



# BEOWULF

Translation by Lesslie Hall

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# Beowulf

Translated by Lesslie Hall, Ph.D.

Lesslie Hall



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# PREFACE

TRANSLATED  
FROM THE HEYNE-SOCIN TEXT

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The present work is a modest effort to reproduce approximately, in modern measures, the venerable epic, *Beowulf*. *Approximately*, I repeat; for a very close reproduction of Anglo-Saxon verse would, to a large extent, be prose to a modern ear.

The Heyne-Socin text and glossary have been closely followed. Occasionally a deviation has been made, but always for what seemed good and sufficient reason. The translator does not aim to be an editor. Once in a while, however, he has added a conjecture of his own to the emendations quoted from the criticisms of other students of the poem.

This work is addressed to two classes of readers. From both of these alike the translator begs sympathy and co-operation. The Anglo-Saxon scholar he hopes to please by adhering faithfully to the original. The student of English literature he aims to interest by giving him, in modern garb, the most ancient epic of our race. This is a bold and venturesome undertaking; and yet there must be some students of the Teutonic past willing to follow even a daring guide, if they may read in modern phrases of the sorrows of Hrothgar, of the prowess of *Beowulf*, and of the feelings that stirred the hearts of our forefathers in their primeval homes.

In order to please the larger class of readers, a regular cadence has been used, a measure which, while retaining the essential characteristics of the original, permits the reader to see ahead of him in reading.

Perhaps every Anglo-Saxon scholar has his own theory as to how *Beowulf* should be translated. Some have given us prose versions of what we believe to be a great poem. Is it any reflection on our honored Kemble and Arnold to say that their translations fail to show a layman that *Beowulf* is justly called our first *epic*? Of those translators who have used verse, several have written [viii] from what would seem a mistaken point of view. Is it proper, for instance, that the grave and solemn speeches of *Beowulf* and *Hrothgar* be put in ballad measures, tripping lightly and airily along? Or, again, is it fitting that the rough martial music of Anglo-Saxon verse be interpreted to us in the smooth measures of modern blank verse? Do we hear what has been beautifully called the clanging tread of a warrior in mail?

Of all English translations of *Beowulf*, that of Professor Garnett alone gives any adequate idea of the chief characteristics of this great Teutonic epic.

The measure used in the present translation is believed to be as near a reproduction of the original as modern English affords. The cadences closely resemble those used by Browning in some of his most striking poems. The four stresses of the Anglo-Saxon verse are retained, and as much thesis and anacrusis is allowed as is consistent with a regular cadence. Alliteration has been used to a large extent; but it was thought that modern ears would hardly tolerate it on every line. End-rhyme has been used occasionally; internal rhyme, sporadically. Both have some warrant in Anglo-Saxon poetry. (For end-rhyme, see 1ă53, 1ă54; for internal rhyme, 2ă21, 6ă40.)

What Gummere calls the rime-giver has been studiously kept; *viz.*, the first accented syllable in the second half-verse always carries the alliteration; and the last accented syllable alliterates only sporadically. Alternate alliteration is occasionally used as in the original. (See 7ă61, 8ă5.)

No two accented syllables have been brought together, except occasionally after a cæsural pause. (See 2ă19 and 12ă1.) Or, scientifically speaking, Sievers's C type has been avoided as not consonant with the plan of translation. Several of his types, however, constantly occur; *e.g.* A and a variant (/ăx | /ăx) (/ăăx | /ăx); B and a variant (xă | xă/ă) (xăă/ | xă/ă); a variant of D (/ăx | /ăăx); E (/ăăx | /ă). Anacrusis gives further variety to the types used in the translation.

The parallelisms of the original have been faithfully preserved. (*E.g.*, 1ă16 and 1ă17: Lord and Wielder of Glory; 1ă30, 1ă31, 1ă32; 2ă12 and 2ă13; 2ă27

and 2ă28; 3ă5 and 3ă6.) Occasionally, some loss has been sustained; but, on the other hand, a gain has here and there been made.

The effort has been made to give a decided flavor of archaism to the translation. All words not in keeping with the spirit of the poem have been [ix] avoided. Again, though many archaic words have been used, there are none, it is believed, which are not found in standard modern poetry.

With these preliminary remarks, it will not be amiss to give an outline of the story of the poem.

## 0.1 THE STORY.

*Hrothgar, king of the Danes, or Scyldings, builds a great mead-hall, or palace, in which he hopes to feast his liegemen and to give them presents. The joy of king and retainers is, however, of short duration. Grendel, the monster, is seized with hateful jealousy. He cannot brook the sounds of joyance that reach him down in his fen-dwelling near the hall. Oft and anon he goes to the joyous building, bent on direful mischief. Thane after thane is ruthlessly carried off and devoured, while no one is found strong enough and bold enough to cope with the monster. For twelve years he persecutes Hrothgar and his vassals.*

*Over sea, a days voyage off, Beowulf, of the Geats, nephew of Higelac, king of the Geats, hears of Grendels doings and of Hrothgars misery. He resolves to crush the fell monster and relieve the aged king. With fourteen chosen companions, he sets sail for Dane-land. Reaching that country, he soon persuades Hrothgar of his ability to help him. The hours that elapse before night are spent in beer-drinking and conversation. When Hrothgars bedtime comes he leaves the hall in charge of Beowulf, telling him that never before has he given to another the absolute wardship of his palace. All retire to rest, Beowulf, as it were, sleeping upon his arms.*

*Grendel comes, the great march-stepper, bearing Gods anger. He seizes and kills one of the sleeping warriors. Then he advances towards Beowulf. A fierce and desperate hand-to-hand struggle ensues. No arms are used, both combatants trusting to strength and hand-grip. Beowulf tears Grendels shoulder from its socket, and the monster retreats to his den, howling and yelling*

*with agony and fury. The wound is fatal.*

*The next morning, at early dawn, warriors in numbers flock to the hall Heorot, to hear the news. Joy is boundless. Glee runs high. Hrothgar and his retainers are lavish of gratitude and of gifts.*

*Grendel's mother, however, comes the next night to avenge his death. She is furious and raging. While Beowulf is sleeping in a room somewhat apart [x] from the quarters of the other warriors, she seizes one of Hrothgar's favorite counsellors, and carries him off and devours him. Beowulf is called. Determined to leave Heorot entirely purified, he arms himself, and goes down to look for the female monster. After traveling through the waters many hours, he meets her near the sea-bottom. She drags him to her den. There he sees Grendel lying dead. After a desperate and almost fatal struggle with the woman, he slays her, and swims upward in triumph, taking with him Grendel's head.*

*Joy is renewed at Heorot. Congratulations crowd upon the victor. Hrothgar literally pours treasures into the lap of Beowulf; and it is agreed among the vassals of the king that Beowulf will be their next liegeland.*

*Beowulf leaves Dane-land. Hrothgar weeps and laments at his departure.*

*When the hero arrives in his own land, Higelac treats him as a distinguished guest. He is the hero of the hour.*

*Beowulf subsequently becomes king of his own people, the Geats. After he has been ruling for fifty years, his own neighborhood is wofully harried by a fire-spewing dragon. Beowulf determines to kill him. In the ensuing struggle both Beowulf and the dragon are slain. The grief of the Geats is inexpressible. They determine, however, to leave nothing undone to honor the memory of their lord. A great funeral-pyre is built, and his body is burnt. Then a memorial-barrow is made, visible from a great distance, that sailors afar may be constantly reminded of the prowess of the national hero of Geatland.*

*The poem closes with a glowing tribute to his bravery, his gentleness, his goodness of heart, and his generosity.*

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It is the devout desire of this translator to hasten the day when the story of Beowulf shall be as familiar to English-speaking peoples as that of the Iliad.

Beowulf is our first great epic. It is an epitomized history of the life of the Teutonic races. It brings vividly before us our forefathers of pre-Alfredian eras, in their love of war, of sea, and of adventure.

My special thanks are due to Professors Francis A. March and James A. Harrison, for advice, sympathy, and assistance.

J.L. HALL.

[1] Handbook of Poetics, page 175, 1st edition.

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#### ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

B. = Bugge. C. = Cosijn. Gr. = Grein. Grdvtg. = Grundtvig. H. = Heyne. H. and S. = Harrison and Sharp. H.-So. = Heyne-Socin. K.= Kemble. Kl. = Kluge. M.= Müllenhoff. R. = Rieger. S. = Sievers. Sw. = Sweet. t.B. = ten Brink. Th. = Thorpe. W. = Wülcker.

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### GLOSSARY OF PROPER NAMES.

[The figures refer to the divisions of the poem in which the respective names occur. The large figures refer to fitts, the small, to lines in the fitts.]

**Ælfhere.**—A kinsman of Wiglaf.—36ã3.

**Æschere.**—Confidential friend of King Hrothgar. Elder brother of Yrmenlaf. Killed by Grendel.—21ã3; 30ã89.

**Beanstan.**—Father of Breca.—9ã26.

**Beowulf.**—Son of Scyld, the founder of the dynasty of Scyldings. Father of Healfdene, and grandfather of Hrothgar.—1ă18; 2ă1.

**Beowulf.**—The hero of the poem. Sprung from the stock of Geats, son of Ecgtheow. Brought up by his maternal grandfather Hrethel, and figuring in manhood as a devoted liegeman of his uncle Higelac. A hero from his youth. Has the strength of thirty men. Engages in a swimming-match with Breca. Goes to the help of Hrothgar against the monster Grendel. Vanquishes Grendel and his mother. Afterwards becomes king of the Geats. Late in life attempts to kill a fire-spewing dragon, and is slain. Is buried with great honors. His memorial mound.—6ă26; 7ă2; 7ă9; 9ă3; 9ă8; 12ă28; 12ă43; 23ă1, etc.

**Breca.**—Beowulf's opponent in the famous swimming-match.—9ă8; 9ă19; 9ă21; 9ă22.

**Brondings.**—A people ruled by Breca.—9ă23.

**Brosinga mene.**—A famous collar once owned by the Brosings.—19ă7.

**Cain.**—Progenitor of Grendel and other monsters.—2ă56; 20ă11.

**Dæghrefn.**—A warrior of the Hugs, killed by Beowulf.—35ă40.

**Danes.**—Subjects of Scyld and his descendants, and hence often called Scyldings. Other names for them are Victory-Scyldings, Honor-Scyldings, Armor-Danes, Bright-Danes, East-Danes, West-Danes, North-Danes, South-Danes, Ingwins, Hrethmen.—1ă1; 2ă1; 3ă2; 5ă14; 7ă1, etc.

**Ecglaf.**—Father of Unferth, who taunts Beowulf.—9ă1.

**Ecgtheow.**—Father of Beowulf, the hero of the poem. A widely-known Wægmunding warrior. Marries Hrethel's daughter. After slaying Heatholaf, a Wylfing, he flees his country.—7ă3; 5ă6; 8ă4.

**Ecgwela.**—A king of the Danes before Scyld.—25ă60.

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**Elan.**—Sister of Hrothgar, and probably wife of Ongentheow, king of the Swedes.—2ă10.

**Eagle Cape.**—A promontory in Geat-land, under which took place Beowulf's last encounter.—41ă87.

**Eadgils.**—Son of Ohthere and brother of Eanmund.—34ă2.

**Eanmund.**—Son of Ohthere and brother of Eadgils. The reference to these brothers is vague, and variously understood. Heyne supposes as follows: Raising a revolt against their father, they are obliged to leave Sweden. They go to

the land of the Geats; with what intention, is not known, but probably to conquer and plunder. The Geatish king, Heardred, is slain by one of the brothers, probably Eanmund.—36ā10; 31ā54 to 31ā60; 33ā66 to 34ā6.

**Eofor.**—A Geatish hero who slays Ongentheow in war, and is rewarded by Higelac with the hand of his only daughter.—41ā18; 41ā48.

**Eormenric.**—A Gothic king, from whom Hama took away the famous Broisinga mene.—19ā9.

**Eomær.**—Son of Offa and Thrytho, king and queen of the Angles.—28ā69.

**Finn.**—King of the North-Frisians and the Jutes. Marries Hildeburg. At his court takes place the horrible slaughter in which the Danish general, Hnæf, fell. Later on, Finn himself is slain by Danish warriors.—17ā18; 17ā30; 17ā44; 18ā4; 18ā23.

**Fin-land.**—The country to which Beowulf was driven by the currents in his swimming-match.—10ā22.

**Fitela.**—Son and nephew of King Sigemund, whose praises are sung in XIV.—14ā42; 14ā53.

**Folcwald.**—Father of Finn.—17ā38.

**Franks.**—Introduced occasionally in referring to the death of Higelac.—19ā19; 40ā21; 40ā24.

**Frisians.**—A part of them are ruled by Finn. Some of them were engaged in the struggle in which Higelac was slain.—17ā20; 17ā42; 17ā52; 40ā21.

**Freaware.**—Daughter of King Hrothgar. Married to Ingeld, a Heathobard prince.—29ā60; 30ā32.

**Froda.**—King of the Heathobards, and father of Ingeld.—29ā62.

**Garmund.**—Father of Offa.—28ā71.

**Geats, Geatmen.**—The race to which the hero of the poem belongs. Also called Weder-Geats, or Weders, War-Geats, Sea-Geats. They are ruled by Hrethel, Hæthcyn, Higelac, and Beowulf.—4ā7; 7ā4; 10ā45; 11ā8; 27ā14; 28ā8.

**Gepids.**—Named in connection with the Danes and Swedes.—35ā34.

**Grendel.**—A monster of the race of Cain. Dwells in the fens and moors. Is furiously envious when he hears sounds of joy in Hrothgars palace. Causes the king untold agony for years. Is finally conquered by Beowulf, and dies of his wound. His hand and arm are hung up in Hrothgars hall Heorot. His head is



cut off by Beowulf when he goes down to fight with Grendel's mother.—250; 31; 313; 819; 1117; 122; 1327; 153.

**Guthlaf.**—A Dane of Hnæf's party.—1824.

**Half-Danes.**—Branch of the Danes to which Hnæf belonged.—1719.

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**Halga.**—Surnamed the Good. Younger brother of Hrothgar.—29.

**Hama.**—Takes the Broisinga mearc from Eormenric.—197.

**Hæreth.**—Father of Higelac's queen, Hygd.—2839; 2918.

**Hæthcyn.**—Son of Hrethel and brother of Higelac. Kills his brother Herebeald accidentally. Is slain at Ravenswood, fighting against Ongentheow.—3443; 3523; 4032.

**Helmings.**—The race to which Queen Wealhtheow belonged.—1063.

**Heming.**—A kinsman of Garmund, perhaps nephew.—2854; 2870.

**Hengest.**—A Danish leader. Takes command on the fall of Hnæf.—1733; 1741.

**Herebeald.**—Eldest son of Hrethel, the Geatish king, and brother of Higelac. Killed by his younger brother Hæthcyn.—3443; 3447.

**Heremod.**—A Danish king of a dynasty before the Scylding line. Was a source of great sorrow to his people.—1464; 2559.

**Hereric.**—Referred to as uncle of Heardred, but otherwise unknown.—3160.

**Hetwars.**—Another name for the Franks.—3351.

**Healfdene.**—Grandson of Scyld and father of Hrothgar. Ruled the Danes long and well.—25; 41; 814.

**Heardred.**—Son of Higelac and Hygd, king and queen of the Geats. Succeeds his father, with Beowulf as regent. Is slain by the sons of Ohthere.—3156; 3363; 3375.

**Heathobards.**—Race of Lombards, of which Froda is king. After Froda falls in battle with the Danes, Ingeld, his son, marries Hrothgar's daughter, Freaware, in order to heal the feud.—301; 306.

**Heatholaf.**—A Wylfing warrior slain by Beowulf's father.—85.

**Heathoremes.**—The people on whose shores Breca is cast by the waves during his contest with Beowulf.—921.

**Heorogar.**—Elder brother of Hrothgar, and surnamed Weoroda Ræswa, Prince of the Troopers.—2ǎ9; 8ǎ12.

**Hereward.**—Son of the above.—31ǎ17.

**Heort, Heorot.**—The great mead-hall which King Hrothgar builds. It is invaded by Grendel for twelve years. Finally cleansed by Beowulf, the Geat. It is called Heort on account of the hart-antlers which decorate it.—2ǎ25; 3ǎ32; 3ǎ52.

**Hildeburg.**—Wife of Finn, daughter of Hoce, and related to Hnæf,—probably his sister.—17ǎ21; 18ǎ34.

**Hnæf.**—Leader of a branch of the Danes called Half-Danes. Killed in the struggle at Finns castle.—17ǎ19; 17ǎ61.

**Hondscio.**—One of Beowulfs companions. Killed by Grendel just before Beowulf grappled with that monster.—30ǎ43.

**Hoce.**—Father of Hildeburg and probably of Hnæf.—17ǎ26.

**Hrethel.**—King of the Geats, father of Higelac, and grandfather of Beowulf.—7ǎ4; 34ǎ39.

**Hrethla.**—Once used for Hrethel.—7ǎ82.

**Hrethmen.**—Another name for the Danes.—7ǎ73.

**Hrethric.**—Son of Hrothgar.—18ǎ65; 27ǎ19.

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**Hreosna-beorh.**—A promontory in Geat-land, near which Ohtheres sons made plundering raids.—35ǎ18.

**Hrothgar.**—The Danish king who built the hall Heort, but was long unable to enjoy it on account of Grendels persecutions. Marries Wealhtheow, a Helming lady. Has two sons and a daughter. Is a typical Teutonic king, lavish of gifts. A devoted liegelord, as his lamentations over slain liegemen prove. Also very appreciative of kindness, as is shown by his loving gratitude to Beowulf.—2ǎ9; 2ǎ12; 4ǎ1; 8ǎ10; 15ǎ1; etc., etc.

**Hrothmund.**—Son of Hrothgar.—18ǎ65.

**Hrothulf.**—Probably a son of Halga, younger brother of Hrothgar. Certainly on terms of close intimacy in Hrothgars palace.—16ǎ26; 18ǎ57.

**Hrunting.**—Unferths sword, lent to Beowulf.—22ǎ71; 25ǎ9.

**Hugs.**—A race in alliance with the Franks and Frisians at the time of Higelacs fall.—35ǎ41.

**Hun.**—A Frisian warrior, probably general of the Hetwars. Gives Hengest a beautiful sword.—18ă19.

**Hunferth.**—Sometimes used for Unferth.

**Hygelac, Higelac.**—King of the Geats, uncle and liegelord of Beowulf, the hero of the poem.—His second wife is the lovely Hygd, daughter of Hæreth. The son of their union is Heardred. Is slain in a war with the Hugs, Franks, and Frisians combined. Beowulf is regent, and afterwards king of the Geats.—4ă6; 5ă4; 28ă34; 29ă9; 29ă21; 31ă56.

**Hygd.**—Wife of Higelac, and daughter of Hæreth. There are some indications that she married Beowulf after she became a widow.—28ă37.

**Ingeld.**—Son of the Heathobard king, Froda. Marries Hrothgars daughter, Freaware, in order to reconcile the two peoples.—29ă62; 30ă32.

**Ingwins.**—Another name for the Danes.—16ă52; 20ă69.

**Jutes.**—Name sometimes applied to Finns people.—17ă22; 17ă38; 18ă17.

**Lafing.**—Name of a famous sword presented to Hengest by Hun.—18ă19.

**Merewing.**—A Frankish king, probably engaged in the war in which Higelac was slain.—40ă29.

**Nægling.**—Beowulfs sword.—36ă76.

**Offa.**—King of the Angles, and son of Garmund. Marries the terrible Thrytho who is so strongly contrasted with Hygd.—28ă59; 28ă66.

**Ohthere.**—Son of Ongentheow, king of the Swedes. He is father of Eanmund and Eadgils.—40ă35; 40ă39.

**Onela.**—Brother of Ohthere.—36ă15; 40ă39.

**Ongentheow.**—King of Sweden, of the Scylfing dynasty. Married, perhaps, Elan, daughter of Healfdene.—35ă26; 41ă16.

**Oslaf.**—A Dane of Hnæfs party.—18ă24.

**Ravenswood.**—The forest near which Hæthcyn was slain.—40ă31; 40ă41.

**Scefing.**—Applied (1ă4) to Scyld, and meaning son of Scef.

[xvii]

**Scyld.**—Founder of the dynasty to which Hrothgar, his father, and grandfather belonged. He dies, and his body is put on a vessel, and set adrift. He goes from Daneland just as he had come to it—in a bark.—1ă4; 1ă19; 1ă27.

**Scyldings.**—The descendants of Scyld. They are also called Honor-Scyldings, Victory-Scyldings, War-Scyldings, etc. (See Danes, above.)—2ă1; 7ă1; 8ă1.

**Scylfings.**—A Swedish royal line to which Wiglaf belonged.—36ă2.

**Sigemund.**—Son of Wæls, and uncle and father of Fitela. His struggle with a dragon is related in connection with Beowulfs deeds of prowess.—14ă38; 14ă47.

**Swerting.**—Grandfather of Higelac, and father of Hrethel.—19ă11.

**Swedes.**—People of Sweden, ruled by the Scylfings.—35ă13.

**Thrytho.**—Wife of Offa, king of the Angles. Known for her fierce and unwomanly disposition. She is introduced as a contrast to the gentle Hygd, queen of Higelac.—28ă42; 28ă56.

**Unferth.**—Son of Ecglaf, and seemingly a confidential courtier of Hrothgar. Taunts Beowulf for having taken part in the swimming-match. Lends Beowulf his sword when he goes to look for Grendels mother. In the MS. sometimes written *Hunferth*. 9ă1; 18ă41.

**Wæls.**—Father of Sigemund.—14ă60.

**Wægmunding.**—A name occasionally applied to Wiglaf and Beowulf, and perhaps derived from a common ancestor, Wægmund.—36ă6; 38ă61.

**Weders.**—Another name for Geats or Wedergeats.

**Wayland.**—A fabulous smith mentioned in this poem and in other old Teutonic literature.—7ă83.

**Wendels.**—The people of Wulfgar, Hrothgars messenger and retainer. (Perhaps = Vandals.)—6ă30.

**Wealhtheow.**—Wife of Hrothgar. Her queenly courtesy is well shown in the poem.—10ă55.

**Weohstan, or Wihstan.**—A Wægmunding, and father of Wiglaf.—36ă1.

**Whales Ness.**—A prominent promontory, on which Beowulfs mound was built.—38ă52; 42ă76.

**Wiglaf.**—Son of Wihstan, and related to Beowulf. He remains faithful to Beowulf in the fatal struggle with the fire-drake. Would rather die than leave his lord in his dire emergency.—36ă1; 36ă3; 36ă28.

**Wonred.**—Father of Wulf and Eofor.—41ă20; 41ă26.

**Wulf.**—Son of Wonred. Engaged in the battle between Higelacs and Ongentheows forces, and had a hand-to-hand fight with Ongentheow himself. Ongentheow disables him, and is thereupon slain by Eofor.—41ă19; 41ă29.

**Wulfgar.**—Lord of the Wendels, and retainer of Hrothgar.—6ă18; 6ă30.

**Wylfings.**—A people to whom belonged Heatholaf, who was slain by Ecgtheow.—  
8ǣ6; 8ǣ16.

**Yrmenlaf.**—Younger brother of Æschere, the hero whose death grieved  
Hrothgar so deeply.—21ǣ4.

[xviii]

**LIST OF WORDS AND PHRASES NOT IN GENERAL USE.**

ATHELING.—Prince, nobleman.

BAIRN.—Son, child.

BARROW.—Mound, rounded hill, funeral-mound.

BATTLE-SARK.—Armor.

BEAKER.—Cup, drinking-vessel.

BEGEAR.—Prepare.

BIGHT.—Bay, sea.

BILL.—Sword.

BOSS.—Ornamental projection.

BRACTEATE.—A round ornament on a necklace.

BRAND.—Sword.

BURN.—Stream.

BURNIE.—Armor.

CARLE.—Man, hero.

EARL.—Nobleman, any brave man.

EKE.—Also.

EMPRISE.—Enterprise, undertaking.

ERST.—Formerly.

ERST-WORTHY.—Worthy for a long time past.

FAIN.—Glad.

FERRY.—Bear, carry.

FEY.—Fated, doomed.

FLOAT.—Vessel, ship.

FOIN.—To lunge (Shaks.).

GLORY OF KINGS.—God.

GREWSOME.—Cruel, fierce.

HEFT.—Handle, hilt; used by synecdoche for sword.

HELM.—Helmet, protector.

- HENCHMAN.—Retainer, vassal.  
HIGHT.—Am (was) named.  
HOLM.—Ocean, curved surface of the sea.  
HIMSEEMED.—(It) seemed to him.  
LIEF.—Dear, valued.  
MERE.—Sea; in compounds, mere-ways, mere-currents, etc.  
MICKLE.—Much.  
NATHLESS.—Nevertheless.  
NAZE.—Edge (nose).  
NESS.—Edge.  
NICKER.—Sea-beast.  
QUIT, QUITE.—Requite.  
RATHE.—Quickly.  
REAVE.—Bereave, deprive.  
SAIL-ROAD.—Sea.  
SETTLE.—Seat, bench.  
SKINKER.—One who pours.  
SOOTHLY.—Truly.  
SWINGE.—Stroke, blow.  
TARGE, TARGET.—Shield.  
THROUGHLY.—Thoroughly.  
TOLD.—Counted.  
UNCANNY.—Ill-featured, grizzly.  
UNNETHE.—Difficult.  
WAR-SPEED.—Success in war.  
WEB.—Tapestry (that which is woven).  
WEDED.—Clad (cf. widows weeds).  
WEEN.—Suppose, imagine.  
WEIRD.—Fate, Providence.  
WHILOM.—At times, formerly, often.  
WIELDER.—Ruler. Often used of God; also in compounds, as *Wielder of Glory*, *Wielder of Worship*.  
WIGHT.—Creature.  
WOLD.—Plane, extended surface.

WOT.—Knows.

YOUNKER.—Youth.

[1]





# Chapter 1

## THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SCYLD.

The famous race of Spear-Danes.

Lo! the Spear-Danes glory through splendid achievements  
The folk-kings former fame we have heard of,  
How princes displayed then their prowess-in-battle.

Scyld, their mighty king, in honor of whom they are often called Scyldings.  
He is the great-grandfather of Hrothgar, so prominent in the poem.

Oft Scyld the Scefing from scathers in numbers

5

From many a people their mead-benches tore.  
Since first he found him friendless and wretched,  
The earl had had terror: comfort he got for it,  
Waxed neath the welkin, world-honor gained,  
Till all his neighbors oer sea were compelled to

10

Bow to his bidding and bring him their tribute:

An excellent atheling! After was borne him

A son is born to him, who receives the name of Beowulf—a name afterwards made so famous by the hero of the poem.

A son and heir, young in his dwelling,

Whom God-Father sent to solace the people.  
He had marked the misery malice had caused them,  
15  
That reaved of their rulers they wretched had erstwhile  
Long been afflicted. The Lord, in requital,  
Wielder of Glory, with world-honor blessed him.  
Famed was Beowulf, far spread the glory  
Of Scylds great son in the lands of the Danemen.  
[2] The ideal Teutonic king lavishes gifts on his vassals. 20  
So the carle that is young, by kindnesses rendered  
The friends of his father, with fees in abundance  
Must be able to earn that when age approacheth  
Eager companions aid him requitingly,  
When war assaults him serve him as liegemen:  
25  
By praise-worthy actions must honor be got  
Mong all of the races. At the hour that was fated  
Scyld dies at the hour appointed by Fate.  
Scyld then departed to the All-Fathers keeping  
Warlike to wend him; away then they bare him  
To the flood of the current, his fond-loving comrades,  
30  
As himself he had bidden, while the friend of the Scyldings  
Word-sway wielded, and the well-lovèd land-prince  
Long did rule them. The ring-stemmèd vessel,  
Bark of the atheling, lay there at anchor,  
Icy in glimmer and eager for sailing;  
By his own request, his body is laid on a vessel and wafted seaward. 35  
The belovèd leader laid they down there,  
Giver of rings, on the breast of the vessel,  
The famed by the mainmast. A many of jewels,  
Of fretted embossings, from far-lands brought over,  
Was placed near at hand then; and heard I not ever  
40

That a folk ever furnished a float more superbly  
 With weapons of warfare, weeds for the battle,  
 Bills and burnies; on his bosom sparkled  
 Many a jewel that with him must travel  
 On the flush of the flood afar on the current.

45

And favors no fewer they furnished him soothly,  
 Excellent folk-gems, than others had given him  
 He leaves Daneland on the breast of a bark.  
 Who when first he was born outward did send him  
 Lone on the main, the merest of infants:  
 And a gold-fashioned standard they stretched under heaven

[3] 50

High oer his head, let the holm-currents bear him,  
 Seaward consigned him: sad was their spirit,  
 Their mood very mournful. Men are not able  
 No one knows whither the boat drifted.  
 Soothly to tell us, they in halls who reside,  
 Heroes under heaven, to what haven he hied.

