

BEOWULF

diacritically-marked text and facing translation


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(click on the 'lyre icon' [ sydaudio] to listen to a reading of selected passages in Old English)

Hwæt! Wé Gárdena in géardagum
 þéodcyninga þrym gefrúnon·
 hú ðá æþelingas ellen fremedon.
 Oft Scyld Scéfing sceapena þræatum
 monegum maegþum meodosetla oftéah·
 egsode Eorle syððan aérest wearð
 féasceaf funden hé þæs frófre gebád·
 wéox under wolnum· weorðmyndum þáh
 oð þæt him aég hwylc þára ymbsittendra
 ofer hronræde hýran scolde,
 gomban gyldan· þæt wæs gód cyning.
 Ðaém eafera wæs æfter cenned
 geong in geardum þone god sende
 folce tó frófre· fyrendearfe ongeat·
 þæt hie aér drugon aldorléase
 lange hwile· him þæs líffræa
 wuldres wealdend woroldære forgeaf:
 Béowulf wæs bréme --blaéd wide sprang--
 Scyldes eafera Scedelandum in.
 Swá seal geong guma góde gewyrcean
 fromum feohgiftum on fæder bearme
 þæt hine on ylde eft gewunigen
 wilgesipas þonne wig cume·
 léode gelaesten: lofðaédum sceal
 in maégþa gehwaére man gebéon.
 Him ðá Scyld gewát tó gescæphwile
 felahrór féran on fréan waére·
 hí hyne þá ætbaeron tó brimes faroðe
 swaése gesipas swá hé selfa bæd
 þenden wordum wéold wine Scyldinga
 léof landfruma lange áhte·
 þaer æt hýðe stóð hringedstefna
 ísig and útfús æþelinges fær·
 álédon þá léofne þéoden
 béaga bryttan on bearm scipes
 maerne be mæste· þaer wæs mádma fela
 of feorwegum frætwa gelaéded·
 ne hýrde ic cýmlicor céol gegyrwan
 hildewaépnum ond heaðowaédum
 billum ond byrnum· him on bearme læg
 mádma mænigo þá him mid scoldon
 on flódes aht feor gewitan·
 nalæs hí hine laéssan lácum téodan
 þéodgestréonum þonne þá dydon
 þe hine æt frumsceafte forð onsendon
 aenne ofer yðe umborwesende·
 þá gýt hí him ásetton segen gylденne
 héah ofer héafod· léton holm beran·
 géafon on gársecg· him wæs geómor sefa
 murnende móð· men ne cunnon
 secgan tó sóðe seleraédenne
 hæleð under heofenum hwá þaém hlæste onfeng.

Listen! We --of the Spear-Danes in the days of yore,
 of those clan-kings-- heard of their glory,
 how those nobles performed courageous deeds.
 Often Scyld, Scef's son, from enemy hosts
 5 from many peoples seized mead-benches;
 and terrorised the fearsome Heruli after first he was
 found helpless and destitute, he then knew recompense for that:-
 he waxed under the clouds, throve in honours,
 until to him each of the bordering tribes
 10 beyond the whale-road had to submit,
 and yield tribute:- that was a good king!
 To him a heir was born then
 young in the yards, God sent him
 to comfort the people; He had seen the dire distress
 15 that they suffered before, leader-less
 a long while; them for that the Life-Lord,
 Ruler of Glory, granted honour on earth:
Beowulf (Beaw) was famed --his renown spread wide--
 Scyld's heir, in Northern lands.
 20 So ought a young man by good deeds deserve,
 (and) by fine treasure-gifts, while in his father's keeping,
 that him in old age shall again stand by,
 willing companions, when war comes,
 people serve him: by glorious deeds must,
 25 amongst his people, everywhere, one prosper.
 Then Scyld departed at the destined time, ****26-52****
 still in his full-strength, to fare in the protection of the Lord Frea;
 he they carried to the sea's surf,
 his dear comrades, as he himself had bid,
 30 when he yet wielded words, that friend of the Scyldings,
 beloved ruler of the land, had ruled for a long time;
 there at the harbour stood with a ringed-prow,
 icy and keen to sail, a hero's vessel;
 they then laid down the beloved prince,
 35 the giver of rings and treasure, in the bosom of the boat,
 the mighty by the mast; many riches were there,
 from far-off lands ornate armour and baubles were brought;
 I have not heard of a comelier keel adorned
 with weapons of battle and war-dress,
 40 bill-blades and byrnies; there lay on his breast
 many treasures, which with him must,
 in the power of the waves, drift far off;
 in no way had they upon him fewer gifts bestowed
 with the wealth of a nation, than those did
 45 who him in the beginning had sent forth
 alone upon the waves being but a child;
 yet then they set up the standard of gold,
 high over head; they let the sea bear,
 gave to the ocean, in them were troubled hearts,
 50 mourning minds; men cannot
 say for certain, (neither) court-counsellors
 (nor) heroes under heaven, who received that cargo.

