**BEOWULF**

The translation retains the sense of each half-line: ie. each half-line of the OE poem is translated as a half-line of the translation. The translation is exact as far as can be managed. Where words or terms not *clearly* implied by the OE are added (never, I think, subtracted) for reasons of scansion or for semantic clarity, those additions are within parentheses.

The translation is in poetic form with English rhythms and alliteration by sound not by sight. The alliterative schemes are generally line by line: ie. alliterative schemes are are generally complete in one line, though very occasionally they continue to divide the following line. Rhythmic schemes are less restrained and often include consecutive lines. Alliterations are usually on several sounds rather than just the one which is required by the OE poetic form. Usually two letters are patterned and sometimes three.

Both the rhythms of the lines and the pattern of alliteration are varied so as to avoid monotony. The OE poetic form observes rules regarding the placement of alliterative sounds on stressed or unstressed syllables in each half-line. No such rules are followed here. Sometimes (not often) an alliterative and rhythmic pattern elsewhere appropriate for a single line will spread across two lines, and sometimes (not often,) because the sense of the OE is rather convoluted and requires a longer than normal phrase in translation, each of a line’s half-lines may contain an alliterative and rhythmic scheme elsewhere appropriate for full lines.

This is meant to be read aloud. Reading silently will tend to suggest rhythms and stresses different from those intended.

The translation uses words with OE roots where at all possible rather than those which are too jarringly Latin or worse Greek – and if the OE word to be translated has an obvous descendant in modern English (with the appropriate sense) then that modern word is usually preferred. The criterion is not strictly etymological but is to avoid the appearance of classical or late-mediaeval connotations in a barbaric poem. Too obviously French words are also avoided, as are terms that refer to chivalric ideas and items (especially of weaponry) where they would seem anachronistic. On the other hand, obscure or archaic English words and dialectical terms are acceptable as long as they are not jarring to the ear. ‘Thou,’ ‘thee,’ ‘thy,’ and ‘thine’ are not used as they are too self-consciously archaic and the OE dual is only irregularly respected. The kennings of the OE poet are retained in translation where that is at all possible because they are felt to add to the alien flavour.

[**132r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f132r)

Hwæt, wē Gār-Dena      in gēardagum,

*Listen!, We of the Spear-Danes     in long-ago days,*

þēodcyninga      þrym gefrūnon,

*of the great of that host      of their glory have heard,*

hū ðā æþelingas      ellen fremedon !

*of how those princes      daring deeds did perform!*

Oft Scyld Scēfing      sceaþena þrēatum,

*Full oft Scyld Scefing      from hosts of* (*his*) *foes,*

**5** monegum mǣgþum      meodosetla oftēah,

*from many kin-bands      did take the mead-benches,*

egsode eorl[as],      syððan ǣrest wearð

*frightened their leaders,      from when he was first*

fēasceaft funden;      hē þæs frōfre gebād,

*found without funds;      he found comfort in that,*

wēox under wolcnum      weorðmyndum þāh,

*waxed under heaven,      his worthiness increased*

oð þæt him ǣghwylc      ymbsittendra

*until each of      those nations that were his neighbours*

**10** ofer hronrāde      hȳran scolde,

*over the whale-way,      had to obey him,*

gomban gyldan;      þæt wæs gōd cyning!

*tribute-gifts had to give;      he was a good king!*

Ðǣm eafera wæs      æfter cenned

*A boy to that one was     afterwards born,*

geong in geardum,      þone God sende

*green in the strong place,      God him had sent*

folce tō frōfre;      fyrenðearfe ongeat,

*as a help for the nation;     he knew the hurts heavy*

**15** *þē* hīe ǣr drugon      aldor(lē)ase

*that they had ere borne      by being unrulered*

lange hwīle;      him þæs Liffrea,

*for a* (*very*) *long while;      wherefore him life’s Lord,*

wuldres Wealdend      woroldāre forgeaf;

*the Power of Glory       gave worldly prestige;*

Bēowulf wæs brēme      -- blǣd wīde sprang --

*Beowulf was renowned     – his repute was wide spread–*

Scyldes eafera      Scedelandum in.

*a son was for Scyld      in the lands of the Swedes.*

**20** Swā sceal (geong g)uma      gōde gewyrcean,

*So ought a young man       bring about by his merit,*

fromum feohgiftum      on fæder (bea)rme,

*by boons given freely      in his father’s embrace,*

[**132v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f132v)

þæt hine on ylde      eft gewunigen

*that in later old age     yet will attend him*

wilgesīþas,      þonne wīg cume,

*companions held dear,      when war does* (*then*) *come,*

lēode gelǣsten;      lofdǣdum sceal

*duty do by their lord;       by lofty deeds ought*

**25** in mǣgþa gehwǣre      man geþeon.

*amongst every people       a man to get profit.*

Him ðā Scyld gewāt      tō gescæphwīle

*Scyld then departed      at the hour determined*

felahrōr fēran      on Frēan wǣre;

*to go out yet powerful,      within God’s protection;*

hī hyne þā ætbǣron      tō brimes faroðe,

*They bore him then out     to the billowing brine*

swǣse gesīþas,      swā hē selfa bæd,

*his companions close,      as himself had commanded,*

**30** þenden wordum wēold      wine Scyldinga –

*while yet he formed words     the friend of the Scyldings –*

lēof landfruma      lange āhte.

*ruler loved in the land     long had he* (*thrn*) *reigned.*

þǣr æt hȳðe stōd      hringedstefna

*At port there was resting      one with ringed-prow,*

īsig ond ūtfūs,      æþelinges fær;

*ready to shove off, ice-rimed,      a ship royal;*

ālēdon þā      lēofne þēoden,

*then down they laid the dearly loved lord,*

**35** bēaga bryttan      on bearm scipes,

*the bestower of bracelets, in the boat’s bosom,*

mǣrne be mæste.      þǣr wæs mādma fela

*mighty one by the mast. There was much wealth*

of feorwegum      frætwa gelǣded;

*from far and abroad of ornaments brought;*

ne hȳrde ic cȳmlīcor      cēol gegyrwan

*I have not heard of a more fairly fixed hull*

hildewǣpnum      ond heaðowǣdum,

*with weapons of combat and clothing of war,*

**40** billum ond byrnum;      him on bearme læg

*and blades and byrnies;* (*and*) *on his breast lay*

mādma mænigo,      þā him mid scoldon

*many things of great wealth, that together with him would*

on flōdes ǣht      feor gewītan.

(*when*) *in the flood taken far away travel.*

Nalæs hī hine lǣssan      lācum tēodan,

*By no means did they meaner gifts to him make*

þēodgestrēonum,      þon þā dydon,

*of the tribe’s treasure, than they did those,*

**45** þē hine æt frumsceafte      forð onsendon

*who at the start him had sent off away*

ǣnne ofer ȳðe      umborwesende.

*alone o’er the waves while yet a young man.*

[**133r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f133r)

þā gȳt hīe him āsetton      segen g(yl)denne

*Still more, they did set by him then a gold standard,*

hēah ofer hēafod,      lēton holm beran,

*high overhead, let the ocean uphold it,*

gēafon on gārsecg;      him wæs geōmor sefa,

*gave it to the sea; for him souls were grieving,*

**50** murnende mōd.      Men ne cunnon

*hearts were troubled. Men may not*

secgan tō sōðe,      selerǣden*d*e,

*tell truly, hall masters,*

hǣleð under heofenum,      hwā þǣm hlæste onfēng.

*lords under the sky, who accepted that load.*

**I**

Ðā wæs on burgum      Bēowulf Scyldinga,

*Then in the cities was Beowulf the Scylding,*

lēof lēodcyning      longe þrāge

*lovèd lord of the people, for a long time*

**55** folcum gefrǣge      --fæder ellor hwearf,

*famed ‘mongst the folk; – his father had gone off,*

aldor of earde --,      oþ þæt him eft onwōc

*the lord from the land – ‘til at length to him born was*

hēah Healfdene;      hēold þenden lifde

*the lofty Half-Dane; he led while he lived,*

gamol ond gūðrēouw      glæde Scyldingas.

*old and fierce in the fight, the fair Scylding* (*folk*)*.*

Ðǣm fēower bearn      forðgerīmed

*Offspring four to that one one after the other*

**60** in worold wōcun,      weoroda rǣswa[n],

*were born to the world, to the chief of the war-band,*

Heorogār ond Hrōðgār      ond Hālga til,

*Heorogar and Hrothgar and Halga the good,*

hȳrde ic þæt [......      wæs On]elan cwēn,

*I heard that* [ *… was On*]*ela’s queen,*

Heaðo-Scilfingas      healsgebedda.

*the Scylfing of battle’s beloved bed-mate.*

þā wæs Hrōðgāre      herespēd gyfen,

*To Hrothgar was then war-glory given,*

**65** wīges weorðmynd,      þæt him his winemāgas

*honour in combat, so him his close kinsmen*

georne hȳrdon,      oðð þæt sēo geogoð gewēox,

*gladly did follow, ‘til grew those young fellows*

magodriht micel.      Him on mōd bearn,

*to a corps of men mighty.* (*Then*) *it came to his mind*

þæt healreced      hātan wolde,

*that a building, a hall, he would have bidden,*

[**133v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f133v)

medoærn micel      men gewyrcean

*a mead-hall more mighty by men to be built,*

**70** þon[n]e yldo bearn      ǣfre gefrūnon,

*than the offspring of men ever had heard of,*

ond þǣr on innan      eall gedǣlan

*and there on the inside to all to allot*

geongum ond ealdum,      swylc him God sealde,

*to young and to old as God to him gave,*

būton folcscare      ond feorum gumena.

*except public lands and the lives of the people.*

Ðā ic wīde gefrægn      weorc gebannan

*Then widely, I heard, was offered out work*

**75** manigre mǣgþe      geond þisne middangeard,

*to many* (*of men’s*) *tribes this middle-earth throughout,*

folcstede frætwan.      Him on fyrste gelomp

*to dress the folk-hall. Duly happened it for him*

ǣdre mid yldum,      þæt hit wearð ealgearo,

*rather quickly by men, that quite ready it was made,*

healærna mǣst;      scōp him Heort naman

*the mightiest hall-building; he made its name Heorot,*

sē þe his wordes geweald      wīde hæfde.

*he whose words power possessed far and wide.*

**80** Hē bēot ne ālēh,      bēagas dǣlde,

*His boasts he belied not, rings he bestowed,*

sinc æt symle.      Sele hlīfade

*riches at the revels. Up rose the hall*

hēah ond horngēap;      heaðowylma bād,

*high and wide-gabled, on war heavings waited,*

lāðan līges;      ne wæs hit lenge þā gēn,

*on offensive flames; not yet was it near then*

þæt se *e*cghete      āþumsw*ēor*an

*that the sword-hatred of those who swore oaths*

**85** æfter wælnīðe      wæcnan scolde.

*by enmity baneful would be awakened.*

Ðā se ellengǣst      earfoðlīce

*Then the bold demon with* (*deep*) *discontent*

þrāge geþolode,      sē þe in þȳstrum bād,

*did endure a hard time, he who dwelt in the dark,*

þæt hē dōgora gehwām      drēam gehȳrde

*as he every day heard the din of delight*

hlūdne in healle;      þǣr wæs hearpan swēg,

*loud in the mead-hall; there was music of harps,*

**90** swutol sang scopes.      Sægde sē þe cūþe

*bright song of the skald. One spoke who was able*

frumsceaft fīra      feorran reccan,

*the origins of men from long ere lay out.*

[**134r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f134r)

cwæð þæt se Ælmihtiga      eorðan worh(te),

*He said the Almighty had made Middle Earth,*

wlitebeorhtne wang,      swā wæter bebūgeð,

*a world bright to behold, bounded by water,*

gesette sigehrēþig      sunnan ond mōnan

*to celebrate success emplaced sun and moon*

**95** lēoman tō lēohte      landbūendum,

*as lamps to illumine those who lived in the land,*

ond gefrætwade      foldan scēatas

*and well did appoint* (*all*) *the parts of the world*

leomum ond lēafum,      līf ēac gesceōp

*with limbs and with leaves, and moreover made life*

cynna gehwylcum      þāra ðe cwice hwyrfaþ. –

*of each kind of those* (*creatures*) *that quicken and stir.*

Swā ðā drihtguman      drēamum lifdon,

*So the lord’s liege-men in merriment lived,*

**100** ēadiglīce,      oð ðæt ān ongan

*and in contentment, ‘til one commenced*

fyrene fre(m)man      fēond on helle;

*to do hateful deeds, a demon from Hell;*

wæs se grimma gǣst      Grendel hāten,

*this horrible ghoul Grendel was hight,*

mǣre mearcstapa,      sē þe mōras hēold,

*reviled marchland-roamer, who ruled o’er the moors,*

fen ond fæsten;      fīfelcynnes eard

*the fen and the fastness; a place for foul peoples*

**105** wonsǣlī wer      weardode hwīle,

*the wight in his wretchedness ruled for a while,*

siþðan him Scyppend      forscrifen hæfde  
*because the Creator had him condemned*

in Cāines cynne --      þone cwealm gewræc

*along with Cain’s race – that killing revenged*

ēce Drihten,      þæs þe hē Ābel slōg;

*the everlasting Lord, that he Abel laid low by;*

ne gefeah hē þǣre fǣhðe,      ac hē hine feor forwræc,

*He joyed not in that feud, but far off He forced him,*

**110** Metod for þȳ māne      mancynne fram.

*the Maker, for this wickedness, away from mankind.*

þanon untȳdras      ealle onwōcon,

*Of evil every breed from him was born,*

eotenas ond ylfe      ond orcneas,

*ogres and elves and underworld imps,*

[**134v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f134v)

swylce gīgantas,      þā wið Gode wunnon

*and also giants, who waged war against God*

lange þrāge ;      hē him ðæs lēan forgeald.

*o’er a long age; for that He gave answer.*

**II**

**115** Gewāt ðā nēosian,      syþðan niht becōm,

*He went then to nose out, when night was come in,*

hean hūses,      hū hit Hring-Dene

*the dwelling high-raised, how it the Ring-Danes*

æfter bēorþege      gebūn hæfdon.

*when done with ale-drinking within they had dwelt,*

Fand þā ðǣr inne      æþelinga gedriht

*He found then therein the force of the thanes*

swefan æfter symble;      sorge ne cūðon,

*asleep after feasting, no sorrows they knew,*

**120** wonsceaft wera.      Wiht unhǣlo,

*nor misfortunes of men. The unholy mortal,*

grim ond grǣdig,      gearo sōna wæs,

*horrible and greedy, soon had got ready,*

rēoc ond rēþe,      ond on ræste genam

*wrathful and savage, and seized from their rest*

þrītig þegna;      þanon eft gewāt

*thirty of the thanes; thence he returned*

hūðe hrēmig      tō hām faran,

*triumphant in loot,* (*and*) *to his lair turning,*

**125** mid þǣre wælfylle      wīca nēosan.

*sated with slaughter to seek out his home.*

Ðā wæs on ūhtan      mid ǣrdæge

*Then was just before dawn at break of day*

Grendles gūðcræft      gumum undyrne;

*Grendel’s might in the combat made clear to men;*

þā wæs æfter wiste      wōp ūp āhafen,

*after revelry there was then a wail upraised*

micel morgenswēg.      Mǣre þēoden,

*loud in the morning. The magnificent lord,*

**130** æþeling ǣrgōd,      unblīðe sæt,

*pre-eminent prince, sat on perplexed,*

þolode ðrȳðswȳð      þegnsorge drēah,

*sorrowed the great one, suffered grief for the thanes,*

syðþan hīe þæs lāðan      lāst scēawedon,

*since they of that foe the footprints had seen,*

wergan gāstes;      wæs þæt gewin tō strang,

*of the hideous ghoul; too great was that hardship,*

lāð ond longsum!      Næs hit lengra fyrst,

*terrible and lasting! No longer time was it,*

[**135r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f135r)

**135** ac ymb āne niht      eft gefremede

*but after one night he again brought about*

morðbeala māre,      ond nō mearn fore,

*more frightful murder, and for that he mourned not.*

fǣhðe ond fyrene;      wæs tō fæst on þām.

*Wickedness and feud too firm on him were.*

þā wæs ēaðfynde      þē him elles hwǣr

*Then easy it was to find one who elsewhere*

gerūmlīcor      ræste [sōhte]

*and further removed would find his rest,*

**140** bed æfter būrum,      ðā him gebēacnod wæs,

*a bed in out-buildings, when became clear to him,*

gesægd sōðlīce      sweotolan tācne

*as was truly told by obvious tokens ,*

healðegnes hete;      hēold hyne syðþan

*the hall-treader’s hate; so he took himself*

fyr ond fæstor      sē þǣm fēonde ætwand.

*far off and* (*far*) *safer who ‘scaped from that fiend.*

Swā rīxode      ond wið rihte wan,

*So he did rule and against the right strove,*

**145** āna wið eallum,      oð þæt īdel stōd

*alone against all, until empty stood*

hūsa sēlest.      Wæs sēo hwīl micel;

*the worthiest of lodgings. It was a long while –*

twelf wintra tīd      torn geþolode

*a dozen of winters – woes he endured,*

wine Scyld*i*n*g*a,      wēana gehwelcne,

*the friend of the Scyldings, every sadness thereof*

sīdra sorga;      forðām [secgum] wearð,

*a misery worse; it was made thus to men,*

**150** ylda bearnum      undyrne cūð

*to the offspring of elders, openly known*

gyddum geōmore,      þætte Grendel wan

*in songs of grief, that Grendel had striven*

hwīle wið Hrōþgār,      hetenīðas wæg,

*a long while with Hrothgar, hateful war waged,*

fyrene ond fǣhðe      fela missēra,

*in hostility and malice for many half-years,*

singāle sæce;      sibbe ne wolde

*perpetually at war; he wanted no peace*

**155** wið manna hwone      mægenes Deniga,

*with any man from ‘mongst the might of the Danes,*

feorhbealo feorran,      fēa þingian,

*mortal malice to cease, to settle with money,*

nē þǣr nǣnig witena      wēnan þorfte

*no counsellor there needed to count on*

beorhtre bōte      tō ban*an* folmum;

*rich recompense from the homicide’s hand;*

[**135v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f135v)

(ac se) ǣglǣca      ēhtende wæs,

*but the horrible creature continued to harrow,*

**160** deorc dēaþscua,      duguþe ond geogoþe,

*– dark shade of death – the muster of doughties and the young men,*

seomade ond syrede;      sinnihte hēold

*he lurked and laid traps; ruled in unending night*

mistige mōras;      men ne cunnon,

*the marshlands in mist; it is not known to men*

hwyder helrūnan      hwyrftum scrīþað.

*whither such witches slink in their wand’rings.*

Swā fela fyrena      fēond mancynnes,

*Thus many crimes th’enemy of mankind,*

**165** atol āngengea      oft gefremede,

*the brute alone-faring, often brought off,*

heardra hȳnða;      Heorot eardode,

*humiliations deep; in Heorot he dwelt,*

sincfāge sel      sweartum nihtum ; --

*the richly decked hall, during dark nights –*

nō hē þone gifstōl      grētan mōste,

*never he at the gift-seat greetings might give,*

māþðum for Metode,      nē his myne wisse.--

*a thing the Lord values, nor his love know.*

**170** þæt wæs wrǣc micel      wine Scyldinga,

*That was a great sorrow for the friend of the Scyldings,*

mōdes brecða.      Monig oft gesæt

*a soreness of soul. Many sat often,*

rīce tō rūne;      rǣd eahtedon,

*the high holding counsel; kenned how to help,*

hwæt swīðferhðum      sēlest wǣre

*for the brave what were best*

wið fǣrgryrum      tō gefremmanne.

*‘gainst the terror of sudden attack to essay.*

**175** Hwīlum hīe gehēton      æt *h*ærgtrafum

*Sometimes promises they made at the shrines of the pagans*

wīgweorþunga,      wordum bǣdon,

*worshipping idols, in words they implored*

þæt him gāstbona      gēoce gefremede

*that to them the soul-slayer assistance might give*

wið þēodþrēaum.      Swylc wæs þēaw hyra,

*for the woes of the folk. Such was their way,*

hǣþenra hyht;      helle gemundon

*the hope of the heathens, they were thinking of Hell*

**180** in mōdsefan,      Metod hīe ne cūþon,

*at their hearts’ core, the Creator they kenned not,*

dǣda Dēmend,      ne wiston hīe Drihten God,

*the deemer of deeds, nor the Deity knew they,*

[**136r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f136r)

nē hīe hūru heofena Helm      herian ne cūþon,

*nor indeed heaven’s helm did they know to hail,*

wuldres Waldend.      Wā bið þǣm ðe sceal

*the God of* (*all-*)*Glory. Grief be to him who‘d*

þurh slīðne nīð      sāwle bescūfan

*by severe enmity impel his soul*

**185** in fȳres fæþm,      frōfre ne wēnan,

*to th’inferno’s embrace. Expect no assistance,*

wihte gewendan !      Wēl bið þǣm þe mōt

*or a whit it to alter! Well* (*then*) *to him who’d*

æfter dēaðdæge      Drihten sēcean

*after his death- day look for the Lord*

ond tō Fæder fæþmum      freoðo wilnian !

*and in* (*our*) *Father’s arms peace aim to find!*

**III**

Swā ðā mǣlceare      maga Healfdenes

*So then on day’s sorrows the son of Half-Dane*

**190** singāla sēað;      ne mihte snotor hæleð

*worried continually: nor could the wise warrior*

wēan onwendan;      wæs þæt gewin tō swȳð,

*turn miseries aside; too much was that trouble,*

lāþ ond longsum,      þē on ðā lēode becōm,

*terrible and lasting, that lay on the tribe,*

nȳdwracu nīþgrim,      nihtbealwa mǣst.

*cruel wicked afflictions, the worst of night-woes.*

þæt fram hām gefrægn      Higelāces þegn

*At his home heard he of that, Hygelac’s retainer,*

**195** gōd mid Gēatum,      Grendles dǣda;

*a good fellow of the Geats, of* (*that*) *Grendel’s feats:*

sē wæs moncynnes      mægenes strengest

*he was amongst men the mightiest in strength*

on þǣm dæge      þysses līfes,

*on that day in this life,*

æþele ond ēacen.      Hēt him ȳðlidan

*worthy and large. A wave-crosser he commanded them*

gōdne gegyrwan;      cwæð, hē gūðcyning

*well to equip: quoth he, the king-warrior*

**200** ofer swanrāde      sēcean wolde,

*over the swan-way he wanted to seek out,*

mǣrne þēoden,      þā him wæs manna þearf.

*the noble well-known, as of men he had need.`*

Ðone sīðfæt him      snotere ceorlas

*Him for that effort foresightful free men*

lȳthwōn lōgon,      þēah hē him lēof wǣre;

*blamèd but little, though he were loved by them;*

[**136v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f136v)

hwetton hige(r)ōfne,      hǣl scēawedon.

*urged on the brave one; observed they the omens.*

**205** Hæfde se gōda      Gēata lēoda

*He had, the good man, from the host of the Geats*

cempan gecorone      þāra þe hē cēnoste

*champions chosen of those the most chivalrous*

findan mihte;      fīftȳna sum

*that he could find;      fifteen by count*

sundwudu sōhte,      secg wīsade,

*the sea-wood they sought, the warrior led,*

lagucræftig mon      landgemyrcu.

*the man sure at sea, on to the sea shore.*

**210** Fyrst forð gewāt;      flota wæs on ȳðum,

(*So*) *time went on; on the tide was the ship,*

bāt under beorge.      Beornas gearwe

*the boat ‘neath the bluff. The warriors boldly*

on stefn stigon,--      strēamas wundon,

*stepped to the prow – the sea-streams did swirl up*

sund wið sande;      secgas bǣron

*the brine and the sand; sailors were bearing*

on bearm nacan      beorhte frætwe,

*to the ship’s bosom bright-shining adornments,*

**215** gūðsearo geatolīc;      guman ūt scufon,

*proper gear for war; people pushed out,*

weras on wilsīð      wudu bundenne.

*men on journey most welcome, the well-joinèd wood.*

Gewāt þā ofer wǣgholm      winde gefȳsed

*Then went o’er the deep-waves, driven by wind*

flota fāmīheals      fugle gelīcost,

*a boat with neck bubbling most like to a bird,*

oð þæt ymb āntīd      ōþres dōgores

*‘til about the due hour of the day after*

**220** wundenstefna      gewaden hæfde,

*the curved prow had crossed o’er*

þæt ðā līðende      land gesāwon,

*so the sailors saw land*

brimclifu blīcan,      beorgas stēape,

*shining sea-cliffs, steep-sloping shore-hills,*

sīde sǣnæssas;      þā wæs sund liden,

*sea promontories wide, then were the waves passed,*

eoletes æt ende.      þanon ūp hraðe

*the sea voyage over. Up smartly from there*

**225** Wedera lēode      on wang stigon,

*the host of the Wederas walked onto the hard,*

sǣwudu sǣldon,--      syrcan hrysedon,

*moored the ship, shook the mail-shirts,*

gūðgewǣdo;      Gode þancedon

*the war gear; they thanked God*

þæs þe him ȳþlāde      ēaðe wurdon.

*that for them the sea passage plain sailing had been.*

[**137r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f137r)

þā of wealle geseah      weard Scildinga,

*Then saw from the wall the Scyldings’ watch-man,*

**230** sē þe holmclifu      healdan scolde,

*he that the sea cliffs in safety should keep,*

beran ofer bolcan      beorhte randas,

*borne over the gangway bucklers a-gleaming,*

fyrdsearu fūslicu;      hine fyrwyt bræ

*weapons war-ready; a worrry rose in him*

mōdgehygdum,      hwæt þā men wǣron.

*in his wondering mind, what these men were.*

Gewāt him þā tō waroðe      wicge rīdan

*Rushed he to the strand then riding a steed*

**235** þegn Hrōðgāres,      þrymmum cwehte

*Hrothgar’s retainer, mightily he raised*

mægenwudu mundum,      meþelwordum frægn:

*the strong spear in his hand; asked in high speech:*

'Hwæt syndon gē      searohæbbendra,

*“What are you who wear war-gear,*

byrnum werede,      þē þus brontne cēol

*covered with corslets, who thus a high keel*

ofer lagustrǣte      lǣdan cwōmon,

*across the* (*wide*) *sea lanes leading have come*

**240** hider ofer holmas ?      [Ic hwī]le wæs

*O’er the waves hither? Some while I have been*

endesǣta,      ǣgwearde hēold,

*of* (*this*) *coast the warden , had the watch o’er the waves,*

þē on land Dena      lāðra nǣnig

*that on Danish earth, no ill-doers at all*

mid scipherge      sceðþan ne meahte.

*by army ship-borne should do any bale.*

Nō hēr cūðlīcor      cuman ongunnon

*Here never more openly ever ventured to come*

**245** lindhæbbende,      nē gē lēafnesword

*linden-wood bearers, but you the leave-word*

gūðfremmendra      gearwe ne wisson,

*of those who do combat do clearly not have*

māga gemēdu.      Nǣfre ic māran geseah

*nor consent of the clan. I never kenned more*

eorla ofer eorþan,      ðonne is ēower sum,

*worthy man in the world, than one who is with you,*

secg on searwum;      nis þæt seldaguma,

*a man in war-harness, no hall-wight is he*

**250** wǣpnum geweorðad,      næf*n*e him his wlite lēoge,

*made worthy by weapons; may his looks not belie him.*

ǣnlīc ansȳn.      Nū ic ēower sceal

*An image unmatched! Now must I of you*

frumcyn witan,      ǣr gē fyr heonan

*the family find out, ere you far from here*

[**137v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f137v)

lēasscēaweras      on land Dena

*as undeclared spies in the state of the Danes*

furþur fēran.      Nū gē feorbūend

*fare further on. Now you distant dwellers,*

**255** merelīðende,      mīn[n]e gehȳrað

*who are wave-farers, hearken you well to my*

ānfealdne geþōht:      ofost is sēlest

*sentiment blunt: it is best to be speedy*

tō gecȳðanne,      hwanan ēowre cyme syndon.'

*to fully uncover, from where you are come.”*

**IIII**

Him se yldesta      andswarode,

*To him the eldest made* (*ready*) *answer,*

werodes wīsa,      wordhord onlēac:

*the lord of the war-host, unlocked his word-hoard:*

**260** 'Wē synt gumcynnes      Gēata lēode

*“We are of the kin*      *of the clan of the Geats*

ond Higelāces      heorðgenēatas.

*and of* (*king*) *Hygelac the companions at hearth:*

Wæs mīn fæder      folcum gecȳþed,

*my father was famous amongst the folk,*

æþele ordfruma,      Ecgþēow hāten;

*a van-captain of value, Ecgtheow was he called;*

gebād wintra worn,      ǣr hē on weg hwurfe,

*many winters he saw out ere he went on his way,*

**265** gamol of geardum;      hine gearwe geman

*an old man from the fold; he is firm in the memory*

witena wēlhwylc      wīde geond eorþan.

*of each of the wise far and wide through the world.*

Wē þurh holdne hige      hlāford þīnne,

*Through loyal hearts we, that leader of yours,*

sunu Healfdenes      sēcean cwōmon,

*the son of Half-Dane, have come for to seek,*

lēodgebyrgean;      wes þū ūs lārena gōd !

*the guard of the tribe: be to us a good guide!*

**270** Habbað wē tō þǣm mǣran      micel ǣrende

*To that well-renowned one we have a grand errand,*

Deniga frean;      ne sceal þǣr dyrne sum

*to the master of Danes; nor should there some mystery*

wesan, þæs ic wēne.      þū wāst, gif hit is

*be, as I deem. Do you know, if it be*

swā wē sōþlīce      secgan hȳrdon,

*as in sooth we’ve heard said,*

[**138r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f138r)

þæt mid Scyldingum      sceaðona ic nāt hwylc,

*that with the Scyldings some scather – which one I know not –*

**275** dēogol dǣdhata      deorcum nihtum

*a doer hidden of deeds hateful, by dark of night*

ēaweð þurh egsan      uncūðne nīð,

*uncovers through horror an uncanny hatred,*

hȳnðu ond hrāfyl.      Ic þæs Hrōðgār mæg

*humiliation and massacre. Here may I Hrothgar*

þurh rūmne sefan      rǣd gelǣran,

*from a heart that is open offer helpful advice,*

hū hē frōd ond gōd      fēond oferswȳðeþ –

*how he, wise and fine, would o’erthrow the foe –*

**280** gyf him edwend*e*n      ǣfre scolde

*if for him a change ever should,*

bealuwa bisigu      bōt eft cuman –

*for the suffering of crimes a salve, after come –*

ond þā cearwylmas      cōlran wurðaþ;

*and then the up-boilings of cares become cooler;*

oððe ā syþðan      earfoðþrāge,

*or ever after an age full of anguish,*

þrēanȳd þolað,      þenden þǣr wunað

(*and*) *stark evils suffer, whilst ever there stands*

**285** on hēahstede      hūsa sēlest.

*upon a high place that paragon of houses.”*

Weard maþelode,      ðǣr on wicge sæt,

*The sentinel spoke, as he sat ‘pon his steed,*

ombeht unforht:      'Ǣghwæþres sceal

*the officer bold: “Of each of these both ought*

scearp scyldwiga      gescād witan,

*a wily shield-warrior to be wise to the difference,*

worda ond worca,      sē þe wēl þenceð.

*of words and of deeds, who deliberates well.*

**290** Ic þæt gehȳre,      þæt þis is hold weorod

*Here I have found that this fellowship is friendly*

frēan Scyldinga.      Gewītaþ forð beran

*to the prince of the Scyldings. You may proceed bearing*

wǣpen ond gewǣdu,      ic ēow wīsige;

(*your*) *weapons and armour, I will show you the way;*

swylce ic maguþegnas      mīne hate

*just so I men junior to me will enjoin,*

wið fēonda gehwone      flotan ēowerne,

*against every rival this vessel of yours,*

**295** nīwtyrwydne      nacan on sande

*the newly sealed ship on the sands of the shore*

ārum healdan,      oþ ðæt eft byreð

*to watch o’er in honour, ‘til it once again hauls*

ofer lagustrēamas      lēofne mannan

*over billowing currents a captain beloved*

[**138v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f138v)

wudu wundenhals      tō Wedermearce,

*– wooden wound-prowed – to Wedermark.*

gōdfremmendra      swylcum gifeþe bið,

*Doers of good deeds – to such be it granted,*

**300** þæt þone hilderǣs      hāl gedīgeð.'

*that this storm of battle be safely survived.”*

Gewiton him þā fēran;      flota stille bād,

*Then they advanced – the boat bided at rest,*

seomode on s*ā*le      sīdfæþmed scip,

*hung on the hawser the broad-beamèd hull,*

on ancre fæst;      eoforlīc scionon

*bound to its anchor – the shapes of boars shone*

ofer hlēorber[g]an      gehroden golde,

*at the top of cheek-guards* (*all*) *chasèd with gold,*

**305** fāh ond fȳrheard;      ferhwearde hēold

*fire-hardened and glittering it held the life-guard*

gūþmōd gr*ī*mmon.      Guman ōnetton,

*of the hard-faced, war-minded. Men hastened on,*

sigon ætsomne,      oþ þæt hȳ [s]æl timbred,

*marched on together, ‘til the timber-made manor they,*

geatolīc ond goldfāh      ongyton mihton;

*gold-adorned and glorious, were able to glimpse;*

þæt wæs foremǣrost      foldbūendum

*that was far the most famous ‘mongst earth-dwelling folk*

**310** receda under roderum,      on þǣm se rīca bād;

*of buildings ‘neath sky. Abode therein the sovereign;*

līxta se lēoma      ofer landa fela.

*the lamps did make light the many lands o’er.*

Him þā hildedēor      [h]of mōdigra

*To them then the battle-bold the home of the brave*

torht getǣhte,      þæt hīe him tō mihton

*shining he showed, that they should be able to it*

gegnum gangan;      gūðbeorna sum

*straight to fare;* (*then*) *that sterling fellow*

**315** wicg gewende,      word æfter cwæð:

*did wheel his steed round, whereon these words spoke:*

'Mǣl is mē tō fēran;      Fæder alwalda  
*“Now must I fare on****.****May the Father almighty,*

mid ārstafum      ēowic gehealde  
*in* (*his*) *kindness      keep you*

sīða gesunde!      Ic tō sǣ wille,  
*safe in your sojourns!      I will go to the sea,*

[**139r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f139r)

wið wrāð werod      wearde healdan.'  
*‘gainst enemy gangs      the guard to maintain****.****”*

**V**

**320** Strǣt wæs stānfāh,      stīg wīsode

*The street was stone-paved,      the pathway did steer*

gumum ætgædere.      Gūðbyrne scān  
*the bravos together;      war-byrnies were beaming*

heard hondlocen,      hringīren scīr  
*hand-ringèd and hard,      the bright iron rings*

song in searwum,      þā hīe tō sele furðum  
*from their fighting gear rang,      when first to the hall*

in hyra gryregeatwum      gangan cwōmon.  
*in their armour of war      they walking arrived.*

**325** Setton sǣmēþe      sīde scyldas,

*The sea-weary set down* (*their*) *wide-spanning shields,*

rondas regnbearde      wið þæs recedes weal;  
*wondrous-hard bucklers      by the wall of the building,*

bugon þā tō bence,--      byrnan hringdon,  
*and sat then at bench.      Byrnies sang out,*

gūðsearo gumena;      gāras stōdon,  
*the war-gear of soldiers;      spears were up-standing,*

sǣmanna searo      samod ætgædere,  
*smart gear of the sailors,      all gathered together,*

**330** æscholt ufan grǣg;      wæs se īrenþrēat

*grey o’er an ash-grove;      the gang in iron-armour was*

wǣpnum gewurþad.      þā ðǣr wlonc hæleð  
*made fair by weapons;      and then a fine fellow there*

ōretmecgas      æfter *æþ*e*l*um frægn:  
*questioned the warriors      concerning their quality:*

'Hwanon ferigeað gē      fǣtte scyldas,  
*“Whence come you, carrying      shields with gold covered,*

grǣge syrcan,      ond grīmhelmas,  
*grey hauberks of mail      and face-masking helms,*

**335** heresceafta hēap ?      Ic eom Hrōðgāres

*with a heap of war-spears?      I am to Hrothgar*

ār ond ombiht.      Ne seah ic elþēodige  
*the steward and herald;      I have ne’er seen ‘mong strangers*

þus manige men      mōdiglīcran.  
*so numerous men      more stalwart in seeming.*

Wēn' ic þæt gē for wlenco,      nalles for wræcsīðum,  
*I suppose you for boldness,      not from banishment’s sorrow*

[**139v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f139v)

ac for higeþrymmum      Hrōðgār sōhton.'  
*but from greatness of heart,      have sought out Hrothgar****.****”*

**340** Him þā ellenrōf      andswarode,

*Then to him the one known for honour      made answer,*

wlanc Wedera lēod,      word æfter spræc  
*proud prince of the Wedera,      words then pronounced,*

heard under helme:      'Wē synt Higelāces  
*hard under his helm:      "We are of Hygelac*

bēodgenēatas;      Bēowulf is mīn nama.  
*companions at board;       Beowulf is my name.*

Wille ic āsecgan      sunu Healfdenes,  
*I want to declare      to the son of Half-Dane,*

**345** mǣrum þēodne      mīn ǣrende,

*to the ruler renownèd,      my errand* (*to him*)*;*

aldre þīnum,      gif hē ūs geunnan wile,  
*to your lord* (*and leader*)*,      if he would allow us,*

þæt wē hine swā gōdne      grētan mōton.'  
*that we to so gracious a man,      might give greetings****.****"*

Wulfgār maþelode      --þæt wæs Wendla lēod,   
*Wulfgar then proclaimed,      – he was prince of the Wendels;*

wæs his mōdsefa      manegum gecȳðed,  
(*and*) *his cast of mind was      well-kenned by many,*

**350** wīg ond wīsdōm --:      'Ic þæs wine Deniga,

*war-deftness and wisdom:      "Of the Dane-friend this will I,*

frēan Scildinga      frīnan wille,  
*of the king of the Scyldings,      go to seek out,*

bēaga bryttan,      swā þū bēna eart,  
*of who passes out rings,      as you are a petitioner,*

þēoden mǣrne      ymb þīnne sīð,  
*of the eminent lord      about your emprise,*

ond þē þā andsware      ǣdre gecȳðan,  
*and to you the reply      will forthwith report*

**355** ðē mē se gōda      āgifan þenceð.'

*that to me the good man      does think meet to give****."***

Hwearf þā hrædlīce      þǣr Hrōðgār sæt  
*He went then in haste      to where Hrothgar was sat,*

eald ond *a*nhār      mid his eorla gedriht;  
*agèd and hoar,      with his host of attendants;*

ēode ellenrōf,      þæt hē for eaxlum gestōd  
*went the one known for bravery      so he stood right beside*

Deniga frean;      cūþe hē duguðe þēaw.  
*the king of the Danes:      he knew the court’s customs;*

[**140r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f140r)

**360** Wulfgār maðelode      tō his winedrihtne:

*Wulfgar spoke forth     to his sovereign and friend:*

'Hēr syndon geferede,      feorran cumene  
*“Hither have they fared,      have come from afar,*

ofer geofenes begang      Gēata lēode;  
*over wide waters,      the warrior Geats;*

þone yldestan      ōretmecgas  
*the noblest      of battlers*

Bēowulf nemnað.      Hȳ bēnan synt,  
*is Beowulf by name.      They are praying,*

**365** þæt hīe, þēoden mīn,      wið þē mōton

*my prince, that they      with you might*

wordum wrixlan;      nō ðū him wearne getēoh  
*discourse enjoy.      Do not you deny them*

ðīnra gegncwida,      glædman Hrōðgār  
*your words in reply,      glorious Hrothgar.*

Hȳ on wīggetāwum      wyrðe þinceað  
*They by their war-gear      worthy would seem*

eorla geæhtlan;      hūru se aldor dēah,  
*of people’s esteem;      indeed, strong is the prince*

**370** sē þǣm heaðorincum      hider wīsade.'

*who has these war-heroes      hitherwards led****.”***

**VI**

Hrōðgār maþelode,      helm Scyldinga:  
*Hrothgar* (*then*) *spoke,      the guard of the Scyldings:*

'Ic hine cūðe      cnihtwesende;  
*“Him did I know      when a youth he was yet;*

wæs his ealdfæder      Ecgþēo hāten,  
*his well-esteemed father was      Ecgtheow called,*

ðǣm tō hām forgeaf      Hrēþel Gēata  
*to whom for his home gave        Hrethel the Geat*

**375** āngan dohtor;      is his eafor*a* nū

*his* (*own*) *single daughter;* (*and*) *now does his son*

heard hēr cumen,      sōhte holdne wine.   
*come here without fear,      to find a true friend****.***

Ðonne sægdon þæt      sǣlīþende,  
*Furthermore it was said,      by those farers by sea*

þā ðe gifsceattas      Gēata fyredon  
*who gifts of great cost      had carried to the Geats*

þyder tō þance,      þæt hē þrītiges  
*in thanks to that place,      that he of thirty*

[**140v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f140v)

**380** manna mægencræft      on his mundgripe

*men their great might      in the grip of his hand*

heaþorōf hæbbe.      Hine hālig God  
*the famed in the fight held.      Him Holy Father*

for ārstafum      ūs onsende,  
*as an assistance has sent out to us,*

tō West-Denum,      þæs ic wēn hæbbe,  
*to the West-Danes,      as I would deem it,*

wið Grendles gryre.      Ic þǣm gōdan sceal  
*against Grendel's terror.      To this good man I must*

**385** for his mōdþræce      mādmas bēodan.

*for his true fearlessness      offer up treasures****.***

Bēo ðū on ofeste,      hāt in gân  
*Be quick to it you,      and command to come in*

sēon sibbegedriht      samod ætgædere;  
*a band of brothers to see      all gathered together.*

gesaga him ēac wordum,      þæt hīe sint wilcuman  
*In words tell them too,      that they are welcome*

Deniga lēodum.'      [þā wið duru healle  
*‘mong the host of the Danes****!****”      [Then to the hall door*

**390** Wulfgār ēode,]      word inne ābēad:

*Wulfgar did go,]      gave a word from within:*

'Ēow hēt secgan      sigedrihten mīn,  
*“You he orders to be told      my glorious lord,*

aldor Ēast-Dena,      þæt hē ēower æþelu can,  
*the leader of the East-Danes,      that your lineage he knows,*

ond gē him syndon      ofer sǣwylmas  
*and so you are to him,      o’er the surge of the sea,*

heardhicgende      hider wilcuman.  
*being men hard**of will,      hither made welcome.*

