how I in **toil-days**
**torment-time** often endured,
abode and still do [ [1](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note1) ] bitter **breast-care**,
sought in my ship many a care-hall,5
horrible waves' rolling, where narrow night-watch
often has kept me at the ship's stem
when it dashes by cliffs. Pinched by the cold
were my feet, bound by frost's
frozen fetters, where those cares sighed10
hot about heart; hunger within tore
the mind of the sea-weary one. [ ¶ ] That man knows not,
to whom on earth fairest falls,
how I, care-wretched, ice-cold sea
dwelt on in winter along the **exile-tracks**,15
bereaved both of friend and of kin, [ [2](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note2) ]
behung with rime-crystals. [ [3](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note3) ] Hail showers flew.
I heard nothing there but the sea's sounding,
ice-cold wave. At times the swan's song
served me for merriment, gannet's crying20
and curlew's sound instead of men's laughter,
mew's singing in place of mead-drink.
Storms there beat stone-cliffs, where starn, [ [4](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note4) ] icy-feathered,
answered and called to them; often the eagle screamed,
dew-feathered fowl: no sheltering kinsman25
brought consolation to a destitute life.
Indeed, he little believes it, who owns life's joy--
stayed in towns, had few baleful journeys--
proud and wine-merry, how I, weary,
often on **sea-path** had to abide. [ [5](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note5) ]30
**Night-shadow** darkened; snow fell from the north;
rime bound the soil; on earth hail fell,
coldest of corns. [ [6](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note6) ] [ ¶ ] So, now, thoughts
trouble my heart, that I the deep sea,
play of salt-waves, should venture myself on.35
Mind's desire urges, ever and again,
my spirit to fare, that I, far hence,
foreigners', pilgrims', homeland should seek.
For there is none so proud in heart over earth,
none so good of his [ [7](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note7) ] gifts nor in youth so keen,40
in deeds so brave, to him lord so loyal,
that ever no sorrow he has of seafaring,
of what the Lord--God's will--brings him to.
Nor is his thought on harp or on ring-taking,
on woman's delight or on the world's hope,45
nor on aught else save the tossing of waves:
he ever has longing [ [8](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note8) ] who hastens on water.
Groves blossom, make fair the dwellings,
brighten the plains--the world hurries forward:
all these urge him, doomed of mind, [ [9](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note9) ]50
his spirit to sojourn on which he so minds,
to depart far on flood-ways.
So the cuckoo urges, mournful of voice [ [10](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note10) ];
summer's ward sings, forebodes for me sorrow,
bitter in **breast-hoard**. That one does not know,55
man blessed with comfort, what some [ [11](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note11) ] endure
who widest must lay the tracks of the exile.

Therefore, now, heart turns beyond its **breast-chamber**,
my mind's thought with **mere-flood**,
over the **whale's home**, wide in its turning,60
over earth's regions-comes back to me
eager and greedy. Yells the **lone-flyer**,
whets on the whale-way spirit quite suddenly
over the holm's [ [12](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note12) ] deep: hotter to me are
delights of the Lord than this dead life,65
loaned [ [13](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note13) ] on the land. I do not believe
that this earth-weal still stands eternal.
Always one of three things brings into doubt
every affair before its due time:
illness or old age or else edge-hate [ [14](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note14) ]70
wrests life away, fey one fromward.
Therefore, praise of the living, of those speaking after,
is for each noble one best of words left behind--
that he so work, before he must away,
good actions on earth against malice of fiends,75
brace deeds against devils,
that children of men after may praise him,
and his glory hereafter live among angels
always for ever, eternal life's splendor,
joy among noble ones. [ ¶ ] Days have departed,80
all pride of earth's kingdom;
now are no kings and no kaisers
nor any gold-givers such as once were,
when they most glorious deeds did among them
and then most lordly lived out their doom. [ [15](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note15) ]85
Wanes all this noble host; joys have departed;
weaker remain and rule this world,
live here afflicted. Glory is humbled,
honor of earth grows old and withers,
as does now every man over this Middle-Earth.90
Old age fares over him; bright face grows pale;
gray-haired, he grieves, knows former friends,
sons of the athelings, given to earth.
Nor may his **flesh-home**, then, when life is lost to him,
sweet swallow nor sore feel,95
hand stir nor mind think.
Though golden he strews the graves of his brothers,
buries by dead men manifold treasures,
that deed will not go with him [ [16](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note16) ]:
gold is no aid to a soul full of sins100
in face of God's terror, his awful power,
when he earlier hides it while he lives here.
Much is **the Measurer**'s power: therefore this earth turns.
He established [ [17](http://www.lightspill.com/poetry/oe/seafarer.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22note17) ] alone sturdy foundations,
surface of earth, height of the heavens.105
Foolish he who fears not his Lord: death comes to him unexpected.
Blessed he who lives humbly: favor to him comes from heaven.
**The Measurer** establishes his mind, for he believes in His might.
One must steer strong mind, hold it established,
wise in its covenants, clean in its ways.110
Here every man meetly must hold
love with the loved one, with loathed one hate.
Though he will not filled up with fire
or burned up on funeral pyre
friend he has made, Fate is aye stronger,115
Measurer mightier, than any man's thought.
Let us consider where our true home is;
and then let us think how to come thither;
and then also strive that we indeed come there,
into the blessedness there everlasting,120
where life is long in love of God,
hope in the heavens. So, to the Holy One
thanks that he honored us, master of Glory,
God of Eternity, in all our time. AMEN.