I

Ðá wæs on burgum Bēowulf Scyldinga
 léof léodcýning longe þrage
 folcum gefraege --faeder ellor hwearf
 aldor of earde-- oþ þæt him eft onwóc
 héah Healfdene héold þenden lifde
 gamol ond gúðréow glæde Scyldingas·
 ðaém fēower bearn forðgerimed
 in worold wócun weoroda raeswan:
 Heorogár ond Hróðgár ond Hálga til·
 hýrde ic þæt Yrse wæs Onelan cwén
 Heaðo-Scilfingas healsgebedda.
 Þá wæs Hróðgáre herespéd gyfen
 wíges weorðmynd þæt him his winemágas
 georne hýrdon oðð þæt séo geogoð gewéox
 magodriht micel· him on mód bearn
 þæt healreced hátan wolde
 medoærn micel men gewyrcean
 þone ylðo bearn aefre gefrúnun
 ond þaer on innan eall gedaélan
 geongum ond ealdum swylc him god sealde
 búton folcscare ond feorum gumena·
 ða ic wide gefraegn weorc gebannan
 manigre maégbe geond þisne middangeard·
 folcstede frætwan. Him on fyrste gelomp
 aédre mid yldum þæt hit wearð ealgearo
 healærna maést· scóp him Heort naman
 sé þe his wordes geweald wide hæfde·
 hé béot ne áléh· béagas daélde
 sinc æt symle. Sele hlífade
 héah ond horngeáp· heaðowylma bád
 láðan líges· ne wæs hit lenge þá gén
 þæt se ecghete áþumswéoran
 æfter wælniðe wæcnan scolde.
 Ðá se ellengaést earfoðlice
 þrage geþolode sé þe in þýstrum bád
 þæt hé dógora gehwám dréam gehýrde
 hlúðne in healle· þaer wæs hearpan swég
 swutol sang scopes· sægde sé þe cúpe
 frumsceaft fira feorran reccean·
 cwæð þæt se ælmihtiga eorðan worhte
 wlitebeorhtne wang swá wæter bebúgeð·
 gesette sigehréþig sunnan ond mónan
 léoman tó leohte land-búendum
 ond gefræt Wade foldan scéatas
 leomum ond léafum· lif éac gesceóp
 cynna gehwylcum þára ðe twice hwyrfaþ·
 Swá ðá drihtguman dréamum lifdon
 éadiglice oð ðæt án ongan
 fyrene fremman fēond on helle·
 wæs se grimma gaést Grendel hāten
 maere mearcstapa sé þe mōras héold
 fen ond fæsten· fifelcynnes eard
 wonsaéli wer weardode hwile
 siþðan him scyppend forscrifen hæfde
 in Caines cynne þone cwealm gewræc
 éce drihten þæs þe hé Ábel slóg·
 ne gefeah hé þaere faéhðe ac hé hine feor forwræc
 metod for þý máne mancynne fram·
 þanon untýdras ealle onwócon
 eotenas ond ylfe ond orcnéas
 swylce gíggantas þá wið gode wunnon
 lange þrage· hé him ðæs léan forgeald.

II

Gewát ðá néosian syþðan niht becóm
 héan húses· hú hit Hring-Dene

Then was in boroughs, Beowulf the Scylding (Beaw),
 beloved king of the people a long age
 55 famed among the folk --his father having gone elsewhere,
 elder on earth-- until unto him in turn was born
 high Half-Dane, he ruled so long as he lived
 old and battle-fierce, the glad Scyldings;
 to him four sons in succession
 60 woke in the world, the leader of the legions:
Heorogar and Hrothgar and good Halga;
 I heard that Yrse was Onela's queen,
 the War-Scylding's beloved embraced in bed.
 Then was to Hrothgar success in warcraft given,
 65 honour in war, so that his retainers
 eagerly served him until the young war-band grew
 into a mighty battalion; it came into his mind
 that a hall-house, he wished to command,
 a grand mead-hall, be built by men
 70 which the sons of men should hear of forever,
 and there within share out all
 to young and old, such as God gave him,
 except the common land and the lives of men;
 Then, I heard, widely was the work commissioned
 75 from many peoples throughout this middle-earth,
 to furnish this hall of the folk. For him in time it came to pass,
 early, through the men, that it was fully finished,
 the best of royal halls; he named it Heorot,
 he whose words weight had everywhere;
 80 he did not lie when he boasted; rings he dealt out,
 riches at his feasts. The hall towered,
 high and horn-gabled; it awaited the cruel surges
 of hateful flames; nor was the time yet nigh
 that the furious edge-malice of son-in-law and father-in-law,
 85 arising from deadly enmity would inevitably awaken.
 Then the bold spirit, impatiently
 endured dreary time, he who dwelt in darkness,
 he that every day heard noise of revelry
 loud in the hall; there was the harmony of the harp,
 90 the sweet song of the poet; he spoke who knew how
the origin of men to narrate from afar;
 said he that the almighty one wrought the earth,
 (that) fair, sublime field bounded by water;
 set up triumphant the sun and moon,
 95 luminaries as lamps for the land-dwellers
 and adorned the corners of the earth
 with limbs and leaves; life too He formed
 for each of the species which lives and moves.
 So the lord's men lived in joys,
 100 happily, until one began
 to execute atrocities, a fiend in hell;
 this ghastly demon was named Grendel,
 infamous stalker in the marches, he who held the moors,
 fen and desolate strong-hold; the land of marsh-monsters,
 105 the wretched creature ruled for a time
 since him the Creator had condemned
 with the kin of Cain; that killing avenged
 the eternal Lord, in which he slew Abel;
 this feud he did not enjoy, for He drove him far away,
 110 the Ruler, for this crime, from mankind;
 thence unspeakable offspring all awoke:
 ogres and elves and spirits from the underworld;
 also giants, who strove with God
 for an interminable season; He gave them their reward for that.

