

# The Wanderer

Trans. Charles W. Kennedy

## Oft to the wanderer, weary of exile,

Cometh God's pity, compassionate love,  
Though woefully toiling on wintry seas  
With churning oar in the icy wave,  
Homeless and helpless he fled from fate.  
Thus saith the wanderer mindful of misery,  
Grievous disasters, and death of kin:  
"Oft when the day broke, oft at the dawning,  
Lonely and wretched I wailed my woe  
No man is living, no comrade left,  
To whom I dare fully unlock my heart.  
I have learned truly the mark of a man  
Is keeping his counsel and locking his lips,  
Let him think what he will! For, woe of heart  
Withstandeth not fate; a failing spirit  
Earneth no help. Men eager for honor  
Bury their sorrow deep in the breast.  
"So have I also, often in wretchedness  
Fettered my feelings, far from my kin,  
Homeless and hapless, since days of old,  
When the dark earth covered my dear lord's face,  
And I sailed away with sorrowful heart,  
Over wintry seas, seeking a gold-lord,  
If far or near lived one to befriend me  
With gift in the mead-hall and comfort for grief.  
"Who bears it, knows what a bitter companion,  
Shoulder to shoulder, sorrow can be,  
When friends are no more. His fortune is exile.  
Not gifts of fine gold; a heart that is frozen,  
Earth's winsomeness dead. And he dreams of the hall men,  
The dealing of treasure, the days of his youth,  
When his lord bade welcome to wassail and feast.  
But gone is that gladness, and never again  
Shall come the loved counsel of comrade and king.  
"Even in slumber his sorrow assaileth,  
And, dreaming he claspeth his dear lord again,  
Head on knee, hand on knee, loyally laying,  
Pledging his liege as in days long past.  
Then from his slumber he starts lonely-hearted,  
Beholding gray stretches of tossing sea,  
Seabirds bathing, with wings outspread,  
While hailstorms darken, and driving snow.  
Bitterer then is the bane of his wretchedness,  
The longing for loved one: his grief is renewed.  
The forms of his kinsmen take shape in the silence;  
In rapture he greets them; in gladness he scans  
Old comrades remembered. But they melt into air  
With no word of greeting to gladden his heart.  
Then again surges his sorrow upon him;  
And grimly he spurs his weary soul  
Once more to the toil of the tossing sea.

"No wonder therefore, in all the world.  
If a shadow darkens upon my spirit  
When I reflect on the fates of men—  
How one by one proud warriors vanish  
From the halls that knew them, and day by day  
All this earth ages and droops unto death.  
No man may know wisdom till many a winter  
Has been his portion. A wise man is patient,  
Not swift to anger, nor hasty of speech,  
Neither too weak, nor too reckless. In war,  
Neither fearful nor fain, nor too wishful of wealth,  
Nor too eager in vow— ere he know the event.  
A brave man must bide when he speaketh his boast  
Until he know surely the goal of his spirit.  
"A wise man will ponder how dread is that doom  
When all this world's wealth shall be scattered and waste  
As now, over all, through the regions of earth,  
Walls stand rime-covered and swept by the winds.  
The battlements crumble, the wine halls decay;  
Joyless and silent the heroes are sleeping  
Where the proud host fell by the wall they defended.  
Some battle launched on their long, last journey;  
One a bird bore o'er the billowing sea;  
One the gray wolf slew; one a grieving earl  
Sadly gave to the grave's embrace.  
The warden of men hath wasted this world  
Till the sound of music and revel is stilled,  
And these giant-built structures stand empty of life.  
"He who shall muse on these moldering ruins,  
And deeply ponder this darkling life,  
Must brood on old legends of battle and bloodshed,  
And heavy the mood that troubles his heart:  
'Where now is the warrior? Where is the warhorse?'  
Bestowal of treasure, and sharing of feast?  
Alas! the bright ale cup, the byrny-clad warrior,  
The prince in his splendor—those days are long sped  
In the night of the past, as if they never had been!  
And now remains only, for warriors' memorial,  
A wall wondrous high with serpent shapes carved.  
Storms of ash spears have smitten the ears,  
Carnage of weapon, and conquering fate.  
"Storms now batter these ramparts of stone;  
Blowing snow and the blast of winter  
Enfold the earth; night shadows fall  
Darkly lowering, from the north driving  
Ranging hail in wrath upon men.  
Wretchedness fills the realm of earth,  
And fate's decrees transform the world.  
Here wealth is fleeting, friends are fleeting,  
Man is fleeting, maid is fleeting;  
All the foundation of earth shall fail!"  
Thus spake the sage in solitude pondering.  
Good man is he who guardeth his faith.  
He must never too quickly unburden his breast  
Of its sorrow, but eagerly strive for redress;  
And happy the man who seeketh for mercy  
From his heavenly Father, our fortress and strength.