[1]ǣFor the Ðæt of verse 15, Sievers suggests Ðá (= which). If this be accepted, the sentence He had afflicted will read: *He (i.e. God) had perceived the malice-caused sorrow which they, lordless, had formerly long endured.*

[2]ǣFor aldor-léase (15) Gr. suggested aldor-ceare: *He perceived their distress, that they formerly had suffered life-sorrow a long while.*

[3]ǣA very difficult passage. Áhte (31) has no object. H. supplies gewæld from the context; and our translation is based upon this assumption, though it is far from satisfactory. Kl. suggests lændagas for lange: *And the beloved land-prince enjoyed (had) his transitory days (i.e. lived).* B. suggests a dislocation; but this is a dangerous doctrine, pushed rather far by that eminent scholar.

[4]ǣThe reading of the H.-So. text has been quite closely followed; but some eminent scholars read séle-rædenne for sele-rædende. If that be adopted, the passage will read: *Men cannot tell us, indeed, the order of Fate, etc. Sele-rædende has two things to support it: (1) v. 1347; (2) it affords a parallel to men in v. 50.*



## Chapter 2

# SCYLD'S SUCCESSORS.— HROTHGAR'S GREAT MEAD-HALL.

Beowulf succeeds his father Scyld

In the boroughs then Beowulf, bairn of the Scyldings,  
Belovèd land-prince, for long-lasting season  
Was famed mid the folk (his father departed,  
The prince from his dwelling), till afterward sprang  
5

Great-minded Healfdene; the Danes in his lifetime  
He graciously governed, grim-mooded, agèd.  
Healfdenes birth.

Four bairns of his body born in succession  
Woke in the world, war-troopers leader  
Heorogar, Hrothgar, and Halga the good;  
10

Heard I that Elan was Ongentheows consort,  
He has three sons—one of them, Hrothgar—and a daughter named Elan.  
Hrothgar becomes a mighty king.

The well-beloved bedmate of the War-Scylfing leader.

6CHAPTER 2. SCYLD'S SUCCESSORS.—HROTHGAR'S GREAT MEAD-HALL.

Then glory in battle to Hrothgar was given,  
Waxing of war-fame, that willingly kinsmen  
Obeyed his bidding, till the boys grew to manhood,  
15

A numerous band. It burned in his spirit  
To urge his folk to found a great building,  
A mead-hall grander than men of the era  
He is eager to build a great hall in which he may feast his retainers  
Ever had heard of, and in it to share  
With young and old all of the blessings  
20

The Lord had allowed him, save life and retainers.  
Then the work I find afar was assigned  
[4]

To many races in middle-earths regions,  
To adorn the great folk-hall. In due time it happened  
Early among men, that twas finished entirely,  
25

The greatest of hall-buildings; Heorot he named it  
The hall is completed, and is called Heort, or Heorot.  
Who wide-reaching word-sway wielded among earlmen.  
His promise he brake not, rings he lavished,  
Treasure at banquet. Towered the hall up  
High and horn-crested, huge between antlers:  
30

It battle-waves bided, the blasting fire-demon;  
Ere long then from hottest hatred must sword-wrath  
Arise for a woman's husband and father.  
Then the mighty war-spirit endured for a season,  
The Monster Grendel is madly envious of the Danemen's joy.  
Bore it bitterly, he who bided in darkness,  
35

That light-hearted laughter loud in the building  
Greeted him daily; there was dulcet harp-music,

Clear song of the singer. He said that was able  
 [The course of the story is interrupted by a short reference to some old  
 account of the creation.]

To tell from of old earthmens beginnings,  
 That Father Almighty earth had created,  
 40

The winsome wold that the water encircleth,  
 Set exultingly the suns and the moons beams  
 To lavish their lustre on land-folk and races,  
 And earth He embellished in all her regions  
 With limbs and leaves; life He bestowed too  
 45

On all the kindreds that live under heaven.  
 The glee of the warriors is overcast by a horrible dread.  
 So blessed with abundance, brimming with joyance,  
 The warriors abided, till a certain one gan to  
 Dog them with deeds of direfullest malice,  
 A foe in the hall-building: this horrible stranger  
 50

Was Grendel entitled, the march-stepper famous  
 Who dwelt in the moor-fens, the marsh and the fastness;  
 The wan-mooded being abode for a season  
 [5]

In the land of the giants, when the Lord and Creator  
 Had banned him and branded. For that bitter murder,  
 55

The killing of Abel, all-ruling Father  
 Cain is referred to as a progenitor of Grendel, and of monsters in general.  
 The kindred of Cain crushed with His vengeance;  
 In the feud He rejoiced not, but far away drove him  
 From kindred and kind, that crime to atone for,  
 Meter of Justice. Thence ill-favored creatures,  
 60

Elves and giants, monsters of ocean,

8CHAPTER 2. SCYLDS SUCCESSORS.—HROTHGARS GREAT MEAD-HALL.

Came into being, and the giants that longtime  
Grappled with God; He gave them requital.

[1]ǎR. and t. B. prefer *ellor-gæst* to *ellen-gæst* (86): *Then the stranger from afar endured, etc.*

[2]ǎSome authorities would translate *demon* instead of *stranger*.

[3]ǎSome authorities arrange differently, and render: *Who dwelt in the moor-fens, the marsh and the fastness, the land of the giant-race.*



## Chapter 3

# GRENDDEL THE MURDERER.

Grendel attacks the sleeping heroes

When the sun was sunken, he set out to visit  
The lofty hall-building, how the Ring-Danes had used it  
For beds and benches when the banquet was over.  
Then he found there reposing many a noble

5

Asleep after supper; sorrow the heroes,  
Misery knew not. The monster of evil  
Greedy and cruel tarried but little,  
He drags off thirty of them, and devours them  
Fell and frantic, and forced from their slumbers  
Thirty of thanemen; thence he departed

10

Leaping and laughing, his lair to return to,  
With surfeit of slaughter sallying homeward.  
In the dusk of the dawning, as the day was just breaking,  
Was Grendels prowess revealed to the warriors:  
A cry of agony goes up, when Grendels horrible deed is fully realized.  
Then, his meal-taking finished, a moan was uplifted,

15

Morning-cry mighty. The man-ruler famous,  
The long-worthy atheling, sat very woful,  
Suffered great sorrow, sighed for his liegemen,  
[6]

When they had seen the track of the hateful pursuer,  
The spirit accursèd: too crushing that sorrow,  
The monster returns the next night. 20

Too loathsome and lasting. Not longer he tarried,  
But one night after continued his slaughter  
Shameless and shocking, shrinking but little  
From malice and murder; they mastered him fully.  
He was easy to find then who elsewhere looked for  
25

A pleasanter place of repose in the lodges,  
A bed in the bowers. Then was brought to his notice  
Told him truly by token apparent  
The hall-thanes hatred: he held himself after  
Further and faster who the foeman did baffle.

30

So ruled he and strongly strove against justice  
Lone against all men, till empty uptowered  
King Hrothgars agony and suspense last twelve years.  
The choicest of houses. Long was the season:  
Twelve-winters time torture suffered  
The friend of the Scyldings, every affliction,

35

Endless agony; hence it after became  
Certainly known to the children of men  
Sadly in measures, that long against Hrothgar  
Grendel struggled:—his grudges he cherished,  
Murderous malice, many a winter,

40

Strife unremitting, and peacefully wished he

Life-woe to lift from no liegeman at all of  
 The men of the Dane-folk, for money to settle,  
 No counsellor needed count for a moment  
 [7]

On handsome amends at the hands of the murderer;  
 Grendel is unremitting in his persecutions. 45  
 The monster of evil fiercely did harass,  
 The ill-planning death-shade, both elder and younger,  
 Trapping and tricking them. He trod every night then  
 The mist-covered moor-fens; men do not know where  
 Witches and wizards wander and ramble.  
 50

So the foe of mankind many of evils  
 Grievous injuries, often accomplished,  
 Horrible hermit; Heort he frequented,  
 Gem-bedecked palace, when night-shades had fallen  
 God is against the monster.  
 (Since God did oppose him, not the throne could he touch,  
 55

The light-flashing jewel, love of Him knew not).  
 Twas a fearful affliction to the friend of the Scyldings  
 The king and his council deliberate in vain.  
 Soul-crushing sorrow. Not seldom in private  
 Sat the king in his council; conference held they  
 What the braves should determine gainst terrors unlooked for.  
 They invoke the aid of their gods. 60  
 At the shrines of their idols often they promised  
 Gifts and offerings, earnestly prayed they  
 The devil from hell would help them to lighten  
 Their peoples oppression. Such practice they used then,  
 Hope of the heathen; hell they remembered  
 65

In innermost spirit, God they knew not,  
 The true God they do not know.

Judge of their actions, All-wielding Ruler,  
 No praise could they give the Guardian of Heaven,  
 The Wielder of Glory. Woe will be his who  
 Through furious hatred his spirit shall drive to  
 70

The clutch of the fire, no comfort shall look for,  
 Wax no wiser; well for the man who,  
 Living his life-days, his Lord may face  
 And find defence in his Fathers embrace!

[1] The translation is based on *weras*, adopted by H.-So.—K. and Th. read *wera* and, arranging differently, render 119(2)-120: *They knew not sorrow, the wretchedness of man, aught of misfortune.*—For *unhælo* (120) R. suggests *un-fælo*: *The uncanny creature, greedy and cruel, etc.*

[2] S. rearranges and translates: *So he ruled and struggled unjustly, one against all, till the noblest of buildings stood useless (it was a long while) twelve years time: the friend of the Scyldings suffered distress, every woe, great sorrows, etc.*

[3] For *syððan*, B. suggests *sárcwidum*: *Hence in mournful words it became well known, etc.* Various other words beginning with *s* have been conjectured.

[4] The H.-So. glossary is very inconsistent in referring to this passage.—*Sibbe* (154), which H.-So. regards as an instr., B. takes as accus., obj. of *wolde*. Putting a comma after *Deniga*, he renders: *He did not desire peace with any of the Danes, nor did he wish to remove their life-woe, nor to settle for money.*

[5] Of this difficult passage the following interpretations among others are given: (1) Though Grendel has frequented Heorot as a demon, he could not become ruler of the Danes, on account of his hostility to God. (2) Hrothgar was much grieved that Grendel had not appeared before his throne to receive presents. (3) He was not permitted to devastate the hall, on account of the Creator; *i.e.* God wished to make his visit fatal to him.—*Ne wisse* (169) W. renders: *Nor had he any desire to do so; his being obj. gen. = danach.*

[8]

## Chapter 4

# BEOWULF GOES TO HROTHGARS ASSISTANCE.

Hrothgar sees no way of escape from the persecutions of Grendel.

So Healfdenes kinsman constantly mused on  
His long-lasting sorrow; the battle-thane clever  
Was not anywise able evils to scape from:  
Too crushing the sorrow that came to the people,

5

Loathsome and lasting the life-grinding torture,  
Beowulf, the Geat, hero of the poem, hears of Hrothgars sorrow, and re-  
solves to go to his assistance.

Greatest of night-woes. So Higelacs liegeman,  
Good amid Geatmen, of Grendels achievements  
Heard in his home: of heroes then living  
He was stoutest and strongest, sturdy and noble.

10

He bade them prepare him a bark that was trusty;  
He said he the war-king would seek oer the ocean,  
The folk-leader noble, since he needed retainers.

For the perilous project prudent companions  
 Chided him little, though loving him dearly;  
 15  
 They egged the brave atheling, augured him glory.  
 With fourteen carefully chosen companions, he sets out for Dane-land.  
 The excellent knight from the folk of the Geatmen  
 Had liegemen selected, likest to prove them  
 Trustworthy warriors; with fourteen companions  
 The vessel he looked for; a liegeman then showed them,  
 20  
 A sea-crafty man, the bounds of the country.  
 Fast the days fled; the float was a-water,  
 The craft by the cliff. Clomb to the prow then  
 Well-equipped warriors: the wave-currents twisted  
 The sea on the sand; soldiers then carried  
 25  
 On the breast of the vessel bright-shining jewels,  
 Handsome war-armor; heroes outshoved then,  
 Warmen the wood-ship, on its wished-for adventure.  
 [9] The vessel sails like a bird  
 The foamy-necked floater fanned by the breeze,  
 Likest a bird, glided the waters,  
 In twenty four hours they reach the shores of Hrothgars dominions 30  
 Till twenty and four hours thereafter  
 The twist-stemmed vessel had traveled such distance  
 That the sailing-men saw the sloping embankments,  
 The sea cliffs gleaming, precipitous mountains,  
 Nesses enormous: they were nearing the limits  
 35  
 At the end of the ocean. Up thence quickly  
 The men of the Weders clomb to the mainland,  
 Fastened their vessel (battle weeds rattled,  
 War burnies clattered), the Wielder they thanked  
 That the ways oer the waters had waxen so gentle.

They are hailed by the Danish coast guard 40  
 Then well from the cliff edge the guard of the Scyldings  
 Who the sea-cliffs should see to, saw oer the gangway  
 Brave ones bearing beauteous targets,  
 Armor all ready, anxiously thought he,  
 Musing and wondering what men were approaching.  
 45

High on his horse then Hrothgars retainer  
 Turned him to coastward, mightily brandished  
 His lance in his hands, questioned with boldness.  
 His challenge  
 Who are ye men here, mail-covered warriors  
 Clad in your corslets, come thus a-driving  
 50

A high riding ship oer the shoals of the waters,  
 And hither neath helmets have hied oer the ocean?  
 [10]

I have been strand-guard, standing as warden,  
 Lest enemies ever anywise ravage  
 Danish dominions with army of war-ships.  
 55

More boldly never have warriors ventured  
 Hither to come; of kinsmens approval,  
 Word-leave of warriors, I ween that ye surely  
 He is struck by Beowulfs appearance.  
 Nothing have known. Never a greater one  
 Of earls oer the earth have *I* had a sight of  
 60

Than is one of your number, a hero in armor;  
 No low-ranking fellow adorned with his weapons,  
 But launching them little, unless looks are deceiving,  
 And striking appearance. Ere ye pass on your journey  
 As treacherous spies to the land of the Scyldings  
 65

And farther fare, I fully must know now  
 What race ye belong to. Ye far-away dwellers,  
 Sea-faring sailors, my simple opinion  
 Hear ye and hearken: haste is most fitting  
 Plainly to tell me what place ye are come from.

[1]ǎFrom *hám* (194) is much disputed. One rendering is: *Beowulf, being away from home, heard of Hrothgars troubles, etc.* Another, that adopted by S. and endorsed in the H.-So. notes, is: *B. heard from his neighborhood (neighbors), i.e. in his home, etc.* A third is: *B., being at home, heard this as occurring away from home.* The H.-So. glossary and notes conflict.

[2]ǎEoletes (224) is marked with a (?) by H.-So.; our rendering simply follows his conjecture.—Other conjectures as to eolet are: (1) *voyage*, (2) *toil, labor*, (3) *hasty journey*.

[3]ǎThe lacuna of the MS at this point has been supplied by various conjectures. The reading adopted by H.-So. has been rendered in the above translation. W., like H.-So., makes *ic* the beginning of a new sentence, but, for *helmas bæron*, he reads *hringed stefnan*. This has the advantage of giving a parallel to *brontne ceol* instead of a kenning for *go*.—B puts the (?) after *holmas*, and begins a new sentence at the middle of the line. Translate: *What warriors are ye, clad in armor, who have thus come bringing the foaming vessel over the water way, hither over the seas? For some time on the wall I have been coast guard, etc.* S. endorses most of what B. says, but leaves out *on the wall* in the last sentence. If W.s *hringed stefnan* be accepted, change [line 51](#) above to, *A ring-stemmed vessel hither oersea.*

[4]ǎSeld-guma (249) is variously rendered: (1) *housecarle*; (2) *home-stayer*; (3) *common man*. Dr. H. Wood suggests *a man-at-arms in anothers house*.



## Chapter 5

# THE GEATS REACH HEOROT.

Beowulf courteously replies.

The chief of the strangers rendered him answer,  
War-troopers leader, and word-treasure opened:  
We are Geats.

We are sprung from the lineage of the people of Geatland,  
And Higelacs hearth-friends. To heroes unnumbered  
My father Ecgtheow was well-known in his day. 5

My father was known, a noble head-warrior  
Ecgtheow titled; many a winter

He lived with the people, ere he passed on his journey,  
Old from his dwelling; each of the counsellors  
Widely mid world-folk well remembers him.

Our intentions towards King Hrothgar are of the kindest. 10

We, kindly of spirit, the lord of thy people,  
The son of King Healfdene, have come here to visit,  
[11]

Folk-troops defender: be free in thy counsels!  
To the noble one bear we a weighty commission,  
The helm of the Danemen; we shall hide, I ween,

Is it true that a monster is slaying Danish heroes? 15  
Naught of our message. Thou knowst if it happen,  
As we soothly heard say, that some savage despoiler,  
Some hidden pursuer, on nights that are murky  
By deeds very direful mid the Danemen exhibits  
Hatred unheard of, horrid destruction  
20

And the falling of dead. From feelings least selfish  
I can help your king to free himself from this horrible creature.  
I am able to render counsel to Hrothgar,  
How he, wise and worthy, may worst the destroyer,  
If the anguish of sorrow should ever be lessened,  
Comfort come to him, and care-waves grow cooler,  
25

Or ever hereafter he agony suffer  
And troublous distress, while towereth upward  
The handsomest of houses high on the summit.  
The coast-guard reminds Beowulf that it is easier to say than to do.  
Bestriding his stallion, the strand-watchman answered,  
The doughty retainer: The difference surely  
30

Twixt words and works, the warlike shield-bearer  
Who judgeth wisely well shall determine.  
This band, I hear, beareth no malice  
I am satisfied of your good intentions, and shall lead you to the palace.  
To the prince of the Scyldings. Pass ye then onward  
With weapons and armor. I shall lead you in person;  
35

To my war-trusty vassals command I shall issue  
To keep from all injury your excellent vessel,  
Your boat shall be well cared for during your stay here.  
Your fresh-tarred craft, gainst every opposer  
Close by the sea-shore, till the curved-neckèd bark shall  
Waft back again the well-beloved hero

40

Oer the way of the water to Weder dominions.

He again compliments Beowulf.

To warrior so great twill be granted sure

In the storm of strife to stand secure.

Onward they fared then (the vessel lay quiet,

The broad-bosomed bark was bound by its cable,

[12] 45

Firmly at anchor); the boar-signs glistened

Bright on the visors vivid with gilding,

Blaze-hardened, brilliant; the boar acted warden.

The heroes hastened, hurried the liegemen,

The land is perhaps rolling.

Descended together, till they saw the great palace,

50

The well-fashioned wassail-hall wondrous and gleaming:

Heorot flashes on their view.

Mid world-folk and kindreds that was widest reputed

Of halls under heaven which the hero abode in;

Its lustre enlightened lands without number.

Then the battle-brave hero showed them the glittering

55

Court of the bold ones, that they easily thither

Might fare on their journey; the aforementioned warrior

Turning his courser, quoth as he left them:

The coast-guard, having discharged his duty, bids them God-speed.

Tis time I were faring; Father Almighty

Grant you His grace, and give you to journey

60

Safe on your mission! To the sea I will get me

Gainst hostile warriors as warden to stand.

[1]äEdwendan (280) B. takes to be the subs. edwenden (cf. 1775); and bisigu he takes as gen. sing., limiting edwenden: *If reparation for sorrows is ever to come*. This is supported by t.B.

[2] Combining the emendations of B. and t.B., we may read: *The boar-images glistened brilliant, protected the life of the war-mooded man.* They read ferh-wearde (305) and gúðmódgum men (306).

## Chapter 6

# BEOWULF INTRODUCES HIMSELF AT THE PALACE.

The highway glistened with many-hued pebble,  
A by-path led the liegemen together.  
Firm and hand-locked the war-burnie glistened,  
The ring-sword radiant rang mid the armor  
5  
As the party was approaching the palace together  
They set their arms and armor against the wall.  
In warlike equipments. Gainst the wall of the building  
Their wide-fashioned war-shields they weary did set then,  
[13]  
Battle-shields sturdy; benchward they turned then;  
Their battle-sarks rattled, the gear of the heroes;  
10  
The lances stood up then, all in a cluster,  
The arms of the seamen, ashen-shafts mounted  
With edges of iron: the armor-clad troopers  
A Danish hero asks them whence and why they are come.

22 CHAPTER 6. BEOWULF INTRODUCES HIMSELF AT THE PALACE.

Were decked with weapons. Then a proud-mooded hero  
Asked of the champions questions of lineage:

15

From what borders bear ye your battle-shields plated,  
Gilded and gleaming, your gray-colored burnies,  
Helmets with visors and heap of war-lances?—  
To Hrothgar the king I am servant and liegeman.

Mong folk from far-lands found I have never  
He expresses no little admiration for the strangers. 20  
Men so many of mien more courageous.

I ween that from valor, nowise as outlaws,  
But from greatness of soul ye sought for King Hrothgar.  
Beowulf replies.

Then the strength-famous earlman answer rendered,  
The proud-mooded Wederchief replied to his question,  
We are Higelacs table-companions, and bear an important commission to  
your prince. 25

Hardy neath helmet: Higelacs mates are we;  
Beowulf hight I. To the bairn of Healfdene,  
The famous folk-leader, I freely will tell  
To thy prince my commission, if pleasantly hearing  
Hell grant we may greet him so gracious to all men.

30

Wulfgar replied then (he was prince of the Wendels,  
His boldness of spirit was known unto many,  
His prowess and prudence): The prince of the Scyldings,  
Wulfgar, the thane, says that he will go and ask Hrothgar whether he will  
see the strangers.

The friend-lord of Danemen, I will ask of thy journey,  
The giver of rings, as thou urgest me do it,

35

The folk-chief famous, and inform thee early  
What answer the good one mindeth to render me.  
He turned then hurriedly where Hrothgar was sitting,

Old and hoary, his earlmen attending him;  
 The strength-famous went till he stood at the shoulder  
 40

Of the lord of the Danemen, of courteous thanemen  
 The custom he minded. Wulfgar addressed then  
 His friendly liegelord: Folk of the Geatmen  
 [14] He thereupon urges his liegelord to receive the visitors courteously.  
 Oer the way of the waters are wafted hither,  
 Faring from far-lands: the foremost in rank  
 45

The battle-champions Beowulf title.  
 They make this petition: with thee, O my chieftain,  
 To be granted a conference; O gracious King Hrothgar,  
 Friendly answer refuse not to give them!  
 Hrothgar, too, is struck with Beowulfs appearance.  
 In war-trappings weeded worthy they seem  
 50

Of earls to be honored; sure the atheling is doughty  
 Who headed the heroes hitherward coming.

[1] Instead of the punctuation given by H.-So, S. proposed to insert a comma after *scír* (322), and to take *hring-íren* as meaning ring-mail and as parallel with *gúð-byrne*. The passage would then read: *The firm and hand-locked war-burnie shone, bright ring-mail, rang mid the armor, etc.*

[2] Gr. and others translate *unhár* by bald; *old and bald*.

24 *CHAPTER 6. BEOWULF INTRODUCES HIMSELF AT THE PALACE.*



## Chapter 7

# HROTHGAR AND BEOWULF.

Hrothgar remembers Beowulf as a youth, and also remembers his father.

Hrothgar answered, helm of the Scyldings:

I remember this man as the merest of striplings.

His father long dead now was Ecgtheow titled,

Him Hrethel the Geatman granted at home his

5

One only daughter; his battle-brave son

Is come but now, sought a trustworthy friend.

Seafaring sailors asserted it then,

Beowulf is reported to have the strength of thirty men.

Who valuable gift-gems of the Geatmen carried

As peace-offering thither, that he thirty mens grapple

10

Has in his hand, the hero-in-battle.

God hath sent him to our rescue.

The holy Creator usward sent him,

To West-Dane warriors, I ween, for to render

Gainst Grendels grimness gracious assistance:

I shall give to the good one gift-gems for courage.

15

Hasten to bid them hither to speed them,  
 To see assembled this circle of kinsmen;  
 Tell them expressly they're welcome in sooth to  
 The men of the Danes. To the door of the building  
 [15] Wulfgar invites the strangers in.

Wulfgar went then, this word-message shouted:

20

My victorious liegeward bade me to tell you,  
 The East-Danes atheling, that your origin knows he,  
 And o'er wave-billows wafted ye welcome are hither,  
 Valiant of spirit. Ye straightway may enter  
 Clad in corslets, cased in your helmets,

25

To see King Hrothgar. Here let your battle-boards,  
 Wood-spears and war-shafts, await your conferring.  
 The mighty one rose then, with many a liegeman,  
 An excellent thane-group; some there did await them,  
 And as bid of the brave one the battle-gear guarded.

30

Together they hied them, while the hero did guide them,  
 Neath Heorots roof; the high-minded went then  
 Sturdy neath helmet till he stood in the building.

Beowulf spake (his burnie did glisten,

His armor seamed over by the art of the craftsman):

Beowulf salutes Hrothgar, and then proceeds to boast of his youthful achievements. 35

Hail thou, Hrothgar! I am Higelacs kinsman  
 And vassal forsooth; many a wonder  
 I dared as a stripling. The doings of Grendel,  
 In far-off fatherland I fully did know of:

Sea-farers tell us, this hall-building standeth,

40

Excellent edifice, empty and useless

To all the earlmen after evenlights glimmer  
 Neath heavens bright hues hath hidden its glory.  
 This my earls then urged me, the most excellent of them,  
 Carles very clever, to come and assist thee,  
 45

Folk-leader Hrothgar; fully they knew of  
 His fight with the nickers.  
 The strength of my body. Themselves they beheld me  
 When I came from the contest, when covered with gore  
 Foes I escaped from, where five I had bound,  
 [16]

The giant-race wasted, in the waters destroying  
 50

The nickers by night, bore numberless sorrows,  
 The Weders avenged (woes had they suffered)  
 Enemies ravaged; alone now with Grendel  
 He intends to fight Grendel unaided.

I shall manage the matter, with the monster of evil,  
 The giant, decide it. Thee I would therefore  
 55

Beg of thy bounty, Bright-Danish chieftain,  
 Lord of the Scyldings, this single petition:  
 Not to refuse me, defender of warriors,  
 Friend-lord of folks, so far have I sought thee,  
 That *I* may unaided, my earlmen assisting me,  
 60

This brave-mooded war-band, purify Heorot.  
 I have heard on inquiry, the horrible creature  
 Since the monster uses no weapons,  
 From veriest rashness recks not for weapons;  
 I this do scorn then, so be Higelac gracious,  
 My liegelord beloved, lenient of spirit,  
 65

To bear a blade or a broad-fashioned target,

A shield to the onset; only with hand-grip  
 I, too, shall disdain to use any.  
 The foe I must grapple, fight for my life then,  
 Foeman with foeman; he fain must rely on  
 The doom of the Lord whom death layeth hold of.  
 Should he crush me, he will eat my companions as he has eaten thy thanes.

70

I ween he will wish, if he win in the struggle,  
 To eat in the war-hall earls of the Geat-folk,  
 Boldly to swallow them, as of yore he did often  
 The best of the Hrethmen! Thou needest not trouble  
 A head-watch to give me; he will have me dripping  
 [17] In case of my defeat, thou wilt not have the trouble of burying me. 75  
 And dreary with gore, if death overtake me,  
 Will bear me off bleeding, biting and mouthing me,  
 The hermit will eat me, heedless of pity,  
 Marking the moor-fens; no more wilt thou need then  
 Should I fall, send my armor to my lord, King Higelac.  
 Find me my food. If I fall in the battle,

80

Send to Higelac the armor that serveth  
 To shield my bosom, the best of equipments,  
 Richest of ring-mails; tis the relic of Hrethla,  
 Weird is supreme  
 The work of Wayland. Goes Weird as she must go!

[1]—Some render gif-sceattas by tribute.—Géata B. and Th. emended to Géatum. If this be accepted, change *of* the Geatmen to *to* the Geatmen.

[2]—If t.B.s emendation of vv. 386, 387 be accepted, the two lines, Hasten kinsmen will read: *Hasten thou, bid the throng of kinsmen go into the hall together.*

[3]—For 420 (b) and 421 (a), B. suggests: *Þær ic (on) fífelgeban ýðde eotena cyn = where I in the ocean destroyed the eoten-race.*—t.B. accepts B.s brilliant fífelgeban, omits on, emends cyn to hám, arranging: *Þær ic fífelgeban ýðde, eotena hám = where I desolated the ocean, the home of the eotens.*—This would

be better but for changing cyn to hám.—I suggest: Þær ic fífelgeband (cf. nhd. Bande) ýðde, eotena cyn = *where I conquered the monster band, the race of the eotens*. This makes no change except to read *fífel* for *fífe*.

[4] Unforhte (444) is much disputed.—H.-So. wavers between adj. and adv. Gr. and B. take it as an adv. modifying *etan*: *Will eat the Geats fearlessly*.—Kl. considers this reading absurd, and proposes anforhte = timid.—Understanding unforhte as an adj. has this advantage, viz. that it gives a parallel to Geátena leóde: but to take it as an adv. is more natural. Furthermore, to call the Geats brave might, at this point, seem like an implied thrust at the Danes, so long helpless; while to call his own men timid would be befouling his own nest.

[5] For head-watch, cf. H.-So. notes and cf. v. 2910.—Th. translates: *Thou wilt not need my head to hide* (i.e., thou wilt have no occasion to bury me, as Grendel will devour me whole).—Simrock imagines a kind of dead-watch.—Dr. H. Wood suggests: *Thou wilt not have to bury so much as my head* (for Grendel will be a thorough undertaker),—grim humor.