****90ff.****

115 He then went to visit and see --when night came--
 the high house how it, the Ring-Danes

æfter béorþege gebún hæfdon·
 fand þá ðaer inne æþelinga gedriht
 swefan æfter symble· sorge ne cūðon
 wonsceaft wera· wiht unhaélo
 grim ond graedig gearo sóna wæs
 réoc ond réþe ond on ræste genam
 þritig þegna· þanon eft gewát
 húðe hrémig tó hám faran
 mid þaére wælfylle wica néosan.
 Ðá wæs on úhtan mid aérdæge
 Grendles gúðcræft gumum undyrne·
 þá wæs æfter wiste wóp up áhafen
 micel morgenswég. Maére þéoden
 æþeling aergod unbliðe sæt·
 þolode ðrýðswýð þegnsorge dréah
 syðþan hie þæs láðan lást scéawedon,
 wergan gástes· wæs þæt gewin tó strang
 láð ond longsum. Næs hit lengra fyrst
 ac ymb áne niht eft gefremede
 morðbeala máre ond nó mearn fore,
 faéhðe ond fyrene· wæs tó fæst on þám.
 Þá wæs éaðfynde þé him elles hwaér
 gerúmlícor ræste sóhte
 bed æfter búrum ðá him gebéacnod wæs
 gesægd sóðlice sweetolan tæcne
 healðegnes hete· héold hyne syðþan
 fyr ond fæstor sé þaem féonde ætwand.
 Swá rixode ond wið rihte wan
 ána wið eallum oð þæt ídel stóð
 húsa sélest· wæs séo hwíl micel,
 twelf wintra tíð torn geþolode
 wine Scyldenda, wéana gehwelcne
 sídra sorga· forðám secgum wearð
 ylða bearnum undyrne cúð,
 gyddum geómgre þætte Grendel wan
 hwíle wið Hróþgár· heteniðas wæg
 fyrene ond faéhðe fela misséra,
 singále sæce· sibbe ne wolde
 wið manna hwone mægenes Deniga,
 feorhbealo feorran, fēa þingian
 né þaer naénig witená wénan þorfte
 beorhtre bóte tó banan folmum
 ac se aéglaéca éhtende wæs
 deorc deaðscua duguþe ond geogoþe
 seomade ond syrede· sinnihte héold
 mistige móras· men ne cunnon
 hwyder helrúnan hwyrftum scriþað.
 Swá fela fyrena féond mancynnes
 atol ángengea oft gefremede,
 heardra hýnða· Heorot eardode
 sincfáge sel sweartum nihtum
 --nó hé þone gífstól grétan móste,
 mápðum for metode, né his myne wisse--
 Þæt wæs wraéc micel wine Scyldinga,
 módes brecða. Monig oft gesæt
 ríce tó rúne· raéd eahtedon·
 hwæt swiðferhðum sélest waére
 wið faérgryrum tó gefremmanne·
 hwílum hie gehéton æt hærgtrafum
 wígweorþunga· wordum baédon
 þæt him gástbona géoce gefremede
 wið þéodþréaum· swylc wæs þeaw hyra·
 haéþenra hyht· helle gemundon
 in módsefan· metod hie ne cúpon
 daéda démend· ne wiston hie drihten god
 né hie húru heofena helm herian ne cúpon
 wuldres waldend. Wá bið þaem ðe sceal
 þurh slíðne nið sawle bescúfan