**395** Nū gē mōton gangan      in ēowrum gūð*s*ea*r*wum,

*Now you may go      in your warrior-gear,*

under heregrīman      Hrōðgār gesēon;  
*under war-helmets,      Hrothgar to see;*

lǣtað hildebord      hēr onbīdan,  
*let war-shields      wait here,*

wudu wælsceaftas      worda geþinges.'  
*and deadly wood shafts,       let words do the work****.****”*

Ārās þā se rīca,      ymb hine rinc manig,  
*Then the mighty one rose,      many warriors around him,*

**400** þrȳðlīc þegna hēap;      sume þǣr bidon,

*a fam’d force of retainers;      a few remained there,*

heaðorēaf hēoldon,      swā him se hearda bebēad.  
*the battle-gear guarding      as the grim one had bade them.*

[**141r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f141r)

Snyredon ætsomne      -- þā secg wīsode--   
*They hurried together      – at their head was the hero –*

under Heorotes hrōf;      [heaþorinc ēode,]  
*under Heorot's roof-beam;      [went the one brave in war,]*

heard under helme,      þæt hē on heo[r]ðe gestōd.  
*stern under helm,      ’til he stood in the hall****.***

**405** Bēowulf maðelode      --on him byrne scān,

*Beowulf spoke out      – his byrnie shone on him,*

searonet seowed      smiþes orþancum--:  
*an armour-net sewn      by a smith's skilful art –:*

'Wæs þū, Hrōðgār, hāl!      Ic eom Higelāces  
*“Be thou healthy, Hrothgar!       Of Hygelac I am*

mǣg ond magoðegn;      hæbbe ic mǣrða fela  
*a young follower and family;      I have much that is famous*

ongunnen on geogoþe.      Mē wearð Grendles þing  
*done in my green days.      Grendel's deeds to me grew,*

**410** on mīnre ēþeltyrf      undyrne cūð;

*in my own native land,      to be openly known:*

secgað sǣlīðend,      þæt þæs sele stande,  
*Sea-farers had said      that* (*here*) *this hall stands,*

reced sēlesca      rinca gehwylcum  
*the best amongst buildings,      by all amongst men*

īdel ond unnyt,      siððan ǣfenlēoht  
*left empty and waste,      when the light of the evening*

under heofenes haðor      beholen weorþeð.  
*beneath heaven’s bowl     has been hidden away****.***

**415** þā mē þæt gelǣrdon      lēode mīne,

*Then I was persuaded thus,      by my own people,*

þā sēlestan,      snotere ceorlas,  
*the best amongst men,      bright-mindind fellows,*

þēoden Hrōðgār,      þæt ic þē sōhte,  
*sovereign Hrothgar,      that for you I should seek,*

forþan hīe mægenes cræft      mīn[n]e cūþon;  
*since the prowess in might      of myself they perceived;*

selfe ofersāwon,      ðā ic of searwum cwōm,  
*had beheld for themselves      when I came back from battle,*

**420** fāh from fēondum,      þǣr ic fīfe geband,

*fouled by foes’ blood,      of whom I bound five,*

ȳðde eotena cyn,      ond on ȳðum slōg  
*a kind of monsters wiped out,      and ‘mong the waves killed*

niceras nihtes,      nearoþearfe drēah,  
*water-demons by night,      endured awful distresses,*

[**141v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f141v)

wræc Wedera nīð      -- wēan āhsodon --  
*revenged wrongs on the Wederas     – woes they had earned –*

forgrand gramum;      ond nū wið Grendel sceal,  
*enemies ground down,      and would now against Grendel*

**425** wið þām āglǣcan      āna gehēgan

*against that dread one,      decide all alone*

ðing wið þyrse.      Ic þē nū ðā,   
*the affair with the ogre****.****I thus of you now,*

brego Beorht-Dena,      biddan wille,  
*of the Bright-Danes the ruler,      desire to request,*

eodor Scyldinga,      ānre bēne,  
*for the Scyldings a fortress,      one single favour:*

þæt ðū mē ne forwyrne,      wīgendra hlēo,  
*that you not refuse me,      you refuge for warriors,*

**430** frēowine folca,      nū ic þus feorran cōm,

*close friend of the folk,      now so far I have come;*

þæt ic mōte āna      mīnra eorla gedryht,  
*that I may alone,* (*with*) *my lordly band,*

ond þes hearda hēap,      Heorot fǣlsian.  
*and this proud host,      purify Heorot;*

Hǣbbe ic ēac geāhsod,      þæt se ǣglǣca  
*I have also found out      that the horrible fiend*

for his wonhȳdum      wǣpna ne recceð;  
*in his rashness of thought      thinks nothing of arms.*

**435** ic þæt þonne forhicge,      swā mē Higelāc sīe,

*Then scorn it I did –       so about me be Hygelac,*

mīn mondrihten      mōdes blīðe,  
*my prince of men,      at peace in his mind –*

þæt ic sweord bere      oþðe sīdne scyld,  
*that a blade I should bear     or a broad shield,*

geolorand tō gūþe,      ac ic mid grāpe sceal  
*a dun wheel, to battle;      but I will with my grip*

fōn wið fēonde      ond ymb feorh sacan,  
*clash with this fiend      and for life contend,*

**440** lāð wið lāþum;      ðǣr gelȳfan sceal

*foe against foe.      There shall be faith in*

Dryhtnes dōme      sē þe hine dēað nimerð.  
*the doom of the Lord,      whomever Death takes.*

Wēn' ic þæt hē wille,      gif hē wealdan mōt,  
*I ween that he wishes,      if he were able,*

in þǣm gūðsele      Gēotena lēode  
*in the great hall of war,      on the host of the Geats*

etan unforhte,      swā hē oft dyde,  
*to feast without fear,      as he often did,*

[**142r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f142r)

**445** mægenhrēð manna.      Nā þū mīnne þearft

*on noblemen’s might****.****You never will need my*

hafalan hȳdan,      ac hē mē habban wile  
*head to wrap up;      he will rather have me*

d[r]ēore fāhne,      gif mec dēað nimeð;  
*begrimèd with gore,      if Death does me grasp,*

byreð blōdig wæl,      byrgean þenceð,  
*a bloody corpse carry off,      bent to consume.*

eteð āngenga      unmurnlīce,  
*That one who alone walks eats      without worries,*

**450** mearcað mōropu;      nō ðū ymb mīnes ne þearft

*marking his marsh-nest;      nor do you need for my*

līces feorme      leng sorgian.  
*body's disposal     to be long distressed.*

Onsend Higelāce,      gif mec hild nime,  
*Send back to Hygelac,      if battle does take me,*

beaduscrūda betst,      þæt mīne brēost wereð,   
*of battle-coats the best,      that keeps my breast safe,*

hrægla sēlest;      þæt is Hrǣdlan lāf,  
*finest of byrnies;      for it’s Hrethel’s bequest,*

**455** Wēlandes geweorc.      Gǣð ā wyrd swā hīo scel!'

*Wayland's device.        Doom goes e’er as She wills****.****”*

**VII**

Hrōðgār maþelode,      helm Scyldinga:  
*Hrothgar spoke out,      the helm of the Scyldings:*

'F[*or w*]ere-fyhtum þū,      wine mīn Bēowulf,  
*“To fight in our battles you,      Beowulf my friend,*

ond for ārstafum      ūsic sōhtest.  
*and to be an assistance      us have sought out****.***

Geslōh þīn fæder      fǣhðe mǣste;  
*Your father  by blows made      the fiercest of feuds:*

**460** wearþ hē Heaþolāfe      tō handbonan

*of Heatholaf he was      the bane by his hand,*

mid Wilfingum;      ðā hine *w*āra cyn  
*one of the Wylfings.      Then folk there were for him*

for herebrōgan      habban ne mihte.  
(*who*) *for dread of war      would not him defend;*

þanon hē gesōhte      Sūð-Dena folc  
*and so he sought out      the folk of the South-Danes*

ofer ȳða gewealc,      Ār-Scyldinga;  
*o’er the waves’ swelling,      the Scyldings of worth.*

[**142v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f142v)

**465** ðā ic furþum wēold      folce Den*ig*a

*Then I first held dominion     o’er the folk of the Danes*

ond on geogoðe hēold      gi*nn*e rīce,  
*and in my youth ruled      the realm rich in jewels,*

hordburh hæleþa ;      ðā wæs Heregār dēad,  
*the hoard-hold of heroes.      Heregar was dead then,*

mīn yldra mǣg      unlifigende,  
*my elder brother* (*was*) *bereft of his life,*

bearn Healfdenes;      sē wæs betera ðonne ic!  
*the Half-Dane’s* (*own*) *boy;      he was better than me****!***

**470** Siððan þā fǣhðe      fēo þingode;

*Thereafter the feud      I had fixed with fee payments,*

sende ic Wylfingum      ofer wæteres hrycg  
*I sent to the Wylfings      across the wide waters*

ealde mādmas;      hē mē āþas swōr.  
*treasures from old times.      He swore oaths to me****.***

Sorh is mē tō secg*an*      on sefan mīnum  
*It hurts me to say* ((*it hurts*) *in my soul*)

gumena ǣngum,      hwæt mē Grendel hafað  
*to any one* (*at all*) *what ’gainst me has Grendel*

**475** hȳnðo on Heorote      mid his heteþancum,

*of harms in Heorot      by his hateful intentions,*

fǣrnīða gefremed;      is mīn fletwerod,  
*of sudden blows brought.      My hall-soldiery is*

wīghēap gewanod;      hīe wyrd forswēop  
*a weakened war-band;      Wierd swept them away*

on Grendles gryre.      God ēaþe mæg   
*in Grendel's great evil.      God easily may*

þone dolsceaðan      dǣda getwǣfan!  
*a mad enemy's      actions bring to an end!*

**480** Ful oft gebēotedon      bēore druncne

*Full oft did boast      on beer being drunk,*

ofer ealowǣge      ōretmecgas,  
*over flagons of ale,      the warfighting-fellows,*

þæt hīe in bēorsele      bīdan woldon  
*that they in the beer-hall      did desire to abide*

Grendles gūþe      mid gryrum ecga.  
*Grendel's attack      with* (*their*) *terrible glaives****.***

Ðonne wæs þeos medoheal      on morgentīd,  
*Then was this mead-hall      when it was morning,*

**485** drihtsele drēorfāh,      þonne dæg līxte,

*this great hall, gore-stained      when grew the day light,*

[**143r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f143r)

eal bencþelu      blōde bestȳmed,  
*all of the bench-wood      was wetted with blood*

heall heorudrēore;      āhte ic holdra þȳ lǣs,  
*the hall battle-fouled;      friends the fewer I had,*

dēorre duguðe,      þē þā dēað fornam.  
*dear companions at arms,      whom Death carried off****.***

Site nū tō symle      ond on sǣl meoto,  
*Sit now to feast,      and in full season savour*

**490** sige hrēð secg*a*,      swā þīn sefa hwette.'

*of famed heroes the victories      as your heart may favour.”*

þā wæs Gēatmæcgum      geador ætsomne  
*Then for the Geatish men      gathered together*

on bēorsele      benc gerȳmed;  
*in the beer-hall,      a bench had been cleared*

þǣr swiðferhþe      sittan ēodon,  
*where the stout-hearted warriors      went to be seated,*

þrȳðum dealle.      þegn nytte behēold,  
*proud in their strength.      A thane did his service,*

**495** sē þe on handa bær      hroden ealowǣge,

*who carried in both hands      an embellished ale-cup,*

scencte scīr wered.      Scop hwīlum sang  
*poured the bright sweet stuff.      Whilom a bard sang*

hādor on Heorote.      þǣr wæs hæleða drēam,  
*clear-throated in Heorot.      There was merriment of heroes,*

duguð unlȳtel      Dena ond Wedera.  
*no minor muster      of Dane-men and Wederas*

**VIII**

*Un*ferð maþelode,      Ecglāfes bearn,  
*Up then spoke Unferth,      Ecglaf’s heir,*

**500** þē æt fōtum sæt      frēan Scyldinga,

*who sat at the feet      of the sire of the Scyldings,*

onband beadūrne--      wæs him Bēowulfes sīð,  
*harsh words unbound –     was to him Beowulf’s business,*

mōdges merefaran,      micel æfþunca,  
*of the doughty seafarer,      a serious displeasure,*

forpon þe hē ne ūþe,      þæt ǣnig ōðer man  
*as he would allow not      that any one else*

[**143v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f143v)

ǣfre mǣrða þon mā      middangeardes   
*ever mighty deeds the more      upon middle-earth*

**505** gehē*d*e under heofenum      þonne hē sylfa--:

*should have under heavens      than he himself –*

'Eart þū sē Bēowulf,      sē þe wið Brecan wunne,  
*“Art thou that Beowulf      who rivaled with Breca,*

on sīdne sǣ      ymb sund flite,  
*on open sea raced the ocean sound round,*

ðǣr git for wlence      wada cunnedon  
*where you two for swagger      tempted the swell*

ond for dolgilpe      on dēop wæter  
*and for a foolhardy boast      in the bottomless flood*

**510** aldrum nēþdon ?      Nē inc ǣnig mon,

*bet with your lives?      The both of you no-one,*

nē lēof nē lāð,      belēan mihte  
*not ally nor foe,      was able to put off from*

sorhfullne sīð,      þā git on sund reon;  
*the sorry exploit,      when you swam in the sea;*

þǣr git ēagorstrēam      earmum þehton,  
*there you both the sea-stream      embraced in your arms,*

mǣton merestrǣta,      mundum brugdon,  
*went over the ocean-ways,      hands working fast,*

**515** glidon ofer gārsecg;      geofon ȳpum wēol,

*sliding over the sea;      up in waves surged the ocean,*

wintrys wylm[um].      Git on wæteres ǣht  
*in winter's upwellings;      you pair in the water's power*

seofon niht swuncon;      hē þē æt sunde oferflāt,  
*strove for a se’en-night;      he outdid you at sea,*

hæfde māre mægen.      þā hine on morgentīd  
*he had the more might****.****Then him in the morning*

on Heaþo-Rǣm*a*s      holm ūp ætbær;  
*on the Heatho-Reams' shore      the sea heavèd out.*

**520** ðonon hē gesōhte      swǣsne ēþel,

*From there he did seek out      his own dear homeland,*

lēof his lēodum,      lond Brondinga,  
*loved by his people,      the land of the Brondings*[*,*](http://www.heorot.dk/beowulf-rede-notes.html#r521)

freoðoburh fægere,      þǣr hē folc āhte,  
*the fair fortress-town,      folk he did have there,*

burh ond bēagas.      Bēot eal wið þē  
*houses and bracelets.      His whole boast to you*

[**144r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f144r)

sunu Bēanstānes      sōðe gelæste.  
*that son of Beanstan      in sooth had brought off****.***

**525** Ðonne wēne ic tō þē      wyrsan geþingea,

*Thus I ween that for you      worse will be to follow,*

ðēah þū heaðorǣsa      gehwǣr dohte,  
*though you in the battle-thrust      have everywhere thriven,*

grimre gūðe,      gif þū Grendles dearst  
*a more dreadful grappling,      if for Grendel you’d dare*

nihtlongne fyrst      nean bīdan.'  
*the length of a night      to linger nearby****.****”*

Bēowulf maþelode,      bearn Ecgþēowes:  
*Beowulf said,      the son of Edgetheow:*

**530** 'Hwæt, þū worn fela,      wine mīn *Un*ferð,

*“Hear me! You have overmuch,      Unferth, my friend,*

bēore druncen      ymb Brecan sprǣce,  
*(drunken with beer)      discoursed about Breca,*

sægdest from his siðe !      Sōð ic talige,  
*told of his venture****!****But verily I tell you*

þæt ic merestrengo      māran āhte,  
*that in the* (*wide*) *sea of might I      had more,*

eafeþo on ȳþum,      ðonne ǣnig ōper man.  
*on the ocean* (*more*) *prowess,      than any person other.*

**535** Wit þæt gecwǣdon      cnihtwesende

*We both had agreed,      when we were as boys,*

ond gebēotedon      --wǣron bēgen þā gīt  
*and we did boast      – we then were both yet*

on geogofðfēore--      þæt wit on gārsecg ūt  
*in our time of youth –      that we out on the tide*

aldrum nēðdon,      ond þæt geæfndon swā.  
*would wager our souls,      and so we so did****.***

Hæfdon swurd nacod,      þā wit on sund reon,  
*We had* (*our*) *bare swords     when we swam on the bay,*

**540** heard on handa;      wit unc wið hronfixas

*firm in our fists:      we us against whale-fishes*

werian þōhton.      Nō hē wiht fram mē  
*wished to defend.      In no way from me was he,*

flōdȳþum feor      flēotan meahte,  
*on the flood-waves away     able to float,*

hraþor on holme,      nō ic fiam him wolde.  
*more quickly on water,      nor wished I to quit him..*

[**144v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f144v)

Ðā wit ætsomne      on sǣ wǣron  
*Then together we two     were on the sea-waves,*

**545** fīf nihta fyrst,      oþ þæt unc flōd tōdrāf,

*during five nights,      till apart the flood drove us,*

wado weallende,      wedera cealdost,  
*the water upwelling,      the coldest of weathers,*

nīpende niht,      ond norþanwind  
*the night falling dark,      and the wind from the north*

heaðogrim ondhwearf;      hrēo wǣron ȳþa.  
*war-fierce in our faces;      wild was the flood;*

Wæs merefixa      mōd onhrēred;  
*and in the sea-fishes was      anger aroused.*

**550** þǣr mē wið lāðum      licsyrce mīn

*There with my enemies      my hauberk of mail*

heard hondlocen      helpe gefremede,  
*hard and hand-fastened,      afforded me help.*

beadohrægl brōden,      on brēostum læg  
*My battle-dress braided      on my breast lay,*

golde gegyrwed.      Mē tō grunde tēah  
*adornèd with gold.      To the ground I was drawn*

fāh fēondscaða,      fæste hæfde  
*by a filthy foe-harmer,      fast did it have me,*

**555** grim on grāpe;      hwæþre mē gyfeþe wearð,

*grim in its grasp.      Yet to me it was granted*

þæt ic āglǣcan      orde gerǣhte,  
*that that terrible beast I      touched with my blade,*

hildebille;      heaþorǣs fornam  
*with* (*my*) *battle-beak;      in the battle-rush broke I*

mihtig merēdeor      þurh mīne hand.   
*the mighty sea-monster      with my own hand****.***

**VIIII**

Swā mec gelōme      lāðgetēonan  
*Thus very often did     vile evil-doers*

**560** þrēatedon þearle.      Ic him þēnode

*harry me hard.      Them did I handle*

dēoran sweorde,      swā hit gedēfe wæs.  
*with my precious sword,      as it was proper.*

Næs hīe ðǣre fylle      gefēan hæfdon,  
*Not at all in their feasting      did they find joy,*

mānfordǣdlan,      þæt hīe mē þēgon,  
*those wicked wrong-doers,      that they would devour me,*

symbel ymbsǣton      sǣgrunde nēah;  
*sat about at a banquet      on the sea-bed;*

**565** ac on mergenne      mēcum wunde

*but in the morning      when wounded by blades,*

[**145r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f145r)

be ȳðlāfe      uppe lǣgon,  
*upon the wave-waste      they were washed up,*

sweo[r]dum āswefede,      þæt syðþan nā  
*by swords sent to sleep,      so that never since then*

ymb brontne ford      brimlīðende  
*on the open sea-trail,      of travellers by sea*

lāde ne letton.      Lēoht ēastan cōm,  
*the courses did foul****.****Light from the east came,*

**570** beorht bēacen Godes,      brimu swaþredon,

*bright signal of God,      the sea became still,*

þæt ic sǣnæssas      gesēon mihte,  
*so that the sea-cliffs I      was able to see,*

windige weallas.      Wyrd oft nereð  
*walls swept by the wind****.****Wierd often does spare*

unfǣgne eorl,      þonne his ellen dēah!  
*the un-doomèd hero      when his daring endures****!***

Hwæþere mē gesǣlde,      þæt ic mid sweorde ofslōh  
*But it happened for me      that I hacked down by blade*

**575** niceras nigene.      Nō ic on niht gefrægn

*nine ocean-horrors.      I have not by night heard*

under heofones hwealf      heardran feohtan,  
*beneath heaven's bowl      of a battle more bold,*

nē on ēgstrēamum      earmran mannon;  
*nor on the flood's-flow      a more unhappy fellow;*

hwæþere ic fāra feng      fēore gedīgde  
*yet from the foes’ grasp I      got away with my life*

sīþes wērig.      Ðā mec sǣ oþbær,  
*tired from the toils.      Then the tide took me,*

**580** flōd æfter faroðe      on Finna land,

*flood following the sea-flow      onto the Finn’s land,*

w*a*du weallendu.      Nō ic wiht fram þē  
*on welling waves****.****Not a word about you*

swylcra searonīða      secgan hȳrde,  
*of struggles of that sort      have I heard spoken,*

billa brōgan.      Breca nǣfre gīt  
*of the horror of blades.      Breca never has yet*

æt heaðolāce,      nē gehwæþer incer,  
*while at war-work,      nor either one of you,*

**585** swā dēorlīce      dǣd gefremede

*so boldly      a deed done*

fāgum sweordum      --nō ic þæs [fela] gylpe--,   
*with brilliant blades      – I don’t boast much of this –*

þēah ðū þīnum brōðrum      tō banan wurde,  
*but you of your brothers      the bane did become,*

hēafodmǣgum;      þæs þū in healle scealt  
(*even) of your near family;      and for that in the hall you will*

[**145v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f145v)

werhðo drēogan,      þēah þīn wit duge.  
*suffer insult,      though your wits serve you well.*

**590** Secge ic þē tō sōðe,      sunu Ecglāfes,

*I say to you sooth,      Edgelaf’s son,*

þæt nǣfre Gre[n]del swā fela      gryra gefremede,  
*that Grendel never so many ghastly deeds would have done,*

atol ǣglǣca      ealdre þīnum,  
*that terrible monster,      to your own master,*

hȳnðo on Heorote,      gif þīn hige wǣre,  
*or hurts to Heorot,      were your heart*

sefa swā searogrim,      swā þū self talast;  
*and your spirit so fierce in the fight      as you yourself say.*

**595** ac hē hafað onfunden,      þæt hē þā fǣhðe ne þearf,

*And yet he has found      he need not of the feud,*

atole ecgþræce      ēower lēode  
*of a terrible storm of the swords      of your tribe,*

swīðe onsittan,      Sige-Scyldinga;  
*be very scared;      from the Scyldings victorious*

nymeð nȳdbāde,      nǣnegum ārað  
*he by force takes a toll,      none does he forgive*

lēode Deniga,      ac hē lust wigeð,  
*of the folk of the Danes,      but he follows delight,*

**600** swefeð ond sendeþ,      secce ne wēneþ

*he slays and despatches,      he expects no dispute*

tō Gār-Denum.      Ac ic him Gēata sceal  
*by the sharp-weaponed Danes****.****But I shall to him Geats’*

eafoð ond ellen      ungeāra nū,  
*valour and strength,      very soon now,*

gūþe gebēodan.      Gǣþ eft sē þe mæt  
*make offer in war;      then who wishes may go,*

tō medo mōdig,      siþþan morgenlēoht  
*bravely to mead,      when the beams of the morning*

**605** ofer ylda bearn      ōþres dōgores,

*o’er descendants of men      of other days,*

sunne sweglwered      sūþan scīneð!'  
*the sun brightly-clad,      shines from the south****.****”*

þā wæs on sālum      sinces brytta  
*Then was he joyful      the giver of jewels,*

gamolfeax ond gūðrōf;      gēoce gelȳfde  
*with silvery locks and brave in the slaughter,      for succour he looked to*

[**146r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f146r)

brego Beorht-Dena;      gehȳrde on Bēowulfe  
*the prince of the Bright-Danes,      in Beowulf perceived,*

**610** folces hyrde      fæstrǣdne geþōht.

*for his folk a protector,      a firmly-fixed purpose.*

Ðǣr wæs hæleþa hleahtor,      hlyn swynsode,  
*There was mirth among men,      the noise was melodious,*

word wǣron wynsume.      Eode Wealhþēow forð,   
*and fair were the words.      Wealhtheow came forth,*

cwēn Hrōðgāres      cynna gemyndig,  
*the queen to Hrothgar,      of courtesy heedful,*

grētte goldhroden      guman on healle,  
*gold-adorned, greeted      the men in the great hall*

**615** ond þā frēolīc wīf      ful gesealde

*and then the fine lady      offered a flagon,*

ǣrest Ēast-Dena      ēþelwearde,  
*first to the East-Danes’      own homeland’s defender;*

bæd hine blīðne      æt þǣre bēorþege,  
*bade him be blithe      at the beer-drinking,*

lēoduni lēofne;      hē on lust geþeah  
*beloved by the people.      He partook with pleasure in*

symbel ond seleful,      sigerōf kyning.  
*feast and hall-cup,      the King conquest- famous;*

**620** Ymbēode þā      ides Helminga

*then among them she went,      the woman of the Helmings,*

duguþe ond geogoþe      dǣl ǣghwylcne,  
*to old soldiers and striplings      a certain share each,*

sincfato sealde,      oþ þæt sǣl ālamp,  
*gave precious cups,      ‘til it passed in due course*

þæt hīo Bēowulfe,      bēaghroden cwēn  
*that she to Beowulf,      the bracelet-bright queen,*

mōde geþungen      medoful ætbær;  
*brilliant in mood,      brought up a mead-cup;*

**625** grētte Gēata lēod,      Gode þancode

*she greeted the Geats’ prince,      gave thanks to God*

wīsfæst wordum      þæs ðe hire se willa gelamp,  
*using wise words,      that what she wished for would be,*

þæt hēo on ǣnigne      eorl gelȳfde  
*that she on any* (*noble*) *earl might rely*

fyrena frōfre.      Hē þæt ful geþeah,  
*for comfort from crimes****.****He took that full cup,*

wælrēow wiga      æt Wealhþeon,  
*the warrior war-fierce,      from Wealhtheow,*

[**146v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f146v)

**630** ond þā gyddode      gūþe gefȳsed;

*and solemnly spoke then:      to strife he incited.*

Bēowulf maþelode,      beam Ecgþēowes:  
*Beowulf* (*then*) *said,      Edgetheow’s son:*

'Ic þæt hogode,      þā ic on holm gestāh,  
*“This I intended,      when I took to the tide,*

sǣbāt gesæt      mid mīnra secga gedriht,  
*sat in the sea-boat      with my band of warriorss,*

þæt ic ānunga      ēowra lēoda  
*that I would forthwith      of your own folk*

**635** willan geworhte,      oþðe on wæl crunge

*the desires bring to be,      or die in the butchery,*

fēondgrāpum fæst.      Ic gefremman sceal  
*held fast in the foe's clasp.      Carry out I shall*

eorlīc ellen,      oþðe endedæg  
*this brave deed of daring      or an end of all days*

on þisse meoduhealle      mīnne gebīdan !'  
*within this mead-hall      for me will await****.****”*

Ðām wīfe þā word      wēl līcodon,  
*To the woman these words      well-pleasing were,*

**640** gilpcwide Gēates;      ēode goldhroden

*vaunting words of the Geat;      the gold-adorned went,*

frēolicu folccwēn      tō hire frēan sittan.  
*lady fine of her folk,      to sit with her lord****.***

þā wæs eft swā ǣr      inne on healle  
*Here were again, as had been,      in the hall,*

þrȳðword sprecen,      ðēod on sǣlum,   
*fine speeches made,      and the folk were all merry,*

sigefolca swēg,      op þæt semninga  
*noise of people triumphant,      until presently*

**645** sunu Healfdenes      sēcean wolde

*the son of Half-Dane      desired to seek*

ǣfenræste;      wiste þǣem āhlǣcan  
*his rest for the night;      he knew that the wretch*

tō þǣm hēahsele      hilde geþinged,  
*against the high hall      was intending to war,*

siððan hīe sunnan lēoht      gesēon meahton,

*e’er since the light of the sun they      could see;*

oþ ðe nīpende      niht ofer ealle,  
*until* (*in*) *the dimming dark night over all,*

**650** scaduhelma gesceapu      scrīðan cwōman

*shadow-cowled shapes      did come creeping out,*

wan under wolcnum.      Werod eall ārās.  
*under heaven’s dome dark****.****The host all arose;*

[Ge]grētte þā      guma ōþerne,  
*then did he hail that one to the other,*

Hrōðgār Bēowulf,      ond him hǣl ābēad  
*Hrothgar to Beowulf,      bade him be healthy,*

[**147r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f147r)

wīnærnes geweald,      ond þæt word ācwæð:  
*of the wine-hall the steward,      and these words he spoke:*

**655** 'Nǣfre ic ǣnegum men      ǣr ālȳfde,

*“I never to any man      ever made over,*

siþðan ic hond ond rond      hebban mihte,  
*since buckler and hand I      was able to hold up,*

ðrȳþærn Dena      būton þē nūðā  
*the Danish strong-hold,      save now to you.*

Hafa nū ond geheald      hūsa sēlest,  
*Have now and hold      this noblest of houses;*

gemyne mǣrþo,      mægenellen cȳð,  
*be mindful of glory,      show your great might,*

**660** waca wið wrāþum !      Ne bið þē wilna gād,

*watch for the wraiths!      No wish will you want*

gif þū þæt ellenweorc      aldre gedīgest.'  
*if this valourous deed you      endure and survive****.****’*

**X**

Ðā him Hrōþgār gewāt      mid his hæleþa gedryht,  
*Then went Hrothgar      with his host of heroes,*

eodur Scyldinga      ūt of healle;  
*strong-hold of the Scyldings,      out of the hall.*

wolde wīgfruma      Wealhþēo sēcan,  
*The war-leader wished      Wealtheow to seek,*

**665** cwēn tō gebeddan.      Hæfde Kyningwuldor

*to couch with the queen.      The Glory of Kings had,*

Grendle tōgēanes,      swā guman gefrungon,  
*against Grendel,      – so folk got from hearing –*

seleweard āseted;      sundornytte behēold  
*detailed a hall-guard:      a special duty he did*

ymb aldor Dena,      eotonweard' ābēad.  
*for the first of the Danes,      a foe-watch he offered****.***

Hūru Gēata lēod      georne trūowde   
*Truly, the Geats’ king      keenly did trust*

**670** mōdgan mægnes,      Metodes hyldo.—

*in his great-minded might,      in his Maker's grace –*

Ðā hē him of dyde      īsernbyrnan,  
*Then himself he unclothed of      his corslet of iron,*

helm of hafelan,      sealde his hyrsted sweord,  
*his helm from his head,      gave his well-adorned hanger,*

īrena cyst      ombihtþegne,  
*the choicest of steels,      to his servant-in-waiting,*

ond gehealdan hēt      hildegeatwe.  
*and gave orders to guard      his gear of war;*

**675** Gespræc þā se gōda      gylpworda sum,

*the good man then spoke      some great-sounding words,*

[**147v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f147v)

Bēowulf Gēata,      ǣr hē on bed stige:  
*Beowulf of the Geats,      before he went up to bed*

'Nō ic mē an herewæsmun      hnāgran talige  
*“In war-might myself I do not     measure more meanly,*

gūþgeweorca,      þonne Grendel hine;  
*in works of war,      than would Grendel himself;*

forþan ic hine sweorde      swebban nelle,  
*and so with my sword him      will I not slay,*

**680** aldre benēotan,      þēah ic eal mæge;

*quit of his life,      though quite able I am;*

nāt hē þāra gōda,      þæt hē mē ongēan slea,  
*he has not the skills      to strike me in turn,*

rand gehēawe,      þēah ðe hē rōf sīe  
*to hack at the round shield,      renowned though he is*

nīþgeweorca;      ac wit on niht sculon  
*for malice in works:      but at night we two must*

secge ofersittan,      gif h*ē* gesēcean dear  
(*our*) *swords set aside      if he does dare seek*

**685** wīg ofer wǣpen,      ond siþðan wītig God

*war without weapons,      and then the wise God*

on swā hwæþere hond      hālig Dryhten  
*on whichever hand      the hallowèd One*

mǣrðo dēme,      swā him gemet þince.'  
*will assign fame,      as seems fitting to Him****.****”*

Hylde hine þā heaþodēor,      hlēorbolster onfēng  
*Then the war-brave bent down      – the cheek-bolster received*

eorles andwlitan,      ond hine ymb monig  
*the face of the earl –      and around him full many*

**690** snellīc sǣrinc      selereste gebēah.

*sea-warriors hardy      in the hall went to sleep;*

Nǣnig heora þōhte,      þæt hē þanon scolde  
*not one of them thought      that he would from there*

eft eardlufan      ǣfre gesēcean,  
*his belovèd homeland     ever look for again,*

folc oþðe frēoburh,      þǣr hē āfēded wæs;  
*his folk or the high burg      where he was brought up,*

ac hīe hæfdon gefrūinen,      þæt hīe ǣr tō fela micles  
*because they had heard      that far too many before of them*

**695** in þǣm wīnsele      wældēað fornam,

*in that mead-hall      murderous Death had done in,*

Denigea lēode.      Ac him Dryhten forgeaf  
*of the tribe of the Danes****.****But the Deity them granted*

wīgspēda gewiofu,      Wedera leōdum,   
*war-luck in fate’s web,      to the Wederas' folk,*

[**148r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f148r)

frōfor ond fultum,      þæt hīe fēond heora  
*solace and support,      so that they their foe,*

ðurh ānes cræft      ealle ofercōmon,  
*through the war-craft of one,      had all overcome,*

**700** selfes mihtum.      Sōð is gecȳþed,

*with his own force;      the fact is well-known,*

þæt mihtig God      manna cynnes  
*that almighty God      the family of man*

wēold *w*īdeferhð.      Cōm on wanre niht  
*has always directed****.****There came in night’s dark*

scrīðan sceadugenga.      Scēotend swǣfon,  
*the shade-walker slinking.      The warriors slept,*

þā þæt hornreced      healdan scoldon,  
*– they who the gabled-hall      ought to have guarded –*

**705** ealle būton ānum.      þæt wæs yldum cūþ,

*all but one man.      To men it was known*

þæt hīe ne mōste,      þā Metod nolde,  
*that they might not,      when the Maker wished not,*

se s[c]ynscaþa      under sceadu bregdan;--  
*by the foe-demon      be drawn under darkness –*

ac hē wæccende      wrāþum on andan  
*but he keeping watch      with wrath in a choler*

bād bolgenmōd      beadwa geþinges.  
*abided, rage rising,      the battle’s result****.***

**XI**

**710** Ðā cōm of mōre      under misthleoþum

*Then came from the moor      ‘neath a cover of mist*

Grendel gongan,      Godes yrre bær;  
*Grendel by walking,      while God's wrath he bore;*

mynte se mānscaða      manna cynnes  
*the man-hater meant      of human kind*

sumne besyrwan      in sele þām hēan.  
*some number to snare      in that noble hall.*

Wōd under wolcnum      tō þæs þe hē wīnreced,  
*He walked under heaven      ‘til he the wine-hall,*

**715** goldsele gumena      gearwost wise

*the gold-hall of men,      most clearly made out*

fǣttum fāhne.      Ne wæs þæt forma sīð,  
*the flashing gold-trim.      It was not the first time*

þæt hē Hrōþgāres      hām gesōhte;  
*that he of Hrothgar      the home had sought out;*

nǣfre hē on aldordagum      ǣr nē siþðan  
*yet he ne’er had in life,      ere now or later,*

[**148v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f148v)

heardran hǣle,      healðegnas fand !  
*a harder fortune      or hall-fellows found****!***

**720** Cōm þā tō recede      rinc sīðian

*Came then to the building,      the battler campaigning*

drēamum bedǣled.      Duru sōna onarn  
*bereft of delights;      the door soon broke open,*

fȳrbendum fæst,      syþðan hē hire folmum (æthr)ān;   
*made fast with forged bands,      when by his* (*bare*) *hands he forced it;*

onbrǣd þā bealohȳdig,      ðā (hē ge)bolgen wæs,  
*then with ill-will did he open wide,      as he was wild,*

recedes mūþan.      Raþe æfter þon  
*the mouth of the hall.      Thereafter immediately*

**725** on fāgne flōr      fēond treddode,

*on the tiled floor     was treading the fiend,*

ēode yrremōd;      him of ēagum stōd  
*coming on wrathful;      from his eyes came,*

ligge gelīcost      lēoht unfǣger.   
*most like to a flame,      an unlovely light.*

Geseah hē in recede      rinca manige,  
*He saw in the hall      of heroes a host*

swefan sibbegedriht      samod ætgædere,  
*a kin-group asleep* (*all*) *gathered together*

**730** magorinca hēap.      þā his mōd āhlōg;

*a host of young heroes****.****Then his heart laughed:*

mynte þæt hē gedǣlde,      ǣr þon dæg cwōme,  
*he was bent to divide,      before the day broke,*

atol āglǣca      ānra gehwylces  
*the horrible monster,      from every one*

līf wið līce,      þā him ālumpen wæs  
*breath from the body,      as had begun in him*

wistfylle wēn.      Ne wæs þæt wyrd þā gēn,  
*the hope to feast fully****.****Yet it was not then fated*

**735** þæt hē mā mōste      manna cynnes

*that he might* (*ever*) *more      of the kindred of men*

ðicgean ofer þā niht.      þrȳðswȳð behēold  
*eat after that night;      the strong in might saw,*

mǣg Higelāces,      hū se mānscaða  
*Hygelac’s kin,      how the killer of humans*

under fǣrgripum      gefaran wolde.  
*by a sudden attack      was seeking to act****.***

Nē þæt se āglǣca      yldan þōhte,  
*Nor the devilish thing that did think to delay,*

[**149r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f149r)

**740** ac hē gefēng hraðe      forman sīðe

*but he quickly caught up,      the first chance that he could,*

slǣpendne rinc,      slāt unwearnum,  
*a warrior asleep,      slashed at him wildly,*

bāt bānlocan,      blōd ēdrum dranc,  
*bit into the bone-locks,      drank blood from the veins,*

synsnǣdum swealh;      sōna hæfde  
*swallowed huge strips;* (*so that*) *soon he had*

unlyfigendes      eal gefeormod,  
*of the dead fellow      devoured everything,*

**745** fēt ond folma.      Forð nēar ætstōp,

*the feet and the hands;      he nearer stepped forward,*

nam þā mid handa      higeþīhtigne  
*took then with his hands      the true-hearted*

rinc on ræste,      hē hi(m) rǣhte ongēan  
*warrior at his repose,      he reached out towards him*

fēond mid folme;      hē onfēng hraþe  
*the fiend with his fingers;       he quickly was filled*

inwitþancum      ond wið earm gesæt.  
*with an awful resolve      and against that arm rose up****.***

**750** Sōna þæt onfunde      fyrena hyrde,

*Straightway he found out,      the steward of foulness,*

þæt hē ne mētte      middangeardes,  
*that ne’er had he met      in* (*this*) *middle-earth,*

eorþan scēa*t*a      on elran men  
*anywhere in the world,      in any wight other*

mundgripe māran;      hē on mōde wearð  
*a harder hand-grip;      in his heart grew*

forht on ferhðe;      nō þȳ ǣr fram meahte.  
*a fear for his soul;      ne'er too soon could he fly.*

**755** Hyge wæs him hinfūs,      wolde on heolster flēon,

*Firm was his heart to go hence,      he into hiding would flee,*

sēcan dēofla gedræg;      ne wæs his drohtoð þǣr  
*the devil’s set to seek;      his standing there was not*

swylce hē on ealderdagum      ǣr gemētte.  
*what he in his born days      had dealt with before.*

Gemunde þā se gōda,      mǣg Higelāces,  
*Then the high one recalled,      Hygelac’s kin,*

ǣfensprǣce,      ūplang āstōd  
*his speech of the evening;* (*so*) *upright  he stood*

**760** ond him fæste wiðfēng;      fingras burston;

*and caught hold of him fast;      fingers did crack;*

eoten wæs ūtweard,      eorl furþur stōp.  
*the troll tried to escape,      the earl took a step forward****.***

Mynte se mǣra,      (hw)ǣr hē meahte swā,  
*The unworthy one meant,      to wheree’er he thus might ,*

[**149v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f149v)

wīdre gewindan      ond on weg þanon  
*to fly further off      and from there away*

flēon on fenhopu;      wiste his fingra geweald  
*flee to a far place deep in the fen;      the power of his fingers did he discover*

**765** on grames grāpum.      þæt wæs gēocor sīð,

*in a terrible bind:      that trail was bitter*

þæt se hearmscaþa      tō Heorute ātēah !  
*that the foe full of harms      had followed to Heorot****!***

Dryhtsele dynede;      Denum eallum wearð,  
*With the din rang the royal hall:      all of the Danes,*

ceasterbūendum,      cēnra gehwylcum,  
*of the stronghold-indwellers,      each one of the stern*

eorlum ealuscerwen.      Yrre wǣron bēgen,  
*lords drank bitter lees;      livid were both*

**770** rēþe renweardas.      Reced hlynsode.

*the wrathful hall-rangers.      The room did resound****.***

þā wæs wundor micel,      þæt se wīnsele  
*It was then a huge wonder      that the wine-hall*

wiðhaefde heaþodēorum,      þæt hē on hrūsan ne fēol,  
*withstood the fierce fighters,      that to earth it fell not,*

fǣger foldbold;      ac hē þæs fæste wæs  
*the beautiful building;      but so well-bound it was*

innan ond ūtan      īrenbendum  
*within and without      with bands of iron*

**775** searoþoncum besmiþod.      þǣr fram sylle ābēag

*forgèd with cunning.      From the floor there came off*

medubenc monig      mīne gefrǣge  
*many a mead-bench,      by what I am told,*

golde geregnad,      þǣr þā graman wunnon.  
*embellished with gold,      where the enemies battled;*

þæs ne wēndon ǣr      witan Scyldinga,  
*They not once considered,      the wise of the Scyldings,*

þæt hit ā mid gemete      manna ǣnig  
*that ever by any means      any amongst men,*

**780** *b*etlic ond bānfāg      tōbrecan meahte,

*the beautiful bone-adorned place      might break up,*

listum tōlūcan,      nymþe līges fæþm  
*pull apart by prowess,      unless a fire’s power*

swulge on swaþule.      Swēg ūp āstāg  
*should it swallow in flames.       Up spread the sound,*