[6] S. proposes a colon after nimeð (l. 447). This would make no essential change in the translation.

[7] Owing to the vagueness of feorme (451), this passage is variously translated. In our translation, H.-So.s glossary has been quite closely followed. This agrees substantially with B.s translation (P. and B. XII. 87). R. translates: *Thou needst not take care longer as to the consumption of my dead body*. Líc is also a crux here, as it may mean living body or dead body.



## Chapter 8

# HROTHGAR AND BEOWULF.

Hrothgar responds.

Hrothgar discoursed, helm of the Scyldings:  
To defend our folk and to furnish assistance,  
Thou soughtest us hither, good friend Beowulf.  
Reminiscences of Beowulfs father, Ecgtheow.  
The fiercest of feuds thy father engaged in,

5

Heatholaf killed he in hand-to-hand conflict  
Mid Wilfingish warriors; then the Wederish people  
For fear of a feud were forced to disown him.  
Thence flying he fled to the folk of the South-Danes,  
[18]

The race of the Scyldings, oer the roll of the waters;  
10

I had lately begun then to govern the Danemen,  
The hoard-seat of heroes held in my youth,  
Rich in its jewels: dead was Heregar,  
My kinsman and elder had earth-joys forsaken,  
Healfdene his bairn. He was better than I am!

15

That feud thereafter for a fee I compounded;  
 Oer the weltering waters to the Wilfings I sent  
 Ornaments old; oaths did he swear me.

Hrothgar recounts to Beowulf the horrors of Grendels persecutions.

It pains me in spirit to any to tell it,  
 What grief in Heorot Grendel hath caused me,

20

What horror unlooked-for, by hatred unceasing.  
 Waned is my war-band, wasted my hall-troop;  
 Weird hath offcast them to the clutches of Grendel.

God can easily hinder the scather

From deeds so direful. Oft drunken with beer

My thanes have made many boasts, but have not executed them. 25

Oer the ale-vessel promised warriors in armor  
 They would willingly wait on the wassailing-benches  
 A grapple with Grendel, with grimmest of edges.

Then this mead-hall at morning with murder was reeking,  
 The building was bloody at breaking of daylight,

30

The bench-deals all flooded, dripping and bloodied,  
 The folk-hall was gory: I had fewer retainers,  
 Dear-beloved warriors, whom death had laid hold of.  
 Sit down to the feast, and give us comfort.

Sit at the feast now, thy intents unto heroes,

Thy victor-fame show, as thy spirit doth urge thee!

A bench is made ready for Beowulf and his party. 35

For the men of the Geats then together assembled,  
 In the beer-hall blithesome a bench was made ready;  
 There warlike in spirit they went to be seated,  
 Proud and exultant. A liegeman did service,

[19]

Who a beaker embellished bore with decorum,

The gleeman sings 40



And gleaming-drink poured. The gleeman sang whilom  
 The heroes all rejoice together.  
 Hearty in Heorot; there was heroes rejoicing,  
 A numerous war-band of Weders and Danemen.

[1] B. and S. reject the reading given in H.-So., and suggested by Grtv. B. suggests for 457-458:

wáere-ryhtum Pú, wine mín Béowulf, and for ár-stafum úsic sóht-  
 est.

This means: *From the obligations of clientage, my friend Beowulf, and for assistance thou hast sought us.*—This gives coherence to Hrothgars opening remarks in VIII., and also introduces a new motive for Beowulfs coming to Hrothgars aid.

[2] Sit now at the feast, and disclose thy purposes to the victorious heroes, as thy spirit urges.—Kl. reaches the above translation by erasing the comma after meoto and reading sige-hrèðsecgum.—There are other and bolder emendations and suggestions. Of these the boldest is to regard meoto as a verb (imperative), and read on sæl: *Think upon gayety, etc.*—All the renderings are unsatisfactory, the one given in our translation involving a zeugma.



## Chapter 9

# UNFERTH TAUNTS BEOWULF.

Unferth, a thane of Hrothgar, is jealous of Beowulf, and undertakes to twit him.

Unferth spoke up, Ecglaf his son,  
Who sat at the feet of the lord of the Scyldings,  
Opened the jousting (the journey of Beowulf,  
Sea-farer doughty, gave sorrow to Unferth  
5

And greatest chagrin, too, for granted he never  
That any man else on earth should attain to,  
Gain under heaven, more glory than he):  
Did you take part in a swimming-match with Breca?  
Art thou that Beowulf with Breca did struggle,  
On the wide sea-currents at swimming contended,  
10

Where to humor your pride the ocean ye tried,  
Twas mere folly that actuated you both to risk your lives on the ocean.  
From vainest vaunting adventured your bodies  
In care of the waters? And no one was able  
Nor lief nor loth one, in the least to dissuade you  
Your difficult voyage; then ye ventured a-swimming,

15

Where your arms outstretching the streams ye did cover,  
The mere-ways measured, mixing and stirring them,  
Glided the ocean; angry the waves were,  
With the weltering of winter. In the waters possession,  
Ye toiled for a seven-night; he at swimming outdid thee,  
20

In strength excelled thee. Then early at morning  
On the Heathoremes shore the holm-currents tossed him,  
Sought he thenceward the home of his fathers,  
Beloved of his liegemen, the land of the Brondings,  
The peace-castle pleasant, where a people he wielded,  
[20] 25

Had borough and jewels. The pledge that he made thee  
Breca outdid you entirely.  
The son of Beanstan hath soothly accomplished.  
Then I ween thou wilt find thee less fortunate issue,  
Much more will Grendel outdo you, if you vie with him in prowess.  
Though ever triumphant in onset of battle,  
A grim grappling, if Grendel thou darest  
30

For the space of a night near-by to wait for!  
Beowulf retaliates.

Beowulf answered, offspring of Ecgtheow:  
My good friend Unferth, sure freely and wildly,  
O friend Unferth, you are fuddled with beer, and cannot talk coherently.  
Thou fuddled with beer of Breca hast spoken,  
Hast told of his journey! A fact I allege it,  
35

That greater strength in the waters I had then,  
Ills in the ocean, than any man else had.  
We made agreement as the merest of striplings  
Promised each other (both of us then were  
We simply kept an engagement made in early life.

Younkers in years) that we yet would adventure

40

Out on the ocean; it all we accomplished.

While swimming the sea-floods, sword-blade unscabbarded

Boldly we brandished, our bodies expected

To shield from the sharks. He sure was unable

He *could* not excel me, and I *would* not excel him.

To swim on the waters further than I could,

45

More swift on the waves, nor *would* I from him go.

Then we two companions stayed in the ocean

After five days the currents separated us.

Five nights together, till the currents did part us,

The weltering waters, weathers the bleakest,

And nethermost night, and the north-wind whistled

50

Fierce in our faces; fell were the billows.

The mere fishes mood was mightily ruffled:

And there against foemen my firm-knotted corslet,

Hand-jointed, hardy, help did afford me;

My battle-sark braided, brilliantly gilded,

A horrible sea-beast attacked me, but I slew him. 55

Lay on my bosom. To the bottom then dragged me,

A hateful fiend-scather, seized me and held me,

Grim in his grapple: twas granted me, nathless,

To pierce the monster with the point of my weapon,

My obedient blade; battle offcarried

60

The mighty mere-creature by means of my hand-blow.

[1] It has been plausibly suggested that *síð* (in 501 and in 353) means arrival. If so, translate the bracket: (*the arrival of Beowulf, the brave seafarer, was a source of great chagrin to Unferth, etc.*).

[21]



## Chapter 10

# BEOWULF SILENCES UNFERTH.—GLEE IS HIGH.

So ill-meaning enemies often did cause me

Sorrow the sorest. I served them, in quittance,  
My dear sword always served me faithfully.  
With my dear-lovèd sword, as in sooth it was fitting;  
They missed the pleasure of feasting abundantly,

5

Ill-doers evil, of eating my body,  
Of surrounding the banquet deep in the ocean;  
But wounded with edges early at morning  
They were stretched a-high on the strand of the ocean,  
I put a stop to the outrages of the sea-monsters.

Put to sleep with the sword, that sea-going travelers

10

No longer thereafter were hindered from sailing  
The foam-dashing currents. Came a light from the east,  
Gods beautiful beacon; the billows subsided,  
That well I could see the nesses projecting,

Fortune helps the brave earl.

The blustering crags. Weird often saveth

15

The undoomed hero if doughty his valor!

But me did it fortune to fell with my weapon

Nine of the nickers. Of night-struggle harder

Neath dome of the heaven heard I but rarely,

Nor of wight more woful in the waves of the ocean;

20

Yet I scaped with my life the grip of the monsters,

After that escape I drifted to Finland.

Weary from travel. Then the waters bare me

To the land of the Finns, the flood with the current,

I have never heard of your doing any such bold deeds.

The weltering waves. Not a word hath been told me

Of deeds so daring done by thee, Unferth,

25

And of sword-terror none; never hath Breca

At the play of the battle, nor either of you two,

Feat so fearless performèd with weapons

Glinting and gleaming . . . . .

[22]

. . . . . I utter no boasting;

You are a slayer of brothers, and will suffer damnation, wise as you may  
be. 30

Though with cold-blooded cruelty thou killedst thy brothers,

Thy nearest of kin; thou needs must in hell get

Direful damnation, though doughty thy wisdom.

I tell thee in earnest, offspring of Ecglaf,

Never had Grendel such numberless horrors,

35

The direful demon, done to thy liegelord,

Harrying in Heorot, if thy heart were as sturdy,



Had your acts been as brave as your words, Grendel had not ravaged your land so long.

Thy mood as ferocious as thou dost describe them.

He hath found out fully that the fierce-burning hatred,  
The edge-battle eager, of all of your kindred,

40

Of the Victory-Scyldings, need little dismay him:

Oaths he exacteth, not any he spares

The monster is not afraid of the Danes,

Of the folk of the Danemen, but fighteth with pleasure,

Killeth and feasteth, no contest expecteth

but he will soon learn to dread the Geats.

From Spear-Danish people. But the prowess and valor

45

Of the earls of the Geatmen early shall venture

To give him a grapple. He shall go who is able

Bravely to banquet, when the bright-light of morning

On the second day, any warrior may go unmolested to the mead-banquet.

Which the second day bringeth, the sun in its ether-robcs,

Oer children of men shines from the southward!

50

Then the gray-haired, war-famed giver of treasure

Hrothgars spirits are revived.

Was blithesome and joyous, the Bright-Danish ruler

Expected assistance; the peoples protector

The old king trusts Beowulf. The heroes are joyful.

Heard from Beowulf his bold resolution.

There was laughter of heroes; loud was the clatter,

55

The words were winsome. Wealhtheow advanced then,

Queen Wealhtheow plays the hostess.

Consort of Hrothgar, of courtesy mindful,

Gold-decked saluted the men in the building,

And the freeborn woman the beaker presented

She offers the cup to her husband first.  
 To the lord of the kingdom, first of the East-Danes,  
 60  
 Bade him be blithesome when beer was a-flowing,  
 Lief to his liegemen; he lustily tasted  
 Of banquet and beaker, battle-famed ruler.  
 The Helmingish lady then graciously circled  
 Mid all the liegemen lesser and greater:  
 [23] She gives presents to the heroes. 65  
 Treasure-cups tendered, till time was afforded  
 That the decorous-mooded, diademed folk-queen  
 Then she offers the cup to Beowulf, thanking God that aid has come.  
 Might bear to Beowulf the bumper oerrunning;  
 She greeted the Geat-prince, God she did thank,  
 Most wise in her words, that her wish was accomplished,  
 70  
 That in any of earlmen she ever should look for  
 Solace in sorrow. He accepted the beaker,  
 Battle-bold warrior, at Wealhtheows giving,  
 Beowulf states to the queen the object of his visit.  
 Then equipped for combat quoth he in measures,  
 Beowulf spake, offspring of Ecgtheow:  
 75  
 I purposed in spirit when I mounted the ocean,  
 I determined to do or die.  
 When I boarded my boat with a band of my liegemen,  
 I would work to the fullest the will of your people  
 Or in foes-clutches fastened fall in the battle.  
 Deeds I shall do of daring and prowess,  
 80  
 Or the last of my life-days live in this mead-hall.  
 These words to the lady were welcome and pleasing,  
 The boast of the Geatman; with gold trappings broidered  
 Went the freeborn folk-queen her fond-lord to sit by.

Glee is high.

Then again as of yore was heard in the building

85

Courtly discussion, conquerors shouting,

Heroes were happy, till Healfdenes son would

Go to his slumber to seek for refreshing;

For the horrid hell-monster in the hall-building knew he

A fight was determined, since the light of the sun they

90

No longer could see, and lowering darkness

Oer all had descended, and dark under heaven

Shadowy shapes came shying around them.

Hrothgar retires, leaving Beowulf in charge of the hall.

The liegemen all rose then. One saluted the other,

Hrothgar Beowulf, in rhythmical measures,

95

Wishing him well, and, the wassail-hall giving

To his care and keeping, quoth he departing:

[24]

Not to any one else have I ever entrusted,

But thee and thee only, the hall of the Danemen,

Since high I could heave my hand and my buckler.

100

Take thou in charge now the noblest of houses;

Be mindful of honor, exhibiting prowess,

Watch gainst the foeman! Thou shalt want no enjoyments,

Survive thou safely adventure so glorious!

[1] The repetition of *hwæðere* (574 and 578) is regarded by some scholars as a defect. B. suggests *swá Þær* for the first: *So there it befell me, etc.* Another suggestion is to change the second *hwæðere* into *swá Þær*: *So there I escaped with my life, etc.*

[2] Kl. suggests a period after *determined*. This would give the passage as follows: *Since they no longer could see the light of the sun, and lowering dark-*

44 CHAPTER 10. BEOWULF SILENCES UNFERTH.—GLEE IS HIGH.

*ness was down over all, dire under the heavens shadowy beings came going around them.*

# Chapter 11

## ALL SLEEP SAVE ONE.

Hrothgar retires.

Then Hrothgar departed, his earl-throng attending him,  
Folk-lord of Scyldings, forth from the building;

The war-chieftain wished then Wealhtheow to look for,  
The queen for a bedmate. To keep away Grendel  
God has provided a watch for the hall. 5

The Glory of Kings had given a hall-watch,  
As men heard recounted: for the king of the Danemen  
He did special service, gave the giant a watcher:  
And the prince of the Geatmen implicitly trusted  
Beowulf is self-confident  
His warlike strength and the Wielders protection.  
He prepares for rest. 10

His armor of iron off him he did then,  
His helmet from his head, to his henchman committed  
His chased-handled chain-sword, choicest of weapons,  
And bade him bide with his battle-equipments.

The good one then uttered words of defiance,  
15

Beowulf Geatman, ere his bed he upmounted:  
Beowulf boasts of his ability to cope with Grendel.  
I hold me no meaner in matters of prowess,

In warlike achievements, than Grendel does himself;  
 Hence I seek not with sword-edge to sooth him to slumber,  
 Of life to bereave him, though well I am able.

We will fight with natures weapons only. 20  
 No battle-skill has he, that blows he should strike me,  
 To shatter my shield, though sure he is mighty  
 [25]

In strife and destruction; but struggling by night we  
 Shall do without edges, dare he to look for  
 Weaponless warfare, and wise-mooded Father  
 25

The glory apportion, God ever-holy,  
 God may decide who shall conquer  
 On which hand soever to him seemeth proper.  
 Then the brave-mooded hero bent to his slumber,  
 The pillow received the cheek of the noble;  
 The Geatish warriors lie down.

And many a martial mere-thane attending  
 30

Sank to his slumber. Seemed it unlikely  
 They thought it very unlikely that they should ever see their homes again.  
 That ever thereafter any should hope to  
 Be happy at home, hero-friends visit  
 Or the lordly troop-castle where he lived from his childhood;  
 They had heard how slaughter had snatched from the wine-hall,  
 35

Had recently ravished, of the race of the Scyldings  
 But God raised up a deliverer.

Too many by far. But the Lord to them granted  
 The weaving of war-speed, to Wederish heroes  
 Aid and comfort, that every opponent  
 By one mans war-might they worsted and vanquished,  
 God rules the world. 40

By the might of himself; the truth is established

That God Almighty hath governed for ages  
 Kindreds and nations. A night very lurid  
 Grendel comes to Heorot.

The travler-at-twilight came tramping and striding.  
 The warriors were sleeping who should watch the horned-building,  
 Only one warrior is awake. 45

One only excepted. Mid earthmen twas stablished,  
 Th implacable foeman was powerless to hurl them  
 To the land of shadows, if the Lord were unwilling;  
 But serving as warder, in terror to foemen,  
 He angrily bided the issue of battle.

[1]ǎGr. understood *gódra* as meaning advantages in battle. This rendering H.-So. rejects. The latter takes the passage as meaning that Grendel, though mighty and formidable, has no skill in the art of war.

[2]ǎB. in his masterly articles on Beowulf (P. and B. XII.) rejects the division usually made at this point, *Pá.* (711), usually rendered then, he translates when, and connects its clause with the foregoing sentence. These changes he makes to reduce the number of *cóms* as principal verbs. (Cf. 703, 711, 721.) With all deference to this acute scholar, I must say that it seems to me that the poet is exhausting his resources to bring out clearly the supreme event on which the whole subsequent action turns. First, he (Grendel) came *in the wan night*; second, he came *from the moor*; third, he came *to the hall*. Time, place from which, place to which, are all given.

[26]





## Chapter 12

# GRENDDEL AND BEOWULF.

Grendel comes from the fens.

Neath the cloudy cliffs came from the moor then  
Grendel going, Gods anger bare he.

The monster intended some one of earthmen  
In the hall-building grand to entrap and make way with:  
He goes towards the joyous building. 5

He went under welkin where well he knew of  
The wine-joyous building, brilliant with plating,  
Gold-hall of earthmen. Not the earliest occasion  
This was not his first visit there.

He the home and manor of Hrothgar had sought:  
Neer found he in life-days later nor earlier

10

Hardier hero, hall-thanes more sturdy!

Then came to the building the warrior marching,  
His horrid fingers tear the door open.

Bereft of his joyance. The door quickly opened  
On fire-hinges fastened, when his fingers had touched it;  
The fell one had flung then—his fury so bitter—

15

Open the entrance. Early thereafter  
The foeman trod the shining hall-pavement,  
He strides furiously into the hall.  
Strode he angrily; from the eyes of him glimmered  
A lustre unlovely likest to fire.

He beheld in the hall the heroes in numbers,

20

A circle of kinsmen sleeping together,  
He exults over his supposed prey.  
A throng of thanemen: then his thoughts were exultant,  
He minded to sunder from each of the thanemen  
The life from his body, horrible demon,  
Ere morning came, since fate had allowed him

Fate has decreed that he shall devour no more heroes. Beowulf suffers from  
suspense. 25

The prospect of plenty. Providence willed not  
To permit him any more of men under heaven  
To eat in the night-time. Higelacs kinsman  
Great sorrow endured how the dire-mooded creature  
[27]

In unlooked-for assaults were likely to bear him.

30

No thought had the monster of deferring the matter,  
Grendel immediately seizes a sleeping warrior, and devours him.  
But on earliest occasion he quickly laid hold of  
A soldier asleep, suddenly tore him,  
Bit his bone-prison, the blood drank in currents,  
Swallowed in mouthfuls: he soon had the dead mans

35

Feet and hands, too, eaten entirely.  
Nearer he strode then, the stout-hearted warrior  
Beowulf and Grendel grapple.  
Snatched as he slumbered, seizing with hand-grip,

Forward the foeman foined with his hand;  
Caught he quickly the cunning deviser,

40

On his elbow he rested. This early discovered  
The master of malice, that in middle-earths regions,  
Neath the whole of the heavens, no hand-grapple greater  
The monster is amazed at Beowulfs strength.

In any man else had he ever encountered:  
Fearful in spirit, faint-mooded waxed he,

45

Not off could betake him; death he was pondering,  
He is anxious to flee.

Would fly to his covert, seek the devils assembly:  
His calling no more was the same he had followed  
Long in his lifetime. The liege-kinsman worthy  
Beowulf recalls his boast of the evening, and determines to fulfil it.

Of Higelac minded his speech of the evening,

50

Stood he up straight and stoutly did seize him.

His fingers crackled; the giant was outward,  
The earl stepped farther. The famous one minded  
To flee away farther, if he found an occasion,  
And off and away, avoiding delay,

55

To fly to the fen-moors; he fully was ware of  
The strength of his grapple in the grip of the foeman.  
Twas a luckless day for Grendel.

Twas an ill-taken journey that the injury-bringing,  
Harrying harmer to Heorot wandered:  
The hall groans.

The palace re-echoed; to all of the Danemen,

60

Dwellers in castles, to each of the bold ones,  
Earlmen, was terror. Angry they both were,

Archwarders raging. Rattled the building;

[28]

Tw'as a marvellous wonder that the wine-hall withstood then

The bold-in-battle, bent not to earthward,

65

Excellent earth-hall; but within and without it

Was fastened so firmly in fetters of iron,

By the art of the armorer. Off from the sill there

Bent mead-benches many, as men have informed me,

Adorned with gold-work, where the grim ones did struggle.

70

The Scylding wise men weened neer before

That by might and main-strength a man under heaven

Might break it in pieces, bone-decked, resplendent,

Crush it by cunning, unless clutch of the fire

In smoke should consume it. The sound mounted upward

Grendels cries terrify the Danes. 75

Novel enough; on the North Danes fastened

A terror of anguish, on all of the men there

Who heard from the wall the weeping and plaining,

The song of defeat from the foeman of heaven,

Heard him hymns of horror howl, and his sorrow

80

Hell-bound bewailing. He held him too firmly

Who was strongest of main-strength of men of that era.

[1]ǎB. and t.B. emend so as to make lines 9 and 10 read: *Never in his life, earlier or later, had he, the hell-thane, found a braver hero.*—They argue that Beowulfs companions had done nothing to merit such encomiums as the usual readings allow them.

[2]ǎFor réðe rén-weardas (771), t.B. suggests réðe, rénhearde. Translate: *They were both angry, raging and mighty.*

## Chapter 13

# GRENDEL IS VANQUISHED.

Beowulf has no idea of letting Grendel live.

For no cause whatever would the earlmen's defender  
Leave in life-joys the loathsome newcomer,  
He deemed his existence utterly useless  
To men under heaven. Many a noble

5

Of Beowulf brandished his battle-sword old,  
Would guard the life of his lord and protector,  
The far-famous chieftain, if able to do so;  
While waging the warfare, this wist they but little,  
Brave battle-thanes, while his body intending  
No weapon would harm Grendel; he bore a charmed life. 10  
To slit into slivers, and seeking his spirit:

That the relentless foeman nor finest of weapons  
Of all on the earth, nor any of war-bills

[29]

Was willing to injure; but weapons of victory  
Swords and suchlike he had sworn to dispense with.

15

His death at that time must prove to be wretched,  
And the far-away spirit widely should journey  
Into enemies power. This plainly he saw then  
Who with mirth of mood malice no little  
Had wrought in the past on the race of the earthmen  
20  
(To God he was hostile), that his body would fail him,  
But Higelacs hardy henchman and kinsman  
Held him by the hand; hateful to other  
Grendel is sorely wounded.  
Was each one if living. A body-wound suffered  
The direful demon, damage incurable  
His body bursts. 25  
Was seen on his shoulder, his sinews were shivered,  
His body did burst. To Beowulf was given  
Glory in battle; Grendel from thenceward  
Must flee and hide him in the fen-cliffs and marshes,  
Sick unto death, his dwelling must look for  
30  
Unwinsome and woful; he wist the more fully  
The monster flees away to hide in the moors.  
The end of his earthly existence was nearing,  
His life-days limits. At last for the Danemen,  
When the slaughter was over, their wish was accomplished.  
The comer-from-far-land had cleansed then of evil,  
35  
Wise and valiant, the war-hall of Hrothgar,  
Saved it from violence. He joyed in the night-work,  
In repute for prowess; the prince of the Geatmen  
For the East-Danish people his boast had accomplished,  
Bettered their burdensome bale-sorrows fully,  
40  
The craft-begot evil they erstwhile had suffered  
And were forced to endure from crushing oppression,

Their manifold misery. Twas a manifest token,  
Beowulf suspends Grendels hand and arm in Heorot.  
When the hero-in-battle the hand suspended,  
The arm and the shoulder (there was all of the claw  
45

Of Grendel together) neath great-stretching hall-roof.

[1] It has been proposed to translate *myrðe* by *with sorrow*; but there seems no authority for such a rendering. To the present translator, the phrase *módes myrðe* seems a mere padding for *gladly*; i.e., *he who gladly harassed mankind*.

[30]





## Chapter 14

# REJOICING OF THE DANES.

At early dawn, warriors from far and near come together to hear of the nights adventures.

In the mist of the morning many a warrior  
Stood round the gift-hall, as the story is told me:  
Folk-princes fared then from far and from near  
Through long-stretching journeys to look at the wonder,

5

The footprints of the foeman. Few of the warriors  
Few warriors lamented Grendels destruction.  
Who gazed on the foot-tracks of the inglorious creature  
His parting from life pained very deeply,  
How, weary in spirit, off from those regions  
In combats conquered he carried his traces,

10

Fated and flying, to the flood of the nickers.  
Grendels blood dyes the waters.  
There in bloody billows bubbled the currents,  
The angry eddy was everywhere mingled  
And seething with gore, welling with sword-blood;

He death-doomed had hid him, when reaved of his joyance

15

He laid down his life in the lair he had fled to,  
His heathenish spirit, where hell did receive him.

Thence the friends from of old backward turned them,

And many a younker from merry adventure,

Striding their stallions, stout from the seaward,

20

Heroes on horses. There were heard very often

Beowulf is the hero of the hour.

Beowulfs praises; many often asserted

That neither south nor north, in the circuit of waters,

He is regarded as a probable successor to Hrothgar.

Oer outstretching earth-plain, none other was better

Mid bearers of war-shields, more worthy to govern,

25

Neath the arch of the ether. Not any, however,

Gainst the friend-lord muttered, mocking-words uttered

But no word is uttered to derogate from the old king

Of Hrothgar the gracious (a good king he).

Oft the famed ones permitted their fallow-skinned horses

[31]

To run in rivalry, racing and chasing,

30

Where the fieldways appeared to them fair and inviting,

Known for their excellence; oft a thane of the folk-lord,

The gleeman sings the deeds of heroes.

A man of celebrity, mindful of rhythms,

Who ancient traditions treasured in memory,

New word-groups found properly bound:

35

The bard after gan then Beowulfs venture

He sings in alliterative measures of Beowulfs prowess.

Wisely to tell of, and words that were clever

To utter skilfully, earnestly speaking,  
 Everything told he that he heard as to Sigmunds  
 Also of Sigemund, who has slain a great fire-dragon.  
 Mighty achievements, many things hidden,  
 40

The strife of the Wælsing, the wide-going ventures  
 The children of men knew of but little,  
 The feud and the fury, but Fitela with him,  
 When suchlike matters he minded to speak of,  
 Uncle to nephew, as in every contention  
 45

Each to other was ever devoted:  
 A numerous host of the race of the scathers  
 They had slain with the sword-edge. To Sigmund accrued then  
 No little of glory, when his life-days were over,  
 Since he sturdy in struggle had destroyed the great dragon,  
 50

The hoard-treasures keeper; neath the hoar-grayish stone he,  
 The son of the atheling, unaided adventured  
 The perilous project; not present was Fitela,  
 Yet the fortune befell him of forcing his weapon  
 Through the marvellous dragon, that it stood in the wall,  
 55

Well-honored weapon; the worm was slaughtered.  
 The great one had gained then by his glorious achievement  
 To reap from the ring-hoard richest enjoyment,  
 [32]

As best it did please him: his vessel he loaded,  
 Shining ornaments on the ships bosom carried,  
 60

Kinsman of Wæls: the drake in heat melted.  
 Sigemund was widely famed.  
 He was farthest famed of fugitive pilgrims,  
 Mid wide-scattered world-folk, for works of great prowess,

War-troopers shelter: hence waxed he in honor.  
Heremod, an unfortunate Danish king, is introduced by way of contrast.  
Afterward Heremods hero-strength failed him,

65

His vigor and valor. Mid venomous haters  
To the hands of foemen he was foully delivered,  
Offdriven early. Agony-billows  
Unlike Sigemund and Beowulf, Heremod was a burden to his people.  
Oppressed him too long, to his people he became then,  
To all the athelings, an ever-great burden;

70

And the daring ones journey in days of yore  
Many wise men were wont to deplore,  
Such as hoped he would bring them help in their sorrow,  
That the son of their ruler should rise into power,  
Holding the headship held by his fathers,

75

Should govern the people, the gold-hoard and borough,  
The kingdom of heroes, the realm of the Scyldings.

Beowulf is an honor to his race.