after the beer-feast, had occupied;
 he found then therein the nobles' company
 slumbering after the feast; they did not know sorrow,
 misery of men; that damned creature,
 grim and greedy, soon was ready,
 savage and cruel and from their rest seized
 thirty thanes; thence back he went
 proud in plunder to his home, faring
 with the banquet of bodies to seek his shelter.
 Then was in the dark of dawn before the day
 Grendle's war-might revealed to the men;
 then it was after their feasting they raised up lament
 in a great morning-cry. The mighty chieftain,
 the prince, old and good, sat in sorrow,
 The great mighty one suffered, anguish of thane-loss oppressed him
 when they the foe's tracks beheld,
 of the wicked ghoul; that strife was too strong,
 loathsome and lingering. Nor was it a longer time
 but after a single night again he perpetuated
 more brutal slaughter, and it grieved him not,
 violence and viciousness, he was too entrenched in these.
 Then was it easily found, one who would somewhere else,
 further away, seek rest:
 a bed among the bowers, when it was made clear to him,
 truly told, by an unmistakable token
 the enmity of the hall's occupier; he held himself then
 further and safer, he who shunned that fiend.
 Thus he ruled and challenged justice,
 one against all, until empty stood
 that finest of houses; the time was long
 --the space of twelve winters-- that bitter anguish endured
 the friend, the shielder, --every woe,
 immense miseries; therefore to men became
 to sons of men, clearly known
 in mournful ballads, that Grendle had contended
 long against Hrothgar, sustained fierce enmity,
 felony and feud, for many seasons
 continual strife; he did not want peace
 with any man of the Danish contingent,
 to desist in life-destruction, to settle it with payment,
 none of the counsellors had any need to hope for
 noble recompense from the slayer's hands,
 but the wretch was persecuting
 --the dark death-shade-- warriors old and young;
 he lay in wait and set snares, in the endless night he held
 the misty moors; men do not know
 where such hellish enigmas slink in their haunts.
 Thus many offences that foe of mankind,
 that terrible lone traveller, often committed,
 hard humiliations; he dwelt in Heorot,
 the richly-adorned hall, in the black nights
 --by no means he the gift-throne was compelled to approach respectfully,
 the treasure, by the Maker, nor did he feel love for it--
 That was great misery for the Friend of the Scyldings,
 a breaking of his spirit. Many often sat
 the mighty at counsel; pondered a plan,
 what by strong-minded men would be best,
 against the sudden horror, to do;
 sometimes they pledged at holy temples
 sacred honouring, in words bid
 that them the demon-slayer would offer succour
 from the plight of the people; such was their habit:
 the hope of heathens; on hell they pondered
 in the depths of their hearts; the Creator they did not know,
 the Judge of deeds, they were not aware of the Lord God,
 nor yet they the Helm of the Heavens were able to honour,
 Glory's Wielder. Woe be to him who must,
 through dire terror, thrust his soul

****179-189****

in fýres fæþm, frófre ne wénan,
 wihte gewendan· wél bið þaem þe mót
 æfter deaðdæge drihten sécean
 ond tó fæder fæþmum freoðo wilnian.

185 into fire's embrace; hope not for relief,
 or to change at all; well be he who may
 after death-day seek the Lord
 and in his Father's arms yearn towards Nirvana.

III

Swá ðá maélceare maga Healfdenes
 singála séað· ne mihte snotgr hæleð
 wéan onwendan· wæs þæt gewin tó swýð
 láp ond longsum þe on ðá léode becóm,
 nýdwracu niþgrim nihtbealwa maést.
 Pæt fram hám gefrægn Higeláces þegn
 gód mid Géatum, Grendles daéda·
 sé wæs moncynnes mægenes strengest
 on þaem dæge þysses lifes
 æþele ond éacen· hét him ýðlidan
 góðne gegyrwan· cwæð: hé gúðcýning
 ofer swanráde sécean wolde
 maérne þeoden þá him wæs manna þearf·
 ðone síðfæt him snotere ceorlas
 lýt hwón lógon þeah hé him léof waére
 hwetton higerófnæ· hæel scéawedon.
 Hæfde se góða Géata léoda
 cempan gecorone þára þe hé cénoste
 findan mihte· fiftýna sum
 sundwudu sóhte· secg wísade
 lagucræftig mon landgemyrcu.
 Fyrst forð gewát· flota wæs on ýðum
 bát under beorge· beornas gearwe
 on stefn stigon --stréamas wundon,
 sund wið sande-- secgas baéron
 on bearm nacan beorhte frætwæ
 gúðsearo geatolic· guman út scufon
 weras on wilsíð wudu bundenne.
 Gewát þá ofer waégholm winde gefýsed
 flota fámiheals fugle gelicost
 oð þæt ymb ántid ópres dógores
 wundenstefna gewaden hæfde
 þæt ða líðende land gesáwon,
 brimclifu bícan, beorgas stéape
 side saénæssas· þá wæs sund liden
 éoletes æt ende. Panon up hraðe
 Wedera léode on wang stigon·
 saéwudu saéldon· syrcan hrysedon
 gúðgewaédo· gode þancedon
 þæs þe him ýþláde éaðe wurdon.
 Þá of wealle geseah weard Scildinga
 sé þe holmclifu healdan scolde·
 beran ofer bolcan beorhte randas
 fyrdsearu fúslicu· hine fyrwyrt bræc
 móggehygdum hwæt þá men waéron·
 gewát him þá tó waroðe wicge ridan
 þegn Hróðgáres· þrymmum cwehte
 mægenwudu mundum· meþelwordum frægn:
 'Hwæt syndon gé searohæbbendra
 byrnum werede þe þus brontne céol
 ofer lagustraete laédan cwómon
 hider ofer holmas?'
 Hé wæs endesaéta· aégwearde héold
 þé on land Dena láðra naénig
 mid scipherge sceðpan ne meahthe·
 'Nó hér cūðlicor cuman ongunnon
 lindhæbbende né gé léafnesword
 gúðfremmendra gearwe ne wisson
 mága gemédu· naéfre ic máran geseah
 eorla ofer eorþan ðonne is éower sum,
 secg on searwum· nis þæt seldguma
 waépnum geweorðað· næfne him his wlite léoge,