[**150r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f150r)

nīwe geneahhe:      Norð-Denum stōd  
*unusual enough:      in the North-Danes arose*

atelic egesa,      ānra gehwylcum  
*a horrified awe,      within every one*

**785** þāra þe of wealle      wōp gehȳrdon,

*of those who through wall      the wail did hear,*

gryrelēoð galan      Godes andsacan,  
*a song of grief sung;* (*so*) *God's adversary*

sigelēasne sang,      sār wānigean  
*made a dirge of defeat,      to mourn o’er his dole,*

helle hæfton.      Hēold hine fæste  
*a captive of Hell.      He held him close to,*

sē þe manna wæs      mægene strengest  
*he who ‘mongst men was      the strongest in might*

**790** on þæm dæge      þysses līfes.

*on that* (*living*) *day      in this life* (*of days****.***)

**XII**

Nolde eorla hlēo      ǣnige þinga  
*The fortress of earls would not      for any ransom*

þone cwealmcuman      cwicne forlǣtan,  
*that evil guest      let go alive,*

nē his līfdagas      lēoda ǣnigum  
*nor the days of his life      for any lord*

nytte tealde.      þǣr genehosc brægd  
*be valued as a boon****.****There brandished very many*

**795** eorl Bēowulfes      ealde lāfe,

*of Beowulf's retainers,      relict old blades;*

wolde frēadrihtnes      feorh ealgian,  
*they wanted the princely lord’s      life to preserve,*

mǣres þēodnes,      ðǣer hīe meahton swā.  
*the renowned man-at-arms,      where they might do so.*

Hīe þæt ne wiston,      þā hīe gewin drugon,  
*They were not aware,      when they entered the war,*

heardhicgende      hildemecgas,  
*the boldly resolved      battle-tested retainers,*

**800** ond on healfa gehwone      hēawan þōhton,

*and on all sides      had intended to strike,*

sāwle sēcan:      þone synscaðan  
*to hunt for his soul:     that that harm-doing sinner*

ǣnig ofer eorþan      īrenna cyst,  
*of any on earth      of the finest of irons,*

gūðbilla nān      grētan nolde;   
*of war-edges, not one      could wound him at all,*

ac hē sigewǣpnum      forsworen hæfde,  
*but the war-winning weapons      he had bewitched,*

[**150v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f150v)

**805** ecga gehwylcre.      Scolde his aldorgedāl

*every sharp edge****.****Assuredly his end was*

on ðǣm dæge      þysses līfes  
*on that* (*living*) *day      in this life* (*of days*)

earmlīc wurðan,      ond se ellorgāst  
*going to be wretched,      and the alien wraith*

on fēonda geweald      feor siðian.--  
*to the world of the fiends      would fare far away –*

Ðā þæt onfunde      sē þē fela ǣror  
*then had he found,      he who ere now full many*

**810** mōdes myrðe      manna cynne,

*afflictions of mind      ‘mongst the family of man*

fyrene gefremede      --hē, fāg wið God--,  
*and foul crimes had caused    – he, who with God had fought–*

þæt him se līchoma      lǣtan nolde,  
*that him his own body      would no more obey,*

ac hine se mōdega      mǣg Hygelāces  
*but him the courageous      kinsman of Hygelac*

hæfde be honda;      wæs gehwæþer ōðrum  
*had by the hand;      each was by the other*

**815** lifigende lāð.      Līcsār gebād

*hated while he breathed.      He felt hurt in his body,*

atol ǣglǣca;      him on eaxle wearð  
*that awful ogre;      high on his arm was*

syndolh sweotol,      seonowe onsprungon,  
*a great wound to be seen,      sinews sprang wide,*

burston bānlocan.      Bēowulfe wearð  
*bone-locks burst apart.      To Beowulf there was*

gūðhrēð gyfeþe;      scolde Grendel þonan  
*the war-glory given;      thence Grendel was forced to*

**820** feorhsēoc fleon      under fenhleoðu,

*flee hurt unto death      under the fen hills,*

sēcean wynlēas wīc;      wiste þē geornor,  
*to seek his sad home;      he most certainly knew*

þæt his aldres wæs      ende gegongen,  
*that the course of his life     to its last end had come,*

dōgera dægrīm.      Denum eallum wearð  
*the day of his day-count****.****For all of the Danes were*

æfter þām wælrǣse      willa gelumpen.  
*after that slaughter-storm,      desires satisfied.*

**825** Hæfde þā gefǣlsod      sē þe ǣr feorran cōm

*He had then cleansed,      who had ere from ‘far come,*

snotor ond swȳðferhð      sele Hrōðgāres,  
*wise and hard-willed,      the hall of Hrothgar,*

genered wið nīðe.      Nihtweorce gefeh,  
*from ruin had it rescued.      He rejoiced in the night's work,*

[**151r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f151r)

ellenmǣrþum.      Hæfde Ēast-Denum  
*in the excellent deeds.      To the East-Danes he had*

Gēatmecga lēod      gilp gelǣsted,  
*the prince of the Geat-folk      his proud word fulfilled,*

**830** swylce oncȳþðe      ealle gebētte,

*as likewise their anguish      he had* (*then*) *quite quelled;*

inwidsorge,      þē hīe ǣr drugon  
*the sorrows by enmity      that they had ere suffered*

ond for prēanȳdum      þolian scoldon,  
*and in distress heavy      had had to endure*

torn unlȳtel.      þæt wæs tācen sweotol,   
*no little pain.      That was a plain proof,*

syþðan hildedēor      hond ālegde,  
*when the struggle-stern one     set the hand down,*

**835** earm ond eaxle      --þǣr wæs eal geador

*the arm and the shoulder      –all together there was*

Grendles grāpe--      under gēapne hr(ōf).  
*the grip of* (*that*) *Grendel –      ‘neath the wide-gaping roof.*

**XIII**

Ðā wæs on morgen      mīne gefrǣge  
*Then in the morning,      as to me was made known,*

ymb þā gifhealle      gūðrinc monig  
*to the wealth-giving hall      many warrior heroes,*

fērdon folctogan      feorran ond nean  
*folk-chieftains, hastened      from near and from far*

**840** geond wīdwegas      wundor scēawian,

*across the wide ways      to look on the wonder,*

lāþes lāstas.      Nō his līfgedāl  
*foot-prints of the foe;      nor did his fall*

sārlīc þūhte      secga ǣnegum  
*appear to be mournful      to any among men*

þāra þe tīrlēases      trode scēawode,  
*of those who the vanquished one’s      traces did view,*

hū hē wērigmōd      on weg þanon,  
*how he with a weary heart      went away from there,*

**845** nīða ofercumen,      on nicera mere

*defeated in war,      to the water-demons' mere*

fǣge ond geflȳmed      feorhlāstas bær.  
*doomed and driven off,      left death-tracks behind.*

Ðǣr wæs on blōde      brim weallende,  
*There was with blood      the sea-water boiling,*

atol ȳða geswing      eal gemenged,  
*the awful waves swirling, all stirred up*

hāton heolfre,      heorodrēore wēol;  
*with hot blood, it heaved with blade’s-gore;*

[**151v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f151v)

**850** dēaðfǣge dēo*f*;      siððan drēama lēas

*the doomed to die hid,      then he, despondent,*

in fenfreoðo      feorh ālegde,  
*in his lair in the fen      did lay down his life,*

hǣþene sāwle;      þǣr him hel onfēng.  
(*and*) *his heathen soul;      there Hel did receive him.*

þanon eft gewiton      ehldgesīðas  
*Thence rode back again      the ancient retainers,*

swylce geong manig      of gomenwāþe,  
*with many youths too,      on a merry way-faring,*

**855** fram mere mōdge      mēarum rīdan,

*from the mere in high mood,      mounted on horses,*

beornas on blancum.      Ðǣr wæs Bēowulfes  
*bold men on bright mounts,      there was of Beowulf*

mǣrðo mǣned;      monig oft gecwæð,  
*the glory made famous;      many said often*

þætte sūð nē norð      be sǣm twēonum  
*that by south nor by north      between the two seas*

ofer eormengrund      ōþer nǣnig   
*the whole wide world over,      there never any other*

**860** under swegles begong      sēlra nǣre

*under heaven’s expanse      e’er was a more excellent*

rondhæbbendra,      rīces wyrðra.--  
*bearer of round-shields,      better worthy to rule.*

Nē hīe hūru winedrihten      wiht ne lōgon,  
*Nor, for all that, did they, friend and lord,      find the least fault in*

glædne Hrōðgār,      ac þæt wæs gōd cyning.--  
*the gracious Hrothgar,      for he was a good king****.***

Hwīlum heaþorōfe      hlēapan lēton,  
*At whiles the bold ones      allowed to bound off,*

**865** on geflit faran      fealwe mēaras,

*to run in a race      the ruddy-brown horses,*

ðǣer him foldwegas      fægere þūhton,  
*where for them the earth-ways      were thought to be fit,*

cystum cūðe.      Hwīlum cyninges þegn,  
*and believed to be best****.****Betimes the king's thane,*

guma gilphlæden,      gidda gemyndig,  
*a man of fine speech,      and mindful of stories,*

sē ðe ealfela      ealdgesegena  
*who from the abundance      of the old folktales*

**870** worn gemunde      --word ōþer fand

*a fair number knew,      – new words did find*

sōðe gebunden--      secg eft ongan  
*matching in metre –      the man then began*

sīð Bēowulfes      snyttrum styrian,  
*on Beowulf's exploit      with skill to expand,*

[**152r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f152r)

ond on spēd wrecan      spel gerāde,  
*and to tell with success     a suitable tale,*

wordum wrixlan;      wēlhwylc gecwæð,  
*turning his words;      he did tell whatever*

**875** þæt hē fram Sigemunde[s]      secgan hȳrde

*that he about Sigmund      had heard to be said,*

ellendǣdum,      uncūþes fela,  
*of his sterling feats,      of many strange things,*

Wælsinges gewin,      wīde sīðas,  
*of the struggles of Wael's son,      and of his wide sojourning;*

þāra þe gumena bearn      gearwe ne wiston,  
*of which sons of men      were most sureky unwitting,*

fǣhðe ond fyrena,      būton Fitela mid hine,  
*feuds and foul deeds –      only Fitela was with him.*

**880** þonne hē swulces hwæt      secgan wolde,

*Then he of such things      was wishing to speak,*

eam his nefan,      swā hīe ā wǣron  
*to his nephew an uncle,      as always they were*

æt nīða gehwām      nȳdgesteallan;  
*in whatever conflict      companions in need;*

hæfdon ealfela      eotena cynnes  
*they had a vast count      of that villainous kind*

sweordum gesǣged.      Sigemunde gesprong  
*slain using* *swords.      For Sigmund there sprang up,*

**885** æfter dēaðdæge      dōm unlȳtel,

*after his fatal day,      fame not a little,*

syþðban wīges heard      wyrm ācwealde,  
*as the undaunted warrior      a worm had defeated,*

hordes hyrde;      hē under hārne stān,  
*the guard of a hoard;      he under grey stone,*

æþelinges bearn      āna genēðde  
*the son of a lord,      had ventured alone*

frēcne dǣde,      ne wæs him Fitela mid;   
*an audacious feat,      was Fitela not with him;*

**890** hwæþre him gesǣlde,      ðæt þæt swurd þurhwōd

*but for him it passed so      that piercèd his sword*

wrǣtlīcne wyrm,      þæt hit on wealle ætstōd,  
*the fabulous worm,      so ‘twas fixed to the wall,*

dryhtlīc īren;      draca morðre swealt.  
*the excellent steel;      the drake died in the slaughter;*

Hæfde āglǣca      elne gegongen,  
*the awesome one had* (*this*) *achieved with his valour*

þæt hē bēahhordes      brūcan mōste  
*that he the jewel-hoard      might have to enjoy*

[**152v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f152v)

**895** selfes dōme;      sǣbāt gehleōd,

*at his own pleasure;      on the boat he piled up,*

bær on bearm scipes      beorhte frætwa,  
*bore in his ship’s bosom the bright-shining treasures,*

Wælses eafera;      wyrm hāt gemealt.  
*Wael's son      – the hot worm had melted away –*

Sē wæs wreccena      wīde mǣrost  
*of adventurers he was      far and wide the most famous*

ofer werþēode,      wīgendra hlēo  
*among the world’s people,      the warriors' protection*

**900** ellendǣdum      --hē þæs ǣr onðāh--,

*for glorious feats      – that he had ere gained by –*

siððan Heremōdes      hild sweðrode,  
*since ever Heremod's      warring had waned,*

*ea*foð ond ellen.      Hē mid Ēotenum wearð  
*with his sternness and strength.      To the Jute-host he was,*

on fēonda geweald      forð forlācen,  
*into the foe’s hands,      handed over forthwith,*

snūde forsended.      Hine sorhwylmas  
(*and*) *swiftly seen off;      the surgings of sorrow him*

**905** lemede tō lange;      hē his lēodum wearð,

*belaboured too long;      he became to his nation,*

eallum æþellingum      tō aldorceare;  
*to all of the great ones,      a grief of this life;*

swylce oft bemearn      ǣrran mǣlum  
*mourn often, moreover,     in former times,*

swīðferhþes sīð      snotor ceorl monig,  
*the doughty man’s leaving      many learned men did,*

sē þe him bealwa tō      bōte gelȳfde,  
*who that he might miseries      amend had upheld*

**910** þæt þæt ðōdnes bearn      geþēon scolde,

*that that prince's son      for certain would prosper,*

fæderæþelum onfōn,      folc gehealdan,  
*take his father's rank,      rule over the folk,*

hord ond hlēoburh,      hæleþa rīce,  
*hoarded fortune and fortress,      the realm of the heroes,*

ēpel Scyldinga.      Hē þǣr eallum wearð  
*homeland of the Scyldings.      By all he became,*

mǣg Higelāces      manna cynne,  
*a kinsman to Hygelac,      of human kind,*

**915** frēondum gefægra;      hine fyren onwōd.

(*and*) *by friends belovèd;      he was taken by violence.*

Hwīlum flītende      fealwe strǣte   
*Racing sometimes,      the shadowy streets*

mēarum mǣton.      Ðā wæs morgenlēoht  
*they measured on mounts****.****Then was the morn light*

scofen ond scynded.      Ēode scealc monig  
*onrushing and rising.      There many retainers went,*

[**153r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f153r)

swīðhicgende      tō sele þām hēan  
*hard-minded mortals,      to the high hall*

**920** searowundor sēon;      swylce self cyning

*to see the strange wonder;      the sovereign too*

of brȳdbūire,      bēahhorda weard,  
*from the room of his woman,      the ward of the ring-hoard,*

tryddode tīrfæst      getrume micle,  
*strode out in glory      with his great host,*

cystum gecȳþed,      ond his cwēn mid him  
*well known for his quality,      and his queen with him,*medostigge mæt      mægpa hōse.  
*walked the way to the mead-hall,      with many maids****.***

**XIIII**

**925** Hrōðgār maþelode      -- hē tō healle gēong,

*Hrothgar spoke out      – he had got to the hall,*

stōd on stapole,      geseah stēapne hrōf  
*stood on the stone block,      saw the steep roof*

golde fāhne      ond Grendles hond--:  
*ornamented with gold      and Grendel's hand –*

'Ðisse ansȳne      Alwealdan þanc  
*“For this sight      let there thanks to the Lord of all things*

lungre gelimpe!      Fela ic lāþes gebād,  
*swiftly be given!      Great harms I have suffered,*

**930** grynna æt Grendle;      ā mæg God wyrcan

(*and*) *pains got from Grendel;      God can always perform*

wunder æfter wundre,      wuldres Hyrde.  
*wonder ‘pon wonder,      the guardian of glory****.***

Ðæt wæs ungeāra,      þæt ic ǣnigra mē  
*It was not long ago     that for none of my*

wēana ne wēnde      tō wīdan feore  
*hardships did I look      in my whole life*

bōte gebīdan,      ponne blōde fāh  
*to find a balm,      when by gore being fouled*

**935** hūsa sēlest      heorodrēorig stōd,--

*the best among houses      stood bloodied from battle –*

wēa wīdscofen      witena gehwylc*um*  
*a widely-felt worry      for any of the wise*

ðāra þe ne wēndon,      þæt hīe wīdeferhð  
*who had* (*then*) *no hope      that for how long so ever*

lēoda landgeweorc      lāþum beweredon  
*the fort of the folk      they could keep from their foes,*

[**153v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f153v)

scuccum ond scinnum.      Nū scealc hafað  
*from monsters and horrors.      There now has a man,*

**940** þurh Drihtnes miht      dǣd gefremede,

*by the power of the Lord,      an action performed*

ðē wē ealle      ǣr ne meahton  
*which we, all of us,      could in no way ere now*

snyttrum besyrwan.      Hwæt, þæt secgan mæg  
*through cunning contrive;      Indeed, she could say*

efne swā hwylc mægþa,      swā ðone magan cende  
*well, be the woman whoever      who this wight bore,*

æfter gumcynnum,      gyf hēo gȳt lyfað,  
*in human fashion,      if she yet lives,*

**945** þæt hyre Ealdmetod      ēste wǣre

*that the God of the ages to her      had been gracious*

bearngebyrdo.      Nū ic, Bēowulf, þec,  
*in the child-bearing****.****Now Beowulf, I you,*

secg[a] betsta,      mē for sunu wylle  
*most worthy of warriors,      would as my son*

frēogan on ferhþe;      heald forð tela  
*love for a life;      henceforth look you well*

nīwe sibbe.      Ne bið þē [n]ǣnigr*a* gād  
*upon this new friendship;      there no failing will be*

**950** worolde wilna,      þe ic geweald hæbbe.

*in worldly wishes      while I wield power;*

Ful oft ic for lǣssan      lēan teohhode,  
*Full oft for less reason have I      fixed the reward,*

hordweorþunge      hnāhran rince,  
*with wealth doing honour      to a humbler wight,*

sǣmran æt sæcce.      þū þē self hafast  
*one weaker at war;* (*while*) *you yourself have*

dǣdum gefremed,      þǣt þīn [dōm] lyfað  
*ensured by your feats,      that your fame will endure*

**955** āwa tō aldre.      Alwalda þec

*for ever and evermore.      May the Eternal*

gōde forgylde,      swā hē nū gȳt dyde!'  
*well you reward,      as He right now has done!”*

Bēowulf maþelode,      bearn Ec[g]þēowes:  
*Beowulf* (*then*) *spoke,      the son of Edgetheow:*

'Wē þæt ellenweorc      ēstum miclum,  
*“We that valorous deed      with delight very great,*

feohtan fremedon,      frēcne genēðdon  
*that battle brought off,      boldly did risk*

**960** eafoð uncūþes.      Ūþe ic swīþor,

*the strength of a stranger.      But I would wish sooner*

þæt ðū hine selfne      gesēon mōste,  
*that him in himself you      might have observed,*

fēond on frætewum      fylwērigne!  
*the devil in arms,      undone by death!*

Ic hi*ne* hrædlīce      heardan clammum  
*Him I took quickly      in a tight clasp,*

[**154r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f154r)

on wælbedde      wrīpan þōhte,  
*on the slaughterous field      I sought him to fetter,*

**965** þæt hē for *mu*ndgripe      mīnum scolde

*so he by the hand’s might of my self was made*

licgean līfbysig,      būtan his līc swice;  
*to lie struggling for life,      lest his form should slip off;*

ic hine ne mihte,      þā Metod nolde,  
*Him I could not,      when God did not wish it,*

ganges getwǣman,      nō ic him þæs georne ætfealh,  
*keep from escaping;      not so close kept I* *to him,*

feorhgenīðlan;      wæs tō foremihtig  
*that mortal foe;      far too mighty he was*

**970** fēond on fēþe.      Hwæpere hē his folme forlēt

*an enemy in leaving.      Yet his hand he did let go*

tō līfwraþe      lāst weardian,  
*to save his life,      leaving behind*

earm ond eaxle;      nō þǣr ǣnige swā þēah  
*an arm and a shoulder;      though with it no way thus*

fēasceaft guma      frōfre gebohte;   
*the portionless wretch,      did purchase relief;*

nō þȳ leng leofað      lāðgetēona  
*nor thus longer live,      the loathsome ill-doer,*

**975** synnum geswenced,      ac hyne sār hafað

*weighed down by his wickedness,      but his wound has him*

in *n*īðgripe      nearwe befongen,  
*in certain captivity      closely secured*

balwon bendum;      ðǣr ābīdan sceal  
*in baleful bonds,      there will he abide,*

maga māne fāh      miclan dōmes,  
*the one by guilt marked,      the mighty decision,*

hū him scīr Metod      scrīfan wille.'  
*how for him in glory God      will the fate fix****.****”*

**980** Ðā wæs swīgra secg,      sunu Ec[g]lāfes,

*Then the man was more silent,      the son of Edgelaf,*

on gylpsprǣce      gūðgeweorca,  
*of boastful words* (*or*) *of battle-works,*

siþðan æþelingas      eorles cræfte  
*when that the princes,      by the power of that warrior,*

ofer hēanne hrōf      hand scēawedon,  
*upon the high roof-beam      regarded the hand,*

fēondes fingras;      foran ǣghwylc wæs,  
*and the fiend's fingers;      on the front of each one was*

**985** st*ed*a nægla gehwylc      stȳle gelīcost,

*in the stead of each nail      most similar to steel,*

hǣþenes handsporu      hilderinces  
*heathenish hand-claws,      for the creature of war,*

[**154v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f154v)

egl[u] unhēoru;      ǣghwylc gecwæð,  
*hideous and horrible;      they had all said*

þæt him heardra nān      hrīnan wolde  
*that him no hard weapons      would do any hurt,*

īren ǣrgōd,      þæt ðæs āhlǣcan  
*most excellent blades,      that by them the monster's*

**990** blōdge beadufolme      onberan wolde.

*hand bloody and warlike      would* (*not*) *be harmed****.***

**XV**

Ðā wæs hāten hreþe      Heort innanweard  
*Then was hastily ordered      the inside of Heorot*

folmum gefrætwod;      fela þǣra wæs,  
*embellished by hands;      many there were,*

wera ond wīfa,      þē þæt wīnreced,  
*of men and of women,      who the wine-hall,*

gestsele gyredon.      Goldfāg scinon  
*the guest-hall, prepared.      Gold-bright were gleaming*

**995** web æfter wāgum,      wundorsīona fela

*the webs on the walls,      many wonderful sights*

secga gehwylcum      þāra þe on swylc starað.  
*for those of the men,      who stared at such things;*

Wæs þæt beorhte bold      tōbrocen swiðe   
*that glorious building was      broken up greatly,*

eal inneweard      īrenbendum fæst,  
*everything inside      secured with iron-straps,*

heorras tōhlidene;      hrōf āna genæs  
*apart had sprung hinges;      still stood the roof only*

**1000** ealles ansund,      þē se āglǣca

*entirely intact,      when the terrible creature*

fyrendǣdum fāg      on flēam gewand  
*tarnished by foul deeds      turned round to flee,*

aldres orwēna.      Nō þæt ȳðe byð  
*with no hope of life****.*** *And that is no light thing*

tō befleonne      --fremme sē þe wille--,  
*from which to take flight     – let him try it who will –*

ac ges*ē*can sceal      sāwlberendra  
*but they will seek out,      the ones who have souls,*

**1005** nȳde genȳdde,      niþða bearna,

*as need must oblige      the offspring of men,*

grundbūendra      gearwe stōwe,  
*those who people the world,      a place well-prepared,*

þǣr his līchoma      legerbedde fæst  
*where his life-dwelling,      lying fast in its death-bed,*

swefeþ æfter symle.      þā wæs sǣl ond mǣl,  
*sleeps after feasting****.*** *Fit and suitingit was then*

[**155r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f155r)

þæt tō healle gang      Healfdenes sunu;  
*that to the hall went      the son of Half-Dane;*

**1010** wolde self cyning      symbel þicgan.

*the king himself wanted      to be at the banquet;*

Ne gefrægen ic þā mǣgþe      māran weorode  
*I never have heard that a group      greater in numbers*

ymb hyra sincgyfan      sēl gebǣran.  
*about their gift-giver      did bear themselves better;*

Bugon þā tō bence      blǣdāgande,  
*then they sat at the benches,      the bearers of strength,*

fylle gefǣgon,      fægere geþǣgon  
*at the feast they rejoiced;      they received as was fit*

**1015** medoful manig;      māgas þāra

*many cups full of mead;      the men of their kin,*

swīðhicgende      on sele þām hēan,  
*courageous in mind,      in that worthy hall,*

Hrōðgār ond Hrōþulf.      Heorot innan wæs  
*Hrothgar and Hrothulf.      Heorot within was*

frēondum āfylled;      nalles fācenstafas  
*filled up with friends;      No foul intents*

þēod-Scyldingas      þenden fremedon.--  
*did the tribe of the Scyldings     support at that time.*

**1020** Forgeaf þā Bēowulfe      brand Healfdenes

*Then to Beowulf he gave      the brand of the Half-Dane,*

segen gyldenne      sigores tō lēane,  
*a token of gold      as a guerdon of triumph,*

hroden hil*d*ecumbor,      helm ond byrnan;  
*the banner embroidered,      byrnie and helm;*

mǣre māðþumsweord      manige gesāwon   
*the celebrated, most precious sword      many saw*

beforan beorn beran.      Bēowulf geþah  
*before the man brought;      Beowulf took up*

**1025** ful on flette;      nō hē þǣre feohgyfte

*a full cup from the floor;      of this fee-gift he did not,*

for sc[ē]oten[d]um      scamigan ðorfte,--  
*in front of his chivalry,      need to feel shame –*

ne gefrægn ic frēondlīcor      fēower mādmas  
*I ne’er heard with more grace      treasures four*

golde gegyrede      gummanna fela  
*trimmed with gold,      many men*

in ealobence      ōðrum gesellan.  
*on an ale-bench      to others made over;*

**1030** Ymb þæs helmes hrōf      hēafodbeorge

*all about the helm's peak      the protector of heads*

wīrum bewunden      wal*a* ūtan hēold,  
*was wrapped up with wires,      the ridge would hold out*

[**155v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f155v)

þæt him fēla lāf      frēcne ne meaht*e*  
*that him what was filed     would in no foul way*

scūrheard sceþðan,      þonne scyldfreca  
*scathe – the storm-hardened one –      when the shield-warrior*

ongēan gramum      gangan scolde.  
*against his enemies      would need to go****.***

**1035** Heht ðā eorla hlēo      eahta mēaras

*The helm of the earls then ordered      eight horses,*

fǣtedhlēore      on flet teon,  
*with face-covers gold-plated,      guided onto the floor,*

in under eoderas;      þāra ānum stōd  
*within a walled place;      one of them stood,*

sadol searwum fāh,      since gewurþad;  
*with skill was its saddle worked,      wealth made it worthy;*

þæt wæs hildesetl      hēahcyninges,  
*that was the combat-seat      of the great king,*

**1040** ðonne sweorda gelāc      sunu Healfdenes

*when in sword-play      the son of Half-Dane*

efnan wolde,--      nǣfre on ōre læg  
*would indulge –      in the front line never did fail*

wīdcūþes wīg,      ðonne walu fēollon.  
*his well-known war-skill,      when were falling the slain.*

Ond ðā Bēowulfe      bēga gehwæþres  
*And then to Beowulf      both of the treasures*

eodor Ingwina      onweald gēteah,  
*the guard of Ing's Folk      gave for to own,*

**1045** wicga ond wǣpna;      hēt hine wēl brūcan.

*horses and weapons;      and him ordered to use well.*

Swā manlīce      mǣre þēoden,  
*In manly wise thus      the well-renowned master,*

hordweard hæleþa      heaþorǣsas geald  
*hoard-keeper of warriors,      paid for war-clashes*

mēarum ond mādmum,      swā hȳ nǣfre man lŷhð,  
*in steeds and in wealth,      so one never would fault them,*

sē þe secgan wile      sōð æfter rihte.  
*one who would tell      the truth of what's right****.***

**XVI**

**1050** Ðā gȳt ǣghwylcum      eorla drihten

*Then, furthermore, to each follower of* (*that*) *man*  
þāra þe mid Bēowulfe      briml*ā*de tēah,   
*of those who with Beowulf took to the brine-way,*

on þǣre medubence      māþðoum gesealde,  
*at the mead-table he gave treasure-gifts,*

[**156r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f156r)

yrfelāfe,      ond þone ǣnne heht  
*heirlooms from old, and he ordered that one*

golde forgyldan,      þone ðe Grendel ǣr

*to pay for in gold, whom previously Grendel*

**1055** māne ācwealde,--      swā hē hyra mā wolde,

*had wickedly murdered – as he would of them more,*nefne him wītig God      wyrd forstōde  
*but that for them wise God* (*this*) *Wierd had forestalled*

ond ðæs mannes mōd.      Metod eallum wēold  
*and this man’s courage. The Creator made all*

gumena cynnes,      swā hē nū gīt dêð.  
*for the family of man, as he yet makes it now.*

Forþan bið andgit      ǣghwǣr sēlest,

*And so understanding is everywhere best,*

**1060** ferhðes foreþanc.      Fela sceal gebīdan

*and foresight of mind. Much he shall suffer*  
lēofes ond lāþes      sē þe longe hēr  
*of loves and of hates who here for long*

on ðyssum windagum      worolde brūceð !  
*in these days of woe would delight in the world!*

þǣr wæs sang ond swēg      samod ætgædere  
*There was music and song at the same time all mingled*

fore Healfdenes      hildewīsan,

*before the Half-Dane’s* (*own*) *headman of battle,*

**1065** gomenwudu grēted,      gid oft wrecen,

*the wood of rejoicing was struck, a story was often rehearsed,*

ðonne healgamen      Hrōþgāres scop  
*when a performance in hall the poet of Hrothgar*

æfter medobence      mǣnan scolde,  
*at the mead table was made to deliver,*

Finnes eaferum,      ðā hīe se fǣr begeat,  
*concerning Finn’s sons, when catastrophe struck them,*

hæleð Healf-Dena,      Hnæf Scyldinga,

(*and*) *the hero of the Half-Dane, Hnaef of the Scyldings,*

**1070** in Frēswæle      feallan scolde.

*on the war-field of Frisia was fated to fall.*

Nē hūru Hildeburh      herian þorfte  
*Hildeburg indeed did not have need to hail*

Ēotena trēowe;      unsynnum wearð  
*the good faith of the Jutes, she was without guilt*

beloren lēofum      æt þām *l*i*n*dplegan  
*bereft of beloved ones in the play of the bucklers,*

bearnum ond brōðrum;      hīe on gebyrd hruron

*brother and son; by fate they fell*

[**156v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f156v)

**1075** gāre wunde;      þæt wæs geōmuru ides!

*with a spear wounded; that was a sad woman!*

Nalles hōlinga      Hōces dohtor  
*Not for no reason did Hoc’s own daughter*

meotodsceaft bemearn,      syþðan morgen cōm,  
*the command of the Maker mourn, when the morn came,*

ðā hēo under swegle      gesēon meahte   
*then under the sky she was able to see*

morþorbealo māga,      þǣr hē[o] ǣr mǣste hēold  
*the massacre of brethren, where before she had most*

**1080** worolde wynne.      Wīg ealle fornam

*of joy in the world. War did take everone*

Finnes þegnas      nemne fēaum ānum,  
*of Finn’s supporters save for only a few,*

þæt hē ne mehte      on þǣm meðelstede  
*so that he could not on that site of encounter*

wīg Hengeste      wiht gefeohtan,  
*the conflict with Hengest at all end by combat,*

nē þā wēalāfe      wīge forþringan

*nor the woe-begone remnant by war bring relief*

**1085** þēodnes ðegne;      ac hig him geðingo budon,

*from the thane of that prince; but they made them a pledge,*

þæt hīe him ōðer flet      eal gerȳmdon,  
*that the other court for them they would clear out completely,*

healle ond hēahsetl,      þæt hīe healfre geweald  
*the hall and the high seat, so that they half the holding*

wið Ēotena bearn      āgan mōston,  
*with the men of the Jutes might enjoy,*

ond æt feohgyftum      Folcwaldan sunu

*and at the giving of fee-gifts Folcwaldan’s son*

**1090** dōgra gehwylce      Dene weorþode,

*on every day to do the Danes honour,*

Hengestes hēap      hringum wenede  
(*and*) *the host of Hengest to honour with rings,*

efne swā swīðe      sincgestrēonum  
*with just as much jewelled wealth*

fǣttan goldes,      swā hē Frēsena cyn  
*of plated gold, as the people of Frisia he*

on bēorsele      byldan wolde.

*at the beer-hall would wish to make bold.*

**1095** Ðā hīe getrūwedon      on twā healfa

*Then made they a pledge on behalf of both parties,*

fæste frioðuwǣre.      Fin Hengeste  
*a pact of firm harmony. Finn to Hengest*

elne unflitme      āðum benemde,  
*in perfect honour in oaths did make promises,*

[**157r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f157r)

þæt hē þā wēalāfe      weotena dōme  
*that he the sad remnant by the rule of the sage*

ārum hēolde,      þæt ðǣr ǣnig mon

*in honour would hold, that no one* *there would*

**1100** wordum nē worcum      wǣre ne brǣce,

*not by words nor by works the treaty annul,*

nē þurh inwitsearo      ǣfre gemǣnden,  
*nor by a contrivance of evil intent ever complain,*

ðēah hīe hira bēaggyfan      banan folgedon  
*though they their ring-dealer’s death-dealer followed*

ðēodenlēase,      þā him swā geþearfod wæs;  
*without a prince, as was thus pressed upon them;*

gyf þonne Frȳsna hwylc      frēcn*a*n sprǣce

*if then some Frisian in* (*his*) *fearless speech*

**1105** ðæs morðorhetes      myndgiend wǣre,

*of this murderous feud were to be mindful,*

þonne hit sweordes ecg      syððan scolde.--  
*then by sharp edge of sword it should be resolved.*

Ād wæs geæfned,      ond icge gold  
*The pyre was prepared, and precious gold*

āhæfen of horde.      Here-Scyldinga  
*from the treasure-store taken. Of the Troop of the Scyldings*

betst beadorinca      wæs on bǣl gearu.  
*the finest of battlers was by the fire ready.*

**1110** Æt þǣm āde wæs      ēþgesȳne

*At the funeral blaze* (*there*) *was readily beheld*

swātfāh syrce,      swȳn ealgylden,  
*a blood-stained hauberk, a boar all in gold,*

eofer īrenheard,      æþeling manig  
*a hog iron-metal-hard,* (*and*) *many heroes*

wundum āwyrded;      sume on wæle crungon!  
*doomed by* (*war-*)*wounds; worthy men died in that war-slaughter!*

Hēt ðā Hildeburh      æt Hnæfes āde  
*Then Hildeburg ordered beside Hnaef’s pyre*

**1115** hire selfre sunu      sweoloðe befæstan,

*her very own son to be sent to the flames*

bānfatu bærnan,      ond on bǣl dôn  
*the bone-pot to burn, and to put on the blaze;*

*ēa*me on eaxle      ides gnornode,  
*by the side of her uncle the woman did sorrow,*

geōmrode giddum.      Gūðrēc āstāh.  
*made wail in song. Up went the war-smoke,*

[**157v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f157v)

Wand tō wolcnum      wælfyra mǣst,  
*spiralled into the sky the greatest blaze of the slain,*

**1120** hlynode for hlāwe;      hafelan multon,

*before the mound made a roar; heads melted* (*there*)*,*

bengeato burston,      ðonne blōd ætspranc,  
*wounds did burst open, then blood did well out*

lāðbite līces.      Līg ealle forswealg,  
*from deep bites to the bodies. The blaze engulfed all*

gǣsta gīfrost,      þāra ðē þǣr gūð fornam  
*– the greediest of demons – of those that war there destroyed*

bēga folces;      wæs hira blǣd scacen.

*from both of the tribes, their fortune was taken.*

**XVII**

**1125** Gewiton him ðā wīgend      wīca nēosian

*Then the warriors departed to visit their dwellings*  
frēondum befeallen,      Frȳsland gesēon,

*bereft of their friends, Friesland to behold,*hāmas ond hēaburh.      Hengest ðā gȳt

*their homes and high fort. Then furthermore Hengest*wælfāgne winter      wunode mid Finne

*the slaughter-stained Winter did spend with Finn*[ea]l unhlitme;      eard gemunde,

*utterly wretchedly; he remembered his homeland*

**1130** þēah þe *n*ē meahte      on mere drīfan

*though he was unable to sail on the sea*  
hringedstefnan,--      holm storme wēol,

*his curvèd-stemmed craft – the sea welled in storm,*  
won wið winde,      winter ȳþe belēac

*fought with the wind, Winter fettered the waves*īsgebinde,      oþ ðæt ōþer cōm

*in constraints of ice, until came another*  
gēar in geardas,--      swā nū gȳt dêð,

*Springtime to the dwellings – as now it does still,*

**1135** þā ðe syngāles      sēle bewitiað,

*where it always observes the order of seasons –*

wuldortorhtan weder.      Ðā wæs winter scacen,

(*and*) *wonderful fine weather. Then Winter was finished*  
fæger foldan bearm;      fundode wrecca,

*and the earth’s bosom fair; to be off yearned the exile,*  
gist of geardum;      hē tō gyrnwræce

*the visitor, from the house; he to vengeance for harm*

[**158r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f158r)

swīðor þōhte      þonne tō sǣlāde,

*did sooner give thought than to the sea-passage,*

**1140** gif hē torngemōt      þurhtēon mihte,

*or if bitter meeting he might bring about,*  
þæt hē Ēotena bearn      inne gemunde.

*for he of the Jute-men was inwardly mindful.*  
Swā hē ne forwyrnde      woroldrǣdenne,

*Therefore he denied not what is due in the world,*þonne him Hūnlāfing      hildelēoman,

*when for him Hunlafing Flare-of-War,*billa sēlest      on bearm dyde;

*best of blades, did lay on* (*his*) *lap,*

**1145** þæs wǣron mid Ēotenum      ecge cūðe.

*of which to the Jutes were the edges well-known.*Swylce ferhðfrecan      Fin eft begeat

*Likewise did fierce-hearted Finn later have*sweordbealo slīðen      æt his selfes hām,

*a dire death by blade in his own dwelling place,*  
siþðan grimne gripe      Gūðlāf ond Ōslāf

*when over the grim war Oslaf and Guthlaf*   
æfter sǣsīðe      sorge mǣndon,

*the sea-voyage done did give voice to their sorrow,*

**1150** ætwiton wēana dǣl;      ne meahte wǣfre mōd

*reproached their woes’ ration; nor could restless will*

forhabban in hreþre.      Ðā wæs heal *r*oden

*restrained in* (*his*) *heart be. The hall then was reddened*  
fēonda fēorum,      swilce Fin slægen,

*with corpses of foes, and Finn too was killed,*  
cyning on corþre,      ond sēo cwēn numen.

*the king with his troop, and his queen taken.*  
Scēotend Scyldinga      tō scypon feredon

*The battling Scyldings bore off to the ships*

**1155** eal ingesteald      eorðcyninges,

*the property all of the prince of the land*  
swylce hīe æt Finnes hām      findan meahton

*the which at Finn’s home they were able to find*sigla searogimma.      Hīe on sǣlāde

*well-wrought things and gems. They over the wave-road*drihtlīce wīf      tō Denum feredon,

*that dignified lady to Danish lands took,*lǣddon tō lēodum.      Lēoð wæs āsungen,

*they led to the people. A lay was performed,*

[**158v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f158v)

**1160** glēomannes gyd.      Gamen eft āstāh,

*a gleeman’s sung story. Again gladness sprang up,*  
beorhtode bencswēg,      byrelas sealdon

*a bench-clamour sounded, and cup-bearers served*  
wīn of wunderfatum.      þā cwōm Wealhþēo forð

*from wondrous cups wine. Then Wealhtheow came forth,*  
gān under gyldnum bēage      þǣr þā godan twēgen

*went wearing a gold torque to where the two good ones*sǣton suhtergefæderan;      þā gȳt wæs hiera sib ætgædere,

*sat, uncle and nephew; then still was their family united as one,*

**1165** ǣghwylc ōðrum trȳwe.      Swylce þǣr *Un*ferþ þyle

*each one to the other was loyal. There also was Unferth the lore-man*  
æt fōtum sæt frēan Scyldinga;      gehwylc hiora his ferhðe trēowde,

(*who*) *sat at the foot of the lord of the Scyldings; faith in his spirit had each one of them,*þæt hē hæfde mōd micel,      þēah þe hē his māgum nǣre

*that he had great courage, though he were not to his kin*   
ārfæst æt ecga gelācum.      Spræc ðā ides Scyldinga:

*well-mannered at sword-play. The Scylding woman then said:*  
'Onfōh þissum fulle,      frēodrihten mīn,

*“Receive this wine-cup, my most worthy ruler,*

**1170** sinces brytta!      þū on sǣlum wes,

*bestower of good things! Be thou in good spirits,*  
goldwine gumena,      ond tō Gēatum spræc

*to men a sovereign gold-giving, and speak to the Geats*mildum wordum,      swā sceal man dôn !

*with words that are mild, as a man might well do!*  
Bēo wið Gēatas glæd,      geofena gemyndig,

*Be gracious with the Geats, and mind of the gifts,*  
nēan ond feorran      þū nū hafast.

*from near and from far, that you have now.*

[**159r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f159r)

**1175** Mē man sægde,      þæt þū ðē for sunu wolde

*One said to me, that you would as a son*   
hereri[n]c habban.      Heorot is gefǣlsod,

*have this captain of men. Heorot is made clean,*  
bēahsele beorhta;      brūc þenden þū mote

*a worthy jewel-hall; enjoy while you may*manigra mēdo,      ond þīnum māgum lǣf

*the benefits many, and bequeath to your kin*   
folc ond rīce,      þonne ðū forð scyle,

*the folk and the nation, when you needs must go forth*

**1180** metodsceaft seon.      Ic mīnne can

*to meet what must be. I am well aware, my*  
glædne Hrōþulf,      þæt hē þā geogoðe wile

*well-meaning Hrothulf, that he the youths wishes*ārum healdan,      gyf þū ǣr þonne hē,

*to uphold in honour; if you earlier than he*,  
wine Scildinga,      worold oflǣtest;

*the Scylding-folk’s friend, should forsake this world,*  
wēne ic þæt hē mid gōde      gyldan wille

*I ween that with good* (*then*) *he will requite*

**1185** uncran eaferan,      gif hē þæt eal gemon,

*our household and heirs, if he at all on that thinks,*  
hwæt wit tō willan      ond tō worðmyndum

*what we two – for his sake and for esteem due to worth –*  
umborwesendum ǣr      ārna gefremedon.'