He to all men became then far more beloved,  
Higelacs kinsman, to kindreds and races,  
To his friends much dearer; him malice assaulted.—

The story is resumed. 80

Oft running and racing on roadsters they measured  
The dun-colored highways. Then the light of the morning  
Was hurried and hastened. Went henchmen in numbers  
To the beautiful building, bold ones in spirit,  
To look at the wonder; the liegelord himself then

85

From his wife-bower wending, warden of treasures,  
Glorious trod with troopers unnumbered,  
Famed for his virtues, and with him the queen-wife  
Measured the mead-ways, with maidens attending.

[1] S. emends, suggesting déop for déog, and removing semicolon after wéol. The two half-lines welling hid him would then read: *The bloody deep welled with sword-gore*. B. accepts déop for déog, but reads déað-fæges: *The deep boiled with the sword-gore of the death-doomed one*.

[2] Another and quite different rendering of this passage is as follows: *Oft a liegeman of the king, a fame-covered man mindful of songs, who very many ancient traditions remembered (he found other word-groups accurately bound together) began afterward to tell of Beowulfs adventure, skilfully to narrate it, etc.*

[3] Might guma gilp-hladen mean a man laden with boasts of the deeds of others?

[4] t.B. accepts B.s hé þæs áron þáh as given by H.-So., but puts a comma after þáh, and takes siððan as introducing a dependent clause: *He throve in honor since Heremods strength had decreased*.

[33]



## Chapter 15

# HROTHGARS GRATITUDE.

Hrothgar discoursed (to the hall-building went he,  
He stood by the pillar, saw the steep-rising hall-roof  
Gleaming with gold-gems, and Grendel his hand there):  
Hrothgar gives thanks for the overthrow of the monster.  
For the sight we behold now, thanks to the Wielder  
5  
Early be offered! Much evil I bided,  
Snaring from Grendel: God can eer accomplish  
Wonder on wonder, Wielder of Glory!  
I had given up all hope, when this brave liegeman came to our aid.  
But lately I reckoned neer under heaven  
Comfort to gain me for any of sorrows,  
10  
While the handsomest of houses horrid with bloodstain  
Gory uptowered; grief had offfrightened  
Each of the wise ones who weened not that ever  
The folk-troops defences gainst foes they should strengthen,  
Gainst sprites and monsters. Through the might of the Wielder  
15

A doughty retainer hath a deed now accomplished  
 Which erstwhile we all with our excellent wisdom  
 If his mother yet liveth, well may she thank God for this son.  
 Failed to perform. May affirm very truly  
 What woman soever in all of the nations  
 Gave birth to the child, if yet she surviveth,  
 20

That the long-ruling Lord was lavish to herward  
 In the birth of the bairn. Now, Beowulf dear,  
 Hereafter, Beowulf, thou shalt be my son.  
 Most excellent hero, Ill love thee in spirit  
 As bairn of my body; bear well henceforward  
 The relationship new. No lack shall befall thee  
 25

Of earth-joys any I ever can give thee.  
 Full often for lesser service Ive given  
 [34]

Hero less hardy hoard-treasure precious,  
 Thou hast won immortal distinction.  
 To a weaker in war-strife. By works of distinction  
 Thou hast gained for thyself now that thy glory shall flourish  
 30

Forever and ever. The All-Ruler quite thee  
 With good from His hand as He hitherto did thee!  
 Beowulf replies: I was most happy to render thee this service.  
 Beowulf answered, Ecgtheows offspring:  
 That labor of glory most gladly achieved we,  
 The combat accomplished, unquailing we ventured  
 35

The enemys grapple; I would grant it much rather  
 Thou wert able to look at the creature in person,  
 Faint unto falling, the foe in his trappings!  
 On murder-bed quickly I minded to bind him,  
 With firm-holding fetters, that forced by my grapple



40

Low he should lie in life-and-death struggle  
 Less his body escape; I was wholly unable,  
 I could not keep the monster from escaping, as God did not will that I  
 should.

Since God did not will it, to keep him from going,  
 Not held him that firmly, hated opposer;  
 Too swift was the foeman. Yet safety regarding  
 45

He suffered his hand behind him to linger,  
 His arm and shoulder, to act as watcher;  
 He left his hand and arm behind.  
 No shadow of solace the woe-begone creature  
 Found him there nathless: the hated destroyer  
 Liveth no longer, lashed for his evils,  
 50

But sorrow hath seized him, in snare-meshes hath him  
 Close in its clutches, keepeth him writhing  
 In baleful bonds: there banished for evil  
 The man shall wait for the mighty tribunal,  
 God will give him his deserts.  
 How the God of glory shall give him his earnings.  
 55

Then the soldier kept silent, son of old Ecglaf,  
 Unferth has nothing more to say, for Beowulfs actions speak louder than  
 words.

From boasting and bragging of battle-achievements,  
 Since the princes beheld there the hand that depended  
 Neath the lofty hall-timbers by the might of the nobleman,  
 Each one before him, the enemys fingers;

60

Each finger-nail strong steel most resembled,  
 The heathen ones hand-spur, the hero-in-battles  
 Claw most uncanny; quoth they agreeing,

[35] No sword will harm the monster.  
 That not any excellent edges of brave ones  
 Was willing to touch him, the terrible creatures

65

Battle-hand bloody to bear away from him.

[1]ǎB. and t.B. read *stapole*, and translate *stood on the floor*.

[2]ǎFor snaring from Grendel, sorrows at Grendels hands has been suggested. This gives a parallel to *láðes*. Grynna may well be gen. pl. of *gyrn*, by a scribal slip.

[3]ǎThe H.-So punctuation has been followed; but B. has been followed in understanding *gehwyrcne* as object of *wíd-scofen* (*hæfde*). Gr. construes *wéa* as nom abs.

## Chapter 16

# HROTHGAR LAVISHES GIFTS UPON HIS DELIVERER.

Heorot is adorned with hands.

Then straight was ordered that Heorot inside  
With hands be embellished: a host of them gathered,  
Of men and women, who the wassailing-building  
The guest-hall begeared. Gold-flashing sparkled  
5

Webs on the walls then, of wonders a many  
To each of the heroes that look on such objects.  
The hall is defaced, however.

The beautiful building was broken to pieces  
Which all within with irons was fastened,  
Its hinges torn off: only the roof was  
10

Whole and uninjured when the horrible creature  
Outlawed for evil off had betaken him,  
Hopeless of living. Tis hard to avoid it  
[A vague passage of five verses.]

68 CHAPTER 16. HROTHGAR LAVISHES GIFTS UPON HIS DELIVERER.

(Whoever will do it!); but he doubtless must come to  
The place awaiting, as Wyrð hath appointed,

15

Soul-bearers, earth-dwellers, earls under heaven,  
Where bound on its bed his body shall slumber

Hrothgar goes to the banquet.

When feasting is finished. Full was the time then

That the son of Healfdene went to the building;

[36]

The excellent atheling would eat of the banquet.

20

Neer heard I that people with hero-band larger

Bare them better towards their bracelet-bestower.

The laden-with-glory stooped to the bench then

(Their kinsmen-companions in plenty were joyful,

Many a cupful quaffing complaisantly),

25

Doughty of spirit in the high-towering palace,

Hrothgar's nephew, Hrothulf, is present.

Hrothgar and Hrothulf. Heorot then inside

Was filled with friendly ones; falsehood and treachery

The Folk-Scyldings now nowise did practise.

Hrothgar lavishes gifts upon Beowulf.

Then the offspring of Healfdene offered to Beowulf

30

A golden standard, as reward for the victory,

A banner embossed, burnie and helmet;

Many men saw then a song-famous weapon

Borne fore the hero. Beowulf drank of

The cup in the building; that treasure-bestowing

35

He needed not blush for in battle-men's presence.

Four handsomer gifts were never presented.

Neer heard I that many men on the ale-bench

In friendlier fashion to their fellows presented  
 Four bright jewels with gold-work embellished.  
 Round the roof of the helmet a head-guarder outside  
 40

Braided with wires, with bosses was furnished,  
 That swords-for-the-battle fight-hardened might fail  
 Boldly to harm him, when the hero proceeded  
 Hrothgar commands that eight finely caparisoned steeds be brought to Beowulf.

Forth against foemen. The defender of earls then  
 Commanded that eight steeds with bridles  
 45

Gold-plated, gleaming, be guided to hallward,  
 Inside the building; on one of them stood then  
 An art-broidered saddle embellished with jewels;  
 Twas the sovereigns seat, when the son of King Healfdene  
 Was pleased to take part in the play of the edges;  
 50

The famous ones valor neer failed at the front when  
 Slain ones were bowing. And to Beowulf granted  
 The prince of the Ingwins, power over both,  
 Oer war-steeds and weapons; bade him well to enjoy them.  
 In so manly a manner the mighty-famed chieftain,  
 [37] 55

Hoard-ward of heroes, with horses and jewels  
 War-storms requited, that none eer condemneth  
 Who willeth to tell truth with full justice.

[1]ǎKl. suggests hroden for háten, and renders: *Then quickly was Heorot adorned within, with hands bedecked.*—B. suggests gefrætwon instead of gefrætwod, and renders: *Then was it commanded to adorn Heorot within quickly with hands.*—The former has the advantage of affording a parallel to gefrætwod: both have the disadvantage of altering the text.

[2]ǎThe passage 1005-1009 seems to be hopeless. One difficult point is to find a subject for gesacan. Some say he; others supply each, *i.e., every soul-*

70CHAPTER 16. HROTHGAR LAVISHES GIFTS UPON HIS DELIVERER.

*bearer must gain the inevitable place.* The genitives in this case are partitive.—If he be subj., the genitives are dependent on gearwe (= prepared).—The he itself is disputed, some referring it to Grendel; but B. takes it as involved in the parenthesis.

## Chapter 17

# BANQUET (*continued*).—THE SCOPS SONG OF FINN AND HNÆF.

Each of Beowulf's companions receives a costly gift.

And the atheling of earlmen to each of the heroes  
Who the ways of the waters went with Beowulf,  
A costly gift-token gave on the mead-bench,  
Offered an heirloom, and ordered that that man  
The warrior killed by Grendel is to be paid for in gold. 5  
With gold should be paid for, whom Grendel had erstwhile  
Wickedly slaughtered, as he more of them had done  
Had far-seeing God and the mood of the hero  
The fate not averted: the Father then governed  
All of the earth-dwellers, as He ever is doing;  
10

Hence insight for all men is everywhere fittest,  
Forethought of spirit! much he shall suffer  
Of lief and of loathsome who long in this present

Useth the world in this woful existence.

There was music and merriment mingling together

Hrothgars scop recalls events in the reign of his lords father. 15

Touching Healfdenes leader; the joy-wood was fingered,

Measures recited, when the singer of Hrothgar

On mead-bench should mention the merry hall-joyance

Of the kinsmen of Finn, when onset surprised them:

Hnæf, the Danish general, is treacherously attacked while staying at Finns castle.

The Half-Danish hero, Hnæf of the Scyldings,

20

On the field of the Frisians was fated to perish.

Sure Hildeburg needed not mention approving

The faith of the Jutemen: though blameless entirely,

Queen Hildeburg is not only wife of Finn, but a kinswoman of the murdered Hnæf.

When shields were shivered she was shorn of her darlings,

Of bairns and brothers: they bent to their fate

25

With war-spear wounded; woe was that woman.

Not causeless lamented the daughter of Hoce

The decree of the Wielder when morning-light came and

She was able neath heaven to behold the destruction

[38]

Of brothers and bairns, where the brightest of earth-joys

Finns force is almost exterminated. 30

She had hitherto had: all the henchmen of Finn

War had oftaken, save a handful remaining,

That he nowise was able to offer resistance

Hengest succeeds Hnæf as Danish general.

To the onset of Hengest in the parley of battle,

Nor the wretched remnant to rescue in war from

35

The earl of the atheling; but they offered conditions,



Compact between the Frisians and the Danes.  
 Another great building to fully make ready,  
 A hall and a high-seat, that half they might rule with  
 The sons of the Jutemen, and that Folcwaldas son would  
 Day after day the Danemen honor

40

When gifts were giving, and grant of his ring-store  
 To Hengests earl-troop ever so freely,  
 Of his gold-plated jewels, as he encouraged the Frisians  
 Equality of gifts agreed on.  
 On the bench of the beer-hall. On both sides they swore then  
 A fast-binding compact; Finn unto Hengest

45

With no thought of revoking vowed then most solemnly  
 The woe-begone remnant well to take charge of,  
 His Witan advising; the agreement should no one  
 By words or works weaken and shatter,  
 By artifice ever injure its value,

50

Though reaved of their ruler their ring-givers slayer  
 They followed as vassals, Fate so requiring:  
 No one shall refer to old grudges.  
 Then if one of the Frisians the quarrel should speak of  
 In tones that were taunting, terrible edges  
 Should cut in requital. Accomplished the oath was,

55

And treasure of gold from the hoard was uplifted.  
 Danish warriors are burned on a funeral-pyre.  
 The best of the Scylding braves was then fully  
 Prepared for the pile; at the pyre was seen clearly  
 The blood-gory burnie, the boar with his gilding,  
 The iron-hard swine, athelings many

60

Fatally wounded; no few had been slaughtered.

Hildeburg bade then, at the burning of Hnæf,  
 [39] Queen Hildeburg has her son burnt along with Hnæf.  
 The bairn of her bosom to bear to the fire,  
 That his body be burned and borne to the pyre.  
 The woe-stricken woman wept on his shoulder,  
 65

In measures lamented; upmounted the hero.  
 The greatest of dead-fires curled to the welkin,  
 On the hills-front crackled; heads were a-melting,  
 Wound-doors bursting, while the blood was a-coursing  
 From body-bite fierce. The fire devoured them,  
 70

Greediest of spirits, whom war had offcarried  
 From both of the peoples; their bravest were fallen.

[1]ǎFor 1084, R. suggests *wiht Hengeste wið gefeohtan*.—K. suggests *wið Hengeste wiht gefeohtan*. Neither emendation would make any essential change in the translation.

[2]ǎThe separation of adjective and noun by a phrase (cf. v. 1118) being very unusual, some scholars have put *earme* on *eaxle* with the foregoing lines, inserting a semicolon after *eaxle*. In this case *on eaxe* (*i.e.*, on the ashes, cinders) is sometimes read, and this affords a parallel to *on bæl*. Let us hope that a satisfactory rendering shall yet be reached without resorting to any tampering with the text, such as Lichtenheld proposed: *earme ides on eaxle gnornode*.

[3]ǎFor *gúð-rinc*, *gúð-réc*, *battle-smoke*, has been suggested.

## Chapter 18

# THE FINN EPISODE (*continued*).—THE BANQUET CONTINUES.

The survivors go to Friesland, the home of Finn.

Then the warriors departed to go to their dwellings,  
Reaved of their friends, Friesland to visit,  
Their homes and high-city. Hengest continued  
Hengest remains there all winter, unable to get away.  
Biding with Finn the blood-tainted winter,

5

Wholly unsundered; of fatherland thought he  
Though unable to drive the ring-stemmèd vessel

[40]

Oer the ways of the waters; the wave-deeps were tossing,  
Fought with the wind; winter in ice-bonds  
Closed up the currents, till there came to the dwelling

10

A year in its course, as yet it revolveth,  
If season propitious one alway regardeth,  
World-cheering weathers. Then winter was gone,

Earths bosom was lovely; the exile would get him,  
 He devises schemes of vengeance.  
 The guest from the palace; on grewsomest vengeance  
 15

He brooded more eager than on oversea journeys,  
 Wher onset-of-anger he were able to accomplish,  
 The bairns of the Jutemen therein to remember.  
 Nowise refused he the duties of liegeman  
 When Hun of the Frisians the battle-sword Láfing,  
 20

Fairest of falchions, friendly did give him:  
 Its edges were famous in folk-talk of Jutland.  
 And savage sword-fury seized in its clutches  
 Bold-mooded Finn where he bode in his palace,  
 Guthlaf and Oslaf revenge Hnæfs slaughter.  
 When the grewsome grapple Guthlaf and Oslaf  
 25

Had mournfully mentioned, the mere-journey over,  
 For sorrows half-blamed him; the flickering spirit  
 Could not bide in his bosom. Then the building was covered  
 Finn is slain.

With corpses of foemen, and Finn too was slaughtered,  
 The king with his comrades, and the queen made a prisoner.  
 The jewels of Finn, and his queen are carried away by the Danes. 30  
 The troops of the Scyldings bore to their vessels  
 All that the land-king had in his palace,  
 Such trinkets and treasures they took as, on searching,  
 At Finns they could find. They ferried to Daneland  
 The excellent woman on oversea journey,  
 The lay is concluded, and the main story is resumed. 35  
 Led her to their land-folk. The lay was concluded,  
 The gleemans recital. Shouts again rose then,  
 Bench-glee resounded, bearers then offered  
 Skinkers carry round the beaker.

Wine from wonder-vats. Wealhtheo advanced then  
 Going neath gold-crown, where the good ones were seated  
 [41] Queen Wealhtheow greets Hrothgar, as he sits beside Hrothulf, his  
 nephew. 40

Uncle and nephew; their peace was yet mutual,  
 True each to the other. And Unferth the spokesman  
 Sat at the feet of the lord of the Scyldings:  
 Each trusted his spirit that his mood was courageous,  
 Though at fight he had failed in faith to his kinsmen.  
 45

Said the queen of the Scyldings: My lord and protector,  
 Treasure-bestower, take thou this beaker;  
 Joyance attend thee, gold-friend of heroes,  
 Be generous to the Geats.  
 And greet thou the Geatmen with gracious responses!  
 So ought one to do. Be kind to the Geatmen,  
 50

In gifts not niggardly; anear and afar now  
 Peace thou enjoyest. Report hath informed me  
 Thoult have for a bairn the battle-brave hero.  
 Now is Heorot cleansèd, ring-palace gleaming;  
 Have as much joy as possible in thy hall, once more purified.  
 Give while thou mayest many rewards,  
 55

And bequeath to thy kinsmen kingdom and people,  
 On wending thy way to the Wielders splendor.  
 I know good Hrothulf, that the noble young troopers  
 I know that Hrothulf will prove faithful if he survive thee.  
 Hell care for and honor, lord of the Scyldings,  
 If earth-joys thou endest earlier than he doth;  
 60

I reckon that recompense hell render with kindness  
 Our offspring and issue, if that all he remember,  
 What favors of yore, when he yet was an infant,

We awarded to him for his worship and pleasure.

Then she turned by the bench where her sons were carousing,

65

Hrethric and Hrothmund, and the heroes offspring,

Beowulf is sitting by the two royal sons.

The war-youth together; there the good one was sitting

Twixt the brothers twain, Beowulf Geatman.

[1]—For 1130 (1) R. and Gr. suggest *elne unflitme* as 1098 (1) reads. The latter verse is undisputed; and, for the former, *elne* would be as possible as *ealles*, and *unflitme* is well supported. Accepting *elne unflitme* for both, I would suggest *very peaceably* for both places: (1) *Finn to Hengest very peaceably vowed with oaths, etc.* (2) *Hengest then still the slaughter-stained winter remained there with Finn very peaceably.* The two passages become thus correlatives, the second a sequel of the first. *Elne*, in the sense of *very* (*swíðe*), needs no argument; and *unflitme* (from *flítan*) can, it seems to me, be more plausibly rendered peaceful, peaceable, than contestable, or conquerable.

[2]—Some scholars have proposed *roden*; the line would then read: *Then the building was reddened, etc.*, instead of covered. The *h* may have been carried over from the three alliterating *hs*.

## Chapter 19

# BEOWULF RECEIVES FURTHER HONOR.

More gifts are offered Beowulf.

A beaker was borne him, and bidding to quaff it  
Graciously given, and gold that was twisted  
Pleasantly proffered, a pair of arm-jewels,  
[42]

Rings and corslet, of collars the greatest

5

I've heard of neath heaven. Of heroes not any  
More splendid from jewels have I heard neath the welkin,

A famous necklace is referred to, in comparison with the gems presented to  
Beowulf.

Since Hama off bore the Brosingmens necklace,  
The bracteates and jewels, from the bright-shining city,  
Eormenrics cunning craftiness fled from,

10

Chose gain everlasting. Geatish Higelac,  
Grandson of Swerting, last had this jewel  
When tramping neath banner the treasure he guarded,  
The field-spoil defended; Fate offcarried him

When for deeds of daring he endured tribulation,  
15

Hate from the Frisians; the ornaments bare he  
Oer the cup of the currents, costly gem-treasures,  
Mighty folk-leader, he fell neath his target;  
The corpse of the king then came into charge of  
The race of the Frankmen, the mail-shirt and collar:  
20

Warmen less noble plundered the fallen,  
When the fight was finished; the folk of the Geatmen  
The field of the dead held in possession.  
The choicest of mead-halls with cheering resounded.  
Wealhtheo discoursed, the war-troop addressed she:  
Queen Wealhtheow magnifies Beowulfs achievements. 25  
This collar enjoy thou, Beowulf worthy,  
Young man, in safety, and use thou this armor,  
Gems of the people, and prosper thou fully,  
Show thyself sturdy and be to these liegemen  
Mild with instruction! Ill mind thy requital.

30  
Thou hast brought it to pass that far and near  
Forever and ever earthmen shall honor thee,  
Even so widely as ocean surroundeth  
The blustering bluffs. Be, while thou livest,  
[43]

A wealth-blessèd atheling. I wish thee most truly  
May gifts never fail thee. 35  
Jewels and treasure. Be kind to my son, thou  
Living in joyance! Here each of the nobles  
Is true unto other, gentle in spirit,  
Loyal to leader. The liegemen are peaceful,  
The war-troops ready: well-drunken heroes,  
40

Do as I bid ye. Then she went to the settle.



There was choicest of banquets, wine drank the heroes:  
 They little know of the sorrow in store for them.  
 Weird they knew not, destiny cruel,  
 As to many an earlman early it happened,  
 When evening had come and Hrothgar had parted  
 45

Off to his manor, the mighty to slumber.  
 Warriors unnumbered warded the building  
 As erst they did often: the ale-settle bared they,  
 Twas covered all over with beds and pillows.  
 A doomed thane is there with them.  
 Doomed unto death, down to his slumber  
 50

Bowed then a beer-thane. Their battle-shields placed they,  
 Bright-shining targets, up by their heads then;  
 Oer the atheling on ale-bench twas easy to see there  
 Battle-high helmet, burnie of ring-mail,  
 They were always ready for battle.  
 And mighty war-spear. Twas the wont of that people  
 55

To constantly keep them equipped for the battle,  
 At home or marching—in either condition—  
 At seasons just such as necessity ordered  
 As best for their ruler; that people was worthy.

[1]ăC. suggests a semicolon after city, with he as supplied subject of fled and chose.

[2]ăFor feorh S. suggests feoh: corpse in the translation would then be changed to *possessions, belongings*. This is a better reading than one joining, in such intimate syntactical relations, things so unlike as corpse and jewels.

[3]ăS. suggests *wine-joyous heroes, warriors elated with wine*.

[4]ăI believe this translation brings out the meaning of the poet, without departing seriously from the H.-So. text. Oft frequently means constantly, continually, not always often.—Why an (on) wíg gearwe should be written ánwíg-gearwe (= ready for single combat), I cannot see. Gearwe occurs quite

frequently with on; cf. B. 1110 (*ready for the pyre*), El. 222 (*ready for the glad journey*). Moreover, what has the idea of single combat to do with B. 1247 ff.? The poet is giving an inventory of the arms and armor which they lay aside on retiring, and he closes his narration by saying that they were *always prepared for battle both at home and on the march*.

[44]

## Chapter 20

# THE MOTHER OF GRENDEL.

They sank then to slumber. With sorrow one paid for  
His evening repose, as often betid them  
While Grendel was holding the gold-bedecked palace,  
Ill-deeds performing, till his end overtook him,  
5  
Death for his sins. Twas seen very clearly,  
Grendels mother is known to be thirsting for revenge.  
Known unto earth-folk, that still an avenger  
Outlived the loathed one, long since the sorrow  
Caused by the struggle; the mother of Grendel,  
Devil-shaped woman, her woe ever minded,  
10  
Who was held to inhabit the horrible waters,  
[Grendels progenitor, Cain, is again referred to.]  
The cold-flowing currents, after Cain had become a  
Slayer-with-edges to his one only brother,  
The son of his sire; he set out then banished,  
Marked as a murderer, man-joys avoiding,  
15

Lived in the desert. Thence demons unnumbered  
The poet again magnifies Beowulfs valor.  
Fate-sent awoke; one of them Grendel,  
Sword-cursèd, hateful, who at Heorot met with  
A man that was watching, waiting the struggle,  
Where a horrid one held him with hand-grapple sturdy;  
20  
Nathless he minded the might of his body,  
The glorious gift God had allowed him,  
And folk-ruling Fathers favor relied on,  
His help and His comfort: so he conquered the foeman,  
The hell-spirit humbled: he unhappy departed then,  
25  
Reaved of his joyance, journeying to death-haunts,  
Foeman of man. His mother moreover  
Grendels mother comes to avenge her son.  
Eager and gloomy was anxious to go on  
Her mournful mission, mindful of vengeance  
For the death of her son. She came then to Heorot  
[45] 30  
Where the Armor-Dane earlmen all through the building  
Were lying in slumber. Soon there became then  
Return to the nobles, when the mother of Grendel  
Entered the folk-hall; the fear was less grievous  
By even so much as the vigor of maidens,  
35  
War-strength of women, by warrior is reckoned,  
When well-carved weapon, worked with the hammer,  
Blade very bloody, brave with its edges,  
Strikes down the boar-sign that stands on the helmet.  
Then the hard-edgèd weapon was heaved in the building,  
40  
The brand oer the benches, broad-lindens many  
Hand-fast were lifted; for helmet he recked not,

For armor-net broad, whom terror laid hold of.  
 She went then hastily, outward would get her  
 Her life for to save, when some one did spy her;  
 She seizes a favorite liegemen of Hrothgars. 45  
 Soon she had grappled one of the athelings  
 Fast and firmly, when fenward she hied her;  
 That one to Hrothgar was liefest of heroes  
 In rank of retainer where waters encircle,  
 A mighty shield-warrior, whom she murdered at slumber,  
 50

A broadly-famed battle-knight. Beowulf was absent,  
 Beowulf was asleep in another part of the palace.  
 But another apartment was erstwhile devoted  
 To the glory-decked Geatman when gold was distributed.  
 There was hubbub in Heorot. The hand that was famous  
 She grasped in its gore; grief was renewed then  
 [46] 55

In homes and houses: twas no happy arrangement  
 In both of the quarters to barter and purchase  
 With lives of their friends. Then the well-agèd ruler,  
 The gray-headed war-thane, was woful in spirit,  
 When his long-trusted liegeman lifeless he knew of,  
 Beowulf is sent for. 60

His dearest one gone. Quick from a room was  
 Beowulf brought, brave and triumphant.  
 As day was dawning in the dusk of the morning,  
 He comes at Hrothgars summons.  
 Went then that earlman, champion noble,  
 Came with comrades, where the clever one bided  
 65

Whether God all gracious would grant him a respite  
 After the woe he had suffered. The war-worthy hero  
 With a troop of retainers trod then the pavement  
 (The hall-building groaned), till he greeted the wise one,

Beowulf inquires how Hrothgar had enjoyed his nights rest.

The earl of the Ingwins; asked if the night had

70

Fully refreshed him, as fain he would have it.

[1]—Several eminent authorities either read or emend the MS. so as to make this verse read, *While Grendel was wasting the gold-bedecked palace.* So 20—15 below: *ravaged the desert.*

[2]—For sóna (1281), t.B. suggests sára, limiting edhwyrft. Read then: *Return of sorrows to the nobles, etc.* This emendation supplies the syntactical gap after edhwyrft.

[3]—Some authorities follow Greins lexicon in treating heard ecg as an adj. limiting sweord: H.-So. renders it as a subst. (So v. 1491.) The sense of the translation would be the same.

[4]—B. suggests under hróf genam (v. 1303). This emendation, as well as an emendation with (?) to v. 739, he offers, because under baffles him in both passages. All we need is to take under in its secondary meaning of in, which, though not given by Grein, occurs in the literature. Cf. Chron. 876 (Marchs A.-S. Gram. § 355) and Oro. Amaz. I. 10, where under = *in the midst of*. Cf. modern Eng. in such circumstances, which interchanges in good usage with under such circumstances.

[5]—For néod-laðu (1321) C. suggests néad-láðum, and translates: *asked whether the night had been pleasant to him after crushing-hostility.*

## Chapter 21

# HROTHGARS ACCOUNT OF THE MONSTERS.

Hrothgar laments the death of Æschere, his shoulder-companion.

Hrothgar rejoined, helm of the Scyldings:

Ask not of joyance! Grief is renewed to  
The folk of the Danemen. Dead is Æschere,  
Yrmenlafs brother, older than he,

5

My true-hearted counsellor, trusty adviser,  
Shoulder-companion, when fighting in battle  
Our heads we protected, when troopers were clashing,  
He was my ideal hero.

And heroes were dashing; such an earl should be ever,  
An erst-worthy atheling, as Æschere proved him.