So then over the sorrow of the time the son of Half-Dane
190 continually brooded; the wise hero could not
 turn away woe; that strife was too strong,
 hateful and enduring, that on the people came
 fearfully cruel, violent trouble, the greatest night-evil.
 That from home heard [Hygelac's thane](#),
195 a good man of the [Geats](#), of Grendel's deeds;
 he was of mankind of the greatest strength,
 on that day in this life,
 noble and mighty; he ordered them a [wave-crosser](#)
 --a good one-- prepare; he said: the war-king
200 over [swan-road](#) he wished to seek,
 that mighty clan-chief, since he was in need of men;
 that adventure him, the clear-headed chaps,
[very little](#) begrudged though he was dear to them,
 they urged on the valiant-hearted one, and observed the omens.
205 The worthy one had, from the Geatish peoples,
 chosen champions, those who were the boldest he
 could find; fifteen together,
 they sought the [sea-wood](#), he led the warriors,
 that sea-skilled man, to the boundary of the shore.
210 Time passed by; the ship was on the waves,
 the boat under the cliffs; the ready warriors
 stepped up into the prow --the currents curled round,
 sea against sand-- the men bore
 into the bosom of boat bright arms and armour,
215 noble war-gear; the fellows shoved off,
 men on a welcome voyage, in a well-braced ship.
 Then they went over the water-waves urged by the wind,
 the [foamy-necked floater](#), remarkably bird-like
 until in due time, on the second day,
220 the curved-prow had made the journey,
 so that the sailors sighted land,
 bright sea-cliffs, towering shores,
 wide headlands; then was the sea traversed,
 their sea-voyage at an end. Thence up quickly
225 the [Wederas-warriors](#) stepped onto land;
 moored their vessel; their mail-shirts clanked
 those war-garments; they thanked God
 that for them the wave-paths had been smooth.
 Then from the wall saw the ward of the Scyldings,
230 he who the sea-cliffs had the duty to guard,
 borne over the gang-plank, bright bossed-shields,
 eager war-devices; in him curiosity broke
 the thoughts of his heart: what these men were;
 then he went to the shore riding his horse,
235 the thane of Hrothgar; he forcefully shook
 his mighty wooden [shaft](#), and with formal words asked:
 'What are you armour-wearers
 bound in byrnies, who thus your [tall keel](#)
 over the [sea-street](#) leading came,
240 hither over the waters?'
 He was the coast-guardian, he held the sea-watch,
 so that on Danish land no enemies at all
 with a navy would not be able to ravage.
 'Not here more openly began to come
245 lindenwood shield-bearers, nor you the [leave-word](#)
 of our war-makers certainly don't know
 our kinsmen's consent; never have I seen greater
 noble on earth than the one that you are,
 warrior in armour; this is no a mere retainer
250 made worthy by weapons; unless he is belied by his looks,

aénlic ansýn! Nú ic éower sceal
 frumcyn witan aér gé fyr heonan
 léasscēawas on land Dena
 furþur fēran· Nú gé feorþuend
 mereliðende minne gehýrað
 ánfealdne gepóht: ofost is sélest
 tó gecýðanne hwanan éowre cyme syndon.'