*before, being a boy, we bestowed of rewards.”*  
Hwearf þā bī bence,      þǣr hyre byre wǣron,

*Then she went by the bench, where her boys were,*Hrēðrīc ond Hrōðmund,      ond hæleþa bearn,

*Hrethric and Hrothmund, and the offspring of heroes,*

**1190** giogoð ætgædere;      þǣr se gōda sæt,

*the gang of youths gathered; there sat the good fellows,*  
Bēowulf Gēata      be þǣm gebrōðrum twǣm.

*Beowulf of the Geats beside the two brothers.*

**XVIII**

Him wæs ful boren,      ond frēondlaþu

*A full goblet was brought him, and friendly greeting*wordum bewægned,      ond wunden gold

*was given in words*, *and windings of gold*  
ēstum geēawed,      earm[h]rēade twā,

*with affection were offered, arm-ornaments, two,*

[**159v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f159v)

**1195** hrægl ond hringas,      healsbēaga mǣst

*a corslet and rings, and a collar the richest*

þāra þe ic on foldan      gefrægen hæbbe.

*of those in the land that I have learned of.*  
Nǣnigne ic under swegle      sēlran hȳrde

*‘Neath heaven I have none heard of as better*hordmāðûm hæleþa,      syþðan Hāma ætwæg

*from heroes’ treasure-hoards, since Hama took off*tō þǣre byrhtan byrig      Brōsinga mene,

*to his bright town the torq of the Brisings,*

**1200** sigle ond sincfæt,--      searonīðas f*lēa*h

*costly setting and collar, ‘scaped the enmity cunning*

Eormenrīces,      gecēas ēcne rǣd.

*of Eormenric, gained a good everlasting.*  
þone hring hæfde      Higelāc Gēata,

*That helical thing held Hygelac of the Geats,*  
nefa Swertinges      nȳhstan siðe,

*an offspring of Swerting, on the final occasion*  
siðþan hē under segne      sinc ealgode,

*when under a guidon he had guarded* (*his*) *wealth,*

**1205** wælrēaf werede;      hyne wyrd fornam,

*defended war-spoils. Doom snatched him away*  
syþðan hē for wlenco      wēan āhsode,

*as he out of pride pursued* (*his*) *unhappiness,*  
fǣhðe tō Frȳsum.      Hē þā frætwe wæg,

*brought a feud to the Frisians. He bore then the fine things,*  
eorclanstānas      ofer ȳða ful,

*the valuable stones o’er the surge-vessel,*   
rīce þēoden;      hē under rande gecranc.

*high ranking ruler; beneath a buckler he fell.*

**1210** Gehwearf þā in Francna fæþm      feorh cyninges,

*Then to Frankish power passed the life of the prince,*brēostgewǣdu,      ond se bēah somod;

*the* (*well-*)*armoured coat, and the collar as well;*  
wyrsan wīgfrecan      wæl rēafed*o*n

*lowlier warriors looted the war-dead,*æfter gūðsceare,      Gēata lēode

*after butchery of battle, the folk of the Geats*hrēawīc hēoldon.--      Heal swēge onfēng.

*held* (*yet*) *the field. – Hubbub filled the hall.*

**1215** Wealhðēo maþelode,      hēo fore þǣm werede spræc:

*Wealhtheow spoke out, to the war-band she said:*   
' Brūc ðisses bēages,      Bēowulf lēofa,

*“Take this neck-bracelet, beloved Beowulf,*   
hyse, mid hǣle,      ond þisses hrægles nēot,

*in health, youthful one, and this hauberk use,*

[**160r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f160r)

þēo[d]gestrēona,      ond geþēoh tela,

*the wealth of a people, and prosper well,*  
cen þec mid cræfte,      ond þyssum cnyhtum wes

*by prowess prove yourself, and to these young persons be*

**1220** lāra līðe!      Ic þē þæs lēan geman.

*right kind in counsel! For this requital I will you remember.*  
Hafast þū gefēred,      þæt ðe feor ond nēah

*so well you have fared that you far and near*  
ealne wīdeferhþ      weras ehtigað,

*forever and evermore men will esteem,*efne swā sīde      swā sǣ bebūgeð

*for even so wide as the sea which surrounds*

windgeard weallas.      Wes þenden þū lifige,

*the wind-bounding walls. Be, while you live,*

**1225** æþeling, ēadig!      Ic þē an tela

*O worthy one, happy! I wish you well*sincgestrēona.      Bēo þū suna mīnum

*and bounty of treasure. Be you to my boys*  
dǣdum gedēfe,      drēamhealdende!

*in behaviour forbearng, O blissful one!*Hēr is ǣghwylc eorl      ōþrum getrȳwe,

*Here will each fellow keep faith with the others,*  
mōdes milde,      mandrihtne hol[d],

*mild in his heart,* (*and*) *to his master hewing;*

**1230** þegnas syndon geþwǣre,      þēod ealgearo,

*in accord are the followers, full alert are the folk,*druncne dryhtguman;      d*ō* swā ic bidde !'

*the retainers well-drunk; do as I request!’*Ēode þā tō setle.      þǣr wæs symbla cyst,

*Then she went to her bench. The best of banquets was there,*  
druncon wīn weras.      Wyrd ne cūþon,

*The warriors drank wine; were unware of their Doom,*  
geōsceaft grim*m*e,      swā hit āgangen wearð

*a destiny horrible, as it did happen*

**1235** eorla manegum,      syþðan ǣfen cwōm,

*to not a few nobles, when fell the night,*ond him Hrōþgār gewāt,      tō hofe sīnum,

*and Hrothgar had gone off to his own house,*  
rīce tō ræste.      Reced weardode

*the high to his rest. There remained in the hall*   
unrīm eorla,      swā hīe oft ǣr dydon.

*nobles unnumbered, as they oft ere now did.*Bencþelu beredon;      hit geondbrǣded wearð

*They made bare the bench space; it was bestrewn with*

**1240** beddum ond bolstrum.      Bēorscealca sum

*bedding and bolsters. One who had beer drunk,*  
fūs ond fǣge      fletræste gebēag.

*Doomed, bound to die, bent down to his bed.*

[**160v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f160v)

Setton him tō hēafdon      hilderandas,

*They set by their heads* (*their*) *bucklers of battle,*  
bordwudu beorhtan;      þǣr on bence wæs

*bright boards of wood; there were on the bench*ofer æþelinge      ȳþgesēne

*over each nobleman, easy to notice,*

**1245** heaþostēapa helm,      hringed byrne,

*a cap to rise high over the combat, a corslet in rings,*þrecwudu þrymlīc.      Wæs þēaw hyra,

*a splendid wood spear. It was their way*  
þæt hīe oft wǣron      an wīg gearwe,

*that ever they were ready for war,*gē æt hām gē on herge,      gē gehwæþer þāra

*whether at home or with the army or whichever of these*  
efne swylce mǣla,      swylce hira mandryhtne

*at any such moment, as for their master*

**1250** þearf gesǣlde;      wæs sēo þēod tilu.

*arose the requirement. It was a good army.*

**XVIIII**

Sigon þā tō slǣpe.      Sum sāre angeald

*They sank then to sleep. Sorely one paid*   
ǣfenræste,      swā him ful oft gelamp,

*for an evening of rest, as so often befell them*   
siþðan goldsele      Grendel warode,

*when the gold hall by Grendel was haunted,*  
unriht æfnde,      oþ þæt ende becwōm,

*evil acts were committed, until* (*his*) *end came,*

**1255** swylt æfter synnum.      þæt gesȳne wearþ,

*for* (*his*) *crimes oblivion. It came to be obvious,*  
widcūþ werum,      þætte wrecend þā gȳt

*well-known amongst warriors, that there yet an avenger*lifde æfter lāþum,      lange þrāge,

*lived after its enemies. For a long age,*  
æfter gūðceare;      Grendles mōdor,

*for grief for the murder, the mother of Grendel,*  
ides āglǣcwīf      yrmþe gemunde,

*a bitch-beast of a woman, brooded on woes;*

**1260** sē þe wæteregesan      wunian scolde,

*one who waters disgusting was having to dwell in,*  
cealde strēamas,      siþðan Cā*in* wearð

*ice-cold streams, since Cain came*  
tō ecgbanan      āngan brēþer,

*to blade-slay his own brother,*fæderenmǣge;      hē þā fāg gewāt,

*the son of his sire; who then went away stained,*  
morþre gemearcod      mandrēam fleon,

*marked by the murder to retreat from men’s revels,*

[**161r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f161r)

**1265** wēsten warode.      þanon wōc fela

(*and*) *wandered the wastelands. Thence many awakened*  
geōsceaftgāsta;      wæs þǣra Grendel sum,

*of the ghouls out of Wyrd; one of these was Grendel,*  
heorowearh hetelīc,      sē æt Heorote fand

*a foe foul and hateful, who at Heorot found*wæccendne wer      wīges bīdan;

*a fellow who was watching and waiting for a fight;*  
þǣer him āglǣca      ætgrǣpe wearð;

*there did the creature him catch in his clutches;*

**1270** hwæþre hē gemunde      mægenes strenge,

*but he remembered the might of his arms*  
gimfæste gife,      ðē him God sealde,

*the glorious gift, that to him God gave,*  
ond him tō Anwaldan      āre gelȳfde,

*and he on the Lord’s help did rely*  
frōfre ond fultum;      ðȳ hē þone fēond ofercwōm,

*for aid and for comfort; thus he conquered the foe,*gehnǣgde helle gāst.      þā hē hēan gewāt,

*the hell-demon defeated. Then he humbled departed,*

**1275** drēame bedǣled      dēaþwīc seon,

*of pleasure deprived to descry his death- place,*  
mancynnes fēond.      Ond his mōdor þā gȳt   
*of mankind the enemy. And even now his mother*

gīfre ond galgmōd      gegān wolde

*at heart greedy and gloomy, wished to go out*  
sorhfulne sīð,      sunu *d*ēoð wrecan.

*on a dismal adventure, to avenge her son’s death.*  
Cōm þā tō Heorote,      ðǣr Hring-Dene

*She arrived then at Heorot, where the Ring-Danes*

**1280** geond þæt sæld swǣfun.      þā ðǣr sōna wearð

*throughout that hall slept. Then there soon happened*edhwyrft eorlum,      siþðan inne fealh

*to the earls an upset, when inside there entered*   
Grendles mōdor.      Wæs se gryre lǣssa

*the mother of Grendel. The dread was diminished*efne swā micle,      swā bið mægþa cræft,

*by even so much as is a maid’s skill,*wīggryre wīfes      be wǣpnedmen,

*a woman’s war-fierceness, by fighting men,*

**1285** þonne heoru bunden,      hamere geþ*ur*en,

*when a finely-bound blade, forge-beaten by hammer,*sweord swāte fāh      swīn ofer helme

*a sword grimed with gore, a swine on the headgear,*

[**161v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f161v)

ecgum dyhtig      andweard scireð.

*with a strong edge slices through an opponent.*  
Ðā wæs on healle      heardecg togen

*Then in the hall was a hard edge upheld,*sweord ofer setlum,      sīdrand manig

*a blade o’er the benches,* (*and*) *many broad bucklers*

**1290** hafen handa fæst;      helm ne gemunde,

*were held fast in hands; helms were not heeded,*byrnan sīde,      þā hine se brōga angeat.

(*nor*) *broad byrnies* (*neither*,) *when the beast took him.*  
Hēo wæs on ofste,      wolde ūt þanon,

*She was* (*then*) *in haste,* (*and*) *out of there wanted,*  
fēore beorgan,      þā hēo onfunden wæs;

*to save her* (*own*) *skin, when she was observed:*  
hraðe hēo æþelinga      ānne hæfde

*from the worthies she hurriedly had one*

**1295** fæste befangen,      þā hēo tō fenne gang.

*firmly taken, then she took to the fen.*  
Sē wæs Hrōþgāre      hæleþa lēofost

*He was to Hrothgar a hero most well-loved*  
on gesīðes hād      be sǣm twēonum,

*in the ranks of retainers between the two rivers,*rīce randwiga,      þone ðe hēo on ræste ābrēat,

*A mighty shield-battler, whom she murdered in bed,*  
blǣdfæstne beorn.      Næs Bēowulf þǣr,

*a brilliant warrior. Beowulf was not there*

**1300** ac wæs ōþer in      ǣr geteohhod

*but in a bed-place elsewhere allotted before*  
æfter māþðumgife      mǣrum Gēate.

*when wealth-giving was done to the Geat well-known.*   
Hrēam wearð in Heorote;      hēo under heolfre genam

*There a cry was in Heorot; in gore covered she captured*  
cūþe folme;      cearu wæs genīwod,

*the well-renowned arm;* (*then*) *was anguish renewed,*  
geworden in wīcun.      Ne wæs þæt gewrixle til,

*arose again in their homes. It was no happy exchange,*

**1305** þæt hīe on bā healfa      bicgan scoldon

*that on both of their parts they were bound to pay*  
frēonda fēorum!      þā wæs frōd cyning,

*with the lives of loved ones! Then was the wise lord,*hār hilderinc      on hrēon mōde,

*the old man of war in a wild mood,*

[**162r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f162r)

syðþan hē aldorþegn      unlyfigendne,

*when he the liege worthy without life to be,*  
þone dēorestan      dēadne wisse.

*the one held most dear, he knew to be dead.*

**1310** Hraþe wæs tō būre      Bēowulf fetod,

*Quick to the byre was     Beowulf brought,*sigorēadig secg.      Samod ǣrdæge

*the victory-blessed man.     At the very day-break*  
ēode eorla sum,      æþele cempa

*went one of the chiefs,*     *a champion worthy*self mid gesīðum      þǣr se snotera bād,

*himself with his allies     where the wise one awaited,*hwæþ*er* him A*l*walda      ǣfre wille

*whether for him the Lord ever would wish*

**1315** æfter wēaspelle      wyrpe gefremman.

*after this tale of woe alterations to work*.  
Gang ðā æfter flōre      fyrdwyrðe man

*Across the floor then went the one famed for war*mid his handscale      --healwudu dynede--,

*with his band of retainers – the hall-boards resounded –,*þæt hē þone wīsan      wordum *n*ǣgde

*till he to the wise one did offer up words*  
frēan Ingwina,      frægn gif him wǣre

*to the king of the Ingwins, inquired if for him’twere,*

**1320** æfter nēodlaðu[m]      niht getǣse.

*as he had hoped, an agreeable night.*

**XX**

Hrōðgār maþelode,      helm Scyldinga:  
*Then Hrothgar declared, the Scyldings’ defence;*

' Ne frīn þū æfter sǣlum !      Sorh is genīwod  
*“Send you not for good news! Renewed* (*now*) *is sorrow*

Denigea lēodum.      Dēad is Æschere,  
*for the Dane-folk..* (*For*) *Asher is dead,*

Yrmenlāfes      yldra brōþor,

*Yrmenlafe’s elder brother,*

**1325** mīn rūnwita      ond mīn rǣdbora,

*my close confidant and my counsellor-in-chief,*

eaxlgestealla,      þonne wē on orlege  
*who was beside me, when we in battle*

hafelan weredon,      þonne hniton fēþan,  
*kept our heads safe, when the foot-soldiers clashed,*

eoferas cnysedan.      Swy(lc) scolde eorl wesan,

*and boar*(*-markings*) *were beaten. So must a man be,*

[**162v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f162v)

[æþling] ǣrgōd,      swylc Æschere wæs!

*an excellent fellow, such as was Asher!*

**1330** Wearð him on Heorote      tō handbanan

*In Heorot she became his bare-handed bane*

wælgǣst wǣfre;      ic ne wāt hwæ*d*er  
*the wandering death-demon; I don’t know whither*

atol ǣse wlanc      eftsiðas tēah,  
*in vile meat rejoicing she had made her return,*

fylle ge*f*ægnod.      Hēo þā fǣhðe wræc,  
*pleased by the death. The disgace she had paid back,*

þē þū gystran niht      Grendel cwealdest

*that yesterday e’en you had ended* (*her*) *Grendel*

**1335** þurh hǣstne hād      heardum clammum,

*in a violent way with a grip like a vice,*forþan hē tō lange      lēode mīne  
*for he too long my folk*

wanode ond wyrde.      Hē æt wīge gecrang  
*had diminished and harmed. He died in the fight,*

ealdres scyldig,      ond nū ōþer cwōm  
*life answering for guilt, and now comes another*

mihtig mānscaða,      wolde hyre mǣg wrecan,

*strong ravager wicked, for her son revenge wanting,*

**1340** gē feor hafað      fǣhðe gestǣled,  
*and far has* (*she*) *fared with her feud,*

þæs þe þincean mæg      þegne monegum,  
*as might have thought many a thane,*

sē þe æfter sincgyfan      on sefan grēoteþ,--  
*who for the wealth-giver weeps in his soul –*

hreþerbealo hearde;      nū sēo hand ligeð,  
*a heart-ache severe; now still lies the hand*

sē þe ēow wēlhwylcra      wilna dohte.

*that to you whatever was wished yielded up.*

**1345** Ic þæt londbūend,      lēode mæine,  
*The dwellers in that place, I, my own people,*

selerǣdende      secgan hȳrde,

*and counsellors-in-hall, had heard to recount*  
þæt hīe gesāwon      swylce twēgen

*that they used to see a pair of that sort*   
micle mearcstapan      mōras healdan,

*of mighty march-harriers haunting the marshes,*  
ellorgǣstas.      Ðǣra ōðer wæs,

*wights from elsewhere. Of those the one was,*

**1350** þæs þe hīe      gewislīcost gewitan meahton,  
*as they most clearly were able to make out,*

idese onlīcn*e*s;      ōðer earmsceapen

*in the image of a female; the other ill-formed*  
on weres wæstmum      wræclāstas træd,

*in the shape of a man walked the ways of the shunned,*

[**163r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f163r)

næfne hē wæs māra      þonne ǣnig man ōþer;

*though he was more mighty than any man other.*þone on gēardagum      Grendel nemdo*n*

*In days gone by, him they dubbed ‘Grendel,’*

**1355** foldbūende;      nō hīe fæder cunnon,  
*folk who lived in the land; they knew not the father,*

hwæþer him ǣnig wæs      ǣr ācenned

*or if he had any engendered ere now*dyrnra gāsta.      Hīe dȳgel lond

*of monsters occult. A country mysterious they*warigeað wulfhleoþu,      windige næssas,

*had the watch o’er: wolf-haunted hills,* (*with*) *windy head-lands*,  
frēcne fengelād,      ðǣr fyrgenstrēam

*wild ways through the fen, where water-falls*

**1360** under næssa genipu      niþer gewīteð,

*beneath darkening bluffs did drain out below,*flōd under foldan.      Nis þæt feor heonon

*a flood under fields. It is not far from here*  
mīlgemearces,      þæt se mere stan*d*eð;

*as is measured in miles, that the mere lies;*  
ofer þǣm hongiað      hrinde bearwas,

*there over it hang hoar-frosted groves,*  
wudu wyrtum fæst      wæter oferhelmað.

*woods fast on their roots overshadow the water.*

**1365** þǣr mæg nihta gehwǣm      nīðwundor sēon,

*One may there by night abomination mark:*  
fȳr on flōde. Nō þæs frōd leofað

*a fire on the water. There lives no wise one*

gumena bearna,      þæt þone grund wite.

*of sons born of men who has seen the mere’s bottom.*

Ðēah þe hǣðstapa      hundum geswenced,

*Though the heath-pacer when hard-pressed by hounds,*  
heorot hornum trum      holtwudu sēce,

*the strong-hornèd hart, would seek the holt-woods,*

**1370** feorran geflȳmed,      ǣr hē feorh seleð,

*put to flight from afar, he will lose his life first,*  
aldor on ōfre,      ǣr hē in wille,

*his* (*very*) *life on the land, ere in he will leap*   
hafelan [*hȳdan*];      nis þæt hēoru stōw!

*to cover his head; that is no happy corner!*  
þonon ȳðgeblond      ūp āstīgeð

*a flood in an uproar from there rises up*  
won tō wolcnum,      þonne wind styreþ

*into the sky wanly, where stirs up the wind*

**1375** lāð gewidru,      oð þæt lyft drysmaþ,

*a dreadful tempest, until the sky darkens,*  
roderas rēotað.      Nū is se rǣd gelang

*and the heavens do weep. Now is help to be had*

[**163v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f163v)

eft æt þē ānum.      Eard gīt ne const,

*once again from you only. Yet you know not the ground,*  
frēcne stōwe,      ðǣr þū findan miht

*a dreadful domain, where you may discover*  
sinnigne secg;      sēc gif þū dyrre!

*the sin-doing devil; go seek if you dare!*

**1380** Ic þē þā fǣhðe      fēo lēanige,

*Then to you for that fighting I will give a fee*  
ealdgestrēonum,      swā ic ǣr dyde,

*in elder days’ wealth, as I did earlier,*  
wund*num* golde,      gyf þū on weg cymest.'

*in golden windings, if you get away with it.”*

**XXI**

Bēowulf maeþlode,      bearn Ecgþēowes:

*Said Beowulf* (*then,*)     *Ecgtheow’s son:*

'Ne sorga, snotor guma!      Sēlre bið ǣghwǣm,

*“Be not fretful, wise fellow!*      *It is better for all*

**1385** þæt hē his frēond wrece,      þonne hē fela murne.

*that his friend he avenge,*       *than he mourn overmuch.*

Ūre ǣghwylc sceal      ende gebīdan

*We each of us will have*     *to wait for the ending*

worolde līfes;      wyrce sē þe mote

*of life in the world:*      (*so*) *let him who may win*

dōmes ǣr dēaþe;      þæt bið drihtguman

*fame before death;*      *that is for a fighting man,*

unlifgendum      æfter sēlest.

*when not alive, the noblest thing afterwards.*

**1390** Ārīs, rīces weard,      uton hraþe fēran,

*Get you up! kingdom’s guard,* (*and*) *let us go quickly,*

Grendles māgan      gang scēawigan.

*Grendel’s own mother’s marks of going to regard.*

Ic hit þē gehāte:      nō hē on helm losaþ,

*I swear to you this: she won’t slip out to safety;*

nē on foldan fæþm,      nē on fyrgenholt,

*not in the earth’s arms, nor in the high holt,*

nē on gyfenes grund,      gā þǣr hē wille !

*nor (again) at brine’s bottom, let her go where she will!*

**1395** Ðȳs dōgor þū      geþyld hafa

*May you this day endure*

wēana gehwylces,      swā ic þē wēne tō.'

*each one of your woes, as I would you wish.”*

Āhlēop ðā se gomela,      Gode þancode,

*Quickly up got the old one, gave thanks to God,*

mihtigan Drihtne,      þæs se man gespræc.

*the suzerain mighty, for what the man said.*

[**164r**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f164r)

þā wæs Hrōðgāre      hors gebǣted,

*Then was for Hrothgar a horse put in harness,*

**1400** wicg wundenfeax.      Wīsa fengel

*a mount with mane plaited. The monarch was prudent,*

geatolīc gende;      gumfēþa stōp

*went forth well-equipped; the infantry walked*

lindhæbbendra.      Lāstas wǣron

*bearing linden-wood bucklers. Footprints*  *were* (*then*)

æfter waldswaþum wīde gesȳne,

*on the path in the forest perceived far and wide,*

gang ofer grundas,      [þær] gegnum fōr

*a trail over terrain, tracked straight on* (*there*)

**1405** ofer myrcan mōr,      magoþegna bær

*across the marsh murky. Of kin-thanes she carried*

þone sēlestan      sāwollēasne

*the* (*very*) *best fellow – bereft of* (*his*) *life –*

þāra þe mid Hrōðgāre      hām eahtode.

*of those who with Hrothgar had guarded the home.*

Oferēode þā      æþelinga bearn

*He passed over then, the offspring of princes,*  
stēap stānhliðo,      stīge nearwe,

*the tall slopes of stone,* (*and*) *tracks* (*that were*) *strait,*

**1410** enge ānpaðas,      uncūð gelād,  
*cramped paths for one person,* (*and*) *courses unknown,*

neowle næssas,      nicorhūsa fela;

*mountainous headlands, many homes of sea-monsters;*  
hē fēara sum      beforan gengde

*with a few men he made his way forward,*wīsra monna      wong scēawian,

*with expert fellows, to examine the field*,  
oþ þæt hē fǣringa      fyrgenbēamas

*until on a moment he trees of the mountain*

**1415** ofer hārne stān      hleonian funde,  
*over hoar-silvered stone had spotted were hanging,*

wynlēasne wudu;      wæter under stōd

*an unhappy wood;* (*and*) *water stood under it,*  
drēorig ond gedrēfed.      Denum eallum wæs,

*disturbèd and foul. There for all Danes was,*  
winum Scyldinga,      weorce on mōde

*for the friends of the Scyldings, an affliction of soul*  
tō geþolianne,      ðegne monegum,

*made to be suffered, in the many serving men,*

**1420** oncȳð eorla gehwǣm,      syðþan Æscheres

(*and*) *in each earl anguish, when of* (*that*) *Asher*on þām holmclife      hafelan mētton.

*(upon the sea-cliff) his head they discovered.*  
Flōd blōde wēol      --folc tō sǣgon----

*The flood bubbled bloody – the folk it observed –*

[**164v**](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f164v)

hātan heolfre.      Horn stundum song  
*with hot* (*welling*) *gore. A horn hurried to give wind,*

fūslīc f(yrd)lēoð.      Fēþa eal gesæt.

*a song of war-readiness. All the warriors were seated.*

**1425** Gesāwon ðā æfter wætere      wyrmcynnes fela,

*They saw through the water then many of worm-kind,*  
sellice sǣdracan      sund cunnian,  
*rare water-serpents to be roaming the sea,*

swylce on næshleoðum      nicras licgean,  
*on the slopes of the sea-cliffs likewise lay sea-monsters,*

ðā on undernmǣl      oft bewitigað  
*who in the mid-mornings did often watch out for*

sorhfulne sīð      on seglrāde,

(*sea-*)*farings unfortunate on the sail-way,*

**1430** wyrmas ond wildēor.      Hīe on weg hruron  
*wild animals and dragons. Away they did drop*

bitere ond gebolgne;      bearhtm ongēaton,  
*enragèd and bitter; they knew the bright note,*

gūðhorn galan.      Sumne Gēata lēod  
*the war-horn giving wail. Of one the Geats’ chief*

of flānbogan      fēores getwǣfde,  
*by arrow from bow brought its life to an end,*

ȳðgewinnes,      þæt him on aldre stōd  
*its strife with the sea, so there stuck in its centre*

**1435** herestrǣl hearda;      hē on holme wæs

*a war-arrow hard; in the water it was*

sundes þē sǣnra,      ðē hyne swylt fornam.  
*the slower in swimming, when Death it did seize.*

Hræþe wearð on ȳðum      mid eofersprēotum  
*straitway it at sea was by boar*(*-hunting*) *spears*

heorohōcyhtum      hearde genearwod,  
*with* (*their*) *evil hooks extremely hard-pressed,*

nīða genǣged,      ond on naes togen,  
*was desperately harried, and drawn up on the headland,*

**1440** wundorlic wǣgbora;      weras scēawedon

*a marvel sea-spawnèd; the men did stare out on*

gryrelīcne gist.      Gyrede hine Bēowulf  
*the horrible guest. himself girded Beowulf*

eorlgewǣdum,      nalles for ealdre mearn;  
*in noble* (*war-*)*weeds, no way for life worried;*

scolde herebyrne      hondum gebrōden,  
*his hauberk of war had – by hand it was woven,*

sīd ond searofāh      sund cunnian,  
*wide and well-trimmed – to make trial of the water;*

**1445** seō ðe bāncofan      beorgan cūþe,

(*his*) *skeleton-case it kenned how to keep safe,*

þæt him hildegrāp      hreþre ne mihte,  
*so that a hold martial his heart never might,*

eorres inwitfeng      aldre gesceþðan;  
*nor hostile vice angry to his vitals, do harm;*

ac se hwīta helm      hafelan werede,

*and the shining war-helmet was shielding the head*

**[165r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f165r)**

sē þe meregrundas      mengan scolde,

*that the depths of the lake was obliged to disturb,*

**1450** sēcan sundgebland      since geweorðad,

*to seek troubled waters made splendid with treasures,*

befongen frēawrāsnum,      swā hine fyrndagum  
*by a lordly band bound as in days long gone by*

worhte wǣpna smið,      wundrum tēode,  
*worked by the weapon smith, wonderfully shaped,*

besette swīnlīcum,      þæt hine syðþan nō  
*with swine forms enfigured, so that after it never*

brond nē beadomēcas      bītan ne meahton.  
*brand nor war-blade would be able to bite.*

**1455** Næs þæt þonne      mǣtost mægenfultuma,

*Nor was that then the weakest of war-aids,*

þæt him on ðearfe lāh      ðyle Hrōðgþares;  
*that to him in his need gave in loan Hrothgar’s lore-man;*

wæs þǣm hæftmēce      Hrunting nama;  
*the huge-hafted blade, it was Hrunting by name,*

þæt wæs ān foran      ealdgestrēona;  
*which unmatchèd was amongst ancient wealth;*

ecg wæs īren,      ātertā[c]num fāh,  
*its edge was of iron, with dire-runes adorned,*

**1460** āhyrded heaþoswāte;      nǣfre hit æt hilde ne swāc

(*and*) *fixed in battle-blood; it never failed in a fight*

manna ǣngum      þāra þe hit mid mundum bewand,  
*any one whose hands wielded it,*

sē ðe gryresīðas      gegān dorste,  
*who on grim adventures had had to go off,*

folcstede fāra;      næs þæt forma sīð;  
*to the foes’ territory; not the first time it was,*

þæt hit ellenweorc      æfnan scolde.  
*that heroic feats it had had to perform.*

**1465** Hūru ne gemunde      mago Ecglāfes

*It came not to mind clearly for Ecglaf’s kinsman,*

eafoþes cræftig,      þæt hē ǣr gespræc  
*powerful in strength, what he previously had said*

wīne druncen,      þā hē þæs wǣpnes onlāh  
*lightheaded on wine, when he loaned out that weapon*

sēlran sweordfrecan;      selfa ne dorste  
*to a warrior better. He himself would not brave*

under ȳða gewin      aldre genēþan,  
*strife under the waves, to wager his soul*

**1470** drihtscype drēogan;      þǣr hē dōme forlēas,

*to perform like a lord. Prestige he lost there,*

**[165v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f165v)**

ellenmǣrðum.      Ne wæs þǣm ōðrum swā,  
(*and*) *fame for* (*his*) *valour. T’was not thus for th’other*

syðþan hē hine tō gūðe      gegyred hæfde.

*when he for war himself had made ready.*

**XXII**

Bēowulf maþelode,      bearn Ecgþēowes:

*Beowulf* (*then*) *spoke, Edgetheow’s son:*'Geþenc nū, se mǣra      maga Healfdenes,

*“Consider you now, renowned kin of the Half-Dane,*

**1475** snottra fengel,      nū ic eom sīðes fūs,   
*sage one and king, now I am set on the course,*

goldwine gumena,      hwæt wit geō sprǣcon,

*to men a wealth-friend, of what we before spoke:*  
gif ic æt þearfe      þīnre scolde

*if I in bound service to you should* (*somehow*)aldre linnan,      þæt ðū mē ā wǣre

*be parted from breath, you would be e’er to me,*  
forðgewitenum      on fæder stǣle.

*having passed on, in the place of a father.*

**1480** Wes þū mundbora      mīnum magoþegnum,

*Be you* (*then*) *the minder of my young retainers,*

hondgesellum,      gif mec hild nime;  
*my comrades at arms, if combat should take me;*

swylce þū ðā mādmas,      þē þū mē sealdest,  
*Those precious things as well, that you presented me,*

Hrōðgār lēofa,      Higelāce onsend.  
*dearest Hrothgar, deliver to Hygelac.*

Mæg þonne on þǣm golde ongitan      Gēata dryhten,

*May he perceive in that gold then, the prince of the Geats,*

**1485** gesēon sunu Hrǣdles,      þonne hē on þæt sinc starað,

*may Hrethel’s son see, when he stares on that treasure,*þæt ic gumcystum      gōdne funde  
*that I of the virtues found one very full*

bēaga bryttan, brēac      þonne mōste.  
*a giver of wealth, enjoyed* (*gifts*) *while I could.*

Ond þū *Un*ferð lǣt      ealde lāfe,  
*And do you let Unferth the ancient heirloom,*

wrǣtlīc wǣgsweord      wīdcūðne man  
*the wonderful wave-sword, the wide-famèd man*

**1490** heardecg habban;      ic mē mid Hruntinge  
*have the hard-edge; with Hrunting I will*

dōm gewyrce,      oþðe mec dēað nimeð,  
*get* (*undying*) *glory, or death will get me.”*

**[166r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f166r)**

Æfter þǣm wordum      Weder-Gēata lēod  
*After these words the Weder-Geats’ lord*

efste mid elne,---      nalas andsware  
*eagerly hastened – no answer at all*

bīdan wolde;      brimwylm onfēng  
*did he wish to wait on. The water-flood took*

**1495** hilderince.      Ðā wæs hwīl dæges,  
*the one daring in war. It was a day’s while then*

ǣr hē þone grundwong      ongytan mehte.  
*before water’s bottom he was able to* *behold.*

Sōna þæt onfunde      sē ðe flōda begong  
*She found out at once, she who the flood’s field*

heorogīfre behēold      hund missēra,  
*had held fiercely-ravenous for a hundred half-years,*

grim ond grǣdig,      þæt þǣr gumena sum  
*hungry and hostile, that there some human*

**1500** ælwihta eard      ufan cunnode.  
*the abode of strange beings searched out from above.*

Grāp þā tōgēanes,      gūðrinc gefēng  
*then with him she grappled, grabbed onto the warrior*

atolan clommum;      nō þȳ ǣr in gescōd  
*in direful clutches. She did harm none the quicker*

hālan līce;      hring ūtan ymbbearh,  
*to his hale body; about him his burnie held off harms from without,*

þæt hēo þone fyrdhom      ðurhfōn ne mihte,  
*so that that corslet she could not get through,*

**1505** locene leoðosyrcan      lāþan fingrum.   
*the mesh of the mail-coat with her foul fingers.*

Bær þā sēo brimwyl[f],      þā hēo tō botme cōm,  
*Then bore the brine-wolf, when to bottom she came,*

hringa þengel      tō hofe sīnum,  
*the lord of the rings unto her own lair,*

swā hē ne mihte nō      -- hē þǣm mōdig wæs----  
*so could he not, though he were courageous,*

wǣpna gewealdan,      ac hine wundra þæs fela  
*make use of* (*his*) *weapons, but so many weird things him*

**1510** swe[n]cte on sunde,      sǣdēor monig  
*did molest in the waves, water-monsters many*

hildetūxum      heresyrcan bræc,  
*with tusks fit for combat tore at the mail-coat,*

ēhton āglǣcan.      Ðā se eorl ongeat,  
*the horrors pursued him. Then the prince saw,*

þæt hē [in] nīðsele      nāthwylcum wæs,  
*that he in the hall of an an enemy was – which one he knew not –*

ðǣr him nǣnig wæter      wihte ne sceþede,  
*where no water at all did worry him a whit,*

**1515** nē him for hrōfsele      hrīnan ne mehte  
*nor him, by the hall’s roof, was able to reach*

fǣrgripe flōdes;      fȳrlēoht geseah,  
*the flood sudden-seizing; a firelight he saw,*

**[166v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f166v)**

blācne lēoman      beorhte scīnan.  
*a shimmering brilliance shining out brightly.*

Ongeat þā se gōda      grundwyrgenne,  
*The worthy descried then one damned from the deep,*

merewīf mihtig;      mægenrǣs forgeaf  
*a powerful mere-woman. A mighty push made he*

**1520** hildebille,      ho*n*d sweng ne oftēah,  
*with* (*his*) *sword of war, the swing of* (*his*) *hand he did not withhold*

þæt hire on hafelan      hringmǣl āgōl  
*so that on her skull the ringed sword rang out*

grǣdig gūðlēoð.      Ðā se gist onfand,  
*a war-song ferocious. The stranger then found*

þæt se beadolēoma      bītan nolde,  
*that the war-brand would not bite,*

aldre sceþðan,      ac sēo ecg geswāc  
*or injure her life, but the edge did let down*

**1525** ðēodne æt þearfe;      ðolode ǣr fela  
*the master at need; it had ere endured many*

hondgemōta,      helm oft gescær,  
*combats hand-to-hand, had oft cut through helms,*

fǣges fyrdhrægl;      ðā wæs forma sīð  
*war-gear of the fated; it was then the first time*

dēorum mādme,      þæt his dōm ālæg.  
*for the much-lovèd prize that its power was lacking.*

Eft wæs anrǣd,      nalas elnes læt,  
*He was once more firm-willed, no way weakening in valour,*

**1530** mǣrða gemyndig      mǣg Hȳlāces:  
*he considered his glory, the kinsman of Hygelac;*

wearp ðā wunde*n*mǣl      wrǣttum gebunden   
*cast away the coiled weapon then covered in artwork,*

yrre ōretta,      þæt hit on eorðan læg,  
*the warrior wrathful, that it rested on earth,*

stīð ond stȳlecg;      strenge getruwode,  
*tough and steel-edged; in his strength he did trust,*

mundgripe mægenes.      Swā sceal man dôn,  
*in his mighty hand-grasp. So must a man do,*

**1535** þonne hē æt gūðe      gegān þenceð  
*whenever in war he would aim to achieve*

longsumne lof;      nā ymb his līf cearað.  
*long-lasting fame; he fears not for his life.*

Gefēng þā be [feaxe]      -- nalas for fǣhðe mearn ----  
*Then he seized by the hair – not sorry for the strife –*

Gūð-Gēata lēod      Grendles mōdor;  
*the man of the War-Geats the mother of Grendel;*

brægd þā beadwe heard,      þā hē gebolgen wæs,  
*then the battle-brave flung, because he was furious,*

**1540** feorhgenīðlan,      þæt hēo on flet gebēah.  
*the foe of his life, so she fell to the floor.*

Hēo him eft hraþe      *a*ndlēan forgeald  
(*Then*) *promptly again she to him gave payback*

**[167r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f167r)**

grimman grāpum      ond him tōgēanes fēng;  
*by her harsh grasp and gripped him tight to her;*

oferwearp þā wērigmōd      wigena strengest,  
*then the weary one stumbled, the strongest of warriors,*

fēþecempa,      þæt hē on fylle wearð.  
*the fighter on foot, so he took a fall.*

**1545** Ofsæt þā þone selegyst,      ond hyre sea*x* getēah  
*then she sat on that hall-guest, and her short sword she drew*

brād [ond] brūnecg;      wolde hire bearn wrecan,  
*bright-edged and broad; her boy she‘d avenge,*

āngan eaferan.      Him on eaxle læg  
*her only offspring. Upon his side lay*

brēostnet brōden;      þæt gebearh fēore,  
*the interlaced corslet; it kept safe his life,*

wið ord ond wið ecge      ingang forstōd.  
*to point and to edge an entry denied.*

**1550** Hæfde ðā forsīðod      sunu Ecgþēowes  
*Then would have ended Ecgtheow’s son*

under gynne grund,      Gēata cempa,  
*‘neath the wide ground, the warrior Geat,*

nemne him heaðobyrne      helpe gefremede,  
*except the war-burnie to him had brought help,*

herenet hearde, ----      ond hālig God  
*the hard web of war, and holy God*

gewēold wīgsigor;      wītig Drihten,  
*had supplied the war-victory; the Sovereign wise,*

**1555** rodera Rǣdend      hit on ryht gescēd  
*the Ruler of heaven decided it rightly,*

ȳðelīce,      syþðan hē eft āstōd.

*and with ease, whereupon he once more stood up.*

**XXIII**

Geseah ðā on searwum sigeēadig bil,

*Amongst arms he beheld then a victory-blessed blade,*

ealdsweord eotenisc ecgum þȳhtig,

*an old ettens’ sword, strong in its edges,*

wigena weorðmynd; þæt [wæs] wǣpna cyst ----

*worshipped by warriors; best of weapons it was –*

**1560** būton hit wæs māre ðonne ǣnig mon ōðer

*but it was more than any man other*

tō beadulāce ætberan meahte,

*to battle-play was able to bear,*

gōd ond geatolīc, gīganta geweorc.

*good and well-fitted, the work of the giants.*

Hē gefēng þā fetelhilt, freca Scyldinga

*He seized the ringed-hilt, did the hero of the Scyldings,*

hrēoh ond heorogrim, hringmǣl gebrægd

*rageful and battle-wroth, he raised the ringed blade*

**1565** aldres orwēna, yrringa slōh,

*without hope for his life, he wildly hewed,*

**[167v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f167v)**

þæt hire wið halse heard grāpode,

*so that by her neck hard she was held,*

bānhringas bræc; bil eal ðurhwōd

*bone-rings were broken; the blade went right through*

fǣgne flǣschoman; hēo on flet gecrong,

*the ill-fated flesh-cover; she crashed to the floor.*

sweord wæs swātig, secg weorce gefeh.