10

The flickering death-spirit became in Heorot  
His hand-to-hand murderer; I can not tell whither  
The cruel one turned in the carcass exulting,  
[47] This horrible creature came to avenge Grendels death.  
By cramming discovered. The quarrel she wreaked then,  
That last night igone Grendel thou killedst

15

In grewsomest manner, with grim-holding clutches,  
Since too long he had lessened my liege-troop and wasted  
My folk-men so foully. He fell in the battle  
With forfeit of life, and another has followed,  
A mighty crime-worker, her kinsman avenging,

20

And henceforth hath stablished her hatred unyielding,  
As it well may appear to many a liegeman,  
Who mourneth in spirit the treasure-bestower,  
Her heavy heart-sorrow; the hand is now lifeless  
Which availed you in every wish that you cherished.

I have heard my vassals speak of these two uncanny monsters who lived in  
the moors. 25

Land-people heard I, liegemen, this saying,  
Dwellers in halls, they had seen very often  
A pair of such mighty march-striding creatures,  
Far-dwelling spirits, holding the moorlands:  
One of them wore, as well they might notice,

30

The image of woman, the other one wretched  
In guise of a man wandered in exile,  
Except he was huger than any of earthmen;  
Earth-dwelling people entitled him Grendel  
In days of yore: they know not their father,

35

Wher ill-going spirits any were borne him  
The inhabit the most desolate and horrible places.  
Ever before. They guard the wolf-coverts,  
Lands inaccessible, wind-beaten nesses,  
Fearfullest fen-deeps, where a flood from the mountains  
Neath mists of the nesses netherward rattles,

40

The stream under earth: not far is it henceward



Measured by mile-lengths that the mere-water standeth,  
 Which forests hang over, with frost-whiting covered,  
 [48]

A firm-rooted forest, the floods overshadow.  
 There ever at night one an ill-meaning portent  
 45

A fire-flood may see; mong children of men  
 None liveth so wise that wot of the bottom;  
 Though harassed by hounds the heath-stepper seek for,  
 Even the hounded deer will not seek refuge in these uncanny regions.  
 Fly to the forest, firm-antlered he-deer,  
 Spurred from afar, his spirit he yieldeth,  
 50

His life on the shore, ere in he will venture  
 To cover his head. Uncanny the place is:  
 Thence upward ascendeth the surging of waters,  
 Wan to the welkin, when the wind is stirring  
 The weathers unpleasing, till the air groweth gloomy,  
 To thee only can I look for assistance. 55  
 And the heavens lower. Now is help to be gotten  
 From thee and thee only! The abode thou knowst not,  
 The dangerous place where thou art able to meet with  
 The sin-laden hero: seek if thou darest!  
 For the feud I will fully fee thee with money,  
 60

With old-time treasure, as erstwhile I did thee,  
 With well-twisted jewels, if away thou shalt get thee.

[1]ǎFor gefrægnod (1334), K. and t.B. suggest gefægnod, rendering *rejoicing in her fill*. This gives a parallel to æse wlanc (1333).

[2]ǎThe line And yielding, B. renders: *And she has performed a deed of blood-vengeance whose effect is far-reaching*.

[3]ǎSé þe (1345) is an instance of masc. rel. with fem. antecedent. So v. 1888, where sé þe refers to ylðo.

[4] For hrímge in the H.-So. edition, Gr. and others read hrínde (=hrínende), and translate: *which rustling forests overhang*.

## Chapter 22

# BEOWULF SEEKS GRENDELS MOTHER.

Beowulf answered, Ecgtheows son:

Beowulf exhorts the old king to arouse himself for action.  
Grieve not, O wise one! for each it is better,  
His friend to avenge than with vehemence wail him;  
Each of us must the end-day abide of

5

His earthly existence; who is able accomplish  
Glory ere death! To battle-thane noble  
Lifeless lying, tis at last most fitting.

Arise, O king, quick let us hasten  
To look at the footprint of the kinsman of Grendel!

10

I promise thee this now: to his place hell escape not,  
To embrace of the earth, nor to mountainous forest,  
Nor to depths of the ocean, wherever he wanders.

[49]

Practice thou now patient endurance  
Of each of thy sorrows, as I hope for thee soothly!  
Hrothgar rouses himself. His horse is brought. 15

Then up sprang the old one, the All-Wielder thanked he,  
Ruler Almighty, that the man had outspoken.

Then for Hrothgar a war-horse was decked with a bridle,  
Curly-maned courser. The clever folk-leader  
They start on the track of the female monster.  
Stately proceeded: stepped then an earl-troop

20

Of linden-wood bearers. Her footprints were seen then  
Widely in wood-paths, her way oer the bottoms,  
Where she faraway fared oer fen-country murky,  
Bore away breathless the best of retainers  
Who pondered with Hrothgar the welfare of country.

25

The son of the athelings then went oer the stony,  
Declivitous cliffs, the close-covered passes,  
Narrow passages, paths unfrequented,  
Nesses abrupt, nicker-haunts many;  
One of a few of wise-mooded heroes,

30

He onward advanced to view the surroundings,  
Till he found unawares woods of the mountain  
Oer hoar-stones hanging, holt-wood unjoyful;  
The water stood under, welling and gory.  
Twas irksome in spirit to all of the Danemen,

35

Friends of the Scyldings, to many a liegeman  
The sight of Æsches head causes them great sorrow.  
Sad to be suffered, a sorrow unlittle  
To each of the earlmen, when to Æsches head they  
Came on the cliff. The current was seething  
With blood and with gore (the troopers gazed on it).

40

The horn anon sang the battle-song ready.  
The troop were all seated; they saw long the water then

The water is filled with serpents and sea-dragons.  
 Many a serpent, mere-dragons wondrous  
 Trying the waters, nickers a-lying  
 On the cliffs of the nesses, which at noonday full often  
 45  
 Go on the sea-deeps their sorrowful journey,  
 Wild-beasts and wormkind; away then they hastened  
 One of them is killed by Beowulf.  
 Hot-mooded, hateful, they heard the great clamor,  
 The war-trumpet winding. One did the Geat-prince  
 [50]  
 Sunder from earth-joys, with arrow from bowstring,  
 50  
 From his sea-struggle tore him, that the trusty war-missile  
 The dead beast is a poor swimmer  
 Pierced to his vitals; he proved in the currents  
 Less doughty at swimming whom death had offcarried.  
 Soon in the waters the wonderful swimmer  
 Was straitened most sorely with sword-pointed boar-spears,  
 55  
 Pressed in the battle and pulled to the cliff-edge;  
 The liegemen then looked on the loath-fashioned stranger.  
 Beowulf prepares for a struggle with the monster.  
 Beowulf donned then his battle-equipments,  
 Cared little for life; inlaid and most ample,  
 The hand-woven corslet which could cover his body,  
 60  
 Must the wave-deeps explore, that war might be powerless  
 To harm the great hero, and the hating ones grasp might  
 Not peril his safety; his head was protected  
 By the light-flashing helmet that should mix with the bottoms,  
 Trying the eddies, treasure-emblazoned,  
 65  
 Encircled with jewels, as in seasons long past

The weapon-smith worked it, wondrously made it,  
With swine-bodies fashioned it, that thenceforward no longer  
Brand might bite it, and battle-sword hurt it.

And that was not least of helpers in prowess  
He has Unferth's sword in his hand. 70

That Hrothgar's spokesman had lent him when straitened;  
And the hilted hand-sword was Hrunting entitled,  
Old and most excellent among all of the treasures;  
Its blade was of iron, blotted with poison,  
Hardened with gore; it failed not in battle

75

Any hero under heaven in hand who it brandished,  
Who ventured to take the terrible journeys,  
The battle-field sought; not the earliest occasion  
That deeds of daring twas destined to accomplish.  
Unferth has little use for swords.

Ecglaf's kinsman minded not soothly,

80

Exulting in strength, what erst he had spoken  
Drunken with wine, when the weapon he lent to  
A sword-hero bolder; himself did not venture  
Neath the strife of the currents his life to endanger,  
[51]

To fame-deeds perform; there he forfeited glory,

85

Repute for his strength. Not so with the other  
When he clad in his corslet had equipped him for battle.

## Chapter 23

# BEOWULFS FIGHT WITH GRENDELS MOTHER.

Beowulf makes a parting speech to Hrothgar.

Beowulf spake, Ecgtheows son:

Recall now, oh, famous kinsman of Healfdene,

Prince very prudent, now to part I am ready,

Gold-friend of earlmen, what erst we agreed on,

If I fail, act as a kind liegeland to my thanes, 5

Should I lay down my life in lending thee assistance,

When my earth-joys were over, thou wouldst evermore serve me

In stead of a father; my faithful thanemen,

My trusty retainers, protect thou and care for,

Fall I in battle: and, Hrothgar beloved,

and send Higelac the jewels thou hast given me 10

Send unto Higelac the high-valued jewels

Thou to me hast allotted. The lord of the Geatmen

May perceive from the gold, the Hrethling may see it

I should like my king to know how generous a lord I found thee to be.

When he looks on the jewels, that a gem-giver found I

Good over-measure, enjoyed him while able.

15

And the ancient heirloom Unferth permit thou,  
The famed one to have, the heavy-sword splendid  
The hard-edged weapon; with Hrunting to aid me,  
I shall gain me glory, or grim-death shall take me.  
Beowulf is eager for the fray.

The atheling of Geatmen uttered these words and  
20

Heroic did hasten, not any rejoinder  
Was willing to wait for; the wave-current swallowed  
He is a whole day reaching the bottom of the sea.  
The doughty-in-battle. Then a days-length elapsed ere  
He was able to see the sea at its bottom.

Early she found then who fifty of winters  
25

The course of the currents kept in her fury,  
Grisly and greedy, that the grim ones dominion  
[52] Grendels mother knows that some one has reached her domains.  
Some one of men from above was exploring.

Forth did she grab them, grappled the warrior  
With horrible clutches; yet no sooner she injured  
30

His body unscathed: the burnie out-guarded,  
That she proved but powerless to pierce through the armor,  
The limb-mail locked, with loath-grabbing fingers.  
The sea-wolf bare then, when bottomward came she,  
She grabs him, and bears him to her den.

The ring-prince homeward, that he after was powerless  
35

(He had daring to do it) to deal with his weapons,  
But many a mere-beast tormented him swimming,  
Sea-monsters bite and strike him.

Flood-beasts no few with fierce-biting tusks did  
Break through his burnie, the brave one pursued they.  
The earl then discovered he was down in some cavern



40

Where no water whatever anywise harmed him,  
 And the clutch of the current could come not anear him,  
 Since the roofed-hall prevented; brightness a-gleaming  
 Fire-light he saw, flashing resplendent.

The good one saw then the sea-bottoms monster,  
 Beowulf attacks the mother of Grendel. 45

The mighty mere-woman; he made a great onset  
 With weapon-of-battle, his hand not desisted  
 From striking, that war-blade struck on her head then  
 A battle-song greedy. The stranger perceived then  
 The sword will not bite.

The sword would not bite, her life would not injure,  
 50

But the falchion failed the folk-prince when straitened:  
 Erst had it often onsets encountered,  
 Oft cloven the helmet, the fated ones armor:  
 Twas the first time that ever the excellent jewel  
 Had failed of its fame. Firm-mooded after,  
 55

Not heedless of valor, but mindful of glory,  
 Was Higelacs kinsman; the hero-chief angry  
 Cast then his carved-sword covered with jewels  
 That it lay on the earth, hard and steel-pointed;  
 The hero throws down all weapons, and again trusts to his hand-grip.  
 He hoped in his strength, his hand-grapple sturdy.

60

So any must act whenever he thinketh  
 To gain him in battle glory unending,  
 And is reckless of living. The lord of the War-Geats  
 [53]

(He shrank not from battle) seized by the shoulder  
 The mother of Grendel; then mighty in struggle

65

Swung he his enemy, since his anger was kindled,  
 That she fell to the floor. With furious grapple  
 Beowulf falls.  
 She gave him requital early thereafter,  
 And stretched out to grab him; the strongest of warriors  
 Faint-mooded stumbled, till he fell in his traces,  
 The monster sits on him with drawn sword. 70  
 Foot-going champion. Then she sat on the hall-guest  
 And wielded her war-knife wide-bladed, flashing,  
 For her son would take vengeance, her one only bairn.  
 His armor saves his life.  
 His breast-armor woven bode on his shoulder;  
 It guarded his life, the entrance defended  
 75  
 Gainst sword-point and edges. Ecgtheows son there  
 Had fatally journeyed, champion of Geatmen,  
 In the arms of the ocean, had the armor not given,  
 Close-woven corslet, comfort and succor,  
 God arranged for his escape.  
 And had God most holy not awarded the victory,  
 80  
 All-knowing Lord; easily did heavens  
 Ruler most righteous arrange it with justice;  
 Uprose he erect ready for battle.

[1]ǎKl. emends wæl-sweord. The half-line would then read, *the battle-sword splendid*.—For heard-ecg in next half-verse, see note to 20ǎ39 above.

[2]ǎSw., R., and t.B. suggest feaxe for eaxle (1538) and render: *Seized by the hair*.

[3]ǎIf hand-léan be accepted (as the MS. has it), the line will read: *She hand-reward gave him early thereafter*.

[4]ǎSw. and S. change H.-So.s semicolon (v. 1557) to a comma, and translate: *The Ruler of Heaven arranged it in justice easily, after he arose again*.

## Chapter 24

# BEOWULF IS DOUBLE-CONQUEROR.

Beowulf grasps a giant-sword,

Then he saw mid the war-gems a weapon of victory,

An ancient giant-sword, of edges a-doughty,

Glory of warriors: of weapons twas choicest,

Only twas larger than any man else was

[54] 5

Able to bear to the battle-encounter,

The good and splendid work of the giants.

He grasped then the sword-hilt, knight of the Scyldings,

Bold and battle-grim, brandished his ring-sword,

Hopeless of living, hotly he smote her,

10

That the fiend-womans neck firmly it grappled,

and fells the female monster.

Broke through her bone-joints, the bill fully pierced her

Fate-cursèd body, she fell to the ground then:

The hand-sword was bloody, the hero exulted.

The brand was brilliant, brightly it glimmered,

15

Just as from heaven gemlike shineth  
The torch of the firmament. He glanced long the building,  
And turned by the wall then, Higelacs vassal  
Raging and wrathful raised his battle-sword  
Strong by the handle. The edge was not useless  
20

To the hero-in-battle, but he speedily wished to  
Give Grendel requital for the many assaults he  
Had worked on the West-Danes not once, but often,  
When he slew in slumber the subjects of Hrothgar,  
Swallowed down fifteen sleeping retainers  
25

Of the folk of the Danemen, and fully as many  
Carried away, a horrible prey.  
He gave him requital, grim-raging champion,  
Beowulf sees the body of Grendel, and cuts off his head.  
When he saw on his rest-place weary of conflict  
Grendel lying, of life-joys bereavèd,  
30

As the battle at Heorot erstwhile had scathed him;  
His body far bounded, a blow when he suffered,  
Death having seized him, sword-smiting heavy,  
And he cut off his head then. Early this noticed  
The clever carles who as comrades of Hrothgar  
The waters are gory. 35

Gazed on the sea-deeps, that the surging wave-currents  
Were mightily mingled, the mere-flood was gory:  
Of the good one the gray-haired together held converse,  
Beowulf is given up for dead.  
The hoary of head, that they hoped not to see again  
The atheling ever, that exulting in victory  
40

Hed return there to visit the distinguished folk-ruler:  
[55]

Then many concluded the mere-wolf had killed him.  
 The ninth hour came then. From the ness-edge departed  
 The bold-mooded Scyldings; the gold-friend of heroes  
 Homeward betook him. The strangers sat down then  
 45

Soul-sick, sorrowful, the sea-waves regarding:  
 They wished and yet weened not their well-loved friend-lord  
 The giant-sword melts.

To see any more. The sword-blade began then,  
 The blood having touched it, contracting and shriveling  
 With battle-icicles; twas a wonderful marvel  
 50

That it melted entirely, likest to ice when  
 The Father unbindeth the bond of the frost and  
 Unwindeth the wave-bands, He who wieldeth dominion  
 Of times and of tides: a truth-firm Creator.  
 Nor took he of jewels more in the dwelling,  
 55

Lord of the Weders, though they lay all around him,  
 Than the head and the handle handsome with jewels;  
 [56]

The brand early melted, burnt was the weapon:  
 So hot was the blood, the strange-spirit poisonous  
 The hero swims back to the realms of day.  
 That in it did perish. He early swam off then  
 60

Who had bided in combat the carnage of haters,  
 Went up through the ocean; the eddies were cleansèd,  
 The spacious expanses, when the spirit from farland  
 His life put aside and this short-lived existence.  
 The seamens defender came swimming to land then  
 65

Doughty of spirit, rejoiced in his sea-gift,  
 The bulky burden which he bore in his keeping.

The excellent vassals advanced then to meet him,  
 To God they were grateful, were glad in their chieftain,  
 That to see him safe and sound was granted them.

70

From the high-minded hero, then, helmet and burnie  
 Were speedily loosened: the ocean was putrid,  
 The water neath welkin weltered with gore.  
 Forth did they fare, then, their footsteps retracing,  
 Merry and mirthful, measured the earth-way,

75

The highway familiar: men very daring  
 Bare then the head from the sea-cliff, burdening  
 Each of the earlmen, excellent-valiant.  
 It takes four men to carry Grendels head on a spear.  
 Four of them had to carry with labor  
 The head of Grendel to the high towering gold-hall

80

Upstuck on the spear, till fourteen most-valiant  
 And battle-brave Geatmen came there going  
 Straight to the palace: the prince of the people  
 Measured the mead-ways, their mood-brave companion.  
 The atheling of earlmen entered the building,

85

Deed-valiant man, adorned with distinction,  
 Doughty shield-warrior, to address King Hrothgar:

[57]

Then hung by the hair, the head of Grendel  
 Was borne to the building, where beer-thanes were drinking,  
 Loth before earlmen and eke fore the lady:

90

The warriors beheld then a wonderful sight.

[1]ǎPæs monige gewearð (1599) and hafað þæs geworden (2027).—In a paper published some years ago in one of the Johns Hopkins University circulars, I tried to throw upon these two long-doubtful passages some light derived from

a study of like passages in Alfreds prose.—The impersonal verb *geweorðan*, with an accus. of the person, and a *þæt*-clause is used several times with the meaning agree. See Orosius (Sweets ed.) 178; 204; 208; 210; 280. In the two Beowulf passages, the *þæt*-clause is anticipated by *þæs*, which is clearly a gen. of the thing agreed on.

The first passage (v. 1599 (b)-1600) I translate literally: *Then many agreed upon this (namely), that the sea-wolf had killed him.*

The second passage (v. 2025 (b)-2027): *She is promised ; to this the friend of the Scyldings has agreed, etc.* By emending *is* instead of *wæs* (2025), the tenses will be brought into perfect harmony.

In v. 1997 ff. this same idiom occurs, and was noticed in B.s great article on Beowulf, which appeared about the time I published my reading of 1599 and 2027. Translate 1997 then: *Wouldst let the South-Danes themselves decide about their struggle with Grendel.* Here *Súð-Dene* is accus. of person, and *gúðe* is gen. of thing agreed on.

With such collateral support as that afforded by B. (P. and B. XII. 97), I have no hesitation in departing from H.-So., my usual guide.

The idiom above treated runs through A.-S., Old Saxon, and other Teutonic languages, and should be noticed in the lexicons.

[2] *Bróden-mæl* is regarded by most scholars as meaning a damaskeened sword. Translate: *The damaskeened sword burned up.* Cf. 25<sup>16</sup> and note.

[3] *Cyning-balde* (1635) is the much-disputed reading of K. and Th. To render this, *nobly bold, excellently bold*, have been suggested. B. would read *cyning-holde* (cf. 290), and render: *Men well-disposed towards the king carried the head, etc.* *Cynebealde*, says t.B., endorsing Gr.





## Chapter 25

# BEOWULF BRINGS HIS TROPHIES.— HROTHGARS GRATITUDE.

Beowulf relates his last exploit.

Beowulf spake, offspring of Ecgtheow:

Lo! we blithely have brought thee, bairn of Healfdene,  
Prince of the Scyldings, these presents from ocean  
Which thine eye looketh on, for an emblem of glory.

5

I came off alive from this, narrowly scaping:

In war neath the water the work with great pains I  
Performed, and the fight had been finished quite nearly,  
Had God not defended me. I failed in the battle  
Aught to accomplish, aided by Hrunting,

10

Though that weapon was worthy, but the Wielder of earth-folk  
God was fighting with me.

Gave me willingly to see on the wall a

Heavy old hand-sword hanging in splendor  
 (He guided most often the lorn and the friendless),  
 That I swung as a weapon. The wards of the house then  
 15

I killed in the conflict (when occasion was given me).  
 Then the battle-sword burned, the brand that was lifted,  
 As the blood-current sprang, hottest of war-sweats;  
 Seizing the hilt, from my foes I offbore it;  
 I avenged as I ought to their acts of malignity,  
 20

The murder of Danemen. I then make thee this promise,  
 Heorot is freed from monsters.

Thoult be able in Heorot careless to slumber  
 With thy throng of heroes and the thanes of thy people  
 Every and each, of greater and lesser,  
 And thou needest not fear for them from the selfsame direction  
 25

As thou formerly fearedst, oh, folk-lord of Scyldings,  
 [58]

End-day for earlmen. To the age-hoary man then,  
 The famous sword is presented to Hrothgar.  
 The gray-haired chieftain, the gold-fashioned sword-hilt,  
 Old-work of giants, was thereupon given;  
 Since the fall of the fiends, it fell to the keeping  
 30

Of the wielder of Danemen, the wonder-smiths labor,  
 And the bad-mooded being abandoned this world then,  
 Opponent of God, victim of murder,  
 And also his mother; it went to the keeping  
 Of the best of the world-kings, where waters encircle,  
 35

Who the scot divided in Scylding dominion.  
 Hrothgar looks closely at the old sword.  
 Hrothgar discoursed, the hilt he regarded,

The ancient heirloom where an old-time contentions  
 Beginning was graven: the gurgling currents,  
 The flood slew thereafter the race of the giants,  
 40

They had proved themselves daring: that people was loth to  
 It had belonged to a race hateful to God.

The Lord everlasting, through lash of the billows  
 The Father gave them final requital.

So in letters of rune on the clasp of the handle  
 Gleaming and golden, twas graven exactly,  
 45

Set forth and said, whom that sword had been made for,  
 Finest of irons, who first it was wrought for,  
 Wreathed at its handle and gleaming with serpents.

The wise one then said (silent they all were)  
 Hrothgar praises Beowulf.

Son of old Healfdene: He may say unrefuted  
 50

Who performs mid the folk-men fairness and truth  
 (The hoary old ruler remembers the past),  
 That better by birth is this bairn of the nobles!  
 Thy fame is extended through far-away countries,  
 Good friend Beowulf, oer all of the races,  
 55

Thou holdest all firmly, hero-like strength with  
 Prudence of spirit. Ill prove myself grateful  
 As before we agreed on; thou granted for long shalt  
 Become a great comfort to kinsmen and comrades,  
 Heremods career is again contrasted with Beowulfs.  
 A help unto heroes. Heremod became not  
 60

Such to the Scyldings, successors of Ecgwela;  
 He grew not to please them, but grievous destruction,  
 [59]

And dire some death-woes to Danemen attracted;  
 He slew in anger his table-companions,  
 Trustworthy counsellors, till he turned off lonely  
 65

From world-joys away, wide-famous ruler:  
 Though high-ruling heaven in hero-strength raised him,  
 In might exalted him, oer men of all nations  
 Made him supreme, yet a murderous spirit  
 Grew in his bosom: he gave then no ring-gems  
 A wretched failure of a king, to give no jewels to his retainers. 70  
 To the Danes after custom; endured he unjoyful  
 Standing the straits from strife that was raging,  
 Longsome folk-sorrow. Learn then from this,  
 Lay hold of virtue! Though laden with winters,  
 I have sung thee these measures. Tis a marvel to tell it,  
 Hrothgar moralizes. 75

How all-ruling God from greatness of spirit  
 Giveth wisdom to children of men,  
 Manor and earlship: all things He ruleth.  
 He often permitteth the mood-thought of man of  
 The illustrious lineage to lean to possessions,  
 80

Allows him earthly delights at his manor,  
 A high-burg of heroes to hold in his keeping,  
 Maketh portions of earth-folk hear him,  
 And a wide-reaching kingdom so that, wisdom failing him,  
 He himself is unable to reckon its boundaries;  
 85

He liveth in luxury, little debars him,  
 Nor sickness nor age, no treachery-sorrow  
 Becloudeth his spirit, conflict nowhere,  
 No sword-hate, appeareth, but all of the world doth  
 Wend as he wisheth; the worse he knoweth not,  
 90

Till arrant arrogance inward pervading,  
Waxeth and springeth, when the warder is sleeping,  
The guard of the soul: with sorrows encompassed,  
Too sound is his slumber, the slayer is near him,  
Who with bow and arrow aimeth in malice.

[60]

[1] Or rather, perhaps, *the inlaid, or damaskeened weapon*. Cf. [24~57](#) and note.



## Chapter 26

# HROTHGAR MORALIZES.—REST AFTER LABOR.

A wounded spirit.

Then bruised in his bosom he with bitter-toothed missile  
Is hurt neath his helmet: from harmful pollution  
He is powerless to shield him by the wonderful mandates  
Of the loath-cursèd spirit; what too long he hath holden  
5

Him seemeth too small, savage he hoardeth,  
Nor boastfully giveth gold-plated rings,  
The fate of the future flouts and forgetteth  
Since God had erst given him greatness no little,  
Wielder of Glory. His end-day anear,  
10

It afterward happens that the bodily-dwelling  
Fleetingly fadeth, falls into ruins;  
Another lays hold who doleth the ornaments,  
The noblemans jewels, nothing lamenting,  
Heedeth no terror. Oh, Beowulf dear,

15

Best of the heroes, from bale-strife defend thee,  
 And choose thee the better, counsels eternal;  
 Be not over proud: life is fleeting, and its strength soon wasteth away.  
 Beware of arrogance, world-famous champion!  
 But a little-while lasts thy life-vigors fulness;  
 Twill after hap early, that illness or sword-edge

20

Shall part thee from strength, or the grasp of the fire,  
 Or the wave of the current, or clutch of the edges,  
 Or flight of the war-spear, or age with its horrors,  
 Or thine eyes bright flashing shall fade into darkness:  
 Twill happen full early, excellent hero,  
 Hrothgar gives an account of his reign. 25

That death shall subdue thee. So the Danes a half-century  
 I held under heaven, helped them in struggles  
 Gainst many a race in middle-earths regions,  
 With ash-wood and edges, that enemies none  
 On earth molested me. Lo! offsetting change, now,  
 [61] Sorrow after joy. 30

Came to my manor, grief after joyance,  
 When Grendel became my constant visitor,  
 Inveterate hater: I from that malice  
 Continually travailed with trouble no little.  
 Thanks be to God that I gained in my lifetime,  
 35

To the Lord everlasting, to look on the gory  
 Head with mine eyes, after long-lasting sorrow!  
 Go to the bench now, battle-adornèd  
 Joy in the feasting: of jewels in common  
 Well meet with many when morning appeareth.

40

The Geatman was gladsome, ganged he immediately  
 To go to the bench, as the clever one bade him.



Then again as before were the famous-for-prowess,  
Hall-inhabiters, handsomely banqueted,  
Feasted anew. The night-veil fell then

45

Dark oer the warriors. The courtiers rose then;  
The gray-haired was anxious to go to his slumbers,  
The hoary old Scylding. Hankered the Geatman,  
Beowulf is fagged, and seeks rest.

The champion doughty, greatly, to rest him:

An earlman early outward did lead him,

50

Fagged from his faring, from far-country springing,  
Who for etiquettes sake all of a liegemans  
Needs regarded, such as seamen at that time  
Were bounden to feel. The big-hearted rested;  
The building uptowered, spacious and gilded,

55

The guest within slumbered, till the sable-clad raven  
Blithely foreboded the beacon of heaven.

Then the bright-shining sun oer the bottoms came going;

The warriors hastened, the heads of the peoples

Were ready to go again to their peoples,

The Geats prepare to leave Dane-land. 60

The high-mooded farer would faraway thenceward

Look for his vessel. The valiant one bade then,

[62] Unferth asks Beowulf to accept his sword as a gift. Beowulf thanks  
him.

Offspring of Ecglaf, off to bear Hrunting,

To take his weapon, his well-beloved iron;

He him thanked for the gift, saying good he accounted

65

The war-friend and mighty, nor chid he with words then

The blade of the brand: twas a brave-mooded hero.

When the warriors were ready, arrayed in their trappings,

The atheling dear to the Danemen advanced then  
 On to the dais, where the other was sitting,  
 70

Grim-mooded hero, greeted King Hrothgar.

[1] K. says *proudly giveth*.—Gr. says, *And gives no gold-plated rings, in order to incite the recipient to boastfulness*.—B. suggests *gyld* for *gylp*, and renders: *And gives no beaten rings for reward*.

[2] If S.'s emendation be accepted, v. 57 will read: *Then came the light, going bright after darkness: the warriors, etc.*

[3] As the passage stands in H.-So., Unferth presents Beowulf with the sword Hrunting, and B. thanks him for the gift. If, however, the suggestions of Grdtvg. and M. be accepted, the passage will read: *Then the brave one (i.e. Beowulf) commanded that Hrunting be borne to the son of Ecglaf (Unferth), bade him take his sword, his dear weapon; he (B.) thanked him (U.) for the loan, etc.*

## Chapter 27

# SORROW AT PARTING.

Beowulf's farewell.