III

Him se yldesta andswarode·
 werodes wisa wordhord onléac:
 'Wé synt gumcynnes Géata léode
 ond Higeláces heorðgenéatas·
 wæs mín fæder folcum gecýþed
 æþele ordfruma Ecgbéow hátan·
 gebád wintra worn aér hé on weg hwurfe
 gamol of geardum· hine gearwe geman
 witen a wélhwylc wide geond eorþan.
 Wé þurh holdne hige hláford þinne
 sunu Healfdenes sécean cwómon
 léodgebyrgear· wes þú ús lárena gód·
 habbað wé tó þaém maeran micel aérende
 Deniga fréan· ne sceal þaer dyrne sum
 wes an þæs ic wéne. Þú wást gif hit is
 swá wé sóþlice secgan hýrdon
 þæt mid Scyldingum sceaðona ic nát hwylc
 déogol daédhata deorcum nihtum
 éaweo þurh egsan uncúðne nið
 hýnðu ond hráfyl. Ic þæs Hróðgár mæg
 þurh rúmne sefan raed gelaeran·
 hú hé fród ond gód, fēond oferswýðeþ--
 gyf him edwenden aefre scolde
 bealuwa bisigu bót eft cuman--
 ond þá cearwylmas cólran wurðað
 oððe á syþðan earfoðþrage
 þreánýd þolað þenden þaer wunað
 on héahstede húsa sélest.'
 Weard mæpelode ðaer on wige sæt
 ombeht unforht: 'AÉghwæpres sceal
 scearp scyldwiga gescád witan
 worda ond worca sé þe wél þenceð.
 Ic þæt gehýre· þæt þis is hold weorod
 fréan Scyldinga· gewitaþ forð beran
 waepen ond gewaedu· ic éow wísige·
 swylce ic maguþegnas míne háte
 wið fēonda gehwone flotan éowerne
 níwtyrwydne nacan on sande
 árum healdan op ðæt eft byreð
 ofer lagustréamas léofne mannan
 wudu wundenhals tó Wedermearce·
 gódfremmendra swylcum gifeþe bið
 þæt þone hilderaes hál gedígeð.'
 Gewiton him þá fēran --flota stille bád·
 seomode on sole sidfaeþmed scip
 on ancre fæst-- eforlic scionon
 ofer hléorberan gehroden golde·
 fáh ond fyrheard ferhwearde héold·
 gúpmód grummon· guman onetton·
 sigon ætsomne op þæt hý sæltimbred
 geatolic ond goldfáh ongyton mihton·
 þæt wæs foremaérost foldbuendum
 receda under roderum on þaém se ríca bád·
 líxte se léoma ofer landa fela.
 Him þá hildedéor hof módigra
 torht getahte þæt hie him tó mihton
 gegnum gangan· gúðbeorna sum
 wicg gewende· word æfter cwæð:
 'Maél is mé tó fēran. Fæder alwalda
 mid árstafum éowic gehealde

a unique appearance! Now I must your
 lineage learn, ere you far hence,
 deceiving spies in the land of the Danes
 further fare; now you far-dwellers
 255 you sea-sailors, hear my
 one-fold thought: speed is best
 for reporting, whence your comings are.'

He the eldest answered,
 the crew's captain, he unlocked his word-hoard:
 260 'We are of the tribe of the Geat people
 and Hygelac's hearth-companions;
 my father was known to the folk,
 a noble vanguard-warrior, called Edgetheow,
 who saw many winters ere he passed away,
 265 old, from our courtyards; he is readily recalled
 by each one of the wise widely throughout the world.
 We, by resolute resolve, your lord,
 the son of Half-Dane have come to seek,
 that protector of the people; be you a good guide to us;
 270 we have, to that grand one, a great errand
 to the Danish lord; there shouldn't some secret
 be of this, I think. You know if it is
 as we truly have heard said,
 that amongst the Scyldings, some enemy, I know not what,
 275 a furtive despoiler, in dark nights,
 sickeningly reveals unknown enmity,
 suffering and slaughter. I can on this matter, to Hrothgar,
 from a spacious spirit, give counsel,
 how he, wise and good, overcome the fiend--
 280 if for him a change ever should,
 from this suffering of miseries to remedy, come after--
 and his hot wellings of melancholic care grow cooler;
 or else ever after, a time of torment,
 horrible hardship he will endure, so long as there remains,
 285 in its high place, that best of houses.
 The guard made a speech, sitting there on his horse,
 --the unhesitating officer: 'He will --every
 sharp shield-warrior-- know the distinction
 between words and works, he who reasons rightly.
 290 I hear it, that this is a legion loyal
 to the lord of the Scyldings; go forth bearing
 weapons and armour; I shall guide you;
 likewise, I the kin-thanes of mine will order,
 against any foes your vessel,
 295 --newly tarred, ship on the sand--
 to guard in honour, until it bears back,
 over the sea-streams, the dear man,
 --the swoop-necked wood -- to Wedermark;
 those who perform noble deeds-- to such as these it shall be granted
 300 that the battle-rush he survive in one piece.'
 Then they went faring --the boat at rest awaited,
 it rode on the sand the broad-bosomed ship,
 on anchor fast-- boar-figures shone
atop checkguards adorned with gold;
 305 glittering and fire-hard; life-guard they held;
 war-spirits raised; the men hastened,
 marched forward together, until they the timbered hall,
 glorious and gold-trimmed, were able to glimpse;
 that was the foremost --for earth-dwellers--
 310 of halls under the heavens, in it the ruler dwelt;
 its light glimmered over many lands.
 Then to them the fierce fellow --to that court of great men
 glorious-- he lead, that they to it could
 go directly; the worthy warrior
 315 turned his horse, thereupon spoke words:
 'Time it is for me to go. The Father all-ruling,
 with grace may He hold you

sīða gesunde! Ic tó saé wille
wið wráð werod wearde healdan.'