*Engored was the weapon, in the work the wight gloried.*

**1570** Līxte se lēoma, lēoht inne stōd,

*The lamp* (*then*) *was bright, beams illumined within,*

efne swā of hefene hādre scīneð

*as from heaven* (*above*) *brightly flares*

rodores candel Hē æfter recede wlāt;

*the sky’s candle. So the space he did scan;*

hwearf þā be wealle, wǣpen hafenade

*then he went by the wall, the weapon did he hold up*

heard be hiltum Higelāces ðegn

*by the the hilt firmly, the follower of Hygelac,*

**1575** yrre ond anrǣd,-- næs sēo ecg fracod

*wroth and iron-willed – nor was that edge worthless*

hilderince, ac hē hraþe wolde

*to the warrior doughty, but he wished with dispatch*

Grendle forgyldan gūðrǣsa fela

*reward to give Grendel for the many war-raids*

ðāra þe hē geworhte tō West-Denum

*which he had done to the West-Danes*

oftor micle ðonne on ǣnne sīð,

*more often by much than on just one occasion,*

**1580** þonne hē Hrōðgāres heorðgenēatas

*when he Hrothgar’s hearth friends*

slōh on sweofote, slǣpende frǣt

*struck down as they slept, devoured of the sleeping*

folces Denigea fȳftȳne men,

*Danish folk fifteen fellows,*

ond ōðer swylc ūt offerede,

*and others of that kind he carried off away,*

lāðlicu lāc. Hē him þæs lēan forgeald,

*a pitiful booty. Him he paid back for that,*

**1585** rēþe cempa, tō ðæs þe hē on ræste geseah

*the warrior bold, when on his bed he beheld*

gūðwērigne Grendel licgan,

*exhausted by strife Grendel stretched out*

aldorlēasne, swā him ǣr gescōd

*without his life, as had wounded him earlier*

hild æt Heorote. Hrā wīde sprong,

*the battle at Heorot. The body burst open,*

syþðan hē æfter dēaðe drepe þrōwade,

*as it after death did suffer a stroke,*

**1590** heorosweng heardne, ond hine þā hēafde becearf.

*a hard stroke of the sword, and then he struck off its head.*

Sōna þæt gesāwon snottre ceorlas,

*They marked that at once, the men, the wise ones,*

**[168r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f168r)**

þā ðe mid Hrōðgāre on holm wliton,

*they who with Hrothgar watched over the water,*

þæt wæs ȳðgeblond eal gemenged,

*the commotion of waves was thoroughly commingled,*

brim blōde fāh. Blondenfeaxe,

*the water fouled with blood. With hoar-frosted hair,*

**1595** gomele ymb gōdne ongeador sprǣcon,

*old men of the good man spoke thus together,*

þæt hig þæs æðelinges eft ne wēndon,

*that they of that noble did no more expect*

þæt hē sigehrēðig sēcean cōme

*that celebrating conquest he would come* (*forth*) *to seek*

mǣrne þēoden; þā ðæs monige gewearþ,

*that glorious master; agreed many to this then:*

þæt hine sēo brimwylf ābroten hæfde.

*that to him the sea-wolf slaughter had done.*

**1600** Ðā cōm nōn dæges. Næs ofgēafon

*Arrived then the ninth hour. They abandoned the ness*

hwate Scyldingas; gewāt him hām þonon

*the Scyldings heroic; from here he went home*

goldwine gumena. Gistas sētan

*the gold friend of men. The strange folk sat on*

mōdes sēoce ond on mere staredon;

*heart-sickened in mood and stared into the mere;*

wīston ond ne wēndon, þæt hīe heora winedrihten

*desired but dreamed not, that they their dear lord*

**1605** selfne gesāwon.---- þā þæt sweord ongan

*himself might behold. That blade then began*

æfter heaþoswāte hildegicelum,

*by the blood of the struggle in icicles of battle*

wīgbil wanian; þæt wæs wundra sum,

*the war-sword to wither; that was some wonder,*

þæt hit eal gemealt īse gelīcost,

*that it melted all away most like to the ice*

ðonne forstes bend Fæder onlǣteð,

*when the fetters of frost the Father unfastens,*

**1610** onwindeð wǣlrāpas, sē geweald hafað

*unwraps water-ropes, the one who has rule*

sǣla ond mǣla; þæt is sōð Metod.

*of the times and the tides; that is the true God.*

Ne nōm hē in þǣm wīcum, Weder-Gēata lēod,

*He took not to those dwellings, the Weder-Geats’ leader,*

māðmǣhta mā, þēh hē þǣr monige geseah,

*more wealthy belongings, though he many beheld there,*

būton þone hafelan ond þā hilt somod

*but only that head and the hilt* (*both*) *together*

**1615** since fāge; sweord ǣr gemealt,

*made beautiful with riches; the blade was ere melted,*

forbarn brōdenmǣl; wæs þæt blōd tō þæs hāt,

*all burned the wave-braided; so hot that blood was*

**[168v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f168v)**

ættren ellorgǣst, sē þǣr inne swealt.

*of the poisonous strange spirit, who had perished in there.*

Sōna wæs on sunde sē þe ǣr æt sæcce gebād

*Straightway was he swimming who in strife had survived*

wīghryre wrāðra, wæter ūp þurhdēaf;

*the foes’ falling in war; fast through the water* (*then*) *upward he swam.*

**1620** wǣron ȳðgeblana eal gefǣlsod,

*The waves in confusion were completely cleansèd,*

ēacne eardas, þā se ellorgāst

*and the wide lands, when the alien wight*

oflēt līfdagas ond þās lǣnan gesceaft.

*put down his life-days and this passing world.*

Cōm þā tō lande lidmanna helm

*To the land then he came the sea-crossers’ leader*

swīðmōd swymman; sǣlāce gefeah,

*swimming bold-hearted; celebrated sea-booty*

**1625** mægenbyrþenne þāra þe hē him mid hæfde.

*the big heavy burden that with him he bore.*

Ēodon him þā tōgēanes, Gode þancodon,

*They went then to greet him, and gave thanks to God,*

ðrȳðlīc þegna hēap, þēodnes gefēgon,

*the brave band of retainers, rejoiced for their prince*

þæs þe hī hyne gesundne gesēon mōston.

*that so they him safe were able to see.*

Ðā wæs of þǣm hrōran helm ond byrne

*Then from the bold one was burnie and helm*

**1630** lungre ālȳsed. Lagu drūsade,

*made swiftly loose. The lake did grow still,*

wæter under wolcnum, wældrēore fāg.

*the mere under sky, with slaughter-stains marked.*

Fērdon forð þonon fēþelāstum

*From there they went forth along the footpaths*

ferhþum fægne, foldweg mǣton,

*with hearts that were merry, they measured earth’s ways,*

cūþe strǣte; cyningbalde men

*the pathways familiar; the fellows, prince-proud,*

**1635** from þǣm holmclife hafelan bǣron

*away from that sea-cliff did carry the head*

earfoðlīce heora ǣghwæþrum

*with effort extreme for each one of them*

felamōdigra; fēower scoldon

*of the very bold fellows; there had to be four*

on þǣm wælstenge weorcum geferian

*upon the pole lethal with labour to port*

tō þǣm goldsele Grendles hēafod,----

*to the gold hall the head of* (*that*) *Grendel –*

**[169r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f169r)**

**1640** oþ ðæt semninga tō sele cōmon

*until at last they arrived at the hall,*

frome fyrdhwate fēowertȳne

*in the fight bold and brave, fourteen* (*there were*)

Gēata gongan; gumdryhten mid

*of the Geats going on; with their master of men*

mōdig on gemonge meodowongas træd.

*bold ‘mongst the troops trod the meadows by the meadhall.*

Ðā cōm in gan ealdor ðegna,

*On arriving he approached then, the prince of the thanes,*

**1645** dǣdcēne mon dōme gewurþad,

*a man brave in actions, acclaimèd by fate,*

hæle hildedēor, Hrōðgār grētan.

*the hero bold in battle, Hrothgar to hale.*

þā wæs be feaxe on flet boren

*Then by its locks was to the floor lowered*

Grendles hēafod, þǣr guman druncon,

*Grendel’s* (*great*) *head, where men were drinking,*

egeslīc for eorlum ond þǣre idese mid,

*For the lords* (*it was*) *awful and the lady there also,*

**1650** wlitesēon wrǣtlīc; weras on sāwon.

*a glorious apparition; upon it men gazed.*

**XXIIII**

Bēowulf maþelode,      bearn Ecgþēowes:

*Beowulf spoke* (*then*)*, Edgetheow’s son:*  
'Hwæt, wē þē þās sǣlþac,      sunu Healfdenes,  
*“Hark! We this sea-loot to you, son of Half-Dane,*

lēod Scyldinga,      lustum brōhton  
*prince of the Scyldings, have brought with pleasure*

tīres tō tācne,      þē þū hēr tō lōcast.

*as a token of glory, which you gaze upon here.*

**1655** Ic þæt unsōfte      ealdre gedīgde,  
 *Scarcely did I that survive with my life,*

wigge under wætere,      weorc genēþde  
*a war under water, the work undertook*

earfoðlīce;      ætrihte wæs  
*with* (*its heavy*) *hardships; at once would have been*

gūð getwǣfed,      nymðe mec God scylde.  
*the strife at an end, except that God saved me.*

Ne meahte ic æt hilde      mid Hruntinge  
*I was in the battle unable with Hrunting*

**1660** wiht gewyrcan,      þēah þæt wǣpen duge;

*to bring about aught, though that blade is the best;*

ac mē geūðe      ylda Waldend,

*but to me He allowed the Lord over men,*

þæt ic on wāge geseah      wlitig hangian  
*that I spied on the wall* (*there*) *splendidly hanging*

**[169v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f169v)**

ealdsweord ēacen      -- oftost wīsode  
*a great ancient sword – so most oft He guided*

winigea lēasum --,      þæt ic ðȳ wǣpne gebrǣd.  
*those ones without friends– that I flourished the weapon.*

**1665** Ofslōh ðā æt þǣre sæcce,      þā mē sǣl āgeald,

*Then I killed in the contest, when my moment came,*

hūses hyrdas.      þā þæt hildebil  
*the stewards of the house. Then that strife-sword*

forbarn brogdenmǣl,      swā þæt blōd gesprang,  
*did burn, the wave-braided one, as out the blood burst,*

hātost heaþoswāta.      Ic þæt hilt þanan  
*the hottest war-gore. That hilt I from there*

fēondum ætferede;      fyrendǣda wræc,  
*removed from the foes; revenged their foul deeds,*

**1670** dēaðcwealm Denigea,      swā hit gedēfe wæs.

*the Danes’ slaughter deadly, as it was seemly.*

Ic hit þē þonne gehāte,      þæt þū on Heorote mōst  
*I assure you of it then, that in Heorot you shall*

sorhlēas swefan      mid þīnra secga gedryht,  
*without worries* (*more*) *sleep with your warrior-squad,*

ond þegna gehwylc      þīnra lēoda,  
*and each of the followers from ‘mong your folk,*

duguðe ond iogoþe,      þæt þū him ondrǣdan ne þearft,  
*old fighters or youths, that you need not fear for them,*

**1675** þēoden Scyldinga,      on þā healfe,

*the Scylding-folk’s sovereign, from that side* (*of things*)*,*

aldorbealu eorlum,      swā þū ǣr dydest.'   
*deadly injury to earls as you earlier did.”*

Ðā wæs gylden hilt      gamelum rince,  
*Then was the golden hilt to the old warrior*

hārum hildfruman      on hand gyfen,  
*the hoary war-chief given into* (*his*) *hand,*

enta ǣrgeweorc;      hit on ǣht gehwearf  
*the old etten work, it went into the owning,*

**1680** æfter dēofla hryre      Denigea frean,

*when the devils had crashed, of the king of the Danes,*

wundorsmiþa geweorc;      ond þā þās worold ofgeaf  
*the work of smiths wondrous; and surrendered this world then*

gromheort guma,      Godes andsaca,  
*the grim-hearted man, the enemy of God,*

morðres scyldig,      ond his mōdor ēac;  
*guilty of murder, and his mother as well;*

on geweald gehwearf      woroldcyninga  
*it went to the keeping of kings of the world,*

**1685** ðǣm sēlestan      be sǣm twēonum

*the best of them* (*all*) *between the two seas*

**[170r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f170r)**

ðāra þe on Scedenigge      sceattas dǣlde.  
*of those who in Scede-land lucre distributed.*

Hrōðgār maðelode--      hylt scēawode,  
*Hrothgar spoke out – he stared at the hilt,*

ealde lāfe,      on ðǣm wæs ōr writen  
*the ancient heirloom, on which written was the origin*

fyrngewinnes;      syðþan flōd ofslōh,  
*of a feud from of old; when the flood overwhelmed,*

**1690** gifen gēotende      gīganta cyn,

*the inrushing sea, the giantish race,*

frēcne gefērdon;      þæt wæs fremde þēod  
*terribly they fared; that was a tribe foreign*

ēcean Dryhtne;      him þæs endelēan  
*to the Lord everlasting; their last reward to them*

þurh wæteres wylm      Waldend sealde.  
*through gushing waters was given by God.*

Swā wæs on ðǣm scennum      scīran goldes  
*There was too on the guard-piece of purest gold*

**1695** þurh rūnstafas      rihte gemearcod,

*in runic-markings rightly impressed,*

geseted ond gesǣd,      hwām þæt sweord geworht,  
*set down and stated, for whom that sword wrought,*

īrena cyst      ǣrest wǣre,  
*of weapons the finest, in the first instance was,*

wreoþenhilt ond wyrmfāh.      Ðā se wīsa spræc  
*with a hilt wound and with worm-decoration. Then the wise one declared,*

sunu Healfdenes      --swīgedon ealle--:  
*the son of Half-Dane – silent were all –*

**1700** 'Þæt, lā, mæg secgan      sē þe sōð ond riht

*“Indeed, so may say he who sooth and the right*

fremeð on folce,      feor eal gemon,  
*upholds ‘mongst the people, the past all remembers,*

eald **ēþel**weard,      þæt ðes eorl wǣre  
*the land’s ancient warden, that was this lord*

geboren betera !      Blǣd is ārǣred  
*a greater person born! The glory is praised*

geond wīdwegas,      wine mīn Bēowulf,   
*in far-away bournes, Beowulf, my friend,*

**1705** ðīn ofer þēoda gehwylce.      Eal þū hit geþyldum healdest,

*of you, ‘mongst all peoples. With patience you hold all:*

men mid mōdes snyttrum.      Ic þē sceal mīne gelǣstan  
*might with wisdom of mind. To you will I give my*

frēode, swā wit furðum sprǣcon.      Ðū scealt tō frōfre weorþan  
(*full*) *comradeship, as we two first mentioned. You must be as a comfort*

eal langtwidig      lēodum þīnum,

*forever in all things for your* (*own*) *folk,*

**[170v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f170v)**

hæleðum tō helpe.      Ne wearð Heremōd swā  
*as a help for the heroes. Not so was Heremod,*

**1710** eaforum Ecgwelan,      Ār-Scyldingum;

*for the offspring of Ecgwela, the Scyldings of Honour;*

ne gewēox hē him tō willan,      ac tō wælfealle  
*he waxed not as they wished, but on slaughter was bent*

ond tō dēaðcwalum      Deniga lēodum;  
*and for the destruction of the folk of the Danes;*

brēat bolgenmōd      bēodgenēatas,  
*in a furious temper felled his fellows at table,*

eaxlgesteallan,      oþ þæt hē āna hwearf,  
*close comrades* (*of his,*) *until he quit* (*all*) *alone,*

**1715** mǣre þēoden      mondrēamum from.

*the glorious leader, the glad life of men.*

Ðēah þe hine mihtig God      mægenes wynnum,  
*Though him the great God with pleasure in power,*

eafeþum stēpte,      ofer ealle men  
*in might did exalt, over all other men*

forð gefremede,      hwæþere him on ferhþe grēow  
*had uplifted him, yet in his heart did uprise*

brēosthord blōdrēow;      nallas bēagas geaf  
*a breast-load of blood-lust; loot he gave not*

**1720** Denum æfter dōme;      drēamlēas gebād,

*to the Danes by decree; he joyless endured,*

þæt hē þæs gewinnes      weorc þrōwade,  
*so that for this trouble he torments did suffer,*

lēodbealo longsum.      Ðū þē lǣr be þon,  
*for a long time* (*was*) *a trial to the tribe. Learn you by this then,*

gumcyste ongit!      Ic þis gid be þē  
*understand noble ways! I for you this yarn*

āwræc wintrum frōd.      Wundor is tō secg*an,*  
*have spun, wise in winters. The wonder is to say*

**1725** hū mihtig God      manna cynne

*how the mighty Creator unto mankind*

þurh sīdne sefan      snyttru bryttaþ,  
*from a wide heart does wisdom hand out,*

eard ond eorlscipe;      hē āh ealra geweald.  
*courtesy, and land; he of all has command.*

Hwīlum hē on lufan      lǣteð hworfan  
*At times towards love he does allow to turn*

monnes mōdgeþonc      mǣran cynnes,  
*the soul of a fellow of* (*some*) *famous stock,*

**1730** seleð him on ēþle      eorþan wynne

*gives to him in his home happiness on earth*

tō healdanne      hlēoburh wera,

*to have mastery over a stronghold of men,*

**[171r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f171r)**

gedēð him swā gewealdene      worolde dǣlas,  
*makes subject to him so a share of the world,*

sīde rīce,      þæt hē his selfa ne mæg  
*a kingdom widespread, which he cannot himself*

his unsnyttrum      ende geþencean.  
*in his unwisdom envision the end.*

**1735** Wunað hē on wiste;      nō hine wiht dweleð

*He lives in abundance; not him does aught hinder*

ādl nē yldo,      nē him inwitsorh  
*of ill-health or old age, for him no unhappiness from enemies’ harm*

on sefa(n) sweorceð,      nē gesacu ōhwǣr  
*does shadow his soul, nor strife anywhere*

ecghete ēoweð,      ac him eal worold  
*show* (*him*) *sharp hatred, but for him the whole world*

wendeð on willan;      hē þæt wyrse ne con --,

*wends at his will; he knows it not worse –*

**XXV**

**1740** oð þæt him on innan      oferhygda dǣl

*until when within him a portion of pride*  
weaxeð ond wrīdað;      þonne se weard swefeð,  
*grew and waxed great; when the guard was asleep,*

sāwele hyrde;      bið se slǣp tō fæst,  
*the soul’s* (*self-*)*defence; too deep was the sleep,*

bisgum gebunden,      bona swīðe nēah,  
(*it was*) *tramelled with cares, the killer too close,*

sē þe of flānbogan      fyrenum scēoteð.  
*who from his dart-bow with black design fires.*

**1745** þonne bið on hreþre      under helm drepen

*In the heart he is then hit under the helm*

biteran strǣle      -- him bebeorgan ne con --,  
*by a dart harmful – he cannot defend him –*

wōm wundorbebodum      wergan gāstes;  
*from weird commands crooked of an accursèd wight;*

þinceð him tō lȳtel,      þæt hē lange hēold,  
*it seems too little to him, what he so long had held,*

gȳtsað gromhȳdig,      nallas on gylp seleð  
*grim-hearted and greedy, he never gives for honour*

**1750** fǣ*tt*e bēagas,      ond hē þā forðgesceaft

*rings finely adorned, and he then about fate*

forgyteð ond forgæymeð,      þæs þe him ǣr God sealde,  
*does forget and neglect, (and) what God before gave him,*

wuldres Waldend,      weorðmynda dǣl.  
*the Master of Heaven, a meed of honour in memory.*

**[171v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f171v)**

Hit on endestæf      eft gelimpeð,  
*It at the end after befalls*

þæt se līchoma      lǣne gedrēoseð,  
*that the flesh-frame, fleeting, does fail,*

**1755** fǣge gefealleð;      fēhð ōþer tō

*doomed it does die; dons it another*

sē þe unmurnlīce      mādmas dǣleþ,  
*who without dole wealth does deal out,*

eorles ǣrgestrēon,      egesan ne gȳmeð.  
*the earl’s ancient treasure, is alert to no terror.*

Bebeorh þē ðone bealonīð,      Bēowulf lēofa,   
*Be ware this woe baleful, beloved Beowulf,*

secg betsta,      ond þē þæt sēlre gecēos,  
*the best amongst men, and the better choice make you,*

**1760** ēce rǣdas;      oferhȳda ne gȳm,

*the eternal advantage; give heed to no arrogance,*

mǣre cempa!      Nū is þīnes mægnes blǣd  
(*you*) *fighter renowned! Now the fame of your force* (*will endure*)

āne hwīle;      eft sōna bið,  
*for some while;* (*but*) *in time soon ‘t will be*

þæt þec ādl oððe ecg      eafoþes getwǣfeð,  
*that you sickness or sword shall separate from strength,*

oððe fȳres feng,      oððe flōdes wylm,  
*or the clutch of the fire, or the surge of the flood,*

**1765** oððe gripe mēces,      oððe gāres fliht,

*or the grip of the blade, or the flight of the bolt,*

oððe atol yldo;      oððe ēagena bearhtm  
*or terrible old age; or the gleam of the eyes*

forsiteð ond forsworceð;      semninga bið,  
*weakens and wanes; very soon it will be,*

þæt ðec, dryhtguma,      dēað oferswȳðeð.  
*that you, the king’s warrior, will be conquered by death.*

Swā ic Hring-Dena      hund missēra  
*So had I the Ring-Danes a hundred half-years*

**1770** wēold under wolcnum      ond hig wigge belēac

*governed under Sky and them guarded from strife*

manigum mǣgþa      geond þysne middangeard,  
*against many tribes this middle-earth throughout,*

æscum ond ecgum,      þæt ic mē ǣnigne  
*by ash-spears and swords; so to me did I anyone*

under swegles begong      gesacan ne tealde.  
*‘neath sky’s expanse consider no enemy.*

Hwæt, mē þæs on ēþle      edwend*e*n cwōm,  
*In my country, indeed, to me in this came a change*

**1775** gyrn æfter gomene,      seoþðan Grendel wearð,

*sorrow after gladness, since Grendel became*

ealdgewinna,      ingenga mīn;  
*an adversary ancient,* (*and*) *my invader.*

**[172r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f172r)**

ic þǣre sōcne      singāles wæg  
*Of this visitation I ever endured*

mōdceare micle,      þæs sig Metode þanc,  
*great grief of mind,* (*but*) *thanks be to God that,*

ēcean Dryhtne,      þæs ðe ic on aldre gebād,  
*the Lord everlasting, that alive I outlasted it,*

**1780** þæt ic on þone hafelan      heorodrēorigne

*so that I on this brow bloodied by sword*

ofer eald gewin      ēagum starige!  
*after strife ancient do stare with my eyes!*

Gā nū tō setle,      symbelwynne drēoh  
*Go now to the bench, join the joys of the banquet*

wīggeweorþad;      unc sceal worn fela  
*war-honoured one;* (*and*) *much will we have*

māþma gemǣnra,      siþðan morgen bið.'  
*of wealth held in common, when morning comes.”*

**1785** Gēat wæs glædmōd,      gēong sōna tō,

*The Geat was heart-glad,* (*so*) *soon did he hie*

setles nēosan,      swā se snottra heht.  
*to seek out a bench, as the wise one had bidden.*

þā wæs eft swā ǣr      ellenrōfum,  
*Then was it again as before for bold warriors,*

fletsittendum      fægere gereorded  
*for those who in hall sat, a fair feast was set out*

nīowan stefne.--      Nihthelm geswearc  
*on the occasion. The cowl of night closed*

**1790** deorc ofer dryhtgumum.      Duguð eal ārās;

*wan o’er the retainers. All the warriors rose up;*

wolde blondenfeax      beddes nēosan,  
*the grey-haired one wanted to go to his bed,*

gamela Scylding.      Gēat unigmetes wēl,  
*the old Scylding-man. Most excessively the Geat,*

rōfne randwigan      restan lyste;  
*the renowned round-shield warrior, did wish to have rest;*

sōna him seleþegn      sīðes wērgum,  
*soon him the hall-steward, by his exploits exhausted,*

**1795** feorrancundum      forð wīsade,

*having come from afar, did lead forth away,*

sē for andrysnum      ealle beweote*de*  
*the one who for courtesy did take care of all*

þegnes þearfe,      swylce þȳ dōgore  
*of the warrior’s desires, as were in those days*

heaþolīðende      habban scoldon.  
(*such*) *water-borne warriors much wont to have.*

Reste hine þā rūmheort;      reced hlīuade  
*Then rested he, the large-hearted man; the hall was upraised*

**1800** gēap ond goldfāh;      gæst inne swæf,

*wide and gold-decked; the guest drowsed within,*

oþ þæt hrefn blaca      heofones wynne  
*until the black raven the bliss of* (*high*) *heaven*

blīðheort bodode.      Ðā cōm beorht [lēoma]  
*announced with blithe heart. Then bright beams arrived*

**[172v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f172v)**

[ofer sceadwa] scacan;      scaþan ōnetton,  
[*hastening across shadows;*] *the warriors were hurrying,*

wǣron æþelingas      eft tō lēodum  
*the princes were* (*then*) *to their peoples once more*

**1805** fūse tō faren*n*e;      wolde feor þanon

*very ready to fare: he yearned far from there,*

cuma collenferhð      cēoles nēosan.  
*the visitor high-spirited, his vessel to seek.*

Heht þā se hearda      Hrunting beran  
*He bade then the hard man Hrunting to bear,*

sunu Ecglāfes,      heht his sweord niman,  
*Edgelaf’s son; his sword to take told him,*

lēoflīc īren; --      sægde him þæs lēanes þanc,  
*beloved thing of iron – for the loan said him thanks;*

**1810** cwæð hē þone gūðwine      gōdne tealde,

*this comrade in war quoth he he counted worthy,*

wīgcræftigne,      nales wordum lōg  
*bold in war-work, by no words did he blame*

mēces ecge;      þæt wæs mōdig secg.--  
*the edge of that blade; that was a brave man.*

Ond þā siðfrome,      searwum gearwe  
*And eager to be off then, all ready in armour,*

wīgend wǣron;      ēode weorð Denum  
*were* (*they*) *the warriors; went the one the Danes honoured,*

**1815** æþeling tō yppan,      þǣr se ōþer wæs,

*the warrior to the throne, where was the other.*

h*æ*le hildedēor      Hrōðgār grētte.

*The hero bold in battle hailed Hrothgar.*

**XXVI**

Bēowulf maþelode,      bearn Ecgþēowes:  
*Beowulf* (*then*) *spoke, Ecgetheow’s son:*

'Nū wē sǣlīðend      secgan wyllað  
*“Now we seafarers are wanting to say*

feorran cumene,      þæt wē fundiaþ  
*having come from afar, that we would hasten*

**1820** Higelāc sēcan.      Wǣron hēr tela,

*to seek Hygelac. Well were we here*

willum bewenede;      þū ūs wēl dohtest.  
*entertained as we wished; you treated us well.*

Gif ic þonne on eorþan      ōwihte mæg  
*If I then on earth might through any thing*

þīnre mōdlufan      māran tilian,  
*of your good opinion a greater part gain,*

gumena dryhten,      ðonne ic gȳt dyde,  
(*you*) *chief of men, than I yet have achieved,*

**1825** gūðgeweorca,      ic bēo gearo sōna.

*in works of war, I would be ready at once.*

**[173r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f173r)**

Gif ic þæt gefricge      ofer flōda begang,  
*If I find out o’er the expanse of the flood*

þæt þec ymbsittend      egesan þȳwað,  
*that nearby tribes do you threaten with terror,*

swā þec hetende      hwīlum dydon,  
*as to you hateful ones used to do whilom,*

ic ðē þūsenda      þegna bringe,  
*I to you thousands of* (*brave*) *thanes will bring,*

**1830** hæleþa tō helpe.      Ic on Higelāce wāt,

*of heroes for help. I have heard about Hygelac,*

Gēata dryhten,      þēah ðe hē geong sȳ,  
*the lord of the Geats, although he is green,*

folces hyrde,      þæt hē mec fremman wile  
*the ward for his folk, that he would me favour*

w*o*rdum ond w*eo*rcum,      þæt ic þē wēl herige  
*by words and by works, that you well I might honour*

ond þē tō gēoce      gārholt bere,  
*and for you to serve bring a forest of spears,*

**1835** mægenes fultum,      þǣr ðē bið manna þearf.

*an ally of might, where men you are lacking.*

Gif him þonne Hrēþrī*c*      tō hofum Gēata  
*If Hrethric himself then to the Geat-folk’s great-houses*

geþingeð þeodnes bearn,      hē mæg þǣr fela  
*is minded (to go), child of the chieftain, he would there be able many*

frēonda findan;      feorcȳþðe bēoð  
*friends to find; far away fields are*

sēlran gesōhte      þǣm þe him selfa dēah.  
*better sought by those that have strength themselves.”*

**1840** Hrōðgār maþelode      him on andsware:

*Hrothgar* (*then*) *spoke to him in response:*

'þē þā wordcwydas      wigtig Drihten  
*“For you these word-sayings the Sovereign all-wise*

on sefan sende;      ne hȳrde ic snotorlīcor  
*has put in your heart; I have not heard more prudently*

on swā geongum feore      guman þingian.  
*at so youthful an age any fellow speak.*

þū eart mægenes strang,      ond on mōde frōd,  
*You are mighty in strength, and in spirit mature,*

**1845** wīs wordcwida !      Wēn ic talige,

*wise crafter of words! I ween it is clear,*

gif þæt gegangeð,      þæt ðe gār nymeð,  
*that if it so happens, that the spear takes* (*away*)

hild heorugrimme      Hrēþles eaferan,  
(*in*) *horrific strife Hrethel’s* (*own*) *son,*

ādl oþðe īren      ealdor ðīnne,  
(*or*) *illness or iron that leader of yours,*

folces hyrde,      ond þū þīn feorh hafast,  
*the people’s protector, and your life you preserve,*

**[173v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f173v)**

**1850** þæt þe Sǣ-Gēatas      sēlran næbben

*that the Geats of the sea no superior might get*

tō gecēosenne      cyning ǣnigne,  
*in the selecting of anyone as sovereign,*

hordweard hæleþa,      gyf þū healdan wylt  
*hoard-ward of heroes, if you wanted to hold*

māga rīce.      Mē þīn mōdsefa  
*your kinsmen’s kingdom. To me your cast of mind*

līcað leng swā wēl,      lēofa Bēowulf.  
*the longer known better pleases*, *beloved Beowulf.*

**1855** Hafast þū gefēred,      þæt þām folcum sceal,

*You have brought it about, that for those folks there shall be,*

Gēata lēodum      ond Gār-Denum  
*for the folk of the Geats and for the Spear-Danes,*

sib gemǣn*e,*      ond sacu restan,  
*a peace that is common, and put aside conflict,*

inwitnīþas,      þē hīe ǣr drugon,  
(*as well*) *acts of enmity, that they ere endured.*

wesan, þenden ic wealde      wīdan rīces,  
*There will be, while I rule o’er the wide realm,*

**1860** māþmas gemǣne,      manig ōþerne

*wealth amongst all;* (*and there*) *many a one*

gōdum gegrēttan      ofer ganotes bæð  
*will greet with good things the gannet’s wash over;*

sceal hringnaca      ofer hea*f*u bringan  
*the boat with ringed prow will across the waves bring*

lāc ond luftācen.      Ic þā lēode wāt   
*love-tokens and presents. That people I know*

gē wið fēond gē wið frēond      fæste geworhte,  
*both to friend and to foe are firmly disposed,*

**1865** ǣghwæs untǣle      ealde wīsan.'

*in every way blameless by the old ways.”*

Ðā gīt him eorla hlēo      inne gesealde,  
*Then furthermore to him the guardian of men gave*

mago Healfdenes      māþmas twelfe;  
*to Half-dane’s son a dozen of treasures;*

hēt [h]in*e* mid þǣm lācum      lēode swǣse  
*ordered him with these offerings his own* (*favoured*) *folk*

sēcean on gesyntum,      snūde eft cuman.  
*to seek out in safety and to speedily come back.*

**1870** Gecyste þā      cyning æþelum gōd,

*Then he gave* (*him*) *a kiss, the king of good lineage,*

þēoden Scyldinga      ðegn[a] betstan

*the prince of the Scyldings, of servants the best*

ond be healse genam;      hruron him tēaras  
*and took him by his neck; from him tears dropped,*

blondenfeaxum.      Him wæs bēga wēn  
*from the blended-haired one. In him were both thoughts,*

**[174r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f174r)**

ealdum infrōdum,      ōþres swīðor,  
*in the one old and sage, the other one the stronger;*

**1875** þæt h[ī]e seoðða(n) [nō]      gesēon mōston,

*that they from this moment never more might meet,*

mōdige on meþle.      Wæs him se man tō þon lēof,  
*ones courageous in council. So close was this one to him,*

þæt hē þone brēostwylm      forberan ne mehte;  
*that the swelling of his heart he could no way suppress;*

ac him on hreþre      hygebendum fæst  
*but in his breast in heart-fetters bound fast*

æfter dēorum men      dyrne langað  
*for the belovèd man a longing mysterious*

**1880** b*o*rn wið blōde.      Him Bēowulf þanan,

*burned in his blood.* (*From*) *him Beowulf thence,*

gūðrinc goldwlanc      græsmoldan træd  
*the gold-adorned warrior, walked on the greensward,*

since hrēmig;      sǣgenga bād  
*triumphing in wealth: the wave-traveller waited on*

āge[n]dfrean,      sē þe on ancre rād.  
*its ruler and owner, as it rode at its anchor.*

þā wæs on gange      gifu Hrōðgāres

*Then while on the way was the gift of Hrothgar*

**1885** oft geæhted ;      þæt wæs ān cyning

*well often commended; that was a king*

ǣghwæs orleahtre,      oþ þæt hine yldo benam  
*in all things untainted, ‘til age from him took*

mægenes wynnum,      sē þe oft manegum scōd.

*the enjoyment of might – as are many often injured.*

**XXVII**

Cwōm þā tō flōde      felamōdigra,  
*Came then to the flood the courage-full fellows,*

hægstealdra [hēap];      hringnet bǣron,   
*the band of young ones,* (*and their*) *burnies they wore,*

**1890** locene leoðosyrcan.      Landweard onfand

*limb-coats interlocked. The coast guard looked on*

eftsīð eorla,      swā hē ǣr dyde;  
*the return of the heroes, as he earlier had done;*

nō hē mid hearme      of hliðes nōsan  
*nor did he* (*then*) *rudely from the ridge of the hill*

**[174v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f174v)**

gæs(tas) grētte,      ac him tōgēanes rād,  
*call out to the rovers, but towards them he rode,*

cwæð þæt wilcuman      Wedera lēodum  
*said that welcome they would be to the Wedera folk;*

**1895** scaþan scīrhame      tō scipe fōron.

*in shining weeds the warriors towards the ship went.*

þā wæs on sande      sǣgēap naca  
*There was on the shore the ship wide for the sea*

hladen herewǣdum      hringedstefna,  
*packed with battle-gear, the boat with ringed-prow*

mēarum ond māðmum;      mæst hlīfade  
*with horses and treasure; the main-mast did tower*

ofer Hrōðgāres      hordgestrēonum.  
*over Hrothgar’s wealth-hoard.*

**1900** Hē þǣm bātweard      bunden golde

*He to the boat-guard a gold-bound*

swurd gesealde,      þæt hē syðþan wæs  
*blade gave, so that afterwards he was*

on meodubence      māþm*e* þȳ weorþr*a*,  
(*when*) *on the mead bench by the wealth made more worthy,*

yrfelāfe.      Gewāt him on nac*a*  
*by the relic inherited. He left on the boat*

drēfan dēop wæter,      Dena land ofgeaf.  
*to disturb the deep water, went away from the Danes’ land.*

**1905** þā wæs be mæste      merehrægla sum,

*Then was by the main-mast one of the wave-weeds,*

segl sāle fæst;      sundwudu þunede;  
*a sail with a rope rigged, the sea-wood did rumble;*

nō þǣr wēgflotan      wind ofer ȳðum  
*not there the way-floater the wind o’er the waves*

sīðes getwǣfde;      sǣgenga fōr,  
*did delay in its venture; the vessel departed,*

flēat fāmigheals      forð ofer ȳðe,  
*the foam-necked one floated forth over the waves,*

**1910** bundenstefna ofer brimstrēamas,

*the bow bound securely over the brine streams,*

þæt hīe Gēata clifu      ongitan meahton,  
*‘til the cliffs of the Geats they could* (*clearly*) *descry,*

cūþe næssas;      cēol ūp geþrang  
*the promontories familiar; forward pressed the craft*

lyftgeswenced,      on lande stōd.  
*urged on by the wind, it went onto the earth.*

Hraþe wæs æt holme      hȳðweard geara,

*Swift to the shore was the keen sea-port keeper,*

**[175r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f175r)**

**1915** sē þe ǣr lange tīd      lēofra manna

*who before for a long time for the fellows beloved*

fūs æt faroðe      feor wlātode;   
*o’er the ocean with longing had looked out afar;*

sǣlde tō sande      sīdfæþme scip  
*bound on the sand* (*was*) *the wide-spanning boat*

onc*e*rbendum fæst,      þȳ lǣs hym ȳþa ðrym  
*with anchor-warp fast lest the force of the waves*

wudu wynsuman      forwrecan meahte.  
*the beautiful boat should drive to destruction.*

**1920** Hēt þā ūp beran      æþelinga gestrēon,

*Then he told* (*them*) *to take up the treasure of the nobles,*

frætwe ond fǣtgold;      næs him feor þanon  
*things fancy and golden; it was not for them far hence*

tō gesēcanne      sinces bryttan,  
*to discover by seeking one who deals out the wealth,*

Higelāc Hrēþling,      þǣr æt hām wunað  
*Hrethel’s son Hygelac, where at home he was dwelling*

selfa mid gesīðum      sǣwealle nēah.  
*by himself with his comrades close to the sea-barrier.*

**1925** Bold wæs betlīc,      bregorōf cyning,

*The building was beautiful, the king princely-brave,*

heah on healle,      Hygd swīðe geong,  
*high in the hall,* (*and*) *Hygd very young,*

wīs wēlþungen,      þēah ðe wintra lȳt  
*well-accomplished and wise, withal that few winters*

under burhlocan      gebiden hæbbe,  
*within the burg’s walls she had* (*yet*) *abided,*

Hæreþes dohtor;      næs hīo hnāh swā þēah,  
*Haereth’s girl-child; she was though not grudging,*

**1930** nē tō gnēað gifa      Gēata lēodum

*nor too niggardly with gifts unto the Geat nation*

māþmgestrēona.      Mōdþrȳðo wæg,  
*of costly things marvellous. Modthritho committed,*

fremu folces cwēn      firen' ondrysne;  
*froward queen of the folk, fearful acts criminal;*

nǣnig þæt dorste      dēor genēþan  
*no-one did dare, of the valiant, to venture,*

swǣsra gesīða,      nefne sinfrea,  
*of her own companions, except her own king,*

**1935** þæt hire an dæges      ēagum starede;

*on her in the day to observe with his eyes;*

ac him wælbende      weotode tealde  
*but for him awful bonds he believes would be ordered*

**[175v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f175v)**

handgewriþene;      hraþe seoþðan wæs  
*wound* (*hard*) *by hand;* (*and*) *hastily then would be*

æfter mundgripe      mēce geþinged,   
*after the seizure a* (*war-*)*sword assigned,*

þæt hit sceādenmǣl      scȳran mōste,  
*so that it, shadow-marked, should settlement make,*

**1940** cwealmbealu cȳðan.      Ne bið swylc cwēnlīc þēaw

*wicked killing make known. That is no queenly work*

idese tō efnanne,      þēah ðe hīo ǣnlicu sȳ,  
*for a woman to perform, though she were without peer,*

þætte freoðuwebbe      fēores onsǣce  
*that a weaver of peace should part from* (*his*) *life*

æfter ligetorne      lēofne mannan.  
*for a fancied discourtesy any dear fellow.*

Hūru þæt onhōhsnod[e]      Hem*m*inges mǣg:  
*But the hamstrings on that cut Hemming’s kinsman;*

**1945** ealodrincende      ōðer sǣdan,

*The drinkers of ale did also declare*

þæt hīo lēodbealewa      lǣs gefremede,  
*that ills on the folk she did fewer inflict,*

inwitnīða,      syððan ǣrest wearð  
(*as*) *foe’s wickednesses, since when she was first*

gyfen goldhroden      geongum cempan,  
*with adornments of ­gold given to the young warrior*

æðelum dīore,      syððan hīo Offan flet  
*of ancestry high, after she Offa’s hall*

**1950** ofer fealone flōd      be fæder lāre

*across the dun flood at her father’s advice*

sīðe gesōhte;      ðǣr hīo syððan well  
*looked for in a voyage; where later she very much*

in gumstōle,      gōde mǣre,  
*on the seat royal, for virtue renowned,*

līfgesceafta      lifigende brēac,  
*the whole length of* (*her*) *life while* *living enjoyed,*

hīold hēahlufan      wið hæleþa brego,  
*held a high love for the lord over heroes,*

**1955** ealles moncynnes      mīne gefrǣge

(*and*) *of all humankind as I have heard*

þ*one* sēlestan      bī sǣm twēonum,  
(*was*) *the best between seas,*

eormencynnes;      forðām Offa wæs  
*of the family of man; therefore Offa was*

**[176r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f176r)**

geofum ond gūðum,      gārcēne man,  
*by gifts and in battle, one brave with a bill,*

wīde geweorðod,      wīsdōme hēold  
*widely renowned,* (*and*) *with wisdom he ruled*

**1960** ēðel sīnne;--      þonon *Ē*om*ē*r wōc

*his own homeland; from him arose Eomer*

hæleðum tō helpe,      Hem[m]inges mǣg,

*the heroes for to help, the kinsman of Hemming,*  
nefa Gārmundes,      nīða cræftig.

*Garmundes’ grandson, good against griefs.*

**XXVIII**

Gewāt him ðā se hearda      mid his hondscole  
*Then went the tough one with his hand-picked troops*

sylf æfter sande      sǣwong tredan,

*himself on the sand to pace the sea-plain,*

**1965** wīde waroðas.      Woruldcandel scān,

*the wide-compassing shores. The world’s candle shone,*sigel sūðan fūs.      Hī sīð drugon,

*the eager sun from the south. They endured their adventure,*  
elne geēodon,      tō ðæs ðe eorla hlēo,

*went promptly to where the protector of warriors,*  
bonan Ongenþēoes      burgum in innan,

*Ongentheow’s bane, inside in the burg,*  
geongne gūðcyning      gōdne gefrūnon

*the youthful war-lord and worthy they learned*

**1970** hringas dǣlan.      Higelāce wæs

*handed out wealth. To Hygelac was*sīð Bēowulfes      snūde gecȳðed,

*the exploit of Beowulf before long explained,*  
þæt ðǣr on worðig      wīgendra hlēo,

*that to the walled dwelling there the warriors’ defender,*  
lindgestealla      lifigende cwōm,

*the linden-shield comrade,* (*yet*) *living had come,*  
heaðolāces hāl      tō hofe gongan.

*hale from battle-play to the palace had hied.*

**1975** Hraðe wæs gerȳmed,      swā se rīca bebēad,

*Quickly was cleared, as the king had commanded,*  
fēðegestum      flet innanweard.

*for the warriors by foot the hall-floor within.*  
Gesæt þā wið sylfne      sē ðā sæcce genæs,

*Sat he then with that same*  *who the strife had survived,*   
mǣg wið mǣge,      syððan mandryhten

*kinsman with knsman, after the king of men*

**[176v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f176v)**

þurh hlēoðorcwyde      holdne gegrētte,

*with lofty words had made welcome the loyal one*

**1980** mēaglum wordum.      Meoduscencum hwearf

*with impressive speech.* (*Then*) *mead-cups were sped*  
geond þæt *heal*reced      Hæreðes dohtor,

*all through that high hall. The daughter of Hareth,*  
lufode ðā lēode,      līðwǣge bær

*beloved by the people, bore beakers of ale*  
hæ*le*ðum tō handa.      Higelāc ongan

*to the hands of the heroes. Hygelac did begin*  
sīnne geseldan      in sele þām hēan

*his close companion in that high hall*

**1985** fægre fricgcean,      hyne fyrwet bræc,

*politely to question, curiosity pressed him,*  
hwylce Sǣ-Gēata      sīðas wǣron:

*what of the Sea-Geats were the exploits:*'Hū lomp ēow on lāde,      lēofa Bīowulf,

*“On the way what befell you, beloved Beowulf,*þā ðū fǣringa      feorr gehogodest

*when you did suddenly decide far away*  
sæcce sēcean      ofer sealt wæter,

*to seek after strife across the salt sea,*

**1990** hilde tō Hiorote?      Ac ðū Hrōðgāre

*a battle at Heorot? But did you for Hrothgar*wī*d*cūðne wēan      wihte gebēttest,

*the widely known woes give ease any whit*   
mǣrum ðēodne?      Ic ðæs mōdceare

*in that noble prince? I on that heart’s pain*sorhwylmum sēað,      sīðe ne trūwode

*with surges of sadness did brood, I had no belief in the essay*  
lēofes mannes;      ic ðē lange bæd,

*of my beloved man; I did beg you at length,*

**1995** þæt ðū þone wælgǣst      wihte ne grētte,

*that that murderous creature you might never encounter,*  
lēte Sūð-Dene      sylfe geweorðan

*let the South-Danes themselves settle*  
gūðe wið Grendel.      Gode ic þanc secge,

*the strife with* (*that*) *Grendel. Thank God, I say,*   
þæs ðe ic ðē gesundne      gesēon mōste.'

*that you safe I can see.”*Bīowulf maðelode,      bearn Ecgðīoes:

*Beowulf* (*then*) *spoke, Edgetheow’s son:*

**[177r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f177r)**

**2000** 'þæt is undyrne,      dryhten Higelāc,

*“No secret it is,* (*noble*) *sire Hygelac,*  
(micel) gemēting,      monegum fīra,

(*our*) *mighty meeting together, to many men;*  
hwylc (orleg)hwīl      uncer Grendles

*what a war-time between Grendel and me*  
wearð on ðām wange,      þǣr hē worna fela

*was waged on that ground, where he a great many*Sige-Scyldingum      sorge gefremede,

*to the conquering Scyldings sorrows did cause,*

**2005** yrmðe tō aldre;      ic ðæt eall gewræc,

*long ages of agony; all that I avenged,*  
swā begylpan [ne] þearf      Grendeles māga

*so for crowing there’s no call in the kinfolk of Grendel*  
(ǣnig) ofer eorðan      ūhthlem þone,

*– any of them on earth – at that noise at near-night,*  
sē ðe lengest leofað      lāðan cynnes,

*he that lives longest of that loathèd kind*  
f(ǣre) bifongen.--      Ic ðǣr furðum cwōm

*by foulness encompassed. I came there at first*

**2010** tō ðām hringsele      Hrōðgār grētan;

*unto that ring-hall for Hrothgar to hale;*sōna mē se mǣra      mago Healfdenes,

*to me straightway the honoured son of Half-Dane,*  
syððan hē mōdsefan      mīnne cūðe,

*when he of the mind’s mood in me was aware,*wið his sylfes sunu      setl getǣhte.

*beside his own son a seat did assign.*  
Weorod wæs on wynne;      ne seah ic wīdan feorh

*That host was elated; I ne’er saw in a long life*

**2015** under heofones hwealf      healsittendra

*under Heaven’s vault among those who haunt halls*  
medudrēam māran.      Hwīlum mǣru cwēn,

*more revelry in mead. At times the renowned queen,*friðusibb folca      flet eall geondhwearf,

*between peoples the peace-bond passed over the floor,*  
bæ*d*de byre geonge;      oft hīo bēahwriðan

*urged on the young boys; she often a bracelet*   
secge (sealde),      ǣr hīe tō setle gēong.

*would settle on a warrior, ere she went to her seat.*

**[177v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f177v)**

**2020** Hwīlum for (d)uguðe      dohtor Hrōðgāres

*Before the retainers every so often the daughter of Hrothgar*  
eorlum on ende      ealuwǣge bær,

*to each earl in turn the ale-cup took,*  
þā ic Frēaware      fletsittende

*whom I Freawaru the fellows in hall*  
nemnan hȳrde,      þǣr hīo (næ)gled sinc

*heard call by name*, *where she the nailed cup*   
hæleðum sealde.      Sīo gehāten (is),

*to heroes presented. Promised is she*

**2025** geong goldhroden,      gladum suna Frōdan;

*fresh and gold-garnished, to Froda’s son gracious;*  
(h)afað þæs geworden      wine Scyldinga,

*this had seemed fitting to the friend of the Scyldings,*  
rīces hyrde,      ond þæt rǣd talað,

*to the realm’s warden, and he reckons it wise,*  
þæt hē mid ðȳ wīfe      wælfǣða dǣl,

*that he by that female no few bloody feuds*  
sæcca gesette.      Oft seldan hwǣr

(*and*) *conflicts did settle. It is seldom the case*

**2030** æfter lēodhryre      lȳtle hwīle

*with the fall of a leader for a little while even*bongār būgeð,      þēah sēo brȳd duge !

*the lance fatal lies still, though so fine be the lady!*Mæg þæs þonne ofþyncan      ðēod*ne* Heaðo-Beardna

*This then may displease the prince of the Heathobards*ond þegna gehwām      þāra leoda,

*and each of the followers from* (*‘mongst*) *that folk*  
þonne hē mid fǣmnan      on flett geað, --

*when he with the woman does enter the hall –*

**2035** dryhtbearn Dena      duguða biwenede;

*noble son of the Danes being nobly done service;*  
on him gladiað      gomelra lāfe,

(*and*) *on him there glisten heirlooms of the ancients,*  
heard ond hringmǣl      Heaða-Bear[d]na gestrēon,

*hard and ring-worked, the wealth of the Heathobards*  
þenden hīe ðām      wǣpnum wealdan mōston, --

*while they those weapons were able to wield –*

**XXVIIII-XXX**

oð ðæt hīe forlǣddan      tō ðām lindplegan

*‘til astray they had led to the linden-shield-play*

**2040** swǣse gesīðas      ond hyra sylfra feorh.

*their near associates and their own souls.*

þonne cwið æt bēore      sē ðe bēah gesyhð,  
*Then speaks while at beer one who espies the bracelet,*

**[178r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f178r)**

eald æscwiga,      sē ðe eall gem(an),   
*an ancient ash-wielder, one who all things recalls*

gārcwealm gumena      -- him bið grim sefa --,  
*the spear-death of men – in his mind he is stern –*

onginneð geōmormōd      geong(um) cempan  
*heavy-hearted begins he in a young hero*

**2045** þurh hreðra gehygd      higes cunnian,

*by his soul’s musings his spirit to move,*

wīgbealu weccean,      ond þæt word ācwyð:  
*to waken strife-woe, and speaks he these words:*

"Meaht ðū, mīn wine,      mēce gecnāwan,  
*“Can you, my brother, recognise the war-blade,*

þone þīn fæder      tō gefeohte bær  
*the one that your father did take to the fight*

under heregrīman      hindeman sīðe,  
*under his war-helm on his last outing,*

**2050** dȳre īren,      þǣr hyne Dene slōgon,

*the weapon esteemèd, where the Danes did him slay,*

wēoldon wælstōwe,      syððan Wiðergyld læg,  
*who the field of war held, when Withergild fell,*

æfter hæleþa hryre,      hwate Scyldungas?  
*at the fall of the fighters, the Scyldings ferocious?*

Nū hēr þāra banena      byre nāthwylces  
*Now here of these slayers a son of some one*

frætwum hrēmig      on flet geað,  
*high-hearted with trappings does trip in the hall,*

**2055** morðres gylpeð,      ond þone māðþum byreð,

*in the killing rejoices, and carries that jewel*

þone þe ðū mid rihte      rǣdan sceoldest.'"  
*which you by what’s proper* (*well*) *ought to possess.”*

Manað swā ond myndgað      mǣla gehwylce  
*Thus does he rebuke and remind every time*

sārum wordum,      oððæt sǣl cymeð,  
*in hurtful words , ‘til the hour was arrived*

þæt se fǣmnan þegn      fore fæder dǣdum  
*that that woman’s warrior for the feats of his father*

**2060** æfter billes bite      blōdfāg swefeð,

*after a sword’s blow slept stainèd in blood,*

ealdres scyldig;      him se ōðer þonan  
*his life having lost; him thence the other*

losað (li)figende,      con him land geare.  
*escapes while he lives, the land he knows well.*

**[178v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f178v)**

þonne bīoð (āb)rocene      on bā healfe  
*Then there are broken on the both sides*

āðsweor*d* eorla;      *syð*ðan Ingelde  
*the sworn oaths of earls; so then in Ingeld*

**2065** weallað wælnīðas,      ond him wīflufan

*feuds fatal well up, and woman-love for him*

æfter cearwælmum      cōlran weorðað.  
*after torrents of care does cooler turn.*

þȳ ic Heaðo-Bear[d]na      hyldo ne telge,  
*Therefore I of the Heathobards have no faith in the friendship,*

dryhtsibbe dǣl      Denum unfǣcne,  
*a portion of peace for the Danes undeceiving,*

frēondscipe fæstne.      Ic sceal forð sprecan   
*an amity secure.* (*Yet*) *I ought to speak on*

**2070** gēn ymbe Grendel,      þæt ðū geare cunne,

*once more about Grendel, that you may well grasp,*

sinces brytta,      tō hwan syððan wearð  
*you giver of wealth, what then did go on:*

hondrǣs hæleða.      Syððan heofones gim  
*the hand-strife of heroes. When Heaven’s stone*

glād ofer grundas,      gǣst yrre cwōm,  
*had o’er the earth glided, the guest came in wrath,*

eatol ǣfengrom      ūser nēosan,  
*awful in the evening and angry, to visit us,*

**2075** ðǣr wē gesunde      sæl weardodon.

*where we in good health were guarding the hall.*

þǣr wæs Hondsciō      hil*d* onsǣge,  
*There was against Handshoe a threatened attack,*

feorhbealu fǣgum;      hē fyrmest læg,  
*deadly ill for the doomed fellow; he did die first,*

gyrded cempa;      him Grendel wearð,  
*the warrior well-girded; for him* (*then*) *was Grendel,*

mǣrum mag*u*þegne,      tō mūðbonan,  
*for the young man distinguished, a maw of destruction,*

**2080** lēofes mannes      līc eall forswealg.

*of that dear one the body he all bolted down.*

Nō ðȳ ǣr ūt ðā gēn      īdelhende  
*Still out none the sooner then* (*while*) *empty-handed*

bona blōdigtōð,      bealewa gemyndig,  
*the bloody-fanged murderer, with foulness in mind,*

of ðām goldsele      gongan wolde;  
*from the gold*(*-giver’s*) *hall was* (*he*) *wishing to go;*

ac hē mægnes rōf      mīn costode,  
*but he, famed in might, made trial of me* (*then,*)

**[179r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f179r)**

**2085** grāpode gear*o*folm.      Glōf hangode

*with an eager hand grabbed on. A glove did hang down*

sīd ond syllīc,      searobendum fæst;  
*capacious and strange, secured by bands cunning;*

sīo wæs orðoncum      eall gegyrwed  
*with a curious skill it was all* (*well*) *contrived*

dēofles cræftum      ond dracan fellum.  
*with devilish craftwork and skin of a dragon.*

Hē mec þǣr on innan      unsynnigne,  
*He inside there me,* (*though*) *an innocent man,*

**2090** dīor dǣdfruma      gedōn wolde

*the doer daring of wickedness wanted to drop*

manigra sumne;      hyt ne mihte swā,  
*as one among many; it was not to be so,*

syððan ic on yrre      uppriht āstōd.  
*since I in* (*my*) *wrath did stand* (*me*) *upright.*

Tō lang ys tō reccenne,      hū i*c ð*ām lēodsceaðan  
*‘Tis too lengthy to tell, how I the tribe’s enemy*

yfla gehwylces      *o*ndlēan forgeald;  
*for every bad act did give a* (*good*) *payback;*

**2095** þǣr ic, þēoden mīn,      þīne lēode

*there I, my prince, unto your people*

weorðode weorcum.      Hē on weg losade,  
*did honour in acts. Away he escaped;*

lȳtle hwīle      līfwynna br(ēa)c;  
*for* (*just*) *a little while life’s joys did enjoy;*

hwæþre him sīo swīðre      swaðe weardade  
*however from his right there remained* (*yet*) *behind*

hand on Hiorte,      ond hē hēan ðonan,  
*a hand within Heorot, and he from there humbled,*

**2100** mōdes geōmor      meregrund gefēoll.

*sorrowful at heart to the sea-bottom sank.*

Mē þone wælrǣs      wine Scildunga  
*For me, for this struggle, the friend of the Scyldings*

fǣttan golde      fela lēanode,  
*in plated gold did give great repayment,*

manegum māðmum,      syððan mergen cōm,  
*with many costly things, when morning was come,*

ond wē tō symble      geseten hæfdon.  
*and at the feast we had found* (*our*) *seats.*

**2105** þǣr wæs gidd ond glēo;      gomela Scilding,

*There was music and song; an old Scylinding man,*

**[179v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f179v)**

felafricgende      feorran rehte  
*having heard tell of much told of old times*

hwīlum hildedēor      hearpan wynne,  
*this war hero whilom for happiness to harp*

gome*n*wudu grētte,      hwīlum gyd āwræc  
*struck the lyre-wood, sometimes sang a lay*

sōð ond sārlīc,      hwīlum syllīc spell  
*truthful and tragic, sometimes a strange tale*

**2110** rehte æfter rihte      rūmheort cyning;

*he related correctly to the large-hearted king;*

hwīlum eft ongan      eldo gebunden,  
*at times he began again by his age burdened,*

gomel gūðwiga      gioguðe cwīðan,  
*the warrior greying to grieve for his youth,*

hildestrengo;      hreðer inne wēoll,  
*and for his worth in war; his heart welled within him,*

þonne hē wintrum frōd      worn gemunde.  
*when he, wise by winters, brought to mind many things.*

**2115** Swā wē þǣr inne      andlangne dæg

*Thus did we in there throughout the whole day*

nīode nāman,      oð ðæt niht becwōm  
*partake of pleasure til it passed into night,*

ōðer tō yldum.      þā wæs eft hraðe  
*another one for men. Then in haste was once more*

gearo gyrnwræce      Grendeles mōdor,  
*for grief-revenge ready the mother of Grendel.*

sīðode sorhfull;      sunu dēað fornam,  
*She travelled full of sorrow; death had taken her son,*

**2120** wīghete Wedra.      Wīf unhȳre

*by the Wederas’ war-hate. The horrible woman*

hyre bearn gewræc,      beorn ācwealde  
*was avenged for her son, and did slay a hero*

ellenlīce;      þǣr wæs Æschere,  
*in fearless fashion; there was for Asher,*

frōdan fyrnwitan      feorh ūðgenge.  
*agèd learnèd advisor, a leaving of life.*

Nōðer hȳ hine ne mōston,      syððan mergen cwōm,  
*Nor could they him, when the morning had come,*

**2125** dēaðwērigne      Denia lēode

*tired* (*then*) *of death, the tribe of the Danes*

bronde forbærnan,      nē on bǣl hladan,  
*burn up by fire, nor on funeral pyre put*

lēofne mannan;      hīo þæt līc ætbær  
*the* (*much*) *beloved man; she had borne off the body*

**[180r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f180r)**

fēondes fæð(*m*um      un)der firgenstrēam.  
*in an enemy’s embrace under a hill-brook.*

þæt wæs Hrōðgāre      hrēowa tornost  
*For Hrothgar that was the heaviest grief*

**2130** þāra þe lēodfruman      lange begēate.

*of those the tribe-leader a long time had troubled.*

þā se ðēoden mec      ðine līfe  
*Then me the lord upon your* (*own*) *life*

healsode hrēohmōd,      þæt ic on holma geþring  
*with troubled soul entreated, that I on the sea’s tumult*

eorlscipe efnde,      ealdre genēðde,  
*do a deed lordly, dare my life,*

mǣrðo fremede;      hē mē mēde gehēt.  
*earn renown; of reward he assured me.*

**2135** Ic ðā ðæs wælmes,      þe is wīde cūð,

*The welling waters then I, as is known widely,*

grimn*n*e gryrelīcne      grundhyrde fond.  
*a grim, fearful guard of the sea-floor did find.*

þǣr unc hwīle wæs      hand gemǣne;  
*There we were for a while at hand-to-hand war;*

holm heolfre wēoll,      ond ic hēafde becearf  
*the sea heaved with gore, and I severed the head*

in ðām [grund]sele      Grendeles mōdor  
*in the deep hall of Grendel his dam*

**2140** ēacnum ecgum;      unsōfte þonan

*with a fine blade; from there did I barely*

feorh oðferede;      næs ic fǣge þā gȳt;  
*my life take away; not yet was my time;*

ac mē eorla hlēo      eft gesealde  
*and the guardian of warriors me afterwards gave*

māðma menigeo,      maga Healfdenes.

*many things costly, the Half-Dane’s kinsman.*

**XXXI**

Swā se ðēodkyning      þēawum lyfde;

*Thus the king of that tribe lived according to custom;*

**2145** nealles ic ðām lēanum      forloren hæfde,

*with these hand-outs in no way had I lost out,*   
mægnes mēde,      ac hē mē (māðma)s geaf,

*the wages of might, but to me he gave wealth,*

**[180v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f180v)**

sunu Healfdenes      on (mīn)ne sylfes dōm;

*the son of the Half-Dane, to my heart’s desire;*  
ðā ic ðē, beorncyning,      bringan wylle,

*which to you, warrior king, I wish to convey,*  
ēstum geȳwan.      Gēn is eall æt ðē

*to freely yield up. Yet from you is all*

**2150** lissa gelong;      ic lȳt hafo

*on* (*your*) *favour dependent; few do I have*hēafodmāga      nefne, Hygelāc, ðec.'

*of folk near me by blood but for you* (*dear*) *Hygelac.”*  
Hēt ðā in beran      eafor hēafodsegn,

*Then commanded he brought in the boar-crested banner,*  
heaðostēapne helm,      hāre byrnan,

*the helm high in battle, the hoary-old byrnie,*  
gūðsweord geatolīc,      gyd æfter wræc:

*the well-formèd war-sword, words he said after:*

**2155** Mē ðis hildesceorp      Hrōðgār sealde,

*“This military gear to me Hrothgar gave,*  
snotra fengel;      sume worde hēt,

*the prince who is sage*; *in some words he proclaimed*þæt ic his ǣrest ðē      ēst gesægde;

*that I first to you* (*would*) *its history unfold;*  
cwæð þæt hyt hæfde      Hiorogār cyning,

*he claimed it was held by Hiorogar the king,*  
lēod Scyldunga      lange hwīle;

*the Scylding tribe’s leader for a long time;*

**2160** nō ðȳ ǣr suna sīnum      syllan wolde,

*that not soon to his son would he hand on,*  
hwatum Heorowearde,      ðēah hē him hold wǣre,

*to the doughty Heoroweard, though to him he were dear,*  
brēostgewǣdu.      Brūc ealles well!'

*the mail-armour suit. May it all be well used!”*  
Hȳrde ic ðæt ðām frætwum      fēower mēaras

*I heard that along with the armour four horses*  
lungre, gelīce,      lāst weardode,

*fleet of foot, all alike, did follow in their footsteps,*

**2165** æppelfealuwe;      hē him ēst getēah

*as golden as apples; he offered him as gifts*  
mēara ond māðma. --      Swā sceal mǣg dôn,

*things costly and steeds. So ought kin to act,*

**[181r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f181r)**

nealles inwitnet      ōðrum bregdon

*not webs of ill-will to be weaving for others*dyrnum cræfte,      dēað rēn(ian)

*with contrivances dark, to compass the death*  
hondgesteallan.      Hygelāce wæs

*of* (*ones*) *hand-companion. To Hygelac was*

**2170** nīða heardum      nefa swȳðe hold,

*in heavy fighting wholly faithful his nephew,*  
ond gehwæðer ōðrum      hrōþra gemyndig.—

*and each one of the other’s weal was aware.*  
Hȳrde ic þæt hē þone healsbēah      Hygde gesealde,

*I heard that the neck-ring he rendered to Hygd,*  
wrǣtlicne wundurmāððum,      ðone þe him Wealhðēo geaf,

*gem glorious and wonderful, that Wealtheow had given him,*  
ðēod(nes) dohtor,      þrīo wicg somod

*the chieftain’s girl child, and three chargers too,*

**2175** swancor ond sadolbeorht;      hyre syððan wæs

*bright-saddled and supple, and so was for her,*  
æfter bēahðege      br[ē]ost geweorðod.

*on receiving the neck-ring, ennobled the breast.*Swā bealdode      bearn Ecgðēowes,

*So boldly he bore himself Edgetheow’s son,*  
guma gūðum cūð,      gōdum dǣdum,

*a man known in war and in noble works,*  
drēah æfter dōme;      nealles druncne slog

*he did all as decreed; ne’er in drink did he slay*

**2180** heorðgenēatas;      næs him hrēoh sefa,

(*his*) *hearth-companions; he had not a cruel heart,*  
ac hē mancynnes      mǣste cræfte

*but he of mankind a mastery most high,*  
ginfæstan gife,      þē him God sealde,

*an abundant gift, that to him God had given,*hēold hildedēor.      Hēan wæs lange,

*the one warlike retained. Long wretched he was*   
swā hyne Gēata bearn      gōdne ne tealdon,

*since the sons of the Geats did not see him as good,*

**2185** nē hyne on medobence      micles wyrðne

*nor to him on the mead-bench of honour* (*very*) *much*

**[181v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f181v)**

drihten We*d*e*r*a      gedōn wolde;

*the lord of the Wederas was willing to allow;*  
swȳðe (wēn)don,      þæt hē slēac wǣre,

*they strongly supposed that he was a slacker,*  
æðeling unfrom.      Edwenden cwōm

*a courtier trifling. A turnabout came*  
tīrēadigum menn      torna gehwylces.—

*to the fame-gifted fellow for each of his griefs.*

**2190** Hēt ðā eorla hlēo      in gefetian,

*The bulwark of warriors then bade to be brought in,*heaðorōf cyning      Hrēðles lāfe

*the king battle-ready, Hrethel’s bequest*  
golde gegyrede;      næs mid Gēatum ðā

*ornamented with gold; among the Geats then was not*   
sincmāðþum sēlra      on sweordes hād;

*a treasure more fine in the form of a sword;*  
þæt hē on Bīowulfes      bearm ālegde,

*which he into Beowulf’s hands did bestow,*

**2195** ond him gesealde      seofan þūsendo,

*and did give to him* (*then*) *seven thousand* (*in gift,*)  
bold ond bregostōl.      Him wæs bām samod

*a throne and a building. Was to them both together*   
on ðām lēodscipe      lond gecynde,

*in the land* (*of their nation*) *inherited land,*  
eard ēðelriht,      ōðrum swīðor

*a place of old privilege, to the other greater part*   
sīde rīce      þām ðǣr sēlra wæs.

*of the wide realm, to him who was higher.*

**2200** Eft þæt geīode      ufaran dōgrum

*It came about after that in days that came after*  
hildehlæmmum,      syððan Hygelāc læg,

*in the clashes of war, when Hygelac was killed,*ond Hear[dr]ēde      hildemēceas

*and for Heardred a war-blade*   
under bordhrēoðan      tō bonan wurdon,

*‘neath his covering buckler his bane had become*   
ðā hyne gesōhtan      on sigeþēode

*when they hunted for him ‘mongst his martial horde,*

**2205** hearde hil*d*frecan,      Heaðo-Scilfingas,

*the hardy and struggle-stern Heatho-Scylfings,*  
nīða genǣgdan      nefan Hererīces --:

*in the enmity they had towards Hereric’s nephew:*

**[182r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f182r)**

syððan Bēowulfe      brāde rīce

*whereupon for Beowulf the wide-bounded kingdom*  
on hand gehwearf;      hē gehēold tela

*passed into his hands:* (*power*) *he held properly*  
fiftig wintra      -- wæs ðā frōd cyning,

*for fifty* (*long*) *winters – he was then an old king,*

**2210** eald ēþelweard --,      oð ðæt ān ongan

*an agèd realm-warden – until one undertook*  
deorcum nihtum      draca rīcs[i]an,

*in the dark nights* *as a dragon to rule,*  
sē ðe on hēa(um) h(of)e      hord beweotode,

*one who in a lofty house looked over a hoard,*  
stānbeorh stēapne;      stīg under læg

*a stone barrow steep; a way was below it*  
eldum uncūð.      þær on innan gīong

*not known to the people. There into it passed*

**2215** nið[ð]a nāthwyl(c,      sē ðē nē)h g(eþ[r]on)g

*a person unknown, who nigh did approach*   
hǣðnum horde,      hond (wǣge nam),

*the heathenish hoard, grabbed a goblet by hand*  
(searo) since fāh. Ne hē þæt syððan (bemāð),

*ornamented with cunning. He concealed it not after,*  
þ(ēah) ð(e hē) slǣpende      besyre(d hæf)de

*but that while dozing he had been deceived*  
þēofes cræfte;      þæt sīe ðīod (onfand),

*by finesse of a thief, the folk found it out,*

**2220** b(ū)folc beorna,      þæt hē gebolge(n) wæs.

*men of nations nearby, that he was* (*then*) *maddened.*

**XXXII**

Nealles mid gewealdum      wyrmhord ābræc*,*

*No way by his own will, did broach the worm-hoard,*   
sylfes willum,      sē ðe him sāre gesceōd,

*by his own desire, who deeply hurt him;*  
ac for þrēanēdlan      þ(ēow) nāthwylces

*but through deep need the thrall of none knows which*  
hæleða bearna      heteswengeas flēoh,

*offspring of heroes fled hateful strokes,*

**2225** (ærnes) þearfa,      ond ðǣr inne feal*h,*

*in need of a hall, and he entered inside there,*   
secg synbysig.      Sōna in þā tīde

*a warrior guilt-gripped. It happened at once*   
þæt [gēan] ðām gyst(e      gryre)brōga stōd;

*that against the stranger a great horror stood;*  
hwæðre (earm)sceapen      (ealdre nēþd)e

*yet the ill-favoured fellow put his life on the line*

**[182v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f182v)**

**2230** forh(t on ferhð)e (þā hyne) se fǣr begeat.

*was scared for his soul when peril set ‘pon him.*

Sincfæt (sohte).      þǣr wæs swylcra fela

*For precious things looked. There were plenty like that*  
in ðām eorðse(le)      ǣrgestrēona,

*within the earth hall’s ancient wealth-hoard,*  
swā hȳ on gēardagum      gumena nāthwylc,

*as them in past ages a person unknown*   
eormenlāfe      æðelan cynnes,

*a great legacy of a glorious line,*

**2235** þanchycgende      þǣr gehȳdde,

*with a heart thoughtful had hidden in there,*  
dēore māðmas.      Ealle hīe dēað fornam

*dear*(*ly loved*) *treasures. Death took* *them all*  
ǣrran mǣlum,      ond s*ē* ān ðā gēn

*in earlier eras and the one then remaining*lēoda duguðe,      sē ðǣr lengest hwearf,

*of that nation’s warriors, who there wandered longest,*  
weard winegeōmor      wēnde þæs yldan,

*a guard for friends grieving desired to delay this,*

**2240** þæt hē lȳtel fæc      longgestrēona

*that he a little time the treasure long-held*   
brūcan mōste.      Beorh eallgearo

*might have to employ. Right ready the mound*   
wunode on wonge      wæterȳðum nēah,

*was set in the field fast by the wave stream,*  
nīwe be næsse,      nearocræftum fæst;

*stark on the cape, secured by close-craft;*  
þǣr on innan bær      eorlgestrēona

*there inside he took from the treasure of nobles,*

**2245** hrīnga hyrde      h*o*rdwyrðne dǣl,

*a* (*high*) *pile of rings, a hoardworthy portion*  
fǣttan goldes,      fēa worda cwæð:

*of wealth ornamented. A few words he uttered:*  
'Heald þū nū, hrūse,      nū hæleð ne m*ō*stan,

*“Hold you now, earth, now that heroes may not,*  
eorla ǣhte !      Hwæt, hyt ǣr on ðē

*the property of lords! Lo! It previously from you*  
gōde begēaton;      gūðdēað fornam,

*by brave men was taken; battle-death took,*

**2250** feorhbealo frēcne      fȳr*a* gehwylcne

*a mortal ill awful, each one of the men*   
lēoda mīnra      þā*r*a ðe þis [līf] ofgeaf,

*of my own folk, who let go from this life.*  
gesāwon seledrēam(as).      Nāh, hwā sweord wege

*In the* (*high*) *hall they had happiness seen. None have I* (*now*) *who does a sword hold*

**[183r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f183r)**

oððe f(orð bere)      fǣted wǣge,

*or brings out before the beaker ornamented,*  
dryncfæt dēore;      dug(uð) ellor s[c]eōc.

*The dear drinking vessel; departed elsewhere the veterans.*

**2255** Sceal se hearda helm      (hyr)stedgolde,

*It will be, the hard helm, adornèd with wealth,*  
fǣtum befeallen;      feormynd swefað,

*stripped of its beauties; the burnishers sleep,*þā ðe beadogrīman      bȳwan sceoldon;

*who the battle-helmets ought to be brightening;*  
gē swylce sēo herepād,      sīo æt hilde gebād

*thus too the byrnie, that in battle endured*  
ofer borda gebræc      bite īrena,

*over boards broken the bite of blade-iron*

**2260** brosnað æfter beorne.      Ne mæg byrnan hring

*rots with the man. Nor may mailcoat’s ring*æfter wīgfruman      wīde fēran,

*with the war-fighter fare* (*far and*) *wide*   
hæleðum be healfe.      Næs hearpan wyn,

*by the side of the heroes. No harp-bliss was there,*  
gomen glēobēames,      nē gōd hafoc

(*no*) *happiness in glee-wood, nor the* *good windhover*  
geond sæl swingeð,      nē se swifta mearh

*through the hall swooping, nor the swift horse*

**2265** burhstede bēateð.      Bealocwealm hafað

*trampling down the hall-yard.* (*So*) *has terrible death*   
fela feorhcynna      forð onsended!'

*of mortal-sort many sent off* (*to their maker*)*.”*Swā giōmormōd      giohðo mǣnde

*So in a sad mood* (*and*) *in sorrow he mourned*  
ān æfter eallum,      unblīðe hwe(arf)

*alone for* (*them*) *all, unhappily he lived*  
dæges ond nihtes,      oð ðæt dēaðes wylm

*through his nights and his days, until death’s upheaving*

**2270** hrān æt heortan.      Hordwynne fond

*came up to his heart . He came upon hoard-joy,*eald ūhtsceaða      opene standan,

*warrior old of the wan-light, lying* (*wide*) *open,*  
sē ðe byrnende      biorgas sēceð,

*he who while burning*  *for barrow-hills hunts,*  
nacod nīðdraca,      nihtes flēogeð

*naked foul-willing worm, flies in the night*  
fȳre befangen;      hyne foldbūend

*wreathèd in fire; him the folk on the earth*

**[183v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f182v)**

**2275** (swīðe ondrǣ)da(ð).      Hē gesēcean sceall

*hugely do fear. He has to hunt for*   
(ho)r(d on) hrūsan,      þǣr hē hǣðen gold

*a hoard in the ground, where he heathen gold*  
warað wintrum frōd;      ne byð him wihte ðȳ sēl.

*watches o’er, old in winters; he is not a bit better withal.*  
Swā se ðēodsceaða      þrēo hund wintra

*Thus the harmer of folk for three hundred years*  
hēold on hrūsa*n*      hordærna sum

*held in the earth one among hoard-halls*

**2280** ēacencræftig,      oð ðæt hyne ān ābealch

*wonderfully vast, until someone vexed him,*  
mon on mōde;      mandryhtne bær

*a person of courage; he carried to his prince*  
fǣted wǣge,      frioðowǣre bæd

*the plated-gold beaker,* (*and*) *begged a peace-bond*  
hlāford sīnne.      Ðā wæs hord rāsod,

*from his* (*own*) *lord. Then was the hoard looted,*  
onboren bēaga hord,      bēne getīðad

*hoarded wealth was borne off, a boon was* (*then*) *granted*

**2285** fēasceaftum men;      frēa scēawode

*to the miserable man;* (*then*) *the lord looked upon*  
fīra fyrngeweorc      forman sīðe. –

*mankind’s ancient arts for the very first time.*  
þā se wyrm onwōc,      wrōht wæs genīwad;

*The worm then awoke,* (*his*) *wrath was renewed;*  
stonc ðā æfter stāne,      stearcheort onfand

*then he sniffed at the stone, the stern-hearted discovered*  
fēondes fōtlāst;      hē tō forð gestōp

*his foe’s track of foot too far forward he had tripped*

**2290** dyrnan cræfte      dracan hēafde nēah.

*in* (*his*) *stealthy craft to the serpent’s head close.*  
Swā mæg unfǣge      ēaðe gedīgan

*So one not doomed to die might easily survive*   
wēan ond wrǣcsið      sē ðe Waldendes

*misery and hardship, he whom the Almighty’s*  
hyldo gehealdeþ !      Hordweard sōhte

*grace does hold safe! The Hoard-guard did seek*  
georne æfter grunde,      wolde guman findan

*o’er the earth urgently, would uncover the wight*

**2295** þone þe him on sweofote      sāre getēode;

*who him in his sleep severely had harmed;*  
hāt ond hrēohmōd      hlǣ*w* oft ymbehwearf

*at heart fierce and hot, he fared oft ‘bout the hill*

**[184r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f184r)**

ealne ūtanweardne;      nē ðǣr ǣnig mon

*all* (*about*) *the outside; there was no one*on þ(ām) wēstenne,--      hwæðre *wīges* gefeh,

*in that region of waste. Yet in war he rejoiced,*  
bea(du)[we] weorces;      hwīlum on beorh æthwearf,

*and in battle-works; he went whilom back to the barrow,*

**2300** sincfæt sōhte;      hē þæt sōna onfand,

*sought the cup costly; that he saw suddenly,*   
ðæt hæfde gumen*a* sum      goldes gefandod,

*that some one among men had meddled with the gold,*  
hēahgestrēona.      Hordweard onbād

(*with his*) *great wealth. The hoard-guard did wait*  
earfoðlīce,      oð ðæt ǣfen cwōm;

*impatiently, ‘til the evening arrived;*wæs ðā gebolgen      beorges hyrde,

*then moved to wrath was the warden of the mound,*

**2305** wolde *s*e lāða      līge forgyldan

*the wrong-doing wanted with fire to reward*   
drincfæt dȳre.      þā wæs dæg sceacen

*for the dear drinking-cup. Then day was departed*  
wyrme on willan;      nō on wealle læ[n]g

*as the worm wanted it; no more within walls*  
bīdan wolde,      ac mid bǣle fōr,

*would he wait on, but he went forth with flame,*  
fȳre gefȳsed.      Wæs se fruma egeslīc

*preparèd with fire. The first part was frightening*

**2310** lēodum on lande,      swā hyt lungre wearð

*to the people of the country – as it came to pass quickly*   
on hyra sincgifan      sāre geendod.

*that their giver of gold ended in grief.*

**XXXIII**

Ðā se gæst ongan      glēdum spīwan,

*Then the strange foe began to spew flames,*  
beorht hofu bærnan,--      brynelēoma stōd  
*to fire bright abodes – the flame’s brilliance arose*

eldum on andan;      nō ðǣr āht cwices

*to the anguish of men; there not anything alive*

**2315** lāð lyftfloga      lǣfan wolde.  
*the loathsome wind-flier was wanting to leave.*

**[184v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f184v)**

Wæs þæs wyrmes wīg      wīde gesȳne,  
*The worm’s strength in war* (*then*) *widely was seen,*

nearofāges nīð      nēan ond feorran,  
*the fearsome foe’s enmity nearby and afar,*

hū se gūðsceaða      Gēata lēode  
*how the harmer in war the host of the Geats*

hatode ond hȳnde;      hord eft gescēat,  
*hated and shamed, back he shot to his hoard,*

**2320** dryhtsele dyrnne      ǣr dæges hwīle.

*the dark worthy dwelling ere day time it was.*

Hæfde landwara      līge befangen,  
*The folk of the country had been clasped ‘bout by fire,*

bǣle ond bronde;      beorges getrūwode,  
*by blaze and by flame; he had faith in his barrow*

wīges ond wealles;      him sēo wēn gelēah.  
*his war-skills and walls; this belief him beguiled .*

þā wæs Bīowulfe      brōga gecȳðed  
*Then was to Beowulf the terror revealed*

**2325** snūde tō sōðe,      þæt his sylfes hām,

(*right*) *rapidly in truth, that his own house,*

bolda sēlest      brynewylmum mealt,  
*the most worthy of halls, in heat-waves was whelmed,*

gifstōl Gēata.      þæt ðām gōdan wæs  
*the gift-throne of the Geats. That was for the good one*

hrēow on hreðre,      hygesorga mǣst;  
*a grief in his soul, greatest sorrow to his spirit;*

wēnde se wīsa,      þæt hē Wealdende  
*the learned one weened, that he the Lord*

**2330** ofer ealde riht      ēcean Dryhtne

*against ancient right the Ruler eternal*

bitre gebulge;      brēost innan wēoll  
*had bitterly enraged; within his breast roiled*

þēostrum geþoncum,      swā him geþȳwe ne wæs.  
*with unhappy thoughts, which for him was unusual.*

Hæfde līgdraca      lēoda fæsten,  
*The fire-drake* (*then*) *had the fort of that folk,*

ēalond ūtan,      eorðweard ðone  
*by the shore on the coast, the shield of the country*

**2335** glēdum forgrunden;      him ðæs gūðkyning,

*in fire quite consumed; for this the war-king,*

Wedera þīoden      wræce leornode.  
*the prince of the Wederas plotted revenge.*

Heht him þā gewyrcean      wīgendra hlēo  
*Then for him he bade fashioned a buckler for fighters,*

eallīrenne,      eorla dryhten,  
*all out of iron, the lord of the earls,*

wīgbord wrǣtlīc;      wisse hē gearwe,  
*a wondrous war-shield; he was surely aware*

**[185r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f185r)**

**2340** þæt him holtwudu      he(lpan) ne meahte,

*that to him a board wooden of no help would be,*

lind wið līge.      Sceolde lǣndaga  
*timber on flame. Of his fleeting time ought he,*

æþeling ǣrgōd      ende gebīdan,  
*most excellent man, the end to await,*

worulde līfes,      ond se wyrm somod,  
*of* (*this*) *worldly life, and likewise the worm,*

þēah ðe hordwelan      hēolde lange.  
*although his loot hoarded for long he had held.*

**2345** Oferhogode ðā      hringa fengel,

*With contempt he refused then, the captain of rings,*

þæt hē þone wīdflogan      weorode gesōhte,  
*that he the far-flyer should hunt with a host,*

sīdan herge;      nō hē him þa sæcce ondrēd,  
(*or*) *with a huge force. Not for himself did he fear the affray,*

nē him þæs wyrmes wīg      for wiht dyde,  
*nor the worm’s war-prowess did he prize any whit,*

eafoð ond ellen,      forðon hē ǣr fela  
*its might and its bravery , because he before, many*

**2350** nearo nēðende      nīða gedīgde,

*difficulties daring, had dangers endured,*

hildehlemma,      syððan hē Hrōðgāres,  
*the struggle of arms, since he for Hrothgar –*

sigorēadig secg,      sele fǣlsode,  
*the conquering hero – the hall had made clean,*

ond æt gūðe forgrāp      Grendeles mǣgum   
*and defeated in combat the kinfolk of Grendel,*

lāðan cynnes.      Nō þæt lǣsest wæs  
*the lineage loathèd. And that wasn’t the least*

**2355** hondgemōt[a],      þǣr mon Hygelāc slōh,

*of hand-to-hand struggles, where one Hygelac struck,*

syððan Gēata cyning      gūðe rǣsum,  
*when the king of the Geats in the contests of war,*

frēawine folca      Frēslondum on,  
*lord-friend of the folk in the land of the Frisians,*

Hrēðles eafora      hiorodryncum swealt,  
*scion of Hrethel died in sword drink*

bille gebēaten.      þonan Bīowulf cōm  
*cut down by a blade. Thence Beowulf came*

**2360** sylfes cræfte,      sundnytte drēah;

*by his own strength, he swam on the sea;*

hæfde him on earme      (ealra) þrītig  
*he had* (*then*) *in his arms thirty in all*

**[185v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f185v)**

hildegeatwa,      þā hē tō holme (þron)g.  
*of dresses for war, when he drove to the water.*

Nealles Hetware      hrēmge þorf(t)on  
*The Hetwares not at all had need to be haughty*

fēðewīges,      þē him foran ongēan  
*for their foot-battles, who facing before him*

**2365** linde bǣron;      lȳt eft becwōm

*carried linden-wood bucklers; few came there back*

fram þām hildfrecan      hāmes nīosan !  
*from that fierce hero to find* (*their own*) *homes!*

Oferswam ðā sioleða bigong      sunu Ecgðēowes,  
*Then o’er the wide ocean swam Edgetheow’s son,*

earm ānhaga      eft tō lēodum;  
*poor and alone to his people once more;*

þǣr him Hygd gebēad      hord ond rīce,  
*there Hygd offered to him a realm and a hoard,*

**2370** bēagas ond bregostōl;      bearne ne trūwode,

*royal seat and a treasure; she mistrusted her son,*

þæt hē wið ælfylcum      ēþelstōlas  
*that against foreign folk he the ancestral thrones*

healdan cūðe,      ðā wæs Hygelāc dēad.  
*knew how to defend now that Hygelac was dead.*

Nō ðȳ ǣr fēasceafte      findan meahton  
*The forsaken ones none the faster could find*

æt ðām æðelinge      ǣnige ðinga,  
*from that worthy fellow in whatever fashion,*

**2375** þæt hē Heardrēde      hlāford wǣre,

*whether to Heardred he would be a headman,*

oððe þone cynedōm      cīosan wolde  
*or* (*whether*) *the kingdom he wished to accept.*

hwæðre hē him on folce      frēondlārum hēold,  
*Yet him ‘mongst the folk he with friendly lore helped,*

ēstum mid āre,      oð ðæt hē yldra wearð,  
*with grace and with honour, until he grew older,*

Weder-Gēatum wēold.      Hyne wræcmæcgas  
*governed the Weder-Geats. Him ones who were exiled*

**2380** ofer sǣ sōhtan,      suna Ōhteres;

*sought over the waters, the sons of Ohthere;*

hæfdon hȳ forhealden      helm Scylfinga,  
*they had scouted their duty to the Scyldings’ defender,*

þone sēlestan      sǣcyninga  
*the most excellent one of the kings of the sea*

þāra ðe in Swīorīce      sinc brytnade,  
*who in the realm of the Swedes did riches assign,*

**[186r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f186r)**

mǣrne þēoden.      Him þæt tō mearce wearð;  
*a magnificent lord. That made an end to his* (*life*)*:*

**2385** hē þǣr [f]or feorme      feorhwunde hlēat,

*he there while at meat a mortal wound took*

sweordes swengum,      sunu Hygelāces;  
*from the stroke of a sword,* (*did*) *Hygelac’s son.*

ond him eft gewāt      Ongenðīoes bearn  
*and hied he to him again Ongentheow’s heir*

hāmes nīosan,      syððan Heardrēd læg,  
*to seek for his home, since Heardred lay* (*still*)*,*

lēt ðone bregostōl      Bīowulf healdan,  
*the high seat he suffered that Beowulf should hold,*

**2390** Gēatum wealdan;      þæt wæs gōd cyning.

*have command of the Geats; that was a good king!*

**XXXIIII**

Sē ðæs lēodhryres      lēan gemunde

*For the loss of that lord he remembered repayment*  
uferan dōgrum,      Ēadgilse wearð  
*in days that came after; he was to Eadgils*

fēasceaftum frēond;      folce gestēpte  
*in hardship a friend; with a force did he help*

ofer sǣ sīde      sunu Ōhteres,  
*across the wide sea the son of Ohthere,*

**2395** wigum ond wǣpnum;      hē gewræc syððan

*with warriors and arms; he then was avenged*

cealdum cearsīðum,      cyning ealdre binēat.  
*in cold and distressing campaigns, that king of his days he deprived.*

Swā hē nīða gehwane      genesen hæfde,  
*So he every struggle survivèd had,*

slīðra geslyhta,      sunu Ecgðīowes,  
*serious encounters, the son of Edgetheow,*

ellenweorca,      oð ðone ānne dæg,  
*daring exploits, until that day unmatched,*

**2400** þē hē wið þām wyrme      gewegan sceolde.

*when he with the dragon would have to dispute.*

Gewāt þā twelfa sum      torne gebolgen  
*Then he went, one of twelve,* (*and*) *turgid with rage,*

dryhten Gēata      dracan scēawian;  
*the lord of the Geats to gaze on the worm;*

hæfde þā gefrūnen,      hwanan sīo fǣhð ārās,  
*he had found out by then, how this feud had arisen,*

bealonīð biorna;      him tō bearme cwōm

*cruel malice to men; came into his keeping*

**[186v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f186v)**

**2405** māðþumfæt mǣre      þurh ðæs meldan hond.

*the famed costly cup from the hand of the finder.*

Sē wæs on ðām ðrēate      þreottēoða secg,  
*He was in that war band the thirteenth* (*bold*) *warrior,*

sē ðæs orleges      ōr onstealde,  
*who of this battle the beginning brought on,*

hæft hygegiōmor,      sceolde hēan ðonon   
*the thrall heavy-hearted, had thence to humbly*

wong wīsian.      Hē ofer willan gīong  
*lead the way to the place. He went ‘gainst his will*

**2410** tō ðæs ðe hē eorðsele      ānne wisse,

*as far as the cavern that he alone kenned,*

hlǣw under hrūsan      holmwylme nēh,  
*‘neath the soil a barrow, beside the sea’s surge*

ȳðgewinne;      sē wæs innan full  
(*and*) *the wave-strife; within it was stocked*

wrǣtta ond wīra.      Weard unhīore,  
*with art and wire-work. A horrible warden,*

gearo gūðfreca      goldmāðmas hēold  
*a war-wager keen the golden wealth kept*

**2415** eald under eorðan;      næs þæt ȳðe cēap

*old under the earth; that was no easy purchase*

tō gegangenne      gumena ǣnigum.  
*to manage to make for any ‘mong men.*

Gesæt ðā on næsse      nīðheard cyning;  
*So he* *sat on the cape the king strong in strife;*

þenden hǣlo ābēad      heorðgenēatum,  
*while he wished for the health of* (*all*) *his hearth-fellows*

goldwine Gēata.      Him wæs geōmor sefa,  
*gold-friend of the Geats. His heart was* (*then*) *grieved,*

**2420** wǣfre ond wælfūs,      wyrd ungemete nēah,

*death-ready and restless, too near was the doom*

sē ðone gomelan      grētan sceolde,  
*which that ancient one would have to encounter,*

sēcean sāwle hord,      sundur gedǣlan  
*seeking soul’s treasure,* (*and*) *tearing asunder*

līf wið līce;      nō þon lange wæs  
(*his*) *life from* (*his*) *limb; then was not for long*

feorh æþelinges      flǣsce bewunden.  
*the lord’s life in flesh lapped.*

**2425** Bīowulf maþelade,      beam Ecgðēowes:

*Then Beowulf spoke, Edgetheow’s son*

'Fela ic on giogoðe      gūðrǣsa genæs,  
*“I often in youth did strife-storms endure,*

orleghwīla;      ic þæt eall gemon.  
(*and*) *moments of war; I remember that well.*

**[187r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f187r)**

Ic wæs syfanwintre,      þā mec sinca baldor,  
*Seven winters I was, when me the master of wealth*

frēawine folca      æt mīnum fæder genam;  
*lord and friend of the folk, from my father did take;*

**2430** hēold mec ond hæfde      Hrēðel cyning,

*he cared for and kept me did Hrethel the king,*

geaf mē sinc ond symbel,      sibbe gemunde;  
*gave me riches and banquets, remembered our blood;*

næs ic him tō līfe      lāðra ōwihte  
*nor in life was I to him more hateful at all*

beorn in burgum      þonne his bearna hwylc,  
*a man in his stronghold than any of his sons,*

Herebeald ond Hæðcyn      oððe Hygelāc mīn.  
*Herebeald and Haethcyn or Hygelac mine.*

**2435** Wæs þām yldestan      ungedēfe

*For the eldest there was though it was unfitting*

mǣges dǣdum      morþorbed strêd,   
*for the deeds of a kinsman a death-bed accoutred*

syððan hyne Hæðcyn      of hornbogan,  
*when Haethcyn did him by his horn-curvèd bow,*

his frēawine      flāne geswencte,  
*his* (*own*) *beloved lord lay low with a bolt,*

miste mercelses      ond his mǣg ofscēt,  
*missed he the mark, shot and killed he his kinsman,*

**2440** brōðor ōðerne      blōdigan gāre.

*the one brother the other with bloody arrow.*

þæt wæs feohlēas gefeoht,      fyrenum gesyngad,  
*That was a fight feeless,* (*and*) *freighted with sin,*

hreðre hygemēðe;      sceolde hwæðre swā þēah  
*to heart and soul sorrowful; still must however*

æðeling unwrecen      ealdres linnan.  
*the lord unavenged take his leave from his life.*

Swā bið geōmorlīc      gomelum ceorle  
*Even so is it miserable for an old man*

**2445** tō gebīdanne,      þæt his byre rīde

*to suffer to see that his son should swing*

giong on galgan;      þonne hē gyd wrece,  
*young on a gibbet; then chants he a dirge,*

sārigne sang,      þonne his sunu hangað  
*a sorrowful song, that his son hangs*

hrefne tō hrōðre,      ond hē him help*e* ne mæg  
*for the comfort of crows, and he cannot for him help,*

eald ond infrōd      ǣnige gefremman.  
*the aged and well-practised, any provide.*

**2450** Symble bið gemyndgad      morna gehwylce

*Ever he is mindful on every morning*

**[187v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f187v)**

eaforan ellorsīð;      ōðres ne gȳmeð  
*of his heir’s passing; plans not for another*

tō gebīdanne      burgum in innan  
*upon whom to wait within the walled place*

yrfeweardas,      þonne se ān hafað  
*an heir to* (*his*) *throne, when this one has*

þurh dēaðes nȳd      dǣda gefondad.  
*through death’s* (*sharp*) *spur suffered* (*such*) *deeds.*

**2455** Gesyhð sorhcearig      on his suna būre

*Doleful and sad, he sees in his son’s dwelling,*

wīnsele wēstne,      windge reste  
*a wasted wine-hall, a wind-blown retreat*

r*ē*ote berofene,--      rīdend swefað,  
*bereft of* (*all*) *bliss – the riders* (*all*) *rest,*

hæleð in hoðman;      nis þǣr hearpan swēg,  
*the heroes in hiding; there is no noise of harp,*

gomen in geardum,      swylce ðǣr iū wǣron.

(*nor*) *joy in the yards as there was of yore.*

**XXXV**

**2460** Gewīteð þonne on sealman,      sorhlēoð gæleð

*To his chamber he goes then, sad songs does he chant*

ān æfter ānum;      þūhte him eall tō rūm,  
*one after the other; thought he all was too empty,*

wongas ond wīcstede.      Swā Wedra helm   
*dwelling places and plains. So the Wederas’ defence*

æfter Herebealde      heortan sorge  
*for Herebeald’s sake of sorrow in* (*his*) *heart*

weallinde wæg;      wihte ne meahte  
*an upwelling endured; not a whit was he able*

**2465** on ðām feorhbonan      fǣghðe gebētan;

*upon the life-slayer to settle the dispute;*

nō ðȳ ǣr hē þone heaðorinc      hatian ne meahte  
*that person none the more he might not pursue*

lāðum dǣdum,      þēah him lēof ne wæs.  
*with deeds of hate, though he held him not dear.*

Hē ðā mid þǣre sorhge,      *sīo* þē him sār*e* belamp,  
*Then he with this sorrow, which struck him severely,*

gumdrēam ofgeaf,      Godes lēoht gecēas;  
*let go human joys, God’s light did he choose;*

**2470** eaferum lǣfde,      swā dēð ēadig mon,

*To his descendants he left, as a lucky man does,*

lond ond lēodbyrig,      þā hē of līfe gewāt.  
*the land and the forts, when he left from* (*this*) *life.*

**[188r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f188r)**

þā wæs synn ond sacu      Swēona ond Gēata  
*Then was strife and aggression of the Swedes and the Geats*

ofer *w*īd wæter      wrōht gemǣne,  
*across the wide water a contest in common,*

herenīð hearda,      syððan Hrēðel swealt,  
*deep harsh hostility, when Hrethel had died,*

**2475** oððe him Ongenðeowes      eaferan wǣran

*when to him Ongetheow’s inheritors were*

frome fyrdhwate,      frēode ne woldon  
*ferocious and warlike, he wished not for friendship*

ofer heafo healdan,      ac ymb Hrēosnabeorh  
*to hold o’er the ocean, but ‘round Hreosnaburg*

eatolne inwitscear      oft gefremedon.  
*evil butchery foul did bring about often.*

þæt mǣgwine      mīne gewrǣcan,  
*For that relatives of mine did find* (*their*) *revenge,*

**2480** fǣhðe ond fyrene,      swā hyt gefrǣge wæs,

*for the crime and the feud, as it famèd became,*

þēah ðe ōðer      his ealdre gebohte,  
*although one of the pair with his* (*own*) *life did pay,*

heardan cēape;      Hæðcynne wearð  
*a price* (*very*) *heavy; for Haethcyn it proved*

Gēata dryhtne      gūð onsǣge.  
*for the Geatish commander a grievous combat.*

þā ic on morgne gefrægn      mǣg ōðerne  
*Then I heard on the morrow that one kinsman the other*

**2485** billes ecgum      on bonan stǣlan,

*by the edge of a sword was avenged on that slayer,*

þǣr Ongenþēow      Eofores nīosað;  
*when Ongentheow was attacked by Eofor;*

gūðhelm tōglād,      gomela Scylfing  
*split* (*his*) *helm open, the agèd Scylfing*

hrēas [hilde]blāc;      hond gemunde  
*collapsed pale from the clash; the hand recollected*

fǣhðo genōge,      feorhsweng ne oftēah.   
*sufficient disputes , did not spare the death-stroke.*

**2490** Ic him þā māðmas,      þē hē mē sealde,

*To him I the wealth, which he me had awarded,*

geald æt gūðe,      swā mē gifeðe wæs,  
*gave back by war, as it was to me granted,*

lēohtan sweorde;      hē mē lond forgeaf,  
*by light-giving blade; he gifted me land,*

eard ēðelwyn.      Næs him ǣnig þearf,  
*a home, a sweet home. There was not to him need,*

þæt hē tō Gifðum      oððe tō Gār-Denum  
*that he of the Gifthi or of the Great-Danes*

**2495** oððe in Swīorīce      sēcean þurfe

*or of the Swede-realm was required to seek*

**[188v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f188v)**

wyrsan wīgfrecan,      weorðe gecȳpan;  
*a worse bold in war, to buy with* (*his*) *wealth;*

symle ic him on fēðan      beforan wolde,  
*him always on foot I would go on before,*

āna on orde,      ond swā tō aldre sceall  
*alone in the van, and so have to always*

sæcce fremman,      þenden þis sweord þolað,  
*behave in the battle, as long as this blade lasts,*

**2500** þæt mec ǣr ond sīð      oft gelǣste,

*which early and late has me always assisted,*

syððan ic for dugeðum      Dæghrefne wearð  
*from when for the warriors I was of Daeghrefn*

tō handbonan,      Hūga cempan;--  
*by* (*my*) *hand the bane, the Huga’s brave hero –*

nalles hē ðā frætwe      Frēscyning[e],  
*that finery costly he ne’er to king Frisian,*

brēostweorðunge      bringan mōste,  
*that breast ornament was able to bring,*

**2505** ac in c*a*mp*e* gecrong      cumbles hyrde,

*but in combat did fall the keeper of the flag,*

æþeling on elne;      ne wæs ecg bona,  
*one noble in bravery; nor was blade the bane*

ac him hildegrāp      heortan wylmas,  
*but the battle-hold on him the beats of the heart,*

bānhūs gebræc.      Nū sceall billes ecg,  
*the bone-house was broken. Now I have by blade’s edge,*

hond ond heard sweord      ymb hord wīgan.'  
*by hand and hard sword to strive for the hoard.”*

**2510** Bēowulf maðelode,      bēotwordum spræc

*Beowulf spoke, in boastful speech said*

nīehstan sīðe :      'Ic genēðde fela  
*for one final time: “Many have I faced*

gūða on geogoðe;      gȳt ic wylle,  
*of wars in* (*my*) *youth;* (*and*) *yet do I wish,*

frōd folces weard      fǣhðe sēcan,  
*wise lord of the folk, to look for a fight,*

mǣrð*u* fremman,      gif mec se mānsceaða  
*do deeds of renown, if me the wrongdoer*

**2515** of eorðsele      ūt gesēceð.'

*from* (*his*) *cave-hall* (*should*) *come out to find.”*

Gegrētte ðā      gumena gehwylcne,  
*He made then a welcome to each one of the men,*

hwate helmberend      hindeman sīðe,   
*the bold helmet-bearers for that final time*

swǣse gesīðas:      'Nolde ic sweord beran,  
*well-belovèd companions: “I would not carry a blade*

wǣpen tō wyrme,      gif ic wiste hū  
*a weapon to the worm, if I would know how*

**[189r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f189r)**

**2520** wið ðām āglǣcean      elles meahte

*against that monstrosity* (*I*) *otherwise might*

gylpe wiðgrīpan,      swā ic giō wið Grendle dyde;  
*grapple for glory, as I once did with Grendel;*

ac ic ðǣr heaðufȳres      hātes wēne,  
*but there I battle-fires heated do bank on finding,*

[o]reðes ond *a*ttres;      forðon ic mē on hafu  
*and foul exhalations, therefore I have on me*

bord ond byrnan.      Nelle ic beorges weard  
*a buckler and byrnie. I will not from the barrow-ward*

**2525** oferfleon fōtes trem,      ac unc [feohte] sceal

*flee a foot’s pace, but a fight for we pair must*

weorðan æt wealle,      swā unc wyrd getēoð,  
*fall at the wall, as for our weird fixes*

Metod manna gehwæs      Ic eom on mōde from,  
*the Maker of all men. I am in a bold mood,*

þæt ic wið þone gūðflogan      gylp ofersitte.  
*so that of the fierce-flyer I forbear to boast.*

Gebīde gē on beorge      byrnum werede,  
*Wait you on the barrow* (*your*) *byrnies wearing,*

**2530** secgas on searwum,      hwæðer sēl mæge

*warriors in battle-weeds, which may the better*

æfter wælrǣse      wunde gedȳgan  
*during the war’s rush resist* (*dire*) *wounds*

uncer twēga.      Nis þæt ēower sīð,  
*out of us two. It is no task of yours*

nē gemet mannes,      nefn(e) mīn ānes,  
*nor the measure of a man, but only my own,*

*þæ*t hē wið āglǣcean      eofoðo dǣle,  
*that he with the monster would try* (*his*) *might*

**2535** eorlscype efne.      Ic mid elne sceall

*do honourable deeds.* (*Now*) *eagerly will I*

gold gegangan,      oððe gūð nimeð,  
*obtain the wealth, or war will o’ertake,*

feorhbealu frēcne      frēan ēowerne !'  
(*that*) *awful mortal evil, your very own master!”*

Ārās ðā bī ronde      rōf ōretta,  
*Then rose up by his round shield the warrior renowned,*

heard under helme,      hiorosercean bær  
*stern under helm, he wore a war-sark*

**2540** under stāncleofu,      strengo getrūwode

*under the stone bluffs, believed in the strength*

ānes mannes;      ne bið swylc earges sīð!  
*of one fellow alone; which is no faint-heart’s way!*

Geseah ðā be wealle      sē ðe worna fela  
*By the wall he then noticed, he who a huge number,*

**[189v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f189v)**

gumcystum gōd      gūða gedīgde,  
*full of the virtues, of fights had survived,*

hildehlemma,      þonne hnitan fēðan,   
*clashes of war, when warriors contended,*

**2545** sto[n]dan stānbogan,      strēam ūt þonan

*a stone arch to stand, a stream out of there*

brecan of beorge;      wæs þǣre burnan wælm  
*broke from the barrow; there was the brook’s flood*

heaðofȳrum hāt;      ne meahte horde nēah  
*hot with hell-fire; could not come near the hoard*

unbyrnende      ǣnige hwīle  
*without being burned, even a brief while*

dēop gedȳgan      for dracan lēge.  
*endure the depths for the fire of the dragon.*

**2550** Lēt ðā of brēostum,      ðā hē gebolgen wæs,

*From his heart he allowed then as he was angry*

Weder-Gēata lēod      word ūt faran,  
*the Weder-Geat’s lord a word to go out,*

stearcheort styrmde;      stefn in becōm  
*the harsh-hearted cried out; in came* (*his*) *voice,*

heaðotorht hlynnan      under hārne stān.  
*a clear battle cry beneath the gray rock.*

Hete wæs onhrēred,      hordweard oncnīow  
*hatred was kindled, the hoard-keeper kenned*

**2555** mannes reorde;      næs ðǣr māra fyrst

*the speech of a man; no more was there space*

frēode tō friclan.      From ǣrest cwōm  
*to friendship consider. First came there forth*

oruð āglǣcean      ūt of stāne,  
*the breath of the horror out of the rock,*

hāt hildeswāt;      hrūse dynede.  
*a hot reek of war, the earth was resounding.*

Biorn under beorge      bordrand onswāf  
*The man beneath mound* (*his*) *buckler did swung*

**2560** wið ðām gryregieste,      Gēata dryhten;

*‘gainst that outlander ghastly, the lord of the Geats;*

ðā wæs hringbogan      heorte gefȳsed  
*then was the ring-bound’s breast readied well*

sæcce tō sēceanne.      Sweord ǣr gebrǣd  
*to seek out a battle. The sword ere had brandished*

god gūðcyning,      gomele lāfe,  
*the noble war-lord, an ancient heirloom,*

ecgum *u*nslāw;      ǣghwæðrum wæs  
*of edges unblunted; there was in each*

**2565** bealohycgendra      brōga fram ōðrum.

*of those set on destruction dread of the other.*

**[190r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f190r)**

Stīðmōd gestōd      wið stēapne rond  
(*He*) *stood with brave spirit beside his steep buckler*

winia bealdor,      ðā se wyrm gebēah  
*the captain of comrades, while the worm coiled*

snūde tōsomne;      hē on searwum bād.  
*together with haste; in* (*his*) *war-gear he waited.*

Gewāt ðā byrnende      gebogen scrīðan,  
*Then went he a-burning and bending to wend,*

**2570** tō gescipe scyndan.      Scyld wēl gebearg

*to his doom rushing. The shield well defended*

līfe ond līce      lǣssan hwīle  
(*his*) *life and* (*his*) *limb for* (*the length of*) *less time*

mǣrum þēodne,      þonne his myne sōhte;  
*for* (*that*) *famed lord, than his fancy had looked for;*

ðǣr hē þȳ fyrste      forman dōgore  
*where he the duration of the first day*

wealdan mōste,      swā him wyrd ne gescrāf  
*was made to wield it, as Weird had not marked him*

**2575** hrēð æt hilde.      Hond ūp ābrǣd

*for repute in war. His hand he raised up,*

Gēata dryhten,      gryrefāhne slōh  
*the Geatish headman, hewed down the grim-hued*

incge-lāfe,      þæt sīo ecg gewāc  
*with ancestral sword, so that the edge softened*

brūn on bāne,      bāt unswīðor,  
(*and*) *on the bone flashing,* (*it*) *bit with less force*

þonne his ðīodcyning      þearfe hæfde  
*than its host-ruler had* (*then*) *required*

**2580** bysigum gebǣded.      þā wæs beorges weard

*by distress being driven. The barrow-ward then was*

æfter heaðuswenge      on hrēoum mōde,  
*after the battle-stroke of a bold spirit,*

wearp wælfȳre;      wīde sprungon  
*he spewed slaughter-fire; spread far and wide*

hildelēoman.      Hrēðsigora ne gealp  
*the glamour of battle. Of glorious triumphs he boasted not,*

goldwine Gēata;      gūðbill geswāc  
*the Geats’ gold-friend; his fighting blade failed*

**2585** nacod æt nīðe,      swā hyt nō sceolde,

*bare in the battle, as it should not be,*

īren ǣrgōd. --      Ne wæs þæt ēðe sīð,  
*of all iron the finest – no easy feat was it,*

þæt se mǣra      maga Ecgðēowes  
*that the famous offspring of Edgetheow*

grundwong þone      ofgyfan wolde;  
*this worldly field would willingly forsake;*

sceolde [ofer] willan      wīc eardian  
*against his desire must his dwelling make*

**2590** elles hwergen,      swā sceal ǣghwylc mon

*some other place; so must any person*

**[190v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f190v)**

ālǣtan lǣndagas.      Næs ðā long tō ðon,  
*leave these loaned-days. It was not long till when*

þæt ðā āglǣcean      hȳ eft gemētton.  
*the awesome ones met each other once more.*

Hyrte hyne hordweard,      hreðer ǣme wēoll,  
*The hoard-keeper took heart, his breast heaved with breath*

nīwan stefne;      nearo ðrōwode  
(*as*) *once again; he woes endured,*

**2595** fȳre befongen      sē ðe ǣr folce wēold.

*in fire* (*then*) *was wreathed he who ere the folk ruled.*

Nealles him on hēape      h*a*ndgesteallan,  
*Not at all in a company him* (*his*) *armed companions*

æðelinga bearn      ymbe gestōdon   
*of heroes the sons did they stand around*

hildecystum,      ac hȳ on holt bugon,  
*with warlike boldness, but they for the wood bolted,*

ealdre burgan.      Hiora in ānum wēoll  
*to save their skins. In one of them there stirred*

**2600** sefa wið sorgum;      sibb' ǣfre ne mæg

*a mind with unease; mateship may never*

wiht onwendan      þām ðe wēl þenceð.

*any whit be unravelled in one who thinks rightly.*

**XXXVI**

Wīglāf wæs hāten,      Wēoxstānes sunu,

*Wiglaf his name was, Weohstan’s son,*  
lēoflīc lindwiga,      lēod Scylfinga,

*a worthy shield-warrior, a man of the Scyldings,*  
mǣg Ælfheres;      geseah his mondryhten

*Aelfhere’s kin; he saw his liege-lord*

**2605** under heregrīnan      hāt þrōwian.

*under* (*his*) *war-helm enduring the heat,*Gemunde ðā ðā āre,      þē hē him ǣr forgeaf,

*then remembered the help that he ere had him rendered;*   
wīcstede weligne      Wǣgmundinga,

*the wealthy homeland of the Waegmunding host,*  
folcrihta gehwylc,      swā his fæder āhte;

*whatever folk-privileges which his father possessed.*  
ne mihte ðā forhabban,      hond rond gefēng,

*Then he could not hold back, held his buckler by hand*

**2610** geolwe linde,      gomel swyrd getēah;

*the linden-wood yellow, his old weapon drew;*  
þæt wæs mid eldum      Ēanmundes lāf,

*it was amongst men what from Eanmund remained,*

**[191r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f191r)**

suna Ōhtere[s] ;      þām æt sæcce wearð,

*Ohthere’s son; of whom was in struggle,*  
wræcca(n) winelēasum      Wēohstā*n* bana

*of the wanderer kithless Weohstan the killer*  
mēces ecgum,      ond his māgum ætbær

*by the blade’s cutting edge, and bore back to his kinsman*

**2615** brūnfāgne helm,      hringde byrnan,

*a bright beaming cap, a byrnie of coils,*  
ealdsweord etonisc;      þæt him Onela forgeaf,

*a giantish old blade; that him Onela gave back,*  
his gædelinges      gūðgewǣdu,

*his* (*very*) *own kinsman’s equipments of war,*  
fyrdsearo fūslīc,--      nō ymbe ðā fǣhðe spræc,

*fighting gear set to go – of the feud he spoke not*þēah ðe hē his brōðor bearn      ābredwade.

*although he the son of his brother had slain.*

**2620** Hē [ðā] frætwe gehēold      fela missēra,

*Those ornaments he held for many half-years,*  
bill ond byrnan,      oð ðæt his byre mihte

*mail shirt and sword, until his son might*  
eorlscipe efnan      swā his ǣrfæder;

*fine deeds perform as did his fore-father;*  
geaf him ðā mid Gēatum      gūðgewǣda,

*gave him then ‘mong the Geats armour of war,*  
ǣghwæs unrīm,      þā hē of ealdre gewāt

*of all sorts unnumbered, then he went from this life*

**2625** frōd on forðweg.--      þā wæs forma sīð

*wise on the way forth – then was it the first time*  
geongan cempan,      þæt hē gūðe rǣs

*for the young champion, that he the war-charge*   
mid his frēodryhtne      fremman sceolde.

*with his noble prince had need to perform.*  
Ne gemealt him se mōdsefa,      nē his mǣg*es* lāf

*His courage did not melt, nor his kinsman’s bequest*  
gewāc æt wīge;      þ*æt* se wyrm onfand,

*weaken in the fight; which the worm did find out,*

**2630** syððan hīe tōgædre      gegān hæfdon.

*after together they had gone at it.*Wīglāf maðelode,      wordrihta fela

*Wiglaf* (*then*) *spoke, many suitable words*  
sægde gesīðum      --him wæs sefa geōmor--:

*he said to his men – his heart was sad in him –*

**[191v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f191v)**

'Ic ðæt mǣl geman,      þǣr wē medu þēgun,

*“I remember the time, when we partook of mead,*  
þonne wē gehēton      ūssum hlāforde

*when we promised our prince*

**2635** in bīorsele,      ðē ūs ðās bēagas geaf,

*within the beer-hall, who bestowed on us bracelets,*  
þæt wē him ðā gūðge*at*wa      gyldan woldon,

*that we to him then for war-gear would requite,*  
gif him þyslicu      þearf gelumpe,

*if for him such need should* (*ever*) *occur,*  
helmas ond heard sweord.      Ðē hē ūsic on herge gecēas

*by helms and hard swords. From the host he thus chose us*  
tō ðyssum sīðfate      sylfes willum,

*for this adventure of his own desire,*

**2640** onmunde ūsic mǣrða,      ond mē þās māðmas geaf,

*for fame thought us fit, and gave me these fine things,*  
þē hē ūsic gārwīgend      gōde tealde,

*as us as spear-fighters he found to be excellent,*   
hwate helmberend,--      þēah ðe hlāford ūs

*bold helmet-bearers – but for us the head-man*  
þis ellenweorc      āna āðōhte

*this audacious task intended alone*  
tō gefremmanne,      folces hyrde,

*to have performed,* (*his*) *people’s protector,*

**2645** forðām hē manna mǣst      mǣrða gefremede,

*as he amongst men greatest merit has gained,*  
dǣda dollīcra.      Nū is sē dæg cumen,

*by deeds of rash daring. Arrived is the day now,*  
þæt ūre mandryhten      mægenes behōfað,

*when our* (*own*) *sovereign does want the strength*   
gōdra gūðrinca;      wutun gongan tō,

*of warriors good; let us go to* (*him,*)  
helpan hildfruman,      þenden hyt sŷ,

*to help the war-leader, while the heat lasts,*

**2650** glēdegesa grim !      God wāt on mec,

*the grim baleful blaze! God knows about me*  
þæt mē is micle lēofre,      þæt mīnne līchaman

*that I favour much more, that my mantle of flesh*   
mid mīnne goldgyfan      glēd fæðmie.

*with my wealth-bestower the blaze should embrace.*  
Ne þynceð mē gerysne,      þæt wē rondas beren

*Unbecoming I count it that our shields we should carry*   
eft tō earde,      nemne we ǣror mægen

*back to* (*our*) *home, but that we before may*

**2655** fāne gefyllan,      feorh ealgian

*the foe have defeated, defended the life*

**[192r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f192r)**

Wedra ðēodnes.      Ic wāt geare,

*of the king of the Wederas. Well do I ken*  
þæt nǣron ealdgewyrht,      þæt hē āna scyle

*that* (*his*) *acts of old do merit not that he alone must*  
Gēata duguðe      gnorn þrōwian,

*of the strength of the Geats suffer through griefs,*  
gesīgan æt sæcce;      ūrum sceal sweord ond helm,

(*and*) *sink in strife; for us war-cap and sword will,*

**2660** byrne ond b*ea*duscrūd      bām gemǣne.'

*byrnie and battle-coat be common to both.”*   
Wōd þā þurh þone wælrēc,      wīgheafolan bær

*Through the war-brume he went then, wearing his battle-helm*  
frēan on fultum,      fēa worda cwæð:

*his lord to support, he spoke a few words:*  
'Lēofa Bīowulf,      lǣst eall tela,

*“My dear Beowulf, may you duly do everything,*  
swā ðū on geoguðfēore      geāra gecwǣde,

*as when in your youth you had said of yore,*

**2665** þæt ðū ne ālǣte      be ðē lifigendum

*that you would not let while you were living*  
dōm gedrēosan;      scealt nū dǣdum rōf,

*valour diminish; now by valiant deeds,*  
æðeling anhȳdig,      ealle mægene

*a worthy firm-purposed, with all of your power*  
feorh ealgian;      ic ðē fullǣstu.'

*safeguard your life: I will assist you.”*  
Æfter ðām wordum      wyrm yrre cwōm,

*After these words the worm came in anger,*

**2670** atol inwitgæst      ōðre sīðe

*the stranger-foe terrible for a second time* (*then*)  
fȳrwylmum fāh      fīonda nīos(i)an,

*with flashing flame-surge to seek out his foes,*  
lāðra manna.      Līg ȳðum for,

*the* (*much-*)*hated men. The blaze in billows before*  
born bord wið rond[e],      byrne ne meahte

*burned the shield to the boss, the byrnie could not*  
geongum gārwigan      gēoce gefremman,

*for the youthful spear-battler be for a support,*

**2675** ac se maga geonga      under his mǣges scyld

*but the young fellow beneath his kin’s buckler*  
elne geēode,      þā his āgen w(æs)

*went eagerly on, after his own was*glēdum forgrunden.      þā gēn gūðcyning

*by the blaze quite consumed. The king of battle again then*  
m(ærða) gemunde,      mægenstrengo slōh

*gave thought to glory, struck with great strength*  
hildebille,      þæt hyt on heafolan stōd

*with heavy sword, so it stuck in his head*

**2680** nīþe genȳded;      Nægling forbærst,

*impelled by* (*his*) *enmity; Nægling apart burst,*  
geswāc æt sæcce      sweord Bīowulfes

*in the battle did fail* (*then*) *Beowulf’s* (*own*) *blade,*

**[192v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f192v)**

gomol ond grǣgmǣl.      Him þæt gifeðe ne wæs,

*old and grey-marked. It was not to him granted*   
þæt him īrenna      ecge mihton

*that him iron-made edges might*  
helpan æt hilde;      wæs sīo hond tō strong,

*help in the struggle; too strong was the hand,*

**2685** sē ðe mēca gehwane      mīne gefrǣge

*such that each of the swords – or so I have heard –*  
swenge ofersōhte,      þonne hē tō sæcce bær

*tested by blows, when to battle he took*   
wǣpen wund[r]um heard;      næs him wihte ðē sēl.

*a wound-hardened weapon, was no better for him.*  
þā wæs þēodsceaða      þriddan sīðe,

*Then was the folk-foe for a third time,*  
frēcne fȳrdraca      fǣhða gemyndig,

*the dangerous fire-drake determined to fight;*

**2690** rǣsde on ðone rōfan,      þā him rūm āgeald,

*rushed on the hero, as he had room,*  
hāt ond heaðogrim,      heals ealne ymbefēng

*battle-fierce and hot, his whole neck he held tight*  
biteran bānum;      hē geblōdegod wearð

*with* (*his*) *sharp bones; blood-wetted he was*  
sāwuldrīore,      swāt ȳðum wēoll.

*by* (*his*) *life’s blood, the gore gushed in billows.*

**XXXVII**

Ðā ic æt þearfe [gefrægn]      þēodcyninges

*Then in the straits (or so I had heard) of the host’s sovereign*

**2695** andlongne eorl      ellen cȳðan,

*the nobleman by him made known* (*his*) *bravery,*   
cræft ond cēnðu,      swā him gecynde wæs.

(*his*) *ability and boldness, as was bred in him.*  
Ne hēdde hē þæs heafolan,      ac sīo hand gebarn

*He heeded not the* (*beast’s*) *head, but burned was the hand*mōdiges mannes,      þǣr hē his mǣg*es* healp,

*of the hero courageous, when his kinsman he holp,*  
þæt hē þone nīðgæst      nioðor hwēne slōh,

*as the ill-willing strange one he struck somewhat lower,*

**2700** secg on searwum,      þæt ðæt sweord gedēaf

*the warrior in war-gear, so went in the sword*   
fāh ond fǣted,      þæt ðæt fȳr ongon

*flashing and gold-bright, so the fire did begin*sweðrian syððan.      þā gēn sylf cyning

*thereupon to gutter. the king himself then again*   
gewēold his gewitte,      wæll-seaxe gebrǣd

*directed his senses, drew the death-sword*   
biter ond beaduscearp,      þæt hē on byrnan wæg;

*battle-whetted and bitter, that he wore with his byrnie;*

**[193r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f193r)**

**2705** forwrāt Wedra helm      wyrm on middan.

*The Helm of the Wederas hewed the worm through the middle.*  
Fēond gefyldan      --ferh ellen wræc--,

*they had killed the foe – courage forced out its life –*  
ond hī hyne þā bēgen      ābroten hæfdon,

*and then they both him had brought to an end,*  
sibæðelingas;      swylc sceolde secg wesan,

*noble men of a blood; so a man ought to be*  
þegn æt ðearfe!      þæt ðām þēodne wæs

*a retainer when needed! For the ruler that was*

**2710** sīðas[t] sigehwīl*a*      sylfes dǣdum,

*the triumph-time final for his own efforts,*  
worlde geweorces.      Dā sīo wund ongon,

*of works in the world. Then ’gan the wound,*  
þē him se eorðdraca      ǣr geworhte,

*that on him the earth-drake ere had inflicted*  
swelan ond swellan;      hē þæt sōna onfand,

*to swell and inflame; soon he did find*  
þæt him on brēostum      bealonīð(e) wēoll

*that in his* (*own*) *breast a baleful ill boiled,*

**2715** attor on innan.      Dā se æðeling gīong,

*a poison within. Then went the prince,*þæt hē bī wealle      wīshycgende

*so that by the wall he thinking wise thoughts*  
gesæt on sesse;      seah on enta geweorc,

*sat on a seat; looked on giants’ labours,*  
hū ðā stānbogan      stapulum fæste

*how the stone bows sturdy* (*stood*) *on their bases,*  
ēce eorðreced      innan healde.

*the ancient earth-hall did hold up inside.*

**2720** Hyne þā mid handa      heorodrēorigne,

*Then him by hands all stained with sword-blood,*  
þēoden mǣrne      þegn ungemete till,

*the glorious lord, thane of limitless goodness,*  
winedryhten his      wætere gelafede

*his loving leader with water did lave*  
hilde sædne      ond his hel(m) onspēon.

*weary of the fight and his war-helm did off.*  
Bīowulf maþelode--      hē ofer benne spræc,

*Beowulf said – though he was wounded he spoke,*

**2725** wunde wælblēate;      wisse hē gearwe,

*with a wound deadly; well he did wot,*þæt hē dæghwīla      gedrogen hæfde,

*that he the measure of his days had* (*now*) *made,*  
eorðan wynn(e);      ðā wæs eall sceacen

(*and*) *of earthly delights; then was all done*  
dōgorgerīmes,      dēað ungemete nēah --:

*the number of his days,* (*and*) *death very near –;*'Nū ic suna mīnum      syllan wolde

*“Now I to my son would have wished to make over*

**2730** gūðgewedu,      þǣr mē gifeðe swā

*garments of war, if to me it were granted*

**[193v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f193v)**

ǣnig yrfeweard      æfter wurde

*any heritage-warden were afterwards*  
lice gelenge.      Ic ðās lēode hēold

*to remain for this flesh. This folk I ruled*   
fīftig wintra;      næs sē folccyning,

*for winters fifty; no folk-king* *there was*  
ymbesittendra      ǣnig ðāra,

*for the neighbours around – for any of them –*

**2735** þē mec gūðwinum      grētan dorste,

*who with war-friends would dare to face me*  
egesan ðeon.      Ic on earde bād

*to threaten with terror. At home I attended*  
mǣlgesceafta,      hēold mīn tela,

*the hour appointed, ruled my own properly,*  
ne sōhte searonīðas,      nē mē swōr fela

*no made-up strifes sought, nor swore me to many*  
āða on unriht.      Ic ðæs ealles mæg

*oaths without honour. For it all I am able*

**2740** feorhbennum sēoc      gefēan habban;

*from a deadly wound weak to feel* (*real*) *delight;*  
forðām mē wītan ne ðearf      Waldend fīra

*since he need not me censure the Master of souls*  
morðorbealo māga,      þonne mīn sceaceð

*for foul killing of kinfolk, as from me does fly*  
līf of līce.      Nū ðū lungre geong

*the spirit from my body. Now be you off speedily*  
hord scēawian      under hārne stān,

*the hoard to regard beneath hoar-grey rock,*

**2745** Wīglāf lēofa,      nū se wyrm ligeð,

*Wiglaf my dear one, now lies dead the worm,*  
swefeð sāre wund,      since berēafod.

*deeply wounded it sleeps, deprived of its wealth.*  
Bīo nū on ofoste,      þæt ic ǣrwelan,

*Be now in a rush, that I ancient riches,*  
goldǣht ongite,      gearo scēawige

*golden goods may perceive, gaze upon properly*   
swegle searogimmas,      þæt ic ðȳ sēft mæge

*sparkling stones cut with cunning, so I can soft*

**2750** æfter māððumwelan      mīn ālǣtan

*in the light of that treasure take leave of my*  
līf ond lēodscipe,      þone ic longe hēold.'

*life and of the realm, that I had long ruled.”*

**XXXVIII**

Ðā ic snūde gefrægn      sunu Wīhstānes  
*Then soon was I hearing that Weohstan’s son*

æfter wordcwydum      wundum dryhtne  
*following these words the wounded chieftain*

hȳran heaðosīocum,      hringnet beran,  
*the war-weary obeying, a web of rings brought,*

**2755** brogdne beadusercean      u*n*der beorges hrōf.

*a battle-shirt woven beneath barrow’s roof.*

Geseah ðā sigehrēðig,      þā hē bī sesse gēong,

*He saw then victorious, when he went by the seat*

**[194r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f194r)**

magoþegn mōdig      māððumsigla fealo,   
*the valiant young thane, many valuable things,*

gold glitinian      grunde getenge,  
(*bright*) *glittering gold close by the ground,*

wundur on wealle,      ond þæs wyrmes denn,  
*wonders on the wall, and the den of the worm,*

**2760** ealdes ūhtflogan,      orcas stondan,

*the old flyer in the half-light , flagons upstanding,*  
fyrnmanna fatu,      feormendlēase,  
*beakers of men of old, lacking a burnisher,*

hyrstum behrorene;      þǣr wæs helm monig  
(*their*) *ornament missing; many helms there were there*

eald ond ōmig,      earmbēaga fela  
*ancient and rusty,* (*and*) *a lot of arm-rings*

searwum gesǣled.--      Sinc ēaðe mæg,  
*twisted with cunning – treasure easily can,*

**2765** gold on grund(e)      gumcynnes gehwone

(*or*) *wealth in the earth, any one of man-kind*

oferhīgian,      hȳde sē ðe wylle !--  
*win, hide it who will! –*

Swylce hē siomian geseah      segn eallgylden  
*He also saw hanging an all-golden standard*

hēah ofer horde,      hondwundra mǣst,  
*high above the hoard, best of marvels hand-made,*

gelocen leoðocræftum;      of ðām lēom*a* stōd,  
*linked by skilled fingers;* (*and*) *from it light streamed,*

**2770** þæt hē þone grundwong      ongitan meahte,

*so the space he could see,*

wrǣ*t*e giondwlītan.      Næs ðæs wyrmes þǣr  
(*and*) *the ornaments inspect. There was not of the worm*

onsȳn ǣnig,      ac hyne ecg fornam.  
(*at all*)  *any trace, but blade had him taken.*

Ðā ic on hlǣwe gefrægn      hord rēafian,  
*Then I learned in the howe the hoard to be looted,*

eald enta geweorc      ānne mannan,  
*the old works of giants by* (*just the*) *one man,*

**2775** him on bearm hladon      bun*a*n ond discas

*he had piled on his breast* (*of the*) *beakers and plates*

sylfes dōme;      segn ēac genōm,  
*as he had seen fit; the flag he took also,*

bēacna beorhtost.      Bill ǣr gescōd  
*the brightest of banners. Ere harmed had the blade*

-- ecg wæs īren --      ealdhlāfordes  
*– its edge was of iron – of the old lord*

þām ðāra māðma      mundbora wæs  
*him who the treasure’s caretaker had been*

**2780** longe hwīle,      līgegesan wæg

*for a long time, the fire-terror had lived on*

hātne for horde,      hioroweallende  
*hot for the hoard,* (*and*) *savagely surging*

**[194v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f194v)**

middelnihtum,      oð þæt hē morðre swealt.  
*in the depths of the night ‘til he died a death.*

Ār wæs on ofoste,      eftsīðes georn,   
*Th’errand-runner was rushing, eager to return*

frætwum gefyrðred;      hyne fyrwet bræc,  
*compelled by things precious; curiosity pressed him,*

**2785** hwæðer collenferð      cwicne gemētte

*if the strong-hearted man he might still living meet*

in ðām wongstede      Wedra þēoden  
*in that wide-open place, the prince of the Wederas*

ellensīocne,      þǣr hē hine ǣr forlēt.

