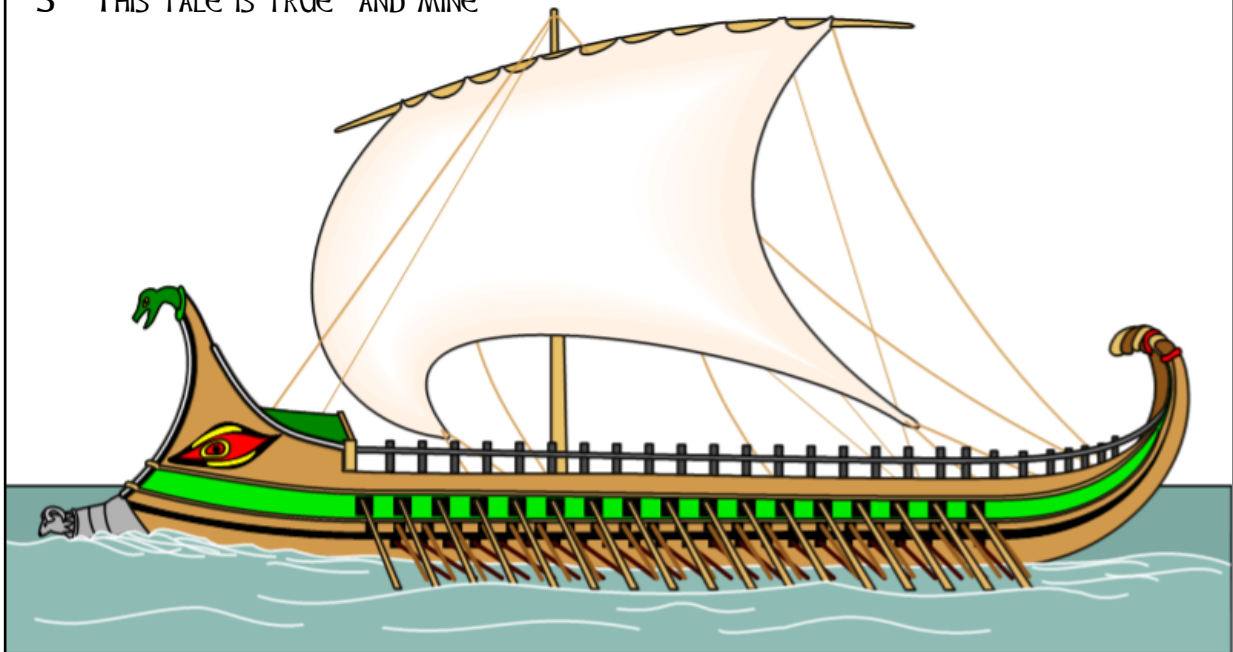


Wed SEPT 15

- 1 GROUP WORK ANNOTATION EXERCISE
- 2 REVIEW POEM
- 3 THIS TALE IS TRUE AND MINE

TURN IN KENNING WORKSHEET TO
BASKET ON FRONT TABLE



Trireme

Remember Lit. Terms:

ELEGY

A POEM THAT MOURNS THE LOSS OF
SOMEONE OR SOMETHING

KENNING

SPECIAL KINDS OF METAPHORS THAT
RENAME SOMEONE OR SOMETHING

CAESURA

STRONG PAUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF
A LINE OF POETRY

ASSONANCE

REPEATED VOWEL SOUNDS IN
UNRHYMED STRESSED SYLLABLES

ALLITERATION

REPEATED INITIAL CONSONANT SOUNDS
IN STRSSED SYLLABLES



THE SEAFARER BACKGROUND

1. Only 30,000 lines of Anglo-Saxon poetry have survived, and more than a tenth of that is Beowulf. Monks were almost the only people who knew how to write, so much of the remainder is religious poetry.
2. Some of the poetry that has survived deals with nonreligious subjects such as battle and the lament of a woman for her absent husband.
3. "The Seafarer" is an example of such "secular" (non-religious) poetry.
4. This poem, as well as other Old English "elegies" (from "elegy") is a solemn poem that laments the transience, or fleeting quality, of life.
5. Remember, people of this period, like Beowulf, believed a person's WYRD or FATE was unavoidable. That is, one's life choices usually ended in death, an understandable view when one considers a seafaring warrior's life in 5th century Britain (the ravages of the sea, war, and disease).