Beowulf spake, Ecgtheow's offspring:

We men of the water wish to declare now  
Fared from far-lands, were firmly determined  
To seek King Higelac. Here have we fitly

5

Been welcomed and feasted, as heart would desire it;  
Good was the greeting. If greater affection  
I am anywise able ever on earth to  
Gain at thy hands, ruler of heroes,  
Than yet I have done, I shall quickly be ready  
I shall be ever ready to aid thee. 10

For combat and conflict. O'er the course of the waters  
Learn I that neighbors alarm thee with terror,  
As haters did whilom, I hither will bring thee  
For help unto heroes henchmen by thousands.  
My liegelord will encourage me in aiding thee.  
I know as to Higelac, the lord of the Geatmen,

15

Though young in years, he yet will permit me,  
By words and by works, ward of the people,  
Fully to furnish thee forces and bear thee

My lance to relieve thee, if liegemen shall fail thee,  
And help of my hand-strength; if Hrethric be treating,

[63] 20

Bairn of the king, at the court of the Geatmen,  
He thereat may find him friends in abundance:  
Faraway countries he were better to seek for  
Who trusts in himself. Hrothgar discoursed then,  
Making rejoinder: These words thou hast uttered

25

All-knowing God hath given thy spirit!  
O Beowulf, thou art wise beyond thy years.  
Neer heard I an earlman thus early in life  
More clever in speaking: thourt cautious of spirit,  
Mighty of muscle, in mouth-answers prudent.

I count on the hope that, happen it ever

30

That missile shall rob thee of Hrethels descendant,  
Edge-horrid battle, and illness or weapon  
Deprive thee of prince, of peoples protector,  
Should Higelac die, the Geats could find no better successor than thou  
wouldst make.

And life thou yet holdest, the Sea-Geats will never  
Find a more fitting folk-lord to choose them,

35

Gem-ward of heroes, than *thou* mightest prove thee,  
If the kingdom of kinsmen thou carest to govern.  
Thy mood-spirit likes me the longer the better,  
Beowulf dear: thou hast brought it to pass that  
To both these peoples peace shall be common,  
Thou hast healed the ancient breach between our races. 40  
To Geat-folk and Danemen, the strife be suspended,  
The secret assailings they suffered in yore-days;  
And also that jewels be shared while I govern  
The wide-stretching kingdom, and that many shall visit

Others oer the ocean with excellent gift-gems:

45

The ring-adorned bark shall bring oer the currents  
Presents and love-gifts. This people I know  
Towrd foeman and friend firmly established,  
After ancient etiquette everywise blameless.

Then the warden of earlmen gave him still farther,  
Parting gifts 50

Kinsman of Healfdene, a dozen of jewels,  
Bade him safely seek with the presents  
His well-beloved people, early returning.

[64] Hrothgar kisses Beowulf, and weeps.

Then the noble-born king kissed the distinguished,  
Dear-lovèd liegeman, the Dane-prince saluted him,

55

And claspèd his neck; tears from him fell,  
From the gray-headed man: he two things expected,  
Agèd and reverend, but rather the second,  
That bold in council theyd meet thereafter.

The man was so dear that he failed to suppress the

60

Emotions that moved him, but in mood-fetters fastened  
The old king is deeply grieved to part with his benefactor.

The long-famous hero longeth in secret

Deep in his spirit for the dear-beloved man

Though not a blood-kinsman. Beowulf thenceward,

Gold-splendid warrior, walked oer the meadows

65

Exulting in treasure: the sea-going vessel

Riding at anchor awaited its owner.

As they pressed on their way then, the present of Hrothgar

Giving liberally is the true proof of kingship.

Was frequently referred to: a folk-king indeed that

Everyway blameless, till age did debar him

70

The joys of his might, which hath many oft injured.

[1]—For *geworhte*, the crux of this passage, B. proposes *geþóhte*, rendering: *I know this people with firm thought every way blameless towards foe and friends.*

[2]—S. and B. emend so as to negative the verb *meet*. Why should Hrothgar weep if he expects to meet Beowulf again? both these scholars ask. But the weeping is mentioned before the expectations: the tears may have been due to many emotions, especially gratitude, struggling for expression.

## Chapter 28

# THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.—THE TWO QUEENS.

Then the band of very valiant retainers

Came to the current; they were clad all in armor,  
The coast-guard again.

In link-woven burnies. The land-warder noticed  
The return of the earlmen, as he erstwhile had seen them;

5

Nowise with insult he greeted the strangers  
From the naze of the cliff, but rode on to meet them;  
Said the bright-armed visitors vesselward traveled

[65]

Welcome to Weders. The wide-bosomed craft then  
Lay on the sand, laden with armor,

10

With horses and jewels, the ring-stemmèd sailer:  
The mast uptowered oer the treasure of Hrothgar.  
Beowulf gives the guard a handsome sword.

To the boat-ward a gold-bound brand he presented,

That he was afterwards honored on the ale-bench more highly  
 As the heirlooms owner. Set he out on his vessel,  
 15

To drive on the deep, Dane-country left he.  
 Along by the mast then a sea-garment fluttered,  
 A rope-fastened sail. The sea-boat resounded,  
 The wind oer the waters the wave-floater nowise  
 Kept from its journey; the sea-goer traveled,  
 20

The foamy-necked floated forth oer the currents,  
 The well-fashioned vessel oer the ways of the ocean,  
 The Geats see their own land again.  
 Till they came within sight of the cliffs of the Geatmen,  
 The well-known headlands. The wave-goer hastened  
 Driven by breezes, stood on the shore.

The port-warden is anxiously looking for them. 25  
 Prompt at the ocean, the port-ward was ready,  
 Who long in the past outlooked in the distance,  
 At waters-edge waiting well-lovèd heroes;  
 He bound to the bank then the broad-bosomed vessel  
 Fast in its fetters, lest the force of the waters  
 30

Should be able to injure the ocean-wood winsome.  
 Bade he up then take the treasure of princes,  
 Plate-gold and fretwork; not far was it thence  
 To go off in search of the giver of jewels:

[66]

Hrethels son Higelac at home there remaineth,  
 35  
 Himself with his comrades close to the sea-coast.  
 The building was splendid, the king heroic,  
 Great in his hall, Hygd very young was,  
 Hygd, the noble queen of Higelac, lavish of gifts.  
 Fine-mooded, clever, though few were the winters



That the daughter of Hæreth had dwelt in the borough;  
40

But she nowise was cringing nor niggard of presents,  
Of ornaments rare, to the race of the Geatmen.

Offas consort, Thrytho, is contrasted with Hygd.

Thrytho nursed anger, excellent folk-queen,

Hot-burning hatred: no hero whatever

Mong household companions, her husband excepted

She is a terror to all save her husband. 45

Dared to adventure to look at the woman

With eyes in the daytime; but he knew that death-chains

Hand-wreathed were wrought him: early thereafter,

When the hand-strife was over, edges were ready,

That fierce-raging sword-point had to force a decision,

50

Murder-bale show. Such no womanly custom

For a lady to practise, though lovely her person,

That a weaver-of-peace, on pretence of anger

A belovèd liegeman of life should deprive.

Soothly this hindered Hemings kinsman;

55

Other ale-drinking earlmen asserted

That fearful folk-sorrows fewer she wrought them,

Treacherous doings, since first she was given

Adorned with gold to the war-hero youthful,

For her origin honored, when Offas great palace

60

Oer the fallow flood by her fathers instructions

She sought on her journey, where she afterwards fully,

Famed for her virtue, her fate on the kings-seat

[67]

Enjoyed in her lifetime, love did she hold with

The ruler of heroes, the best, it is told me,

65

Of all of the earthmen that oceans encompass,  
 Of earl-kindreds endless; hence Offa was famous  
 Far and widely, by gifts and by battles,  
 Spear-valiant hero; the home of his fathers  
 He governed with wisdom, whence Eomær did issue  
 70

For help unto heroes, Hemings kinsman,  
 Grandson of Garmund, great in encounters.

[1]ǎFor scawan (1896), scaðan has been proposed. Accepting this, we may render: *He said the bright-armored warriors were going to their vessel, welcome, etc.* (Cf. 1804.)

[2]ǎR. suggests, Gewát him on naca, and renders: *The vessel set out, to drive on the sea, the Dane-country left.* On bears the alliteration; cf. on hafu (2524). This has some advantages over the H.-So. reading; viz. (1) It adds nothing to the text; (2) it makes naca the subject, and thus brings the passage into keeping with the context, where the poet has exhausted his vocabulary in detailing the actions of the vessel.—B.s emendation (cf. P. and B. XII. 97) is violent.

[3]ǎB. translates: *Who for a long time, ready at the coast, had looked out into the distance eagerly for the dear men.* This changes the syntax of léofra manna.

[4]ǎFor wunað (v. 1924) several eminent critics suggest wunade (=remained). This makes the passage much clearer.

[5]ǎWhy should such a woman be described as an excellent queen? C. suggests frécnu = dangerous, bold.

[6]ǎFor an dæges various readings have been offered. If and-éges be accepted, the sentence will read: *No hero dared look upon her, eye to eye.* If án-dæges be adopted, translate: *Dared look upon her the whole day.*

## Chapter 29

# BEOWULF AND HIGELAC.

Then the brave one departed, his band along with him,

Beowulf and his party seek Higelac.

Seeking the sea-shore, the sea-marches treading,

The wide-stretching shores. The world-candle glimmered,

The sun from the southward; they proceeded then onward,

5

Early arriving where they heard that the troop-lord,

Ongentheows slayer, excellent, youthful

Folk-prince and warrior was distributing jewels,

Close in his castle. The coming of Beowulf

Was announced in a message quickly to Higelac,

10

That the folk-troops defender forth to the palace

The linden-companion alive was advancing,

Secure from the combat courtward a-going.

The building was early inward made ready

For the foot-going guests as the good one had ordered.

Beowulf sits by his liegelord. 15

He sat by the man then who had lived through the struggle,

Kinsman by kinsman, when the king of the people

Had in lordly language saluted the dear one,

Queen Hygd receives the heroes.

In words that were formal. The daughter of Hæreth  
 Coursed through the building, carrying mead-cups:

[68] 20

She loved the retainers, tendered the beakers  
 To the high-minded Geatmen. Higelac gan then  
 Higelac is greatly interested in Beowulfs adventures.  
 Pleasantly plying his companion with questions  
 In the high-towering palace. A curious interest  
 Tormented his spirit, what meaning to see in

25

The Sea-Geats adventures: Beowulf worthy,  
 Give an account of thy adventures, Beowulf dear.  
 How throve your journeying, when thou thoughtest suddenly  
 Far oer the salt-streams to seek an encounter,  
 A battle at Heorot? Hast bettered for Hrothgar,  
 The famous folk-leader, his far-published sorrows

30

Any at all? In agony-billows  
 My suspense has been great.  
 I mused upon torture, distrusted the journey  
 Of the belovèd liegeman; I long time did pray thee  
 By no means to seek out the murderous spirit,  
 To suffer the South-Danes themselves to decide on

35

Grappling with Grendel. To God I am thankful  
 To be suffered to see thee safe from thy journey.  
 Beowulf narrates his adventures.

Beowulf answered, bairn of old Ecgtheow:  
 Tis hidden by no means, Higelac chieftain,  
 From many of men, the meeting so famous,

40

What mournful moments of me and of Grendel  
 Were passed in the place where he pressing affliction  
 On the Victory-Scyldings scathefully brought,

Anguish forever; that all I avengèd,  
 So that any under heaven of the kinsmen of Grendel  
 Grendels kindred have no cause to boast. 45  
 Needeth not boast of that cry-in-the-morning,  
 Who longest liveth of the loth-going kindred,  
 Encompassed by moorland. I came in my journey  
 To the royal ring-hall, Hrothgar to greet there:  
 Hrothgar received me very cordially.  
 Soon did the famous scion of Healfdene,  
 50

When he understood fully the spirit that led me,  
 Assign me a seat with the son of his bosom.  
 [69]

The troop was in joyance; mead-glee greater  
 Neath arch of the ether not ever beheld I  
 The queen also showed up no little honor.  
 Mid hall-building holders. The highly-famed queen,  
 55

Peace-tie of peoples, oft passed through the building,  
 Cheered the young troopers; she oft tendered a hero  
 A beautiful ring-band, ere she went to her sitting.  
 Hrothgars lovely daughter.  
 Oft the daughter of Hrothgar in view of the courtiers  
 To the earls at the end the ale-vessel carried,  
 60

Whom Freaware I heard then hall-sitters title,  
 When nail-adorned jewels she gave to the heroes:  
 She is betrothed to Ingeld, in order to unite the Danes and Heathobards.  
 Gold-bedecked, youthful, to the glad son of Froda  
 Her faith has been plighted; the friend of the Scyldings,  
 The guard of the kingdom, hath given his sanction,  
 65

And counts it a vantage, for a part of the quarrels,  
 A portion of hatred, to pay with the woman.

Somewhere not rarely, when the ruler has fallen,  
 The life-taking lance relaxeth its fury  
 For a brief breathing-spell, though the bride be charming!

[1] Meodu-scencum (1981) some would render *with mead-pourers*. Translate then: *The daughter of Hæreth went through the building accompanied by mead-pourers*.

[2] See my note to 1599, supra, and B. in P. and B. XII. 97.

[3] For *fenne*, supplied by Grdvtg., B. suggests *fácne* (cf. Jul. 350). Accepting this, translate: *Who longest lives of the hated race, steeped in treachery*.

[4] See note to v. 1599 above.

[5] This is perhaps the least understood sentence in the poem, almost every word being open to dispute. (1) The *nó* of our text is an emendation, and is rejected by many scholars. (2) *Seldan* is by some taken as an adv. (= *seldom*), and by others as a noun (= *page, companion*). (3) *Léod-hryre*, some render *fall of the people*; others, *fall of the prince*. (4) *Búgeð*, most scholars regard as the intrans. verb meaning *bend, rest*; but one great scholar has translated it *shall kill*. (5) *Hwær*, Very recently, has been attacked, *wære* being suggested. (6) As a corollary to the above, the same critic proposes to drop *oft* out of the text.—t.B. suggests: *Oft seldan wære after léodhryre: lýtle hwíle bongár búgeð, þeah séo brýd duge = often has a treaty been (thus) struck, after a prince had fallen: (but only) a short time is the spear (then) wont to rest, however excellent the bride may be*.

## Chapter 30

# BEOWULF NARRATES HIS ADVENTURES TO HIGELAC.

It well may discomfit the prince of the Heathobards  
And each of the thanemen of earls that attend him,  
[70]  
When he goes to the building escorting the woman,  
That a noble-born Daneman the knights should be feasting:  
5  
There gleam on his person the leavings of elders  
Hard and ring-bright, Heathobards treasure,  
While they wielded their arms, till they misled to the battle  
Their own dear lives and beloved companions.  
He saith at the banquet who the collar beholdeth,  
10  
An ancient ash-warrior who earlmen's destruction  
Clearly recalleth (cruel his spirit),  
Sadly beginneth sounding the youthful  
Thane-champions spirit through the thoughts of his bosom,  
War-grief to waken, and this word-answer speaketh:

Ingeld is stirred up to break the truce. 15

Art thou able, my friend, to know when thou seest it  
 The brand which thy father bare to the conflict  
 In his latest adventure, neath visor of helmet,  
 The dearly-loved iron, where Danemen did slay him,  
 And brave-mooded Scyldings, on the fall of the heroes,  
 20

(When vengeance was sleeping) the slaughter-place wielded?

Een now some man of the murderers progeny  
 Exulting in ornaments enters the building,  
 Boasts of his blood-shedding, offbeareth the jewel  
 Which thou shouldst wholly hold in possession!

25

So he urgeth and mindeth on every occasion  
 With woe-bringing words, till waxeth the season  
 When the womans thane for the works of his father,  
 The bill having bitten, blood-gory sleepeth,  
 Fated to perish; the other one thenceward

30

Scapeth alive, the land knoweth thoroughly.  
 Then the oaths of the earlmen on each side are broken,  
 When rancors unresting are raging in Ingeld  
 And his wife-love waxeth less warm after sorrow.  
 So the Heathobards favor not faithful I reckon,

35

Their part in the treaty not true to the Danemen,  
 Their friendship not fast. I further shall tell thee

[71] Having made these preliminary statements, I will now tell thee of  
 Grendel, the monster.

More about Grendel, that thou fully mayst hear,  
 Ornament-giver, what afterward came from  
 The hand-rush of heroes. When heavens bright jewel  
 40

Oer earthfields had glided, the stranger came raging,



The horrible night-fiend, us for to visit,  
Where wholly unharmed the hall we were guarding.

Hondscio fell first

To Hondscio happened a hopeless contention,  
Death to the doomed one, dead he fell foremost,

45

Girded war-champion; to him Grendel became then,  
To the vassal distinguished, a tooth-weaponed murderer,  
The well-beloved henchmans body all swallowed.

Not the earlier off empty of hand did

The bloody-toothed murderer, mindful of evils,

50

Wish to escape from the gold-givers palace,  
But sturdy of strength he strove to outdo me,  
Hand-ready grappled. A glove was suspended  
Spacious and wondrous, in art-fetters fastened,  
Which was fashioned entirely by touch of the craftman

55

From the dragons skin by the devils devices:

He down in its depths would do me unsadly

One among many, deed-doer raging,

Though sinless he saw me; not so could it happen

When I in my anger upright did stand.

60

Tis too long to recount how requital I furnished

For every evil to the earlmens destroyer;

I reflected honor upon my people.

Twas there, my prince, that I proudly distinguished

Thy land with my labors. He left and retreated,

He lived his life a little while longer:

65

Yet his right-hand guarded his footstep in Heorot,

And sad-mooded thence to the sea-bottom fell he,

Mournful in mind. For the might-rush of battle

130 CHAPTER 30. BEOWULF NARRATES HIS ADVENTURES TO HIGELAC.

King Hrothgar lavished gifts upon me.

The friend of the Scyldings, with gold that was plated,  
With ornaments many, much requited me,

70

When daylight had dawned, and down to the banquet  
We had sat us together. There was chanting and joyance:  
The age-stricken Scylding asked many questions

[72]

And of old-times related; oft light-ringing harp-strings,  
Joy-telling wood, were touched by the brave one;

75

Now he uttered measures, mourning and truthful,  
Then the large-hearted land-king a legend of wonder  
Truthfully told us. Now troubled with years  
The old king is sad over the loss of his youthful vigor.

The age-hoary warrior afterward began to  
Mourn for the might that marked him in youth-days;

80

His breast within boiled, when burdened with winters  
Much he remembered. From morning till night then  
We joyed us therein as etiquette suffered,  
Till the second night season came unto earth-folk.

Then early thereafter, the mother of Grendel  
Grendels mother. 85

Was ready for vengeance, wretched she journeyed;  
Her son had death ravished, the wrath of the Geatmen.  
The horrible woman avengèd her offspring,  
And with mighty mainstrength murdered a hero.

Æschere falls a prey to her vengeance.

There the spirit of Æschere, agèd adviser,

90

Was ready to vanish; nor when morn had lightened  
Were they anywise suffered to consume him with fire,  
Folk of the Danemen, the death-weakened hero,

Nor the beloved liegeman to lay on the pyre;  
 She suffered not his body to be burned, but ate it.  
 She the corpse had offcarried in the clutch of the foeman  
 95

Neath mountain-brooks flood. To Hrothgar twas saddest  
 Of pains that ever had preyed on the chieftain;  
 By the life of thee the land-prince then me  
 Besought very sadly, in sea-currents eddies  
 To display my prowess, to peril my safety,  
 100

Might-deeds accomplish; much did he promise.  
 I sought the creature in her den,  
 I found then the famous flood-currents cruel,  
 Horrible depth-warder. A while unto us two  
 [73]

Hand was in common; the currents were seething  
 With gore that was clotted, and Grendels fierce mothers  
 and hewed her head off. 105

Head I offhacked in the hall at the bottom  
 With huge-reaching sword-edge, hardly I wrested  
 My life from her clutches; not doomed was I then,  
 Jewels were freely bestowed upon me.  
 But the warden of earlmen afterward gave me  
 Jewels in quantity, kinsman of Healfdene.

[1]ǣFor *lifigende* (2063), a mere conjecture, *wígende* has been suggested. The line would then read: *Escapeth by fighting, knows the land thoroughly.*

[2]ǣFor *fæðmum*, Gr.s conjecture, B. proposes *færunga*. These three half-verses would then read: *She bore off the corpse of her foe suddenly under the mountain-torrent.*

[3]ǣThe phrase *þíne lýfe* (2132) was long rendered *with thy (presupposed) permission*. The verse would read: *The land-prince then sadly besought me, with thy (presupposed) permission, etc.*



## Chapter 31

# GIFT-GIVING IS MUTUAL.

So the beloved land-prince lived in decorum;  
I had missed no rewards, no meeds of my prowess,  
But he gave me jewels, regarding my wishes,  
Healfdene his bairn; Ill bring them to thee, then,  
All my gifts I lay at thy feet. 5  
Atheling of earlmen, offer them gladly.  
And still unto thee is all my affection:  
But few of my folk-kin find I surviving  
But thee, dear Higelac! Bade he in then to carry  
The boar-image, banner, battle-high helmet,  
10  
Iron-gray armor, the excellent weapon,  
This armor I have belonged of yore to Heregar.  
In song-measures said: This suit-for-the-battle  
Hrothgar presented me, bade me expressly,  
Wise-mooded atheling, thereafter to tell thee  
The whole of its history, said King Heregar owned it,  
15  
Dane-prince for long: yet he wished not to give then  
[74]  
The mail to his son, though dearly he loved him,  
Hereward the hardy. Hold all in joyance!

I heard that there followed hard on the jewels  
Two braces of stallions of striking resemblance,  
20  
Dappled and yellow; he granted him usance  
Of horses and treasures. So a kinsman should bear him,  
No web of treachery weave for another,  
Nor by cunning craftiness cause the destruction  
Higelac loves his nephew Beowulf.  
Of trusty companion. Most precious to Higelac,  
25  
The bold one in battle, was the bairn of his sister,  
And each unto other mindful of favors.  
Beowulf gives Hygd the necklace that Wealhtheow had given him.  
I am told that to Hygd he proffered the necklace,  
Wonder-gem rare that Wealhtheow gave him,  
The troop-leaders daughter, a trio of horses  
30  
Slender and saddle-bright; soon did the jewel  
Embellish her bosom, when the beer-feast was over.  
So Ecgtheows bairn brave did prove him,  
Beowulf is famous.  
War-famous man, by deeds that were valiant,  
He lived in honor, beloved companions  
35  
Slew not carousing; his mood was not cruel,  
But by hand-strength hugest of heroes then living  
The brave one retained the bountiful gift that  
The Lord had allowed him. Long was he wretched,  
So that sons of the Geatmen accounted him worthless,  
40  
And the lord of the liegemen loth was to do him  
Mickle of honor, when mead-cups were passing;  
They fully believed him idle and sluggish,  
He is requited for the slights suffered in earlier days.

An indolent atheling: to the honor-blest man there  
 Came requital for the cuts he had suffered.

45

The folk-troops defender bade fetch to the building  
 The heirloom of Hrethel, embellished with gold,  
 Higelac overwhelms the conqueror with gifts.  
 So the brave one enjoined it; there was jewel no richer  
 In the form of a weapon mong Geats of that era;  
 In Beowulfs keeping he placed it and gave him

50

Seven of thousands, manor and lordship.  
 Common to both was land mong the people,

[75]

Estate and inherited rights and possessions,  
 To the second one specially spacious dominions,  
 To the one who was better. It afterward happened

55

In days that followed, befell the battle-thanes,  
 After Heardreds death, Beowulf becomes king.  
 After Higelacs death, and when Heardred was murdered  
 With weapons of warfare neath well-covered targets,  
 When valiant battlemen in victor-band sought him,  
 War-Scylfing heroes harassed the nephew

60

Of Hereric in battle. To Beowulfs keeping  
 Turned there in time extensive dominions:  
 He rules the Geats fifty years.  
 He fittingly ruled them a fifty of winters  
 (He a man-ruler wise was, manor-ward old) till  
 A certain one gan, on gloom-darkening nights, a  
 The fire-drake. 65

Dragon, to govern, who guarded a treasure,  
 A high-rising stone-cliff, on heath that was grayish:  
 A path neath it lay, unknown unto mortals.

Some one of earthmen entered the mountain,  
The heathenish hoard laid hold of with ardor;

70

\*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā\*  
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[1] This verse B. renders, *Now serve I again thee alone as my gracious king.*

[2] For *eafor* (2153), Kl. suggests *ealdor*. Translate then: *Bade the prince then to bear in the banner, battle-high helmet, etc.* On the other hand, W. takes *eaforhéafodsegn* as a compound, meaning helmet: *He bade them bear in the helmet, battle-high helm, gray armor, etc.*

[3] The H.-So. rendering (*ærest* = *history, origin*; *eft* for *est*), though liable to objection, is perhaps the best offered. That I should very early tell thee of his favor, kindness sounds well; but his is badly placed to limit *ést*.—Perhaps, *eft* with verbs of saying may have the force of Lat. prefix *re*, and the H.-So. reading mean, that I should its origin rehearse to thee.



## Chapter 32

# THE HOARD AND THE DRAGON.

\*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā\*

He sought of himself who sorely did harm him,  
But, for need very pressing, the servant of one of  
The sons of the heroes hate-blows evaded,

5

Seeking for shelter and the sin-driven warrior  
Took refuge within there. He early looked in it,

\*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā\*  
\*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā\*

[76]

\*āāāā\*āāāā\*āāāā\*āāāā\*āāāā\*āāwhen the onset surprised him,

The hoard. 10

He a gem-vessel saw there: many of suchlike  
Ancient ornaments in the earth-cave were lying,  
As in days of yore some one of men of  
Illustrious lineage, as a legacy monstrous,  
There had secreted them, careful and thoughtful,

15

Dear-valued jewels. Death had offsnatched them,

In the days of the past, and the one man moreover  
 Of the flower of the folk who fared there the longest,  
 Was fain to defer it, friend-mourning warder,  
 A little longer to be left in enjoyment

20

Of long-lasting treasure. A barrow all-ready  
 Stood on the plain the stream-currents nigh to,  
 New by the ness-edge, unnethe of approaching:  
 The keeper of rings carried within a  
 Ponderous deal of the treasure of nobles,

25

Of gold that was beaten, briefly he spake then:  
 The ring-giver bewails the loss of retainers.  
 Hold thou, O Earth, now heroes no more may,  
 The earnings of earlmen. Lo! erst in thy bosom  
 Worthy men won them; war-death hath ravished,  
 Perilous life-bale, all my warriors,

30

Liegemen belovèd, who this life have forsaken,  
 Who hall-pleasures saw. No sword-bearer have I,  
 And no one to burnish the gold-plated vessel,  
 The high-valued beaker: my heroes are vanished.  
 The hardy helmet behung with gilding

35

Shall be reaved of its riches: the ring-cleansers slumber  
 Who were charged to have ready visors-for-battle,  
 And the burnie that bided in battle-encounter

[77]

Oer breaking of war-shields the bite of the edges  
 Moulds with the hero. The ring-twisted armor,

40

Its lord being lifeless, no longer may journey  
 Hanging by heroes; harp-joy is vanished,  
 The rapture of glee-wood, no excellent falcon

Swoops through the building, no swift-footed charger  
Grindeth the gravel. A grievous destruction

45

No few of the world-folk widely hath scattered!

So, woful of spirit one after all

Lamented mournfully, moaning in sadness

By day and by night, till death with its billows

The fire-dragon

Dashed on his spirit. Then the ancient dusk-scather

50

Found the great treasure standing all open,

He who flaming and fiery flies to the barrows,

Naked war-dragon, nightly escapeth

Encompassed with fire; men under heaven

Widely beheld him. Tis said that he looks for

55

The hoard in the earth, where old he is guarding

The heathenish treasure; hell be nowise the better.

The dragon meets his match.

So three-hundred winters the waster of peoples

Held upon earth that excellent hoard-hall,

Till the forementioned earlman angered him bitterly:

60

The beat-plated beaker he bare to his chieftain

And fullest remission for all his remissness

Begged of his liegelord. Then the hoard was discovered,

The treasure was taken, his petition was granted

The hero plunders the dragons den

The lorn-mooded liegeman. His lord regarded

65

The old-work of earth-folk—twas the earliest occasion.

When the dragon awoke, the strife was renewed there;

He snuffed long the stone then, stout-hearted found he

[78]

The footprint of foeman; too far had he gone  
 With cunning craftiness close to the head of

70

The fire-spewing dragon. So undoomed he may scape from  
 Anguish and exile with ease who possesseth  
 The favor of Heaven. The hoard-warden eagerly  
 Searched oer the ground then, would meet with the person  
 That caused him sorrow while in slumber reclining:

75

Gleaming and wild he oft went round the cavern,  
 All of it outward; not any of earthmen  
 Was seen in that desert. Yet he joyed in the battle,  
 Rejoiced in the conflict: oft he turned to the barrow,  
 Sought for the gem-cup; this he soon perceived then  
 The dragon perceives that some one has disturbed his treasure. 80

That some man or other had discovered the gold,  
 The famous folk-treasure. Not fain did the hoard-ward  
 Wait until evening; then the ward of the barrow  
 Was angry in spirit, the loathèd one wished to  
 Pay for the dear-valued drink-cup with fire.

