“Often the lone-dweller awaits his own favor, the Measurer’s mercy, though he must, mind-caring, throughout the ocean’s way stir the rime-chilled sea with his hands for a long while, tread the tracks of exile—the way of the world is ever an open book.”

So spoke the earth-stepper, mindful of miseries, slaughter of the wrathful, crumbling of kinsmen:

“Often, every daybreak, alone I must bewail my cares. There is now no one living whom I dare to articulate my mind’s understanding. I know as truth that it is a noble custom for a man to bind fast his spirit’s close, to hold his hoarded coffer, think what he will.

“Nor can the weary mind withstand these outcomes, nor can a troubled heart effect itself help. Therefore those eager for glory will often bind fast a sorrowing mind in their breast-coffer; just as I must fasten in fetters my heart’s understanding, often wretched, deprived of my homeland, far from freeborn kindred, since years ago I concealed my gold-friend in the earth’s darkness, and went forth from there abjected, winter-anxious over the binding waves, hall-wretched, seeking a dispenser of treasure, where I, far or near, could find him who in the mead-hall might know of my kind, or who wishes to comfort a friendless me, accustomed as he is to joys.

“The experienced one knows how cruel sorrow is as his companion, who has few beloved protectors—the paths of the exile claim him, not wound gold at all—

a frozen spirit-lock, not at all the fruits of the earth. He remembers hall-retainers and treasure-taking, how his gold-friend accustomed him in his youth to feasting. Joy is all departed!

The first speaker of the poem is _1_.

The speaker is hoping for _2_.

Is the speaker traveling by land or sea? _3_

Who is the second speaker of the poem? _4_

What is his primary misery? _5_

Who does he feel he can share his thoughts with? _6_

The speaker says that locking one’s thoughts within himself is a _7_.

People with a _8_ mind will crack if they try to hold their thoughts in.

But those eager for _9_ will have to close their _10_ and _11_ off from emotion.

These men will have to leave their _12_ in exile; the place where the speaker first buried his _13_. The season was _14_.

The speaker is looking for a new _15_ or Lord who might offer the speaker _16_ since he is friendless right now.

Experienced people know that _17_ is a cruel companion and his spirit feels _18_.

The speaker recalls the _19_ and the _20_ because in his youth he experienced these things, but now, all of his _21_ is departed.
Therefore he knows who must long forgo
the counsels of beloved lord,
when sleep and sorrow both together
often constrain the miserable loner,
it seems to him in his mind that he embraces
and kisses his lord, and lays both hands and head
on his knee, just as he sometimes
in the days of old delighted in the gift-throne.
Then he soon wakes up, a friendless man,
seeing before him the fallow waves,
the sea-birds bathing, fanning their feathers,
ice and snow falling down, mixed with hail.

"Then the hurt of the heart will be heavier,
painful after the beloved. Sorrow will be renewed.
Whenever the memory of kin pervades his mind,
he greets them joyfully, eagerly looking them up and down,
the companions of men—
they always swim away.
The spirits of seabirds do not bring many
familiar voices there. Cares will be renewed
for him who must very frequently send
his weary soul over the binding of the waves.

"Therefore I cannot wander across this world
why my mind does not darken
when I ponder through all the lives of men,
how they suddenly abandoned their halls,
the proud young thanes. So this entire middle-earth
tumbles and falls every day —

"Therefore a man cannot become wise, before he has
had his share of winters in this world.
A wise man ought to be patient,
nor too hot-hearted, nor too hasty of speech,
nor too weak a warrior, nor too foolhardy,
nor too fearful nor too happy, nor too money-grasping,
nor ever too bold for boasting, before he knows readily.
“A stout-hearted warrior ought to wait, when he makes a vow, until he readily knows where the thoughts of his heart will veer. A wise man ought to perceive how ghostly it will be when all this world’s wealth stands wasted, so now in various places throughout this middle-earth, the walls stand, blown by the wind, covered with frost, the buildings snow-swept. The winehalls molder, their ruler lies deprived of joys, his army all perished, proud by the wall. War destroyed some, carried off along the forth-way, some a bird bore away over the high sea, another the grey wolf separated in death, another a teary-cheeked warrior hid in an earthen cave.

“And so the Shaper of Men has laid this middle-earth to waste until the ancient work of giants stood empty, devoid of the revelry of their citizens.”

Then he wisely contemplates this wall-stead and deeply thinks through this darkened life, aged in spirit, often remembering from afar many war-slaughterings, and he speaks these words:

“Where has the horse gone? Where is the man? Where is the giver of treasure? Where are the seats at the feast? Where are the joys of the hall? Alas the bright goblet! Alas the mailed warrior! Alas the pride of princes! How the time has passed, it grows dark beneath the night-helm, as if it never was!

“It stands now in the track of the beloved multitude, a wall wonderfully tall, mottled with serpents—the force of ashen spears has seized its noblemen, weapons greedy for slaughter, the well-known way of the world, and the storms beat against these stony cliffs. The tumbling snows bind up the earth, the clash of winter, when the darkness comes. The night-shadows grow dark, sent down from the north, the ferocious hail-showers, in hatred of men.

All is misery-fraught in the realm of earth, the work of fortune changes the world under the heavens. Here wealth is loaned. Here friends are loaned. Here man is loaned. Here family is loaned—And this whole foundation of the earth becomes wasted!”

So spoke the wise man in his mind, as he sat apart in secret consultation. A good man who keeps his faith ought to never make known his miseries too quickly from his breast, unless he knows beforehand, an earl practicing his courage. It will be well for him who seeks the favor, the comfort from our Father in heaven, where a fortress stands for us all.