Sep 17-1:04 PM



THE SEAFARER BACKGROUND

6. The author is anonymous, but the poem has been preserved in The Exeter Book, a collection of Anglo-Saxon poetry compiled and copied by monks in 975 or so and which has been housed in the Exeter Cathedral since about 1050, the book being named after the cathedral.
7. The poem expresses the emotions of an old sailor who realizes the sadness of life, its difficulties, and its brief duration. He also voices the miseries of life on the Irish and North Seas as well as the attraction to such a life.
8. Keep in mind the Angles and Saxons brought the following to England -
 - *a warrior culture
 - *a seafaring tradition
 - *pagan beliefs (including a grim, fatalistic view of the world)
9. At this time, Anglo-Saxon culture was a blend of religions, mixing pagan ideas of fate with Christian faith in heaven and the proud boasts of warriors with lessons about humility.

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Focus during reading:

Understanding the Elegy

- * Examples of suffering / pain / loss
- * Purpose of returning to sea

Examples of Literary Devices

- * Contrast of lifestyles *land/sea*
- * Demonstration of Anglo-Saxon ideals
 - * When / how does glory come?
- * Kennings (why is it appropriate)
- * Overall metaphor: the sea is what?
- * Overall theme: what do we pull from this?

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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,

10 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
 20 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;
 25 No kinsman could offer comfort there,
 To a soul left drowning in desolation.

Elegy = pain & suffering of life at sea

WEATHER IMAGERY
 Sea has taken its toll on him = harsh physical conditions cause fear and pain

metaphor = soul is hungry

sounds of the cold contrast with the happiness of the mead hall

Isolation

Sep 21-8:40 PM

And who could believe, knowing but
 The passion of cities, swelled proud with wine
 And no taste of misfortune, how often, how wearily,
 30 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
 35 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,
 40 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,
 45 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,

even so, eager to be at sea

Admits dangers
of sailing

Wyrd = Anglo-Saxon belief in fate

no rewards for the dangers of sailing

personification

Sep 21-8:53 PM

50 And all these admonish that willing mind
 Leaping to journeys, always set
 In thoughts traveling on a quickening tide.
 So summer's sentinel, the cuckoo, sings
 In his murmuring voice, and our hearts mourn
 55 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'
 60 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.

alliteration = w, r, s

no one understands how he is
drawn to the sea = like exile

kenning

Sep 21-8:57 PM

◆ transition to 3rd person

Thus the joys of God

65 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

70 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

75 Even from hatred and rancor, 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

80 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

85 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.

life on earth is fleeting

Wyrd

love of God on earth will bring eternal life in death

only death can bring happiness

elegy

mourns loss of prosperity

elegy = brave & generous heroes are no longer

glory is gone

Sep 21-8:59 PM

The world's honor ages and shrinks,

90 Bent like the men who mold 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

95 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

100 Golden shakes the wrath of God
For a soul overflowing with sin, and nothing
Hidden on earth rises to Heaven.

1st → We all fear God. He turns the earth,
He set it swinging firmly in space,

105 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

personification

glory, honor, love of God have diminished

sinners are not saved

gold does not reach heaven

Christianity

Sep 21-9:04 PM

To carry him courage and strength and belief. Advice - what a man must do

A man must conquer pride, not kill it,

110 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

115 Under his lord. Fate is stronger Wyrd ★

And God mightier than any man's mind.

Our thoughts should turn to where our home is, HEAVEN!

Consider the ways of coming there,

Then strive for sure permission for us

120 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.

truly

Respect God =

- love modestly
- control pride
- treat world fairly
- seek grace of God

Sep 21-9:05 PM

SO WHAT DID WE LEARN

CONTRAST OF LIFESTYLES WHAT ARE THE TWO LIFESTYLES

SEA

HOME

EXAMPLES OF AN ELEGY

SUFFERING PAIN LOSS

ANGLO SAXON IDEALS

OVERALL METAPHOR THE SEA IS WHAT

OVERALL THEME WHAT DO WE PULL FROM THIS

Sep 17-1:04 PM

SO WHAT DO I WRITE ABOUT

ASPIRATIONS WHAT DO YOU STRIVE FOR

HOPES WHAT DO YOU HOPE FOR YOUR FUTURE

JOYS WHAT MAKES YOU HAPPY

DISILLUSIONMENTS WHAT BRINGS YOU DOWN

JOURNEYS WHAT OBSTACLES HAVE YOU HAD TO OVERCOME

OR WHAT LESSONS HAVE YOU LEARNED

DEFEATS WHEN HAVE YOU BEEN KNOCKED DOWN

OR THINK ABOUT THE SEAFARER S TALE

THE SEA WAS ROUGH COLD LONELY BUT HE
LOVED IT ANYWAY IS THERE ANYTHING IN YOUR LIFE
THAT IS COMPARABLE

Sep 15-7:12 AM

Attachments

Tranquil Surface.jpg



Click be BEFORE class begins!