85

Then the day was done as the dragon would have it,  
 He no longer would wait on the wall, but departed  
 The dragon is infuriated.

Fire-impelled, flaming. Fearful the start was  
 To earls in the land, as it early thereafter  
 To their giver-of-gold was grievously ended.

[1]ǃFor long-gestréona, B. suggests láengestréona, and renders, *Of fleeting treasures*. S. accepts H.s long-gestréona, but renders, *The treasure long in accumulating*.

[2]ǃFor hard-fyrdne (2246), B. first suggested hard-fyndne, rendering: *A heap of treasures so great that its equal would be hard to find*. The same scholar suggests later hord-wynne dæl = *A deal of treasure-joy*.

[3]ǃSome read fec-word (2247), and render: *Banning words uttered*.

[4]ăAn earlier reading of H.s gave the following meaning to this passage: *He is said to inhabit a mound under the earth, where he, etc.* The translation in the text is more authentic.

[5]ăThe repetition of hord in this passage has led some scholars to suggest new readings to avoid the second hord. This, however, is not under the main stress, and, it seems to me, might easily be accepted.

[6]ăThe reading of H.-So. is well defended in the notes to that volume. B. emends and renders: *Nor was there any man in that desert who rejoiced in conflict, in battle-work.* That is, the hoard-ward could not find any one who had disturbed his slumbers, for no warrior was there, t.B.s emendation would give substantially the same translation.

[7]ăSinc-fæt (2301): this word both here and in v. 2232, t.B. renders treasure.



## Chapter 33

# BRAVE THOUGH AGED.— REMINISCENCES.

The dragon spits fire.

The stranger began then to vomit forth fire,  
To burn the great manor; the blaze then glimmered  
For anguish to earlmen, not anything living

[79]

Was the hateful air-goer willing to leave there.

5

The war of the worm widely was noticed,  
The feud of the foeman afar and anear,  
How the enemy injured the earls of the Geatmen,  
Harried with hatred: back he hied to the treasure,  
To the well-hidden cavern ere the coming of daylight.

10

He had circled with fire the folk of those regions,  
With brand and burning; in the barrow he trusted,  
In the wall and his war-might: the weening deceived him.  
Beowulf hears of the havoc wrought by the dragon.  
Then straight was the horror to Beowulf published,  
Early forsooth, that his own native homestead,

15

The best of buildings, was burning and melting,  
 Gift-seat of Geatmen. Twas a grief to the spirit  
 Of the good-mooded hero, the greatest of sorrows:  
 He fears that Heaven is punishing him for some crime.  
 The wise one weened then that wielding his kingdom  
 Gainst the ancient commandments, he had bitterly angered

20

The Lord everlasting: with lorn meditations  
 His bosom welled inward, as was nowise his custom.  
 The fire-spewing dragon fully had wasted  
 The fastness of warriors, the water-land outward,  
 The manor with fire. The folk-ruling hero,

25

Prince of the Weders, was planning to wreak him.  
 The warmens defender bade them to make him,  
 Earlmens atheling, an excellent war-shield  
 He orders an iron shield to be made from him, wood is useless.

Wholly of iron: fully he knew then  
 That wood from the forest was helpless to aid him,

30

Shield against fire. The long-worthy ruler  
 Must live the last of his limited earth-days,  
 Of life in the world and the worm along with him,  
 Though he long had been holding hoard-wealth in plenty.  
 He determines to fight alone.

Then the ring-prince disdained to seek with a war-band,

35

With army extensive, the air-going ranger;  
 He felt no fear of the foemans assaults and  
 He counted for little the might of the dragon,

[80]

His power and prowess: for previously dared he  
 Beowulfs early triumphs referred to



A heap of hostility, hazarded dangers,

40

War-thane, when Hrothgars palace he cleansèd,

Conquering combatant, clutched in the battle

The kinsmen of Grendel, of kindred detested.

Higelacs death recalled.

Twàs of hand-fights not least where Higelac was slaughtered,

When the king of the Geatmen with clashings of battle,

45

Friend-lord of folks in Frisian dominions,

Offspring of Hrethrel perished through sword-drink,

With battle-swords beaten; thence Beowulf came then

On self-help relying, swam through the waters;

He bare on his arm, lone-going, thirty

50

Outfits of armor, when the ocean he mounted.

The Hetwars by no means had need to be boastful

Of their fighting afoot, who forward to meet him

Carried their war-shields: not many returned from

The brave-mooded battle-knight back to their homesteads.

55

Ecgtheows bairn oer the bight-courses swam then,

Lone-goer lorn to his land-folk returning,

Where Hygd to him tendered treasure and kingdom,

Heardreds lack of capacity to rule.

Rings and dominion: her son she not trusted,

To be able to keep the kingdom devised him

60

Gainst alien races, on the death of King Higelac.

Beowulfs tact and delicacy recalled.

Yet the sad ones succeeded not in persuading the atheling

In any way ever, to act as a suzerain

To Heardred, or promise to govern the kingdom;

Yet with friendly counsel in the folk he sustained him,

65

Gracious, with honor, till he grew to be older,

Reference is here made to a visit which Beowulf receives from Eanmund and Eadgils, why they come is not known.

Wielded the Weders. Wide-fleeing outlaws,

Ohtheres sons, sought him oer the waters:

They had stirred a revolt gainst the helm of the Scylfings,

The best of the sea-kings, who in Swedish dominions

70

Distributed treasure, distinguished folk-leader.

[81]

Twass the end of his earth-days; injury fatal

By swing of the sword he received as a greeting,

Offspring of Higelac; Ongentheows bairn

Later departed to visit his homestead,

75

When Heardred was dead; let Beowulf rule them,

Govern the Geatmen: good was that folk-king.

[1]—Hám (2326), the suggestion of B. is accepted by t.B. and other scholars.

[2]—For láðan cynnes (2355), t.B. suggests láðan cynne, apposition to mægum.

From syntactical and other considerations, this is a most excellent emendation.

[3]—Gr. read on feorme (2386), rendering: *He there at the banquet a fatal wound received by blows of the sword.*

## Chapter 34

# BEOWULF SEEKS THE DRAGON.—BEOWULFS REMINISCENCES.

He planned requital for the folk-leaders ruin  
In days thereafter, to Eadgils the wretched  
Becoming an enemy. Ohtheres son then  
Went with a war-troop oer the wide-stretching currents  
5  
With warriors and weapons: with woe-journeys cold he  
After avenged him, the kings life he took.  
Beowulf has been preserved through many perils.  
So he came off uninjured from all of his battles,  
Perilous fights, offspring of Ecgtheow,  
From his deeds of daring, till that day most momentous  
10  
When he fate-driven fared to fight with the dragon.  
With eleven comrades, he seeks the dragon.  
With eleven companions the prince of the Geatmen  
Went lowering with fury to look at the fire-drake:  
Inquiring hed found how the feud had arisen,

Hate to his heroes; the highly-famed gem-vessel

15

Was brought to his keeping through the hand of th informer.

A guide leads the way, but

That in the throng was thirteenth of heroes,

That caused the beginning of conflict so bitter,

Captive and wretched, must sad-mooded thenceward  
very reluctantly.

Point out the place: he passed then unwillingly

20

To the spot where he knew of the notable cavern,

The cave under earth, not far from the ocean,

The anger of eddies, which inward was full of

Jewels and wires: a warden uncanny,

[82]

Warrior weaponed, wardered the treasure,

25

Old under earth; no easy possession

For any of earth-folk access to get to.

Then the battle-brave atheling sat on the naze-edge,

While the gold-friend of Geatmen gracious saluted

His fireside-companions: woe was his spirit,

30

Death-boding, wavring; Weird very near him,

Who must seize the old hero, his soul-treasure look for,

Dragging aloof his life from his body:

Not flesh-hidden long was the folk-leaders spirit.

Beowulf spake, Ecgtheows son:

Beowulfs retrospect. 35

I survived in my youth-days many a conflict,

Hours of onset: that all I remember.

I was seven-winters old when the jewel-prince took me,

High-lord of heroes, at the hands of my father,

Hrethel the hero-king had me in keeping,

Hrethel took me when I was seven. 40  
 Gave me treasure and feasting, our kinship remembered;  
 Not ever was I *any* less dear to him  
 He treated me as a son.  
 Knight in the boroughs, than the bairns of his household,  
 Herebald and Hæthcyn and Higelac mine.  
 To the eldest unjustly by acts of a kinsman  
 45  
 Was murder-bed strewn, since him Hæthcyn from horn-bow  
 One of the brothers accidentally kills another.  
 His sheltering chieftain shot with an arrow,  
 Erred in his aim and injured his kinsman,  
 One brother the other, with blood-sprinkled spear:  
 No fee could compound for such a calamity.  
 Twas a feeless fight, finished in malice,  
 50  
 Sad to his spirit; the folk-prince however  
 Had to part from existence with vengeance untaken.  
 [A parallel case is supposed.]  
 So to hoar-headed hero tis heavily crushing  
 [83]  
 To live to see his son as he rideth  
 Young on the gallows: then measures he chanteth,  
 55  
 A song of sorrow, when his son is hanging  
 For the ravens delight, and aged and hoary  
 He is unable to offer any assistance.  
 Every morning his offsprings departure  
 Is constant recalled: he cares not to wait for  
 60  
 The birth of an heir in his borough-enclosures,  
 Since that one through death-pain the deeds hath experienced.  
 He heart-grieved beholds in the house of his son the  
 Wine-building wasted, the wind-lodging places

Reaved of their roaring; the riders are sleeping,

65

The knights in the grave; theres no sound of the harp-wood,

Joy in the yards, as of yore were familiar.

[1] Gomelum ceorle (2445).—H. takes these words as referring to Hrethel; but the translator here departs from his editor by understanding the poet to refer to a hypothetical old man, introduced as an illustration of a fathers sorrow.

Hrethel had certainly never seen a son of his ride on the gallows to feed the crows.

The passage beginning *swá bið géomorlic* seems to be an effort to reach a full simile, as so. As it is mournful for an old man, etc. so the defence of the Weders (2463) bore heart-sorrow, etc. The verses 2451 to 2463; would be parenthetical, the poets feelings being so strong as to interrupt the simile. The punctuation of the fourth edition would be better—a comma after *galgan* (2447). The translation may be indicated as follows: (*Just as it is sad for an old man to see his son ride young on the gallows when he himself is uttering mournful measures, a sorrowful song, while his son hangs for a comfort to the raven, and he, old and infirm, cannot render him any kelp—(he is constantly reminded, etc., 2451-2463)—so the defence of the Weders, etc.*

## Chapter 35

# REMINISCENCES (*continued*).—BEOWULFS LAST BATTLE.

He seeks then his chamber, singeth a woe-song  
One for the other; all too extensive  
Seemed homesteads and plains. So the helm of the Weders  
Hrethel grieves for Herebald.  
Mindful of Herebald heart-sorrow carried,  
5  
Stirred with emotion, nowise was able  
To wreak his ruin on the ruthless destroyer:  
He was unable to follow the warrior with hatred,  
With deeds that were direful, though dear he not held him.  
[84]  
Then pressed by the pang this pain occasioned him,  
10  
He gave up glee, God-light elected;  
He left to his sons, as the man that is rich does,  
His land and fortress, when from life he departed.  
Strife between Swedes and Geats.

Then was crime and hostility twixt Swedes and Geatmen,  
Oer wide-stretching water warring was mutual,

15

Burdensome hatred, when Hrethel had perished,  
And Ongentheows offspring were active and valiant,  
Wished not to hold to peace oversea, but  
Round Hreosna-beorh often accomplished

Cruellest massacre. This my kinsman avengèd,

20

The feud and fury, as tis found on inquiry,  
Though one of them paid it with forfeit of life-joys,  
Hæthcyns fall at Ravenswood.

With price that was hard: the struggle became then  
Fatal to Hæthcyn, lord of the Geatmen.

Then I heard that at morning one brother the other

25

With edges of irons egged on to murder,

Where Ongentheow maketh onset on Eofor:

The helmet crashed, the hoary-haired Scylfing

Sword-smitten fell, his hand then remembered

Feud-hate sufficient, refused not the death-blow.

I requited him for the jewels he gave me. 30

The gems that he gave me, with jewel-bright sword I

Quited in contest, as occasion was offered:

Land he allowed me, life-joy at homestead,

Manor to live on. Little he needed

From Gepids or Danes or in Sweden to look for

35

Trooper less true, with treasure to buy him;

Mong foot-soldiers ever in front I would hie me,

Alone in the vanguard, and evermore gladly

Warfare shall wage, while this weapon endureth

That late and early often did serve me

Beowulf refers to his having slain Dæghrefn. 40



When I proved before heroes the slayer of Dæghrefn,  
 Knight of the Hugmen: he by no means was suffered  
 To the king of the Frisians to carry the jewels,  
 The breast-decoration; but the banner-possessor  
 Bowed in the battle, brave-mooded atheling.

[85] 45

No weapon was slayer, but war-grapple broke then  
 The surge of his spirit, his body destroying.  
 Now shall weapons edge make war for the treasure,  
 And hand and firm-sword. Beowulf spake then,  
 Boast-words uttered—the latest occasion:  
 He boasts of his youthful prowess, and declares himself still fearless. 50  
 I braved in my youth-days battles unnumbered;  
 Still am I willing the struggle to look for,  
 Fame-deeds perform, folk-warden prudent,  
 If the hateful despoiler forth from his cavern  
 Seeketh me out! Each of the heroes,

55

Helm-bearers sturdy, he thereupon greeted  
 His last salutations.  
 Belovèd co-liegemen—his last salutation:  
 No brand would I bear, no blade for the dragon,  
 Wist I a way my word-boast to accomplish  
 Else with the monster, as with Grendel I did it;

60

But fire in the battle hot I expect there,  
 Furious flame-burning: so I fixed on my body  
 Target and war-mail. The ward of the barrow  
 Ill not flee from a foot-length, the foeman uncanny.  
 At the wall twill befall us as Fate decreeth,  
 Let Fate decide between us. 65

Each ones Creator. I am eager in spirit,  
 With the wingèd war-hero to away with all boasting.  
 Bide on the barrow with burnies protected,

Wait ye here till the battle is over.  
 Earls in armor, which of *us* two may better  
 Bear his disaster, when the battle is over.

70

Tis no matter of yours, and man cannot do it,  
 But me and me only, to measure his strength with  
 The monster of malice, might-deeds to accomplish.  
 I with prowess shall gain the gold, or the battle,

[86]

Direful death-woe will drag off your ruler!

75

The mighty champion rose by his shield then,  
 Brave under helmet, in battle-mail went he  
 Neath steep-rising stone-cliffs, the strength he relied on  
 Of one man alone: no work for a coward.

Then he saw by the wall who a great many battles

80

Had lived through, most worthy, when foot-troops collided,  
 The place of strife is described.

Stone-arches standing, stout-hearted champion,  
 Saw a brook from the barrow bubbling out thenceward:  
 The flood of the fountain was fuming with war-flame:

Not nigh to the hoard, for season the briefest

85

Could he brave, without burning, the abyss that was yawning,

The drake was so fiery. The prince of the Weders

Caused then that words came from his bosom,

So fierce was his fury; the firm-hearted shouted:

His battle-clear voice came in resounding

90

Neath the gray-colored stone. Stirred was his hatred,

Beowulf calls out under the stone arches.

The hoard-ward distinguished the speech of a man;

Time was no longer to look out for friendship.

The breath of the monster issued forth first,  
 Vapory war-sweat, out of the stone-cave:  
 The terrible encounter. 95  
 The earth re-echoed. The earl neath the barrow  
 Lifted his shield, lord of the Geatmen,  
 Towrd the terrible stranger: the ring-twisted creatures  
 Heart was then ready to seek for a struggle.  
 Beowulf brandishes his sword,  
 The excellent battle-king first brandished his weapon,  
 100  
 The ancient heirloom, of edges unblunted,  
 To the death-planners twain was terror from other.  
 and stands against his shield.  
 The lord of the troopers intrepidly stood then  
 Gainst his high-rising shield, when the dragon coiled him  
 The dragon coils himself.  
 Quickly together: in corslet he bided.  
 [87] 105  
 He went then in blazes, bended and striding,  
 Hasting him forward. His life and body  
 The targe well protected, for time-period shorter  
 Than wish demanded for the well-renowned leader,  
 Where he then for the first day was forced to be victor,  
 110  
 Famous in battle, as Fate had not willed it.  
 The lord of the Geatmen uplifted his hand then,  
 Smiting the fire-drake with sword that was precious,  
 That bright on the bone the blade-edge did weaken,  
 Bit more feebly than his folk-leader needed,  
 115  
 Burdened with bale-griefs. Then the barrow-protector,  
 The dragon rages  
 When the sword-blow had fallen, was fierce in his spirit,  
 Flinging his fires, flamings of battle

Gleamed then afar: the gold-friend of Weders  
 Beowulfs sword fails him.

Boasted no conquests, his battle-sword failed him  
 120

Naked in conflict, as by no means it ought to,  
 Long-trusty weapon. Twas no slight undertaking  
 That Ecgtheows famous offspring would leave  
 The drake-caverns bottom; he must live in some region  
 Other than this, by the will of the dragon,  
 125

As each one of earthmen existence must forfeit.  
 Twas early thereafter the excellent warriors  
 The combat is renewed.

Met with each other. Anew and afresh  
 The hoard-ward took heart (gasps heaved then his bosom):  
 The great hero is reduced to extremities.  
 Sorrow he suffered encircled with fire  
 130

Who the people erst governed. His companions by no means  
 Were banded about him, bairns of the princes,  
 His comrades flee!  
 With valorous spirit, but they sped to the forest,  
 Seeking for safety. The soul-deeps of one were  
 Blood is thicker than water.

Ruffled by care: kin-love can never  
 135

Aught in him waver who well doth consider.  
 [88]

[1]ǎThe clause 2520(2)-2522(1), rendered by Wist I monster, Gr., followed by S., translates substantially as follows: *If I knew how else I might combat the boastful defiance of the monster.*—The translation turns upon wiðgrípan, a word not understood.

[2]ǎB. emends and translates: *I will not flee the space of a foot from the guard of the barrow, but there shall be to us a fight at the wall, as fate decrees,*

*each ones Creator.*

[3] The translation of this passage is based on unsláw (2565), accepted by H.-So., in lieu of the long-standing ungléaw. The former is taken as an adj. limiting sword; the latter as an adj. c. gúð-cyning: *The good war-king, rash with edges, brandished his sword, his old relic.* The latter gives a more rhetorical Anglo-Saxon (poetical) sentence.



## Chapter 36

# WIGLAF THE TRUSTY.—BEOWULF IS DESERTED BY FRIENDS AND BY SWORD.

Wiglaf remains true—the ideal Teutonic liegeman.

The son of Weohstan was Wiglaf entitled,  
Shield-warrior precious, prince of the Scylfings,  
Ælfheres kinsman: he saw his dear liegelord  
Enduring the heat neath helmet and visor.

5

Then he minded the holding that erst he had given him,  
Wiglaf recalls Beowulfs generosity.

The Wægmunding warriors wealth-blessèd homestead,  
Each of the folk-rights his father had wielded;  
He was hot for the battle, his hand seized the target,  
The yellow-bark shield, he unsheathed his old weapon,

10

Which was known among earthmen as the relic of Eanmund,  
Ohtheres offspring, whom, exiled and friendless,

Weohstan did slay with sword-edge in battle,  
 And carried his kinsman the clear-shining helmet,  
 The ring-made burnie, the old giant-weapon

15

That Onela gave him, his boon-fellows armor,  
 Ready war-trappings: he the feud did not mention,  
 Though hed fatally smitten the son of his brother.

Many a half-year held he the treasures,  
 The bill and the burnie, till his bairn became able,

20

Like his father before him, fame-deeds to accomplish;  
 Then he gave him mong Geatmen a goodly array of  
 Weeds for his warfare; he went from life then  
 Old on his journey. Twas the earliest time then  
 This is Wiglaf's first battle as liegeman of Beowulf.

That the youthful champion might charge in the battle

25

Aiding his liegelord; his spirit was dauntless.

Nor did kinsmans bequest quail at the battle:

This the dragon discovered on their coming together.

Wiglaf uttered many a right-saying,

Said to his fellows, sad was his spirit:

Wiglaf appeals to the pride of the cowards. 30

I remember the time when, tasting the mead-cup,

We promised in the hall the lord of us all

[89]

Who gave us these ring-treasures, that this battle-equipment,

Swords and helmets, wed certainly quite him,

Should need of such aid ever befall him:

How we have forfeited our liegelords confidence! 35

In the war-band he chose us for this journey spontaneously,

Stirred us to glory and gave me these jewels,

Since he held and esteemed us trust-worthy spearmen,

Hardy helm-bearers, though this hero-achievement



Our lord intended alone to accomplish,

40

Ward of his people, for most of achievements,

Doings audacious, he did among earth-folk.

Our lord is in sore need of us.

The day is now come when the ruler of earthmen

Needeth the vigor of valiant heroes:

Let us wend us towards him, the war-prince to succor,

45

While the heat yet rageth, horrible fire-fight.

I would rather die than go home with out my suzerain.

God wot in me, tis mickle the liefer

The blaze should embrace my body and eat it

With my treasure-bestower. Meseemeth not proper

To bear our battle-shields back to our country,

50

Less first we are able to fell and destroy the

Long-hating foeman, to defend the life of

Surely he does not deserve to die alone.

The prince of the Weders. Well do I know tisnt

Earned by his exploits, he only of Geatmen

Sorrow should suffer, sink in the battle:

55

Brand and helmet to us both shall be common,

Shield-cover, burnie. Through the bale-smoke he stalked then,

Went under helmet to the help of his chieftain,

Wiglaf reminds Beowulf of his youthful boasts.

Briefly discoursing: Beowulf dear,

Perform thou all fully, as thou formerly saidst,

60

In thy youthful years, that while yet thou livedst

[90]

Thou wouldst let thine honor not ever be lessened.

Thy life thou shalt save, mighty in actions,

Atheling undaunted, with all of thy vigor;  
The monster advances on them.

Ill give thee assistance. The dragon came raging,  
65

Wild-mooded stranger, when these words had been uttered  
(Twas the second occasion), seeking his enemies,  
Men that were hated, with hot-gleaming fire-waves;  
With blaze-billows burned the board to its edges:  
The fight-armor failed then to furnish assistance  
70

To the youthful spear-hero: but the young-aged stripling  
Quickly advanced neath his kinsmans war-target,  
Since his own had been ground in the grip of the fire.  
Beowulf strikes at the dragon.

Then the warrior-king was careful of glory,  
He soundly smote with sword-for-the-battle,  
75

That it stood in the head by hatred driven;  
Nægling was shivered, the old and iron-made  
His sword fails him.

Brand of Beowulf in battle deceived him.  
Twas denied him that edges of irons were able  
To help in the battle; the hand was too mighty  
80

Which every weapon, as I heard on inquiry,  
Outstruck in its stroke, when to struggle he carried  
The wonderful war-sword: it waxed him no better.  
The dragon advances on Beowulf again.

Then the people-despoiler—third of his onsets—  
Fierce-raging fire-drake, of feud-hate was mindful,  
85

Charged on the strong one, when chance was afforded,  
Heated and war-grim, seized on his neck  
With teeth that were bitter; he bloody did wax with

Soul-gore seething; sword-blood in waves boiled.

[1]—The passage *Brand burnie*, is much disputed. In the first place, some eminent critics assume a gap of at least two half-verses.—Úrum (2660), being a peculiar form, has been much discussed. Byrdu-scrúd is also a crux. B. suggests býwdu-scrúd = *splendid vestments*. Nor is bám accepted by all, béon being suggested. Whatever the individual words, the passage must mean, *I intend to share with him my equipments of defence*.

[2]—B. would render: *Which, as I heard, excelled in stroke every sword that he carried to the strife, even the strongest (sword)*. For Þonne he reads Þone, rel. pr.

[91]



## Chapter 37

# THE FATAL STRUGGLE.—BEOWULFS LAST MOMENTS.

Wiglaf defends Beowulf.

Then I heard that at need of the king of the people  
The upstanding earlman exhibited prowess,  
Vigor and courage, as suited his nature;  
He his head did not guard, but the high-minded liegemans

5

Hand was consumed, when he succored his kinsman,  
So he struck the strife-bringing strange-comer lower,  
Earl-thane in armor, that *in* went the weapon  
Gleaming and plated, that gan then the fire  
Beowulf draws his knife,

Later to lessen. The liegelord himself then

10

Retained his consciousness, brandished his war-knife,  
Battle-sharp, bitter, that he bare on his armor:  
and cuts the dragon.

The Weder-lord cut the worm in the middle.

They had felled the enemy (life drove out then  
 Puissant prowess), the pair had destroyed him,  
 15

Land-chiefs related: so a liegeman should prove him,  
 A thaneman when needed. To the prince twas the last of  
 His era of conquest by his own great achievements,  
 [92] Beowulfs wound swells and burns.

The latest of world-deeds. The wound then began  
 Which the earth-dwelling dragon erstwhile had wrought him  
 20

To burn and to swell. He soon then discovered  
 That bitterest bale-woe in his bosom was raging,  
 Poison within. The atheling advanced then,  
 He sits down exhausted.

That along by the wall, he prudent of spirit  
 Might sit on a settle; he saw the giant-work,  
 25

How arches of stone strengthened with pillars  
 The earth-hall eternal inward supported.  
 Then the long-worthy liegeman laved with his hand the  
 Wiglaf bathes his lords head.

Far-famous chieftain, gory from sword-edge,  
 Refreshing the face of his friend-lord and ruler,  
 30

Sated with battle, unbinding his helmet.  
 Beowulf answered, of his injury spake he,  
 His wound that was fatal (he was fully aware  
 He had lived his allotted life-days enjoying  
 The pleasures of earth; then past was entirely  
 35

His measure of days, death very near):  
 Beowulf regrets that he has no son.  
 My son I would give now my battle-equipments,  
 Had any of heirs been after me granted,

Along of my body. This people I governed  
 Fifty of winters: no king mong my neighbors  
 40

Dared to encounter me with comrades-in-battle,  
 Try me with terror. The time to me ordered  
 I bided at home, mine own kept fitly,  
 Sought me no snares, swore me not many  
 I can rejoice in a well-spent life.

Oaths in injustice. Joy over all this  
 45

Im able to have, though ill with my death-wounds;  
 Hence the Ruler of Earthmen need not charge me  
 With the killing of kinsmen, when cometh my life out  
 Forth from my body. Fare thou with haste now  
 Bring me the hoard, Wiglaf, that my dying eyes may be refreshed by a sight  
 of it.

To behold the hoard neath the hoar-grayish stone,  
 50

Well-lovèd Wiglaf, now the worm is a-lying,  
 Sore-wounded sleepeth, disseized of his treasure.  
 Go thou in haste that treasures of old I,  
 Gold-wealth may gaze on, together see lying  
 [93]

The ether-bright jewels, be easier able,  
 55

Having the heap of hoard-gems, to yield my  
 Life and the land-folk whom long I have governed.

[1]ǎB. renders: *He (W.) did not regard his (the dragons) head* (since Beowulf had struck it without effect), *but struck the dragon a little lower down.*— One crux is to find out *whose head* is meant; another is to bring out the antithesis between head and hand.

[2]ǎPæt þæt fýr (2702), S. emends to þá þæt fýr = *when the fire began to grow less intense afterward*. This emendation relieves the passage of a plethora of conjunctive *þæts*.

[3] For *gefyldan* (2707), S. proposes *gefylde*. The passage would read: *He felled the foe (life drove out strength), and they then both had destroyed him, chieftains related.* This gives Beowulf the credit of having felled the dragon; then they combine to annihilate him.—For *ellen* (2707), Kl. suggests *e(a)llne*.—The reading *life drove out strength* is very unsatisfactory and very peculiar. I would suggest as follows: Adopt S.'s emendation, remove H.'s parenthesis, read *ferh-ellen wræc*, and translate: *He felled the foe, drove out his life-strength* (that is, made him *hors de combat*), and then they both, etc.



## Chapter 38

# WIGLAF PLUNDERS THE DRAGONS DEN.—BEOWULFS DEATH.

Wiglaf fulfils his lords behest.

Then heard I that Wihstans son very quickly,  
These words being uttered, heeded his liegelord  
Wounded and war-sick, went in his armor,  
His well-woven ring-mail, neath the roof of the barrow.

5

Then the trusty retainer treasure-gems many  
The dragons den.  
Victorious saw, when the seat he came near to,  
Gold-treasure sparkling spread on the bottom,  
Wonder on the wall, and the worm-creatures cavern,  
The ancient dawn-fliers, vessels a-standing,

10

Cups of the ancients of cleansers bereavèd,  
Robbed of their ornaments: there were helmets in numbers,

Old and rust-eaten, arm-bracelets many,  
 Artfully woven. Wealth can easily,  
 Gold on the sea-bottom, turn into vanity

15

Each one of earthmen, arm him who pleaseth!  
 And he saw there lying an all-golden banner  
 High oer the hoard, of hand-wonders greatest,  
 Linkèd with lacets: a light from it sparkled,  
 That the floor of the cavern he was able to look on,  
 The dragon is not there. 20

To examine the jewels. Sight of the dragon  
 [94]

Not any was offered, but edge offcarried him.  
 Wiglaf bears the hoard away.

Then I heard that the hero the hoard-treasure plundered,  
 The giant-work ancient reaved in the cavern,  
 Bare on his bosom the beakers and platters,

25

As himself would fain have it, and took off the standard,  
 The brightest of beacons; the bill had erst injured  
 (Its edge was of iron), the old-rulers weapon,  
 Him who long had watched as ward of the jewels,  
 Who fire-terror carried hot for the treasure,

30

Rolling in battle, in middlemost darkness,  
 Till murdered he perished. The messenger hastened,  
 Not loth to return, hurried by jewels:

Curiosity urged him if, excellent-mooded,  
 Alive he should find the lord of the Weders

35

Mortally wounded, at the place where he left him.  
 Mid the jewels he found then the famous old chieftain,  
 His liegeland beloved, at his lifes-end gory:  
 He thereupon gan to lave him with water,

Till the point of his word piercèd his breast-hoard.

40

Beowulf spake (the gold-gems he noticed),

Beowulf is rejoiced to see the jewels.

The old one in sorrow: For the jewels I look on

Thanks do I utter for all to the Ruler,

Wielder of Worship, with words of devotion,

The Lord everlasting, that He let me such treasures

45

Gain for my people ere death overtook me.

Since Ive bartered the agèd life to me granted

For treasure of jewels, attend ye henceforward

He desires to be held in memory by his people.

The wants of the war-thanes; I can wait here no longer.

The battle-famed bid ye to build them a grave-hill,

50

Bright when Im burned, at the brim-currents limit;

As a memory-mark to the men I have governed,

[95]

Aloft it shall tower on Whales-Ness uprising,

That earls of the ocean hereafter may call it

Beowulfs barrow, those who barks ever-dashing

55

From a distance shall drive oer the darkness of waters.

The heros last gift

The bold-mooded troop-lord took from his neck then

The ring that was golden, gave to his liegeman,

The youthful war-hero, his gold-flashing helmet,

His collar and war-mail, bade him well to enjoy them:

and last words. 60

Thou art latest left of the line of our kindred,

Of Wægmunding people: Weird hath offcarried

All of my kinsmen to the Creators glory,

Earls in their vigor: I shall after them fare.

Twas the aged liegelords last-spoken word in  
65

His musings of spirit, ere he mounted the fire,  
The battle-waves burning: from his bosom departed  
His soul to seek the sainted ones glory.

[1]ǎThe word oferhígian (2767) being vague and little understood, two quite distinct translations of this passage have arisen. One takes oferhígian as meaning to exceed, and, inserting hord after gehwone, renders: *The treasure may easily, the gold in the ground, exceed in value every hoard of man, hide it who will.* The other takes oferhígian as meaning to render arrogant, and, giving the sentence a moralizing tone, renders substantially as in the body of this work. (Cf. 28ǎ13 et seq.)

[2]ǎThe passage beginning here is very much disputed. The bill of the old lord is by some regarded as Beowulfs sword; by others, as that of the ancient possessor of the hoard. Ær gescód (2778), translated in this work as verb and adverb, is by some regarded as a compound participial adj. = *sheathed in brass.*

## Chapter 39

# THE DEAD FOES.—WIGLAFS BITTER TAUNTS.

Wiglaf is sorely grieved to see his lord look so un-warlike.

It had woefully chanced then the youthful retainer  
To behold on earth the most ardent-belovèd  
At his life-days limit, lying there helpless.  
The slayer too lay there, of life all bereavèd,  
5

Horrible earth-drake, harassed with sorrow:  
The dragon has plundered his last hoard.  
The round-twisted monster was permitted no longer  
To govern the ring-hoards, but edges of war-swords  
Mightily seized him, battle-sharp, sturdy  
Leavings of hammers, that still from his wounds  
10

The flier-from-farland fell to the earth  
Hard by his hoard-house, hopped he at midnight  
Not eer through the air, nor exulting in jewels  
Suffered them to see him: but he sank then to earthward

Through the hero-chiefs handwork. I heard sure it throve then

[96] Few warriors dared to face the monster. 15

But few in the land of liegemen of valor,

Though of every achievement bold he had proved him,

To run gainst the breath of the venomous scather,

Or the hall of the treasure to trouble with hand-blows,

If he watching had found the ward of the hoard-hall

20

On the barrow abiding. Beowulfs part of

The treasure of jewels was paid for with death;

Each of the twain had attained to the end of

Life so unlasting. Not long was the time till

The cowardly thanes come out of the thicket.

The tardy-at-battle returned from the thicket,

25

The timid truce-breakers ten all together,

Who durst not before play with the lances

In the prince of the peoples pressing emergency;

They are ashamed of their desertion.

But blushing with shame, with shields they betook them,

With arms and armor where the old one was lying:

30

They gazed upon Wiglaf. He was sitting exhausted,

Foot-going fighter, not far from the shoulders

Of the lord of the people, would rouse him with water;

No whit did it help him; though he hoped for it keenly,

He was able on earth not at all in the leader

35

Life to retain, and nowise to alter

The will of the Wielder; the World-Rulers power

Would govern the actions of each one of heroes,

Wiglaf is ready to excoriate them.

As yet He is doing. From the young one forthwith then

Could grim-worded greeting be got for him quickly

40

Whose courage had failed him. Wiglaf discoursed then,  
 Weohstan his son, sad-mooded hero,  
 He begins to taunt them.

Looked on the hated: He who soothness will utter  
 Can say that the liegelord who gave you the jewels,  
 The ornament-armor wherein ye are standing,

45

When on ale-bench often he offered to hall-men  
 Helmet and burnie, the prince to his liegemen,  
 As best upon earth he was able to find him,—  
 [97] Surely our lord wasted his armor on poltroons.  
 That he wildly wasted his war-gear undoubtedly  
 When battle oertook him. The troop-king no need had

50

To glory in comrades; yet God permitted him,  
 He, however, got along without you  
 Victory-Wielder, with weapon unaided  
 Himself to avenge, when vigor was needed.  
 I life-protection but little was able  
 To give him in battle, and I gan, notwithstanding,  
 With some aid, I could have saved our liegelord 55  
 Helping my kinsman (my strength overtaking):  
 He waxed the weaker when with weapon I smote on  
 My mortal opponent, the fire less strongly  
 Flamed from his bosom. Too few of protectors  
 Came round the king at the critical moment.

Gift-giving is over with your people: the ring-lord is dead. 60

Now must ornament-taking and weapon-bestowing,  
 Home-joyance all, cease for your kindred,  
 Food for the people; each of your warriors  
 Must needs be bereavèd of rights that he holdeth

In landed possessions, when faraway nobles

65

Shall learn of your leaving your lord so basely,  
 What is life without honor?  
 The dastardly deed. Death is more pleasant  
 To every earlman than infamous life is!

[1]ǎFor *dædum rædan* (2859) B. suggests *déað árædan*, and renders: *The might (or judgment) of God would determine death for every man, as he still does.*

[2]ǎSome critics, H. himself in earlier editions, put the clause, *When him* (A.-S. *þá beget*) with the following sentence; that is, they make it dependent upon *þorfte* (2875) instead of upon *forwurpe* (2873).



## Chapter 40

# THE MESSENGER OF DEATH.

Wiglaf sends the news of Beowulfs death to liegemen near by.

Then he charged that the battle be announced at the hedge  
Up oer the cliff-edge, where the earl-troopers bided  
The whole of the morning, mood-wretched sat them,  
Bearers of battle-shields, both things expecting,  
5

The end of his lifetime and the coming again of  
The liegelord belovèd. Little reserved he  
Of news that was known, who the ness-cliff did travel,  
But he truly discoursed to all that could hear him:

[98] The messenger speaks.

Now the free-giving friend-lord of the folk of the Weders,  
10

The folk-prince of Geatmen, is fast in his death-bed,  
By the deeds of the dragon in death-bed abideth;  
Along with him lieth his life-taking foeman  
Slain with knife-wounds: he was wholly unable  
To injure at all the ill-planning monster  
Wiglaf sits by our dead lord. 15

With bite of his sword-edge. Wiglaf is sitting,  
 Offspring of Wihstan, up over Beowulf,  
 Earl oer another whose end-day hath reached him,  
 Head-watch holdeth oer heroes unliving,  
 Our lords death will lead to attacks from our old foes.  
 For friend and for foeman. The folk now expecteth  
 20

A season of strife when the death of the folk-king  
 To Frankmen and Frisians in far-lands is published.  
 The war-hatred waxed warm gainst the Hugmen,  
 Higelacs death recalled.

When Higelac came with an army of vessels  
 Faring to Friesland, where the Frankmen in battle  
 25

Humbled him and bravely with overmight accomplished  
 That the mail-clad warrior must sink in the battle,  
 Fell mid his folk-troop: no fret-gems presented  
 The atheling to earlmen; aye was denied us  
 Merewings mercy. The men of the Swedelands  
 30

For truce or for truth trust I but little;  
 But widely twas known that near Ravenswood Ongentheow  
 Hæthcyns fall referred to.

Sundered Hæthcyn the Hrethling from life-joys,  
 When for pride overweening the War-Scylfings first did  
 Seek the Geatmen with savage intentions.

35  
 Early did Ohtheres age-laden father,  
 Old and terrible, give blow in requital,  
 Killing the sea-king, the queen-mother rescued,  
 The old one his consort deprived of her gold,  
 Onelas mother and Ohtheres also,

[99] 40

And then followed the feud-nursing foemen till hardly,

Reaved of their ruler, they Ravenswood entered.  
 Then with vast-numbered forces he assaulted the remnant,  
 Weary with wounds, woe often promised  
 The livelong night to the sad-hearted war-troop:  
 45  
 Said he at morning would kill them with edges of weapons,  
 Some on the gallows for glee to the fowls.  
 Aid came after to the anxious-in-spirit  
 At dawn of the day, after Higelacs bugle  
 And trumpet-sound heard they, when the good one proceeded  
 50  
 And faring followed the flower of the troopers.

[1] Hige-méðum (2910) is glossed by H. as dat. plu. (= for the dead). S. proposes hige-méðe, nom. sing. limiting Wigláf; i.e. *W., mood-weary, holds head-watch oer friend and foe.*—B. suggests taking the word as dat. inst. plu. of an abstract noun in -u. The translation would be substantially the same as S.s.



## Chapter 41

# THE MESSENGERS RETROSPECT.

The messenger continues, and refers to the feuds of Swedes and Geats.

The blood-stainèd trace of Swedes and Geatmen,  
The death-rush of warmen, widely was noticed,  
How the folks with each other feud did awaken.  
The worthy one went then with well-beloved comrades,  
5

Old and dejected to go to the fastness,  
Ongentho earl upward then turned him;  
Of Higelacs battle hed heard on inquiry,  
The exultant ones prowess, despaired of resistance,  
With earls of the ocean to be able to struggle,  
10

Gainst sea-going sailors to save the hoard-treasure,  
His wife and his children; he fled after thenceward  
Old neath the earth-wall. Then was offered pursuance  
To the braves of the Swedemen, the banner to Higelac.  
[100]

They fared then forth oer the field-of-protection,  
15

When the Hrethling heroes hedgeward had thronged them.  
Then with edges of irons was Ongentheow driven,  
The gray-haired to tarry, that the troop-ruler had to  
Suffer the power solely of Eofor:  
Wulf wounds Ongentheow.

Wulf then wildly with weapon assaulted him,  
20

Wonred his son, that for swinge of the edges  
The blood from his body burst out in currents,  
Forth neath his hair. He feared not however,  
Gray-headed Scylfing, but speedily quited  
Ongentheow gives a stout blow in return.  
The wasting wound-stroke with worse exchange,  
25

When the king of the thane-troop thither did turn him:  
The wise-mooded son of Wonred was powerless  
To give a return-blow to the age-hoary man,  
But his head-shielding helmet first hewed he to pieces,  
That flecked with gore perforce he did totter,  
30

Fell to the earth; not fey was he yet then,  
But up did he spring though an edge-wound had reached him.  
Eofor smites Ongentheow fiercely.

Then Higelacs vassal, valiant and dauntless,  
When his brother lay dead, made his broad-bladed weapon,  
Giant-sword ancient, defence of the giants,  
35

Bound oer the shield-wall; the folk-prince succumbed then,  
Ongentheow is slain.

Shepherd of people, was pierced to the vitals.  
There were many attendants who bound up his kinsman,  
Carried him quickly when occasion was granted  
That the place of the slain they were suffered to manage.

40

This pending, one hero plundered the other,  
 His armor of iron from Ongentheow ravished,  
 His hard-sword hilted and helmet together;  
 Eofor takes the old kings war-gear to Higelac.  
 The old ones equipments he carried to Higelac.  
 He the jewels received, and rewards mid the troopers  
 45

Graciously promised, and so did accomplish:  
 The king of the Weders requited the war-rush,  
 Hrethels descendant, when home he repaired him,  
 Higelac rewards the brothers.  
 To Eofor and Wulf with wide-lavished treasures,  
 To each of them granted a hundred of thousands  
 [101] 50

In land and rings wrought out of wire:  
 His gifts were beyond cavil.  
 None upon mid-earth needed to twit him  
 With the gifts he gave them, when glory they conquered;  
 To Eofor he also gives his only daughter in marriage.  
 And to Eofor then gave he his one only daughter,  
 The honor of home, as an earnest of favor.  
 55

Thats the feud and hatred—as ween I twill happen—  
 The anger of earthmen, that earls of the Swedemen  
 Will visit on us, when they hear that our leader  
 Lifeless is lying, he who longtime protected  
 His hoard and kingdom gainst hating assailers,  
 60

Who on the fall of the heroes defended of yore  
 The deed-mighty Scyldings, did for the troopers  
 What best did avail them, and further moreover  
 It is time for us to pay the last marks of respect to our lord.  
 Hero-deeds complished. Now is haste most fitting,  
 That the lord of liegemen we look upon yonder,

65

And *that* one carry on journey to death-pyre  
Who ring-presents gave us. Not aught of it all  
Shall melt with the brave one—theres a mass of bright jewels,  
Gold beyond measure, grewsomely purchased  
And ending it all ornament-rings too

70

Bought with his life; these fire shall devour,  
Flame shall cover, no earlman shall wear  
A jewel-memento, nor beautiful virgin  
Have on her neck rings to adorn her,  
But wretched in spirit bereavèd of gold-gems

75

She shall oft with others be exiled and banished,  
Since the leader of liegemen hath laughter forsaken,  
[102]

Mirth and merriment. Hence many a war-spear  
Cold from the morning shall be clutched in the fingers,  
Heaved in the hand, no harp-musics sound shall

80

Waken the warriors, but the wan-coated raven  
Fain over fey ones freely shall gabble,  
Shall say to the eagle how he sped in the eating,  
When, the wolf his companion, he plundered the slain.  
So the high-minded hero was rehearsing these stories

85

Loathsome to hear; he lied as to few of  
The warriors go sadly to look at Beowulfs lifeless body.  
Weirds and of words. All the war-troop arose then,  
Neath the Eagles Cape sadly betook them,  
Weeping and woful, the wonder to look at.

They saw on the sand then soulless a-lying,

90

His slaughter-bed holding, him who rings had given them



In days that were done; then the death-bringing moment  
 Was come to the good one, that the king very warlike,  
 Wielder of Weders, with wonder-death perished.

First they beheld there a creature more wondrous,  
 They also see the dragon. 95

The worm on the field, in front of them lying,  
 The foeman before them: the fire-spewing dragon,  
 Ghostly and grisly guest in his terrors,  
 Was scorched in the fire; as he lay there he measured  
 Fifty of feet; came forth in the night-time

100

To rejoice in the air, thereafter departing  
 To visit his den; he in death was then fastened,  
 He would joy in no other earth-hollowed caverns.  
 There stood round about him beakers and vessels,  
 Dishes were lying and dear-valued weapons,

105

With iron-rust eaten, as in earths mighty bosom  
 A thousand of winters there they had rested:  
 The hoard was under a magic spell.  
 That mighty bequest then with magic was guarded,  
 Gold of the ancients, that earlman not any  
 The ring-hall could touch, save Ruling-God only,  
 [103] 110

Sooth-king of Victries gave whom He wished to  
 God alone could give access to it.

(He is earth-folks protector) to open the treasure,  
 Een to such among mortals as seemed to Him proper.

[1]ǎFor *góda*, which seems a surprising epithet for a Geat to apply to the terrible Ongentheow, B. suggests *gomela*. The passage would then stand: *The old one went then, etc.*

[2]ǎFor *segn Higeláce*, K., Th., and B. propose *segn Higeláces*, meaning: *Higelacs banner followed the Swedes (in pursuit)*.—S. suggests *sæcc Higeláces*, and renders: *Higelacs pursuit*.—The H.-So. reading, as translated

in our text, means that the banner of the enemy was captured and brought to Higelac as a trophy.

[3]ăThe rendering given in this translation represents the king as being generous beyond the possibility of reproach; but some authorities construe him (2996) as plu., and understand the passage to mean that no one reproached the two brothers with having received more reward than they were entitled to.

[4]ăThe name Scyldingas here (3006) has caused much discussion, and given rise to several theories, the most important of which are as follows: (1) After the downfall of Hrothgars family, Beowulf was king of the Danes, or Scyldings. (2) For Scyldingas read Scylfingas—that is, after killing Eadgils, the Scylfing prince, Beowulf conquered his land, and held it in subjection. (3) M. considers 3006 a thoughtless repetition of 2053. (Cf. H.-So.)

[5]ăB. takes nihtes and hwīlum (3045) as separate adverbial cases, and renders: *Joy in the air had he of yore by night, etc.* He thinks that the idea of vanished time ought to be expressed.

[6]ăThe parenthesis is by some emended so as to read: (1) (*He* (i.e. *God*) *is the hope of men*); (2) (*he is the hope of heroes*). Gr.s reading has no parenthesis, but says: *could touch, unless God himself, true king of victories, gave to whom he would to open the treasure, the secret place of enchanters, etc.* The last is rejected on many grounds.

## Chapter 42

# WIGLAFS SAD STORY.—THE HOARD CARRIED OFF.

Then twas seen that the journey prospered him little  
Who wrongly within had the ornaments hidden  
Down neath the wall. The warden erst slaughtered  
Some few of the folk-troop: the feud then thereafter  
5  
Was hotly avengèd. Tis a wonder where,  
When the strength-famous trooper has attained to the end of  
Life-days allotted, then no longer the man may  
Remain with his kinsmen where mead-cups are flowing.  
So to Beowulf happened when the ward of the barrow,  
10  
Assaults, he sought for: himself had no knowledge  
How his leaving this life was likely to happen.  
So to doomsday, famous folk-leaders down did  
Call it with curses—who complished it there—  
[104]  
That that man should be ever of ill-deeds convicted,

15

Confined in foul-places, fastened in hell-bonds,  
Punished with plagues, who this place should eer ravage.

He cared not for gold: rather the Wielders  
Favor preferred he first to get sight of.

Wiglaf addresses his comrades.

Wiglaf discoursed then, Wihstan his son:

20

Oft many an earlman on one mans account must  
Sorrow endure, as to us it hath happened.

The liegelord belovèd we could little prevail on,  
Kingdoms keeper, counsel to follow,

Not to go to the guardian of the gold-hoard, but let him

25

Lie where he long was, live in his dwelling

Till the end of the world. Met we a destiny

Hard to endure: the hoard has been looked at,

Been gained very grimly; too grievous the fate that

The prince of the people pricked to come thither.

30

*I* was therein and all of it looked at,

The buildings equipments, since access was given me,

Not kindly at all entrance permitted

He tells them of Beowulfs last moments.

Within under earth-wall. Hastily seized I

And held in my hands a huge-weighing burden

35

Of hoard-treasures costly, hither out bare them

To my liegelord belovèd: life was yet in him,

And consciousness also; the old one discoursed then

Much and mournfully, commanded to greet you,

Beowulfs dying request.

Bade that remembering the deeds of your friend-lord

40

Ye build on the fire-hill of corpses a lofty  
 Burial-barrow, broad and far-famous,  
 As mid world-dwelling warriors he was widely most honored  
 While he reveled in riches. Let us rouse us and hasten  
 [105]

Again to see and seek for the treasure,  
 45

The wonder neath wall. The way I will show you,  
 That close ye may look at ring-gems sufficient  
 And gold in abundance. Let the bier with promptness  
 Fully be fashioned, when forth we shall come,  
 And lift we our lord, then, where long he shall tarry,  
 50

Well-beloved warrior, neath the Wielders protection.  
 Wiglaf charges them to build a funeral-pyre.  
 Then the son of Wihstan bade orders be given,  
 Mood-valiant man, to many of heroes,  
 Holders of homesteads, that they hither from far,  
 Leaders of liegemen, should look for the good one  
 55

With wood for his pyre: The flame shall now swallow  
 (The wan fire shall wax) the warriors leader  
 Who the rain of the iron often abided,  
 When, sturdily hurled, the storm of the arrows  
 Leapt oer linden-wall, the lance rendered service,  
 60

Furnished with feathers followed the arrow.  
 Now the wise-mooded son of Wihstan did summon  
 The best of the braves from the band of the ruler  
 He takes seven thanes, and enters the den.  
 Seven together; neath the enemys roof he  
 Went with the seven; one of the heroes  
 65

Who fared at the front, a fire-blazing torch-light

Bare in his hand. No lot then decided  
 Who that hoard should havoc, when hero-earls saw it  
 Lying in the cavern uncared-for entirely,  
 Rusting to ruin: they rued then but little  
 70

That they hastily hence hauled out the treasure,  
 They push the dragon over the wall.  
 The dear-valued jewels; the dragon eke pushed they,  
 The worm oer the wall, let the wave-currents take him,  
 [106]

The waters enwind the ward of the treasures.  
 The hoard is laid on a wain.  
 There wunden gold on a wain was uploaded,  
 75

A mass unmeasured, the men-leader off then,  
 The hero hoary, to Whales-Ness was carried.

[1]ǎFor *gehýdde*, B. suggests *gehýðde*: the passage would stand as above except the change of *hidden* (v. 2) to *plundered*. The reference, however, would be to the thief, not to the dragon.

[2]ǎThe passage *Wundur búan* (3063-3066), M. took to be a question asking whether it was strange that a man should die when his appointed time had come.—B. sees a corruption, and makes emendations introducing the idea that a brave man should not die from sickness or from old age, but should find death in the performance of some deed of daring.—S. sees an indirect question introduced by *hwár* and dependent upon *wundur*: *A secret is it when the hero is to die, etc.*—Why may the two clauses not be parallel, and the whole passage an Old English cry of *How wonderful is death!*?—S.s is the best yet offered, if *wundur* means mystery.

[3]ǎFor *strude* in H.-So., S. suggests *stride*. This would require *ravage* (v. 16) to be changed to *tread*.

[4]ǎHe cared sight of (17, 18), S. emends so as to read as follows: *He (Beowulf) had not before seen the favor of the avaricious possessor.*

[5]ǎB. renders: *That which drew the king thither (i.e. the treasure) was granted us, but in such a way that it overcomes us.*

[6] Folc-ágende (3114) B. takes as dat. sing. with gódum, and refers it to Beowulf; that is, *Should bring fire-wood to the place where the good folk-ruler lay.*

[7] C. proposes to take weaxan = L. vescor, and translate *devour*. This gives a parallel to fretan above. The parenthesis would be discarded and the passage read: *Now shall the fire consume, the wan-flame devour, the prince of warriors, etc.*





## Chapter 43

# THE BURNING OF BEOWULF.

Beowulfs pyre.

The folk of the Geatmen got him then ready  
A pile on the earth strong for the burning,  
Behung with helmets, hero-knights targets,  
And bright-shining burnies, as he begged they should have them;

5

Then wailing war-heroes their world-famous chieftain,  
Their liegelord beloved, laid in the middle.

The funeral-flame.

Soldiers began then to make on the barrow  
The largest of dead-fires: dark oer the vapor  
The smoke-cloud ascended, the sad-roaring fire,

10

Mingled with weeping (the wind-roar subsided)  
Till the building of bone it had broken to pieces,  
Hot in the heart. Heavy in spirit

They mood-sad lamented the men-leaders ruin;  
And mournful measures the much-grieving widow

15

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 \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā\*  
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 \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā\*

20

\*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā \*āāāāāāāā\*

The Weders carry out their lords last request.

The men of the Weders made accordingly

A hill on the height, high and extensive,

Of sea-going sailors to be seen from a distance,

And the brave ones beacon built where the fire was,

25

In ten-days space, with a wall surrounded it,

As wisest of world-folk could most worthily plan it.

They placed in the barrow rings and jewels,

[107] Rings and gems are laid in the barrow.

All such ornaments as erst in the treasure

War-mooded men had won in possession:

30

The earnings of earlmen to earth they entrusted,

The gold to the dust, where yet it remaineth

As useless to mortals as in foregoing eras.

Round the dead-mound rode then the doughty-in-battle,

Bairns of all twelve of the chiefs of the people,

They mourn for their lord, and sing his praises. 35

More would they mourn, lament for their ruler,

Speak in measure, mention him with pleasure,

Weighed his worth, and his warlike achievements

Mightily commended, as tis meet one praise his

Liegelord in words and love him in spirit,

40

When forth from his body he fares to destruction.

So lamented mourning the men of the Geats,

Fond-loving vassals, the fall of their lord,  
An ideal king.  
Said he was kindest of kings under heaven,  
Gentlest of men, most winning of manner,  
45  
Friendliest to folk-troops and fondest of honor.  
[109]



## Chapter 44

# ADDENDA

Several discrepancies and other oversights have been noticed in the H.-So. glossary. Of these a good part were avoided by Harrison and Sharp, the American editors of *Beowulf*, in their last edition, 1888. The rest will, I hope, be noticed in their fourth edition. As, however, this book may fall into the hands of some who have no copy of the American edition, it seems best to notice all the principal oversights of the German editors.

**From há**m (194).—Notes and glossary conflict; the latter not having been altered to suit the conclusions accepted in the former.

**Þær gelyfan sceal dryhtnes dóme** (440).—Under *dóm* H. says the might of the Lord; while under *gelyfan* he says the judgment of the Lord.

**Eal bencþelu** (486).—Under *bencþelu* H. says *nom. plu.*; while under *eal* he says *nom. sing.*

**Heatho-ræmas** (519).—Under *ætberan* H. translates to the Heathoremes; while under *Heatho-ræmas* he says *Heathoræmas* reaches Breca in the swimming-match with *Beowulf*. Harrison and Sharp (3d edition, 1888) avoid the discrepancy.

**Fáh féond-scaða** (554).—Under *féond-scaða* H. says a gleaming sea-monster; under *fáh* he says hostile.

**Onfeng hraðe inwit-þancum** (749).—Under *onfón* H. says he *received* the maliciously-disposed one; under *inwit-þanc* he says he *grasped*, etc.

**Níð-wundor séon** (1366).—Under *níð-wundor* H. calls this word itself *nom. sing.*; under *séon* he translates it as *accus. sing.*, understanding man

as subject of *séon*. H. and S. (3d edition) make the correction.

**Forgeaf hilde-bille** (1521).—H., under the second word, calls it instr. dat.; while under *forgifan* he makes it the dat. of indir. obj. H. and S. (3d edition) make the change.

**Brád** and **brún-ecg** (1547).—Under *brád* H. says *das breite Hüftmesser mit bronzener Klinge*; under *brún-ecg* he says *ihr breites Hüftmesser mit blitzender Klinge*.

[110]

**Yðelíce** (1557).—Under this word H. makes it modify *ástód*. If this be right, the punctuation of the fifth edition is wrong. See H. and S., appendix.

**Sélran gesóhte** (1840).—Under *sél* and *gesécan* H. calls these two words accus. plu.; but this is clearly an error, as both are nom. plu., pred. nom. H. and S. correct under *sél*.

**Wið sylfne** (1978).—Under *wið* and *gesittan* H. says *wið = near, by*; under *self* he says *opposite*.

**þéow** (2225) is omitted from the glossary.

**For duguðum** (2502).—Under *duguð* H. translates this phrase, in *Tüchtigkeit*; under *for*, by *vor der edlen Kriegerschaar*.

**þær** (2574).—Under *wealdan* H. translates *þær* by *wo*; under *mótan*, by *da*. H. and S. suggest *if* in both passages.

**Wunde** (2726).—Under *wund* H. says *dative*, and under *wæl-bléate* he says *accus.* It is without doubt *accus.*, parallel with *benne*.

**Strengum gebæded** (3118).—Under *strengo* H. says *Strengum = mit Macht*; under *gebæded* he translates *von den Sehnen*. H. and S. correct this discrepancy by rejecting the second reading.

**Bronda be láfe** (3162).—A recent emendation. The fourth edition had *bronda betost*. In the fifth edition the editor neglects to change the glossary to suit the new emendation. See *bewyrcan*.