V

Straet wæs stánfáh· stíg wisode
gumum ætgædere· gúðbyrne scán
heard hondlocen hringíren scír
song in searwum· þá hie tó sele furðum
in hyra gryregeatwum gangan cwómon·
setton saémépe side scyldas
rondas regnhearde wið þæs recedes weal·
bugon þá tó bence· byrnan hringdon
gúðsearo gumena· gáras stódon
saémanna searo samod ætgædere
æscholt ufan græg· wæs se írenþreat
waépnum gewurþad· þá ðaér wlonc hæleð
óretmecgas æfter hæleþum frægn:
'Hwanon ferigeað gé faette scyldas
græge syrcan ond grímhelmas
heresceafta héap? Ic eom Hróðgáres
ár ond ombiht· ne seah ic elþeodige
þus manige men módiglicran·
wén' ic þæt gé for wlenco nalles for wraécsiðum
ac for higeþrymmum Hróðgár sóhton.'
Him þá ellenróf andswarode
wlanc Wedera léod word æfter spræc
heard under helme: 'Wé synt Higeláces
béodgenéatas· Béowulf is mín nama·
wille ic ásecgan sunu Healfdenes
maérum þeodne mín aérende
aldre þínum gif hé ús geunnan wile
þæt wé hine swá góðne grétan móton.'
Wulfgar maþelode --þæt wæs Wendla léod·
wæs his módsefa manegum gecýðed
wíg ond wísdóm--: 'Ic þæs wine Deniga
fréan Scildinga frínan wille
béaga bryttan· swá þú bēna eart·
þeoden maérne ymb þínne síð
ond þé þá andsware aédre gecýðan
ðe mé se góða ágífan þenceð.'
Hwearf þá hrædlíce þaér Hróðgár sæt
eald ond anhár mid his eorla gedriht·
éode ellenróf þæt hé for eaxlum gestód
Deniga fréan: cúpe hé duguðe þeaw·
Wulfgar maðelode tó his winedrihtne:
'Hér syndon geferede feorran cumene
ofer geofenes begang Géata léode·
þone yldestan óretmecgas
Béowulf nemnað· hý bēnan synt
þæt hie, þeoden mín, wið þé móton
wordum wrixlan· nó ðú him wearne getéoh
ðínra gegncwida, glædman Hróðgár·
hý on wígetáwum wyrðe þínceað
eorla geahtlan· húru se aldor déah
sé þaém heaðorincum hider wísade.'

VI

Hróðgár maþelode helm Scyldinga:
'Ic hine cúðe cnihtwesende·
wæs his ealdfæder Ecgpéo hāten
ðæm tó hām forgeaf Hrépel Géata
árgan dohtor· is his eaforan nú
heard hér cumen· sóhte holdne wine.
Ðonne sægdon þæt saélípende
þá ðe gífsceattas Géata fyredon
þyder tó þance· þæt hé þritiges
manna mægencræft on his mundgripe
heaporóf hæbbe· hine hálig god
for árstafum ús onsende

sound on your sojourns! I will to the sea,
against brutal dacoits keep watch.'

- 320** The street was paved with stones, the path guided
the men together; war-byrnie shone
harsh, linked by hand, [ring-iron](#) glittering,
they sang in their arms, as they to the hall straight
in their grim gear came marching;
- 325** they set down, sea-weary, their wide shields,
the rims wondrous-hard against the wall of the hall,
and bent down then to a bench; corslets rang--
the war-clothes of warriors; spears stood,
seamen's weapons, all together,
- 330** [silvery above a grove of ash](#); the iron-clad troop was
honoured in weapons; then a proud noble
the elite soldiers asked about the heroes:
'Whence ferry you plated shields,
steel-hued shirts of mail and masked-helms,
- 335** this host of army-shafts? I am Hrothgar's
herald and officer; I have not seen from a foreign land
this many men looking braver in spirit;
I expect that you from valour, not from exile,
but from greatness of heart have sought out Hrothgar.'
- 340** Then him the renowned one answered
--that proud prince of the [Wedera](#) nation-- spoke thereafter words,
severe beneath his helmet: 'We are Hygelac's
companions at table; [Beowulf](#) is my name;
I wish to proclaim to the son of Half-Dane,
- 345** --that famed sovereign-- my errand
to your lord, if he wishes to grant us
that we him, the virtuous one, might greet.'
Wulfgar began to speak --he was the [Wendels'](#) leader,
his courage was well-known to many,
- 350** war-skill and wisdom--: 'I this from friend of the Danes,
lord of the Scyldings, will inquire,
from the giver of rings, --as you are petitioners--
from that famed sovereign about your quest,
and to you the answer promptly make known
- 355** which to me the virtuous one sees fit to give.'
He turned then quickly to where Hrothgar sat,
old and very grey, amid his company of earls;
he strode grandly so that he stood by the shoulders
of the Danes' lord: he knew the custom of veteran-warriors;
- 360** Wulfgar made this speech to his friend and lord:
'Here have ventured, come from far away,
over the expanse of the sea, men of the Geats;
the eldest one of these elite warriors
is called Beowulf; they are asking
- 365** that they, my lord, with you might
exchange words; give them not refusal
from your answers, gracious Hrothgar;
they by their war-gear seem worthy
of the esteem of nobles; indeed, the prince is powerful,
- 370** who the warriors led hither.'