*lessened in force, where he left him before.*

Hē ðā mid þām māðmum      mǣrne þīoden,  
*Then he with that wealth the worthy headman,*

dryhten sīnne      drīorigne fand  
*his leader found bleeding*

**2790** ealdres æt ende;      hē hine eft ongon

*at the end of his time; he undertook again him*

wæteres weorpan,      oð þæt wordes ord  
*with water to sprinkle, ‘til a* (*spear*-)*point of words*

brēosthord þurhbræc.      [Biorncyning spræc]  
*burst through the breast-store.* [*Spoke* (*then*) *the brave king,*]

gomel on gio*h*ðe      -- gold scēawode --:  
*the old one in* (*his*) *grief – looked upon gold –*

'Ic ðāra frætwa      Frēan ealles ðanc,  
*“For these riches I thanks to the Ruler of all,*

**2795** Wuldurcyninge      wordum secge,

*to the Sovereign of splendour, with words do say,*

ēcum Dryhtne,      þē ic hēr on starie,  
*to the eternal Lord, that I here look upon,*

þæs ðe ic mōste      mīnum lēodum  
*for that I may for my own folk,*

ǣr swyltdæge      swylc gestrȳnan.  
*‘fore the death day find me such stuff.*

Nū ic on māðma hord      mī*n*e bebohte  
*Now I for this wealth-pile have paid with my* (*own*)

**2800** frōde feorhlege,      fremmað gēna

*life’s long span allotted,* (*and*) *do support still*

lēoda þearfe;      ne mæg ic hēr leng wesan.  
*the desires of my people; I may dwell here no more.*

Hātað heaðomǣre      hlǣw gewyrcean  
*Bid the battle-renowned to raise up a barrow*

beorhtne æfter bǣle      æt brimes nōsan;  
*sublime after burning beside the sea-cape;*

sē scel tō gemyndum      mīnum lēodum  
*it will for a memory for my* (*own*) *folk*

**2805** hēah hlīfian      on Hronesnæsse,

*lift itself up on high on leviathan’s ness,*

þæt hit sǣlīðend      syððan hātan  
*so that it the sailors then will style as*

Bīowulfes biorh,      ðā ðe brentingas  
*Beowulf’s Howe, who their high boats*

**[195r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f195r)**

ofer flōda genipu      feorran drīfað.'   
*from beyond the sea’s fogs do sail from afar.”*

Dyde him of healse      hring gyldenne  
*Then he took from his neck the* (*twisted-*)*gold torc*

**2810** þīoden þrīsthȳdig,      þegne gesealde,

*the prince strong of soul, he passed to the servant,*

geongum gārwigan,      goldfāhne helm,  
*to the spear-warrior green, the helm with gold worked,*

bēah ond byrnan,      hēt hyne brūcan well--:  
*the collar and byrnie, bade him use them correctly:*

'þū eart endelāf      ūsses cynnes,  
*“You are the last remnant of* (*all of*) *our race,*

Wǣgmundinga;      ealle wyrd fors*w*ēo*p*  
*of the Waegmunding folk; Fate has wiped away all*

**2815** mīne māgas      tō metodsceafte,

*the tribespeople of mine to* (*their*) *end appointed,*

eorlas on elne;      ic him æfter sceal.'  
*good men in their might; I must after them go.”*

þæt wæs þām gomelan      gingæste word  
*That was for the old one the final word* (*forced*)

brēostgehygdum,      ǣr hē bǣl cure,  
*from his pensive chest, ere the pyre he chose,*

hāte heaðowylmas;      him of h*r*æðre gewāt  
*the hot fiery waves.* (*Then*) *from his heart went*

**2820** sāwol sēcean      sōðfæstra dōm.

*his soul for to seek a fate fast in sooth.*

**XXXVIIII**

Ðā wæs gegongen      gum*an* unfrōdum

*So it did pass then for that young person*  
earfoðlīce,      þæt hē on eorðan geseah

*in grievous sort*, *as he saw on the ground*  
þone lēofestan      līfes æt ende

*the man most belovèd at his life’s end*  
blēate gebǣran.      Bona swylce læg,

*miserably enduring. Also dead lay the murderer*

**2825** egeslīc eorðdraca      ealdre berēafod,

*the dreadful earth-drake of its life deprived,*  
bealwe gebǣded.      Bēahhordum leng

*by enmity harrowed. Of the ring-hoard no more*  
wyrm wōhbogen      wealdan ne mōste,

*the wicked-coiled worm could wield the control,*  
ac him īrenna      ecga fornāmon,

*but him the sword’s edges* (*sharp*) *had sent off,*  
hearde heaðoscearde      homera lāfe,

*hard battle-hacked* (*and*) *born of the hammer,*

**2830** þæt se wīdfloga      wundum stille

*so that the wide-flyer still from the wounds*  
hrēas on hrūsan      hordærne nēah.

*had crashed to the earth close to the hoard-house.*

**[195v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f195v)**

Nalles æfter lyfte      lācende hwearf

*No more through the sky did he swooping* *move*   
middelnihtum,      māðmǣhta wlonc

*by midnights, in pride of precious belongings*  
ansȳn ȳwde,      ac hē eorðan gefēoll

*displayed he his form, but he fell to the dirt*

**2835** for ðæs hildfruman      hondgeweorce.

*by this hero in war’s very own handiwork.*  
Hūru þæt on lande      lȳt manna ðāh

*In the land truly, not many men triumphed*  
mægenāgendra      mīne gefrǣge,

*of those who had strength, or so I had heard,*

þēah ðe hē dǣda gehwæs      dyrstig wǣre,

*though he in* (*all*) *deeds whatever were daring,*  
þæt hē wið attorsceaðan      oreðe gerǣsde,

*if he ‘pon the blighted foe’s breath did* (*then*) *press*

**2840** oððe hringsele      hondum styrede,

*or the hall of the treasures with* (*his*) *hands did trouble,*  
gif hē wæccende      weard onfunde

(*or*) *if he a watchful warden had found*  
būon on beorge.      Bīowulfe wearð

*in a barrow abiding. For Beowulf was*   
dryhtmāðma dǣl      dēaðe forgolden;

*the dole of wealth princely paid for by death;*  
hæfde ǣghwæð*er*      ende gefēred

*each of them* (*then*) *had arrived at the end*

**2845** lǣnan līfes.      Næs ðā lang tō ðon,

*of* (*his*) *fleeting life. Not long was it till when*  
þæt ðā hildlatan      holt ofgēfan,

*the ones quiet in war came out of the woods,*  
tȳdre trēowlogan      tȳne ætsomne,

*the abject troth-breakers* (*were*) *ten altogether,*  
ðā ne dorston ǣr      dareðum lācan

*who had not before dared with darts to do battle*  
on hyra mandryhtnes      miclan þearfe;

*in their liege-lord’s great need;*

**2850** ac hȳ scamiende      scyldas bǣran,

*but they, being shamed, were* (*then*) *bearing shields,*  
gūðgewǣdu      þǣr se gomela læg;

*armour of war where the old man was lying;*wlitan on Wīlāf.      Hē gewērgad sæt,

*looked upon Wiglaf. Wearied he sat,*  
fēðecempa      frēan eaxlum nēah,

*the soldier by foot by the side of his sovereign,*  
wehte hyne wætre;      him wiht ne spē*ow.*

*would arouse him with water, not a whit it availed him.*

**2855** Ne meahte hē on eorðan,      ðēah hē ūðe wēl,

*For the world he might not, though he did mean well,*  
on ðām frumgāre      feorh gehealdan,

*of that leading-spear save the life* (*and the soul,*)  
nē ðæs Wealdendes      wiht oncirran;

*nor the Almighty his will any whit make to alter;*

**[196r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f196r)**

wolde dōm Godes      dǣdum rǣdan

(*So*) *God’s decree would govern the deeds*   
gumena gehwylcum,      swā hē nū gēn dêð.

*of every soul, as it does even now.*

**2860** þā wæs æt ðām geong*an*      grim andswaru

*Then was from that young one fierce answer*   
ēðbegēte      þām ðe ǣr his elne forlēas.

*found easily for him that had earlier failed of his valour.*Wīglāf maðelode,      Wēohstānes sunu,

*Wiglaf spoke then, Weohstan’s son,*  
sec[g] sārigferð      -- seah on unlēofe--:

*a man moved at heart, on the unloved men looked:*  
'þæt, lā, mæg secgan      sē ðe wyle sōð specan,

*“So may indeed say he who soothly would speak,*

**2865** þæt se mondryhten,      sē ēow þā māðmas geaf,

*that the prince of the host who handed you those prizes,*  
ēoredgeatwe,      þē gē þǣr on standað, --

*the steed-warrior weeds, in which you there stand, –*   
þonne hē on ealubence      oft gesealde

*as he from the ale-bench often did offer*  
healsittendum      helm ond byrnan,

*those who sat ’bout the hall a helmet and byrnie,*  
þēoden his þegnum,      swylce hē þrȳðlīcost

*a chief to his followers, the finest which he*

**2870** ōwer feor oððe nēah      findan meahte--,

*either far off or close to anywhere could find, –*  
þæt hē gēnunga      gūðgewǣdu

*that he absolutely* (*that*) *armour of war*  
wrāðe forwurpe,      ðā hyne wīg beget.

*had tragically wasted, when war came unto him.*  
Nealles folccyning      fyrdgesteallum

*The folk-king no way of his fighting companions*  
gylpan þorfte;      hwæðre him God ūðe,

*had grounds for boasting; but God granted to him,*

**2875** sigora Waldend,      þæt hē hyne sylfne gewræc

*Ruler of victories, that he wreaked his own vengeance*   
āna mid ecge,      þā him wæs elnes þearf.

*one man with a sword, when his strength was wanted.*  
Ic him līfwraðe      lȳtle meahte

*Care of his life I could* (*only a*) *little*  
ætgifan æt gūðe,      ond ongan swā þēah

*provide in the battle, but yet* (*I*) *proceeded,*  
ofer mīn gemet      mǣges helpan;

*surpassing my measure my kin to support;*

**2880** symle wæs þȳ sǣmra,      þonne ic sweorde drep

*it was ever the weaker, when I struck with the sword*  
ferhðgenīðlan,      fȳr unswīðor

*the foe who is fatal, the fire less fiercely*   
wēoll of gewitte.      *W*ergendra tō lȳt

*flowed from his centre. Supporters too few*  
þrong ymbe þēoden,      þā hyne sīo þrāg becwōm.

*crowded the headman, when crises came on him*

**[196v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f196v)**

*N*ū sceal sincþego      ond swyrdgifu,

*Now will the wealth-getting and giving of weapons,*

**2885** eall ēðelwyn      ēowrum cynne,

*all the pleasure in place for your* (*own*) *people,*  
lufen ālicgean;      londrihtes mōt

(*and*) *belovèd things be laid aside; of the law of the land must*   
þǣre mǣgburge      monna ǣghwylc

*of your wider folk every one*  
īdel hweorfan,      syððan æðelingas

*be deprived, when decent folk do*feorran gefricgean      flēam ēowerne,

*from far away* (*lands*) *learn of your flight;*

**2890** dōmlēasan dǣd.      Dēað bið sēlla

*a blameworthy deed, death would be better*  
eorla gehwylcum      þonne edwītlīf!'

*for all noble men than an ignoble life.”*

**XL**

Heht ðā þæt heaðoweorc      tō hagan bīodan  
*Then he did order the outcome of battle at the embankment to be announced,*

ūp ofer ecgclif,      þǣr þæt eorlweorod  
*upon the high cliff, where that comp’ny of heroes*

morgenlongne dæg      mōdgiōmor sæt,

*all the morning-long day sat down in low mood,*

**2895** bordhæbbende,      bēga on wēnum,

*bearers of bucklers, abiding* (*there*) *both*

endedōgores      ond eftcymes  
*the conclusion of days and the coming again*

lēofes monnes.      Lȳt swīgode  
*of the belovèd man. Not much he held back*

nīwra spella      sē ðe næs gerād,  
*of reports of what happened he who rode o’er the headland,*

ac hē sōðlīce      sægde ofer ealle:

*and he did soothly say unto all:*

**2900** 'Nū is wilgeofa      Wedra lēoda,

*“Now the wish-giver is of the Wederas’ nation,*

dryhten Gēata      dēaðbedde fæst,  
*the lord of the Geats laid on a death-litter,*

wunað wælreste      wyrmes dǣdum;  
*abides on the death-bed by the worm’s deeds;*

him on efn ligeð      ealdorgewinna  
*beside him there lies the bane of his life*

s*e*xbennum sēoc;      sweorde ne meahte  
*sick with sword-cuts; he could not with the sword*

**2905** on ðām āglǣcean      ǣnige þinga

*in that monstrous beast by any* (*manner of*) *means*

wunde gewyrcean.      Wīglāf siteð  
*set a wound. Wiglaf sits*

ofer Bīowulfe,      byre Wīhstānes,  
*over Beowulf, born of Weohstan,*

eorl ofer ōðrum      unlifigendum,  
*one lord o’er the other, the unliving one,*

healdeð higemǣðum      hēafodwearde  
*held with heart heavy the watch o’er the head*

**[197r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f197r)**

**2910** lēofes ond lāðes.      Nū ys lēodum wēn

*for the loved and the loathèd. Now the folk look for*   
orleghwīle,      syððan under[ne]  
*an age of upset when openly known*

Froncum ond Frȳsum      fyll cyninges  
*among Francs and Frisians the fall of the king*

wīde weorðeð.      Wæs sīo wrōht scepen  
*becomes far and wide. Formed was the breach*

heard wið Hūgas,      syððan Higelāc cwōm  
*hard with the Hugas, when Hygelac went*

**2915** faran flotherge      on Frēsna land,

*with a fleet faring to the land of the Frisians,*

þǣr hyne Hetware      hilde ge*n*ǣgdon,  
*where him the Hetware harried in war,*

elne geēodon      mid ofermægene,   
*they bravely so forced it by bigger forces*

þæt se byrnwiga      būgan sceolde,  
*that the byrnie-clad hero had to bow down,*

fēoll on fēðan;      nalles frætwe geaf  
*fell with foot-warriors; no fine wares presented*

**2920** ealdor dugoðe.      Ūs wæs ā syððan

*the prince to his followers. Was for us ever after*

Merewīoingas      milts ungyfeðe. --  
*from the* (*king*) *Merovingian no meed of kindness –*

Nē ic te Swēoðēode      sibbe oððe trēowe  
*nor do I from the Swedes either silence or sooth*

wihte ne wēne,      ac wæs wīde cūð,  
*bank on any whit, but it was known widely*

þætte Ongenðīo      ealdre besnyðede  
*that Ongentheow the life o’erthrew*

**2925** Hæðcen Hrēþling      wið Hrefnawudu,

*of Haethcyn heir to Hrethel at Raven’s Holt,*

þā for onmēdlan      ǣrest gesōhton  
*when from their arrogance first they attacked*

Gēata lēode      Gūð-Scilfingas.  
*the tribe of the Geats the good-in-war Scyldings.*

Sōna him se frōda      fæder Ōhtheres,  
*At once him the old and wise father of Ohthere*

eald ond egesfull      *o*ndslyht āgeaf,  
*ancient and awesome answered the attack*

**2930** ābrēot brimwīsan,      brȳd āh*red*de,

*struck down the sea-lord, the lady did save,*

gomela iōmēowlan      golde berofene,  
*the old one’s old woman robbed of her wealth,*

Onelan mōdor      ond Ōhtheres;  
*mother of Onela and of Ohthere;*

ond ðā folgode      feorhgenīðlan,  
*and followed he then the foes of his life,*

oð ðæt hī oðēodon      earfoðlīce  
*until they fled off effortfully*

**2935** in Hrefnesholt      hlāfordlēase.

*to Raven’s Holt having no ruler.*

Besæt ðā sinherge      sweorda lāfe  
*Then besieged he by host those spared by the blade*

**[197v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f197v)**

wundum wērge;      wēan oft gehēt  
*wearied by wounds; he warned often of woes*

earmre teohhe      ondlonge niht,  
*to th’unhappy lot all the length of the night,*

cwæð, hē on mergenne      mēces ecgum  
*said, he in the morning with sword’s edge*

**2940** gētan wolde,      sum[e] on galgtrēowu[m]

*would gut one on gallows-wood*

[fuglum] tō gamene.      Frōfor eft gelamp  
*as sport for the fowls. Assistance came after*

sārigmōdum      somod ǣrdæge,   
*to the down-hearted ones with the opening of day,*

syððan hīe Hygelāces      horn ond bȳman,  
*at which time they of Hygelac’s trumpets and horns,*

gealdor ongēaton,      þā se gōda cōm  
*the noise recognised, then that noble was come*

**2945** lēoda dugoðe      on lāst faran.

*with the tribe’s warriors on the trail travelling.*

**XLI**

Wæs sīo swātswaðu      Sw[ē]ona ond Gēata,  
*The gory swathe from the Geats and from the Swedes,*

wælrǣs weora      wīde gesȳne,  
*war-slaughter of men widely was seen;*

hū ðā folc mid him      fǣhðe tōwehton.  
*how the folk with each other awakened a feud.*

Gewāt him ðā se gōda      mid his gædelingum,

*Then went the fine one with his kin-fellows,*

**2950** frōd felageōmor      fæsten sēcean,

*sage and much saddened to seek for a stronghold,*

eorl Ongenþīo      ufor oncirde;  
*the hero Ongentheow advanced higher up;*

hæfde Higelāces      hilde gefrūnen,  
*he had of Hygelac’s worth in war heard,*

wlonces wīgcræft;      wiðres ne trūwode,  
*the proud one’s war-prowess; he did doubt his defence,*

þæt hē sǣmannum      onsacan mihte,  
*that he the sea-folk were able to stave off,*

**2955** heaðolīðendum      hord forstandan,

*from seafaring warriors safeguard* (*his*) *wealth,*

bearn ond brȳde;      bēah eft þonan  
*the women and young ones; from there he withdrew*

eald under eorðweall.      þā wæs ǣht boden  
*old under the earth-wall. Then a hunt was announced*

Swēona lēodum,      segn Higelāce[s]  
*to the host of the Swedes, the standards of Hygelac*

freoðwong þone      forð oferēodon,  
*that field of refuge did forth over-run,*

**2960** syððan Hrēðlingas      tō hagan þrungon.

*when the people of Hrethel pressed on to the earthwork*

þǣr wearð Ongenðiow      ecgum sweord*a,*  
*Ongentheow was there by the edges of weapons,*

blondenfexa      on bid wrecen,  
*the white-manèd one then made to wait,*

þæt se þēodcyning      ðafian sceolde  
*so that the host-king was having to accept*

**[198r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f198r)**

Eafores ānne dōm.      Hyne yrringa  
*Eafor’s sole rule. Wrathfully did him*

**2965** Wulf Wonrēding      wǣpne gerǣhte,

*Wulf son of Wonred reach with his weapon,*

þæt him for swenge      swāt ǣdrum sprong  
*so that from his blow blood flowed out in streams*

forð under fexe.      Næs hē forht swā ðēh,  
*from under his hair. However, he feared not,*

gomela Scilfing,      ac forgeald hraðe  
*the grey-bearded Scylfing, but swiftly gave back*

wyrsan wrixle      wælhlem þone,  
*an* (*even*) *worse answer to that onslaught,*

**2970** syððan ðēodcyning      þyder oncirde.

*when the king of that tribe thitherward had turned.*

Ne meahte se snella      sunu Wonrēdes  
*Nor could the swift one, Wonred’s own son,*

ealdum ceorle      *o*ndslyht giofan,  
*against the old man make an attack,*

ac hē him on hēafde      helm ǣr gescer,  
*but he on his head had ere hewed the helm,*

þæt hē blōde fāh      būgan sceolde,  
*so he dirtied by blood had to bow down,*

**2975** fēoll on foldan;      næs hē fǣge þā gīt,

*he fell on the field; his fate was not yet,*

ac hē hyne gewyrpte,      þēah ðe him wund hrine.  
*but he gathered himself, though his hurt grieved him.*

Lēt se hearda      Higelāces þegn  
(*Then*) *let he the hard one Hygelac’s liege*

brād[n]e mēce,      þā his brōðor læg,  
*the broad-bladed sword, when slain lay his brother,*

ealdsweord eotonisc      entiscne helm  
*the old ogrish blade the bulwark of ogres*

**2980** brecan ofer bordweal;      ðā gebēah cyning,

*break o’er buckler’s rim; then bowed* (*down*) *the ruler,*

folces hyrde,      wæs in feorh dropen.  
*safeguard of the folk, his soul was struck from him.*

Ðā wǣron monige,      þē his mǣg wriðon,  
*Then many there were, who wound up his kinsman,*

ricone ārǣrdon,      ðā him gerȳmed wearð,  
*at once raised him up, when room opened for them,*

þæt hīe wælstōwe      wealdan mōston.  
*so that the battle-place they were able to possess.*

**2985** þenden rēafode      rinc ōðerne,

*Then did thieve the one from the other warrior,*

nam on Ongenðīo      īrenbyrnan,  
*from Ongentheow took the overcoat of iron,*

heard swyrd hilted,      ond his helm somod;  
*his hard hilted sword, and his helmet as well;*

hāres hyrste      Higelāce bær.  
*the hoar-bearded’s armour to Hygelac he bore.*

Hē ð(ām) frætwum fēng      ond him fægre gehēt  
*He plundered those riches and pledged to him rightly*

**[198v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f198v)**

**2990** lēana (mid) lēodum,      ond gelǣst*e* swā;

*prizes for the folk, and so it did pass;*

geald þone gūðrǣs      Gēata dryhten,  
*that aggression he paid for the prince of the Geats,*

Hrēðles eafora,      þā hē tō hām becōm,  
*the heir to Hrethel, when he returned home,*

Iofore ond Wulfe      mid ofermāðmum,  
*to Eofor and Wulf with wealth overflowing,*

sealde hiora gehwæðrum      hund þūsenda  
*to each one of them gave a hundred thousand* (*in worth*)

**2995** landes ond locenra bēaga,--      ne ðorfte him ðā lēan oðwītan

*of interlocked rings and of land – he need not reproach that reward*

mon on middangearde,      syðða[n] hīe ðā mǣrða geslōgon;   
*any fellow* (*at all*) *in the world, as that wealth they had won in the fight;*

ond ðā Iofore forgeaf      āngan dohtor,  
*and he gave then to Eofor his only girl child,*

hāmweorðunge,      hyldo tō wedde.  
*an honour to a home, his favour to affirm.*

þæt ys sīo fǣhðo      ond se fēondscipe,  
*That* (*then*) *is the feud and* (*that*) *the foe-ship,*

**3000** wælnīð wera,      ðæs ðe ic [wēn] hafo,

*men's murderous hatred, wherefore I ween,*

þē ūs sēceað tō      Swēona lēoda,  
*they will set upon us the people of Sweden,*

syððan hīe gefricgeað      frēan ūserne  
*when they learn that our lord*

ealdorlēasne,      þone ðe ǣr gehēold  
*life has lost who ere held*

wið hettendum      hord ond rīce,  
*against* (*any*) *rivals his riches and realm,*

**3005** æfter hæleða hryre,      hwate s*cild-wigan,*

*when the brave ones did fall, the fine buckler-warriors*

folcrēd fremede,      oððe furður gēn  
*worked for folk’s welfare, and furthermore yet*

eorlscipe efnde.--      *Nū* is ofost betost,  
*did heroic deeds. –* (*But*) *haste is best now*

þæt wē þēodcyning      þǣr scēawian,  
*that the lord of the people we should look upon there,*

ond þone gebringan,      þē ūs bēagas geaf,  
*and that one bring on, who bestowed on us wealth,*

**3010** on ādfære.      Ne scel ānes hwæt

*on the way to the pyre. Nor will only a part*

meltan mid þām mōdigan,      ac þǣr is māðma hord,  
*with the high-minded melt, but there wealth is amassed,*

gold unrīme      grimme gecēa(po)d,  
*gold without tally* (*and*) *gotten with trials,*

ond nū æt sīðestan      sylfes fēore  
*and at last now with his own life*

bēagas (geboh)te;      þā sceall brond fretan,  
*treasures has bought; the blaze shall eat up,*

**3015** ǣled þeccean,--      nalles eorl wegan

*the flame overwhelm – no fellow will wear*

**[199r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f199r)**

māððum tō gemyndum,      nē mægð scȳne  
(*these*) *fine things in memory, no maiden fair*

habban on healse      hringweorðunge,  
*will have round her neck rings noble-worthy,*

ac sceal geōmormōd,      golde berēafod  
*but will have, glum-hearted, to go without gold*

oft nalles ǣne      elland tredan,  
*not once but often to walk foreign ways,*

**3020** nū se herewīsa      hleahtor ālegde,

*now the lord of the army has laid aside laughter,*

gamen ond glēodrēam.      Forðon sceall gār wesan  
(*and*) *mirth and merriment. So must be spears*

monig morgenceald      mundum bewunden,  
*in the morning cold many clutched* (*fast*) *in fists*

hæfen on handa,      nalles hearpan swēg  
(*and*) *held* (*hard*) *in hands, no noise of a harp*

wīgend weccean,      ac se wonna hrefn   
*will those warriors rouse, but the wanly-hued raven*

**3025** fūs ofer fǣgum      fela reordian,

*ready o’er the marked men much will relate,*

earne secgan,      hū him æt ǣte spēow,  
*will tell to the eagle, how he took joy in eating,*

þenden hē wið wulf[e]      wæl rēafode.'  
*when he and the wolf would on the slain scavenge.”*

Swā se secg hwata      secggende wæs  
*So the bold warrior was telling about*

lāðra spella;      hē ne lēag fela  
*the terrible news; no untruths he told*

**3030** wyrda nē worda.      Weorod eall ārās;

*in act or recital. All the army rose up;*

ēodon unblīðe      under Earnanæs,  
*not happily they went beneath Eagle’s Ness*

wollentēare      wundur scēawian.  
*with welling tears the wonder to view.*

Fundon ðā on sande      sāwullēasne  
*On the sand they discovered then, with soul departed,*

hlimbed healdan      þone þe him hringas geaf  
*ruling his rest-bed, who had rendered them rings*

**3035** ǣrran mǣlum;      þā wæs endedæg

*in earlier days; then was the last day*

gōdum gegongen,      þæt se gūðcyning,  
*come for the worthy, when the war-king,*

Wedra þēoden      wundordēaðe swealt.  
*the Wederas’ lord died a wonderful death.*

Ǣr hī þǣr gesēgan      syllīcran wiht,  
*There they beheld first a being more fabulous,*

wyrm on wonge      wiðerræhtes þǣr  
*on the plain was the serpent just opposite there,*

**3040** lāðne licgean;      wæs se lēgdraca

*the foul one was fallen; the fire-worm was* (*there*)

**[199v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f199v)**

grimlīc gry(refāh)      glēdum beswǣled;  
*frightfully blemished being burned by the flame;*

sē wæs fīftiges      fōtgemearces  
*he made fifty foot-measures*

lang on legere;      lyftwynne hēold  
*in length as he lay; in easeful air he had lorded*

nihtes hwīlum,      nyðer eft gewāt  
*at times o’er the night, then went in turn netherwards*

**3045** dennes nīosian;      wæs ðā dēaðe fæst,

*for his den to find; fast was he in death,*

hæfde eorðscrafa      ende genyttod.  
*had of holes in the earth his enjoyment all ended.*

Him big stōdan      bunan ond orcas,  
*Beside him there stood* (*some*) *beakers and bowls,*

discas lāgon      ond dȳre swyrd,  
*strewn plates and swords precious,*

ōmige þurhetone,      swā hīe wið eorðan fæðm  
*eaten through by rust, as though in earth’s breast*

**3050** þūsend wintra      þǣr eardodon;

*through winters a thousand they had there waited;*

þonne wæs þæt yrfe      ēacencræftig,   
*and yet was that prize of excellent power,*

iūmonna gold      galdre bewunden,  
*wealth of the ancients with enchantments all wound,*

þæt ðām hringsele      hrīnan ne mōste  
*so the room of the rings might never be reached*

gumena ǣnig,      nefne God sylfa,  
*by any one, save when the Sovereign Himself,*

**3055** sigora Sōðcyning      sealde þām ðe hē wolde

*True Lord of triumphs allows one as He wishes*

--hē is manna gehyld--      hord openian,  
*– Man’s protection is He – the hoard to approach,*

efne swā hwylcum manna,      swā him gemet ðūhte.

*even so to such man, as it seemed to him meet.*

**XLII**

þā wæs gesȳne,      þæt se sīð ne ðāh  
*Then was it seen, that the way did not serve*

þām ðe unrihte      inne gehȳdd

*him who had wickedly hidden within*

**3060** wrǣ*t*e under wealle.      Weard ǣr ofslōh

*wealth under walls. The warden ere slew*

fēara sumne;      þā sīo fǣhð gewearð  
*one man of a few; then was the feud*

gewrecen wrāðlīce.      Wundur hwār þonne  
*with anger avenged. ‘Tis a wonder where then*

eorl ellenrōf      ende gefēre  
*a man known for courage could the end meet*

līfgesceafta,      þonne leng ne mæg  
*of his life’s measure, when no longer he might*

**3065** mon mid his (mā)gum      meduseld būan.

*as a man ‘mongst his kin keep on at the mead hall.*

Swā wæs Bīowulfe,      þā hē biorges weard  
*Thus was it for Beowulf, when he with the barrow ward*

**[200r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f200r)**

sōhte searonīðas;      seolfa ne cūðe,  
*sought deadly strife; he did not know himself,*

þurh hwæt his worulde gedāl      weorðan sceolde.  
*what by his break from the world would be brought about.*

Swā hit oð dōmes dæg      dīope benemdon  
*Thus ‘til the doom’s day they deeply declared*

**3070** þēodnas mǣre,      þā ðæt þǣr dydon,

*the princes of repute, who put it* (*out*) *there*

þæt se secg wǣre      synnum scildig,  
*that the warrior woud be for wickedness blamed,*

hergum geheaðerod,      hellbendum fæst,  
*to heathen sites bound, tight in Hell-bonds,*

wommum gewītnad,      sē ðone wong str*u*de.  
*punished for his wrongs, who that place had robbed.*

Næs hē goldhwæte      gearwor hæfde  
*Not gold-gifted was he: the more eagerly he had*

**3075** āgendes ēst      ǣr gescēawod.

*the gold of the owner earlier gazed on.*

Wīglāf maðelode,      Wīhstānes sunu:  
*Wiglaf said then, the son of Weohstan:*

'Oft sceall eorl monig      ānes willan  
*“Many warriors must oft for the will of one man*

wrǣc ādrēog*an,*      swā ūs geworden is.   
*hardships endure, as has happened to us.*

Ne meahton wē gelǣran      lēofne þēoden,  
*We might not persuade the much-loved prince,*

**3080** rices hyrde      rǣd ǣnigne,

*the warden of the kingdom by whatever counsel,*

þæt hē ne grētte      goldweard þone,  
*that he go not against the guard of that gold,*

lēte hyne licgean,      þǣr hē longe wæs,  
(*but*) *leave him to lie, where he had long been,*

wīcum wunian      oð woruldende,  
*to in-dwell his home ‘til the end of the world.*

he*o*ld on hēahgesceap.      Hord ys gescēawod,  
*To high destiny hewed he: disclosed is the hoard,*

**3085** grimme gegongen;      wæs þæt gifeðe tō swīð,

*gotten with griefs; too grim was that granted,*

þē ðone [þēodcyning]      þyder ontyhte.  
*that that people’s prince had thither impelled.*

Ic wæs þǣr inne      ond þæt eall geondseh,  
*I was therein and looked over that all,*

recedes geatwa,      þā mē gerȳmed wæs,  
*the hall’s costly contents, when it cleared for me was,*

nealles swǣslīce      sīð ālȳfed  
*with ease not at all was the errand allowed*

**3090** inn under eorðweall.      Ic on ofoste gefēng

*in under the earth-wall. In haste I grabbed up*

micle mid mundum      mægenbyrðenne  
*much with my hands, a heavy weight mighty*

hordgestrēona,      hider ūt ætbær  
*of treasures of the hoard, hauled it out hither*

**[200v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f200v)**

cyninge mīnum.      Cwico wæs þā gēna,  
*to my own lord. who was then yet living,*

wīs ond gewittig;      worn eall gespræc  
*sage-minded and thoughtful; of many things spoke*

**3095** gomol on gehðo,      ond ēowic grētan hēt,

*in his grief in old age, and ordered I greet you,*

bæd þæt gē geworhton      æfter wines dǣdum  
*desired that you delve for the deeds of your friend*

in bǣlstede      beorh þone hean,  
*on the site of the burning a barrow exalted,*

micelne ond mǣrne,      swā hē manna wæs  
*mighty and worthy, as he was of men*

wīgend weorðfullost      wīde geond eorðan,  
*the worthiest warrior through all the wide world,*

**3100** þenden hē burhwelan      brūcan mōste.

*while he the wealth of* (*his*) *city might wield.*

Uton nū efstan      ōðre [sīðe],  
*Make we haste now one time the more*

sēon ond sēcean      searo[gimma] geþræc,  
*to see and seek out in a well-made stone mass,*

wundur under wealle;      ic ēow wīsige,  
*under the wall wonders; guide you I will,*

þæt gē genōge      nēon scēawiað  
*so you sufficient shall see at close quarters*

**3105** bēagas ond brād gold.      Sīe sīo bǣr gearo,

*of rings and broad gold. Let the bier be got ready,*

ǣdre geæfned,      þonne wē ūt cymen,  
(*and*) *quickly contrived,* (*for*) *when we come out;*

ond þonne geferian      frēan ūserne,  
*and then lift up our lord,*

lēofne mannan      þǣr hē longe sceal  
*the much-loved man where he must for long*

on ðæs Waldendes      wǣre geþolian.'  
*under the All-Power’s protection endure.”*

**3110** Hēt ðā gebēodan      byre Wīhstānes,

*Ordered then to order Weohstan’s offspring,*

hæle hildedīor      hæleða monegum,  
*a man worthy in war, the warriors many,*

boldāgendra,      þæt hīe bǣlwudu  
*owners of property, that they the pyre-wood*

feorran feredon,      folcāgende,  
*fetch from afar, chiefs of* (*their*) *folk,*

gōdum tōgēnes:      'Nū sceal glēd fretan  
*to where was the fine one: “Now fire will feed on*

**3115** (weaxan wonna lēg)     wigena strengel,

*– the wan flame* (*will*) *wax* – *the chief of the fighters*

þone ðe oft gebād      īsernscūre,  
*he who oft had endured a rain of iron arrows,*

þonne strǣla storm      strengum gebǣded  
*when a bolt-storm by bow-strings sent out*

scōc ofer scildweall,      sceft nytte hēold,  
*shot over the shield-wall, true to task was the shaft,*

fæðergearwum fūs      flāne fullēode.'  
*the fletching all urgent the arrow-head followed.”*

**3120** Hūru se snotra      sunu Wīhstānes

*So did the wise one Weohstan’s son*

ācīgde of corðre      cyniges þegnas  
*call forth from the crowd of the king’s followers*

**[201r](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f201r)**

syfone (tō)somne,      þā sēlestan,  
*seven fellows to assemble, some of the finest,*

ēode eahta sum      under inwithrōf  
*one of eight he went under the enemy’s roof*

[*hrōr*] hilderinc;      sum on handa bær  
*a warrior hardy; one held in his hands*

**3125** ǣledlēoman,      sē ðe on orde gēong.

*the light of a fire, who led from the front.*

Næs ðā on hlytme,      hwā þæt hord strude,  
*Lots were cast not, for who could loot that hoard,*

syððan orwearde      ǣnigne dǣl  
*when unprotected any portion* (*at all*)

secgas gesēgon      on sele wunian,  
*the heroes remarked in the hall to remain,*

lǣne licgan;      lȳt ǣnig mearn,  
*lying as waste; little anyone lamented,*

**3130** þæt hī ofostlīc(e)      ūt geferedon

*that in haste they did haul out*

dȳre māðmas;      dracan ēc scufun,  
*valuable treasure: the dragon too they drove,*

wyrm ofer weallclif,      lēton wēg niman,  
*the worm o’er the cliff wall, let the waves claim,*

flōd fæðmian      frætwa hyrde.   
*the waters embrace that warden of baubles.*

þā wæs wunden gold      on wǣn hladen,  
*Then was wound gold onto a wain loaded,*

**3135** ǣghwæs unrīm,      æþelin*g* boren,

*countless of each kind, to the prince carried,*

hār hilde[rinc]      tō Hronesnæsse.

*the hoary-grey warrior to the Whale’s Headland.*

**XLIII**

Him ðā gegiredan      Gēata lēode  
*Then for him got ready the folk of the Geats*

ād on eorðan      unwāclīcne,  
*a fire on the earth of no feeble nature,*

helm[um] behongen,      hildebordum,  
*hung about by helms, and by bucklers of battle,*

**3140** beorhtum byrnum,      swā hē bēna wæs;

*and flashing armour,* (*just*) *as he had asked for;*

ālegdon ðā tōmiddes      mǣrne þēoden  
*laid they then in the midst the leader of might*

hæleð hīofende,      hlāford-lēofne.  
*the warriors lamenting, the well-lovèd lord.*

Ongunnon þā on beorge      bǣlfȳra mǣst  
*Then began on the barrow the greatest bale-fire*

wīgend weccan;      wud(u)rēc āstāh  
*the warriors to kindle; the wood-smoke climbed up*

**3145** sweart ofer swi*o*ðole,      swōgende lē*g*

*black above the flames, the bellowing fire*

wōpe bewunden      -- windblond gelæg--,  
*woven with weeping – still was the wind-storm –*

oð þæt hē ðā bānhūs      gebrocen hæfde  
*until it the bone-house had broken* (*apart*)

hāt on hreðre.      Higum unrōte  
*hot at the core. Cast down in their hearts*

mōdceare mǣndon,      mondryhtnes cw(e)alm;  
*they mourned in despair, the death of their master;*

**[201v](http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/Viewer.aspx?ref=cotton_ms_vitellius_a_xv_f201v)**

**3150** swylce giōmorgyd      (*Gē*)at(isc) mēowle

*Even so a grief-dirge did a Geatish damsel*

(æfter Bīowulfe      b)undenheorde  
*upon Beowulf her hair all bound up*

(song) sorgcearig,      sǣ*d*e geneahhe,  
*sorrowfully sing, in sadness sufficient,*

þæt hīo hyre (hearmda)gas      hearde (ondrē)de,  
*that she for herself days of hurt dreaded deeply,*

wælfylla wo*r*n,      (weru)des egesan,  
*massacres many and terror of troops,*

**3155** hȳ[n]ðo (ond) h(æftnȳ)d.      Heofon rēce swe(a)lg.

*slavery and harms. Heaven swallowed the smoke.*

Geworhton ðā      Wedra lēode  
*Then was raised up by the Wedera people*

hl(ǣw) on [hō]e,      sē wæs hēah ond brād,  
*a barrow on a headland, high and broad was it,*

(wē)glīðendum      wīde g(e)sȳne,  
*for travellers by sea to see from afar,*

ond betimbredon      on tȳn dagum

*and they built in ten days*

**3160** beadurōfes bēcn,      bronda lāfe

*for the battle-brave a token, the traces of burning*

wealle beworhton,      swā hyt weorðlīcost  
*they built a wall about, as it were the best*

foresnotre men      findan mihton.  
*the most cunning of men could have contrived.*

Hī on beorg dydon      bēg ond siglu,  
*In the barrow they placed brooches and precious things,*

eall swylce hyrsta,      swylce on horde ǣr  
(*and*) *all such baubles, such as before from the store*

**3165** nīðhēdige men      genumen hæfdon;

*men of ill will had made away with;*

forlēton eorla gestrēon      eorðan healdan,  
*they the riches of earls allowed the earth to rule over,*

gold on grēote,      þǣr hit nū gēn lifað  
*wealth in the dirt, where yet it endures now*

eldum swā unnyt,      swā hi(t ǣro)r wæs.  
*to men as bootless, as it before was.*

þā ymbe hlǣw riodan      hildedēore,  
*then acclaimed his high value and his acts of valour,*

duguðum dēmdon,--      swā hit gedē(fe) bið,  
*gave praise to his power, as it is proper*

**3175** þæt mon his winedryhten      wordum herge,

*that his lord and belovèd one lift up in words,*

ferhðum frēoge,      þonne hē forð scile  
*cherish in one’s heart when he shall away*

of l*ī*chaman      (lǣded) weorðan.  
*from the body be fetched.*

Swā begnornodon      Gēata lēode  
*Thus pined in their grief the Geatish people*

hlāfordes (hry)re,      heorðgenēatas;   
*for the loss of their lord, the fireside friends;*

**3180** cwǣdon þæt hē wǣre      wyruldcyning[a]

*They claimed that he was of the kings of the world*

manna mildust      ond mon(ðw)ǣrust,  
*the most generous of men and the most gentle,*

lēodum līðost      ond lofgeornost.

*the most kind to his folk and for fame the most keen.*