Hrothgar spoke, --the [Helm](#) of the Scyldings--:
'I knew him when he was a youth;
his old father was called Ecgtheow,
to whom [gave into his home](#) Hrethel of the Geats
his only daughter; now his heir is
come here bravely, seeking a steadfast friend.
Further, it has been said by sea-farers,
they who our gifts of coins ferried for the Geats
thither in thanks, that he thirty

380 men's strength in the grip of his hand,
renowned in war, has; him holy God,
in benevolence, has sent to us,

tó West-Denum· þæs ic wén hæbbe·
wið Grendles gryre· ic þaem góðan sceal
for his mōðþræce mādmas béodan.
Béo ðú on ofeste· hát in gáan
séon sibbegedriht samod ætgædere·
gesaga him éac wordum þæt hie sint wilcuman
Deniga léodum.'

Word inne ábæd:

'Éow hét secgan sigedrihten mín
aldor Éast-Dena þæt hé éower æpelu can
ond gé him syndon ofer saéwylmas
heardhicgende hider wilcuman·
nú gé móton gangan in éowrum gúðgeatáwum
under heregríman Hrōðgár geseon·
laétað hildebord hér onbidan,
wuduwælsceaftas, worda geþinges.'
Árás þá se rica, ymb hine rinc manig
þrýðlic þegna héap· sume þær bidon·
heaðoréaf héoldon swá him se hearda bebéad·
snyredon ætsomne· þá secg wísode
under Heorotes hróf·
heard under helme þæt hé on héoðe gestód.
Beowulf maðelode --on him byrne scán
searonet seowed smiþes orþancum--:
'Wæs þú, Hrōðgár, hál. Ic eom Higeláces
maég ond magoðegn· hæbbe ic maérða fela
ongunnen on geogoþe· mé wearð Grendles þing
on mínre þeltyrf undyrne cúð:
secgað saéliðend þæt þæs sele stande
reced sélesta rinca gehwylcum
ídel ond unnyt siððan aefenleoht
under heofenes hádor beholen weorþeð.
Þá mé þæt gelaerdon léode míne
þá sélestan snotere ceorlas,
þéoden Hrōðgár, þæt ic þé sóhte
for þan hie mægenes cræft míne cūþon·
selfe ofersáwon ðá ic of searwum cwóm
fáh from fēondum þær ic fife geband·
ýðde eotena cyn ond on ýðum slóg
niceras nihtes· nearoþearfe dréah·
wræc Wedera nið --wéan áhsodon--
forgrand gramum ond nú wið Grendel sceal
wið þám ágláecan ána gehégan
ðing wið þyrse. Ic þé nú ðá,
brego Beorht-Dena, biddan wille,
eodor Scyldinga, áne béne:
þæt ðú mé ne forwyrne, wígendra hléo
fréowine folca, nú ic þus feorran cóm·
þæt ic móte ána, mínra eorla gedryht
ond þes hearda héap, Heorot faélsian·
hæbbe ic éac ge-áhsod þæt sé aéglaéca
for his wonhýdum waépna ne recceð·
ic þæt þonne forhicge --swá mé Higelác síe
mín mondrihten módes bliðe--
þæt ic sword bere oþðe síðne scyld
geolorand tó gúþe ac ic mid grápe sceal
fón wið fēonde ond ymb feorh sacan,
lāð wið lāþum· ðaér gelyfan sceal
dryhtnes dóme sé þe hine deað nimeð·
wén' ic þæt hé wille gif hé wealdan mót
in þaem gúðsele Géotena léode
etan unforhte swá hé oft dyde,
mægenhréd manna. Ná þú mínne þearft
hafalan hýdan ac hé mé habban wile
déore fahne gif mec deað nimeð
byreð blódig wæl· byrgean þenceð·
eteð ángenga unmunlice·
mearcað mórhopu· nó ðú ymb mínes ne þearft

to the West-Danes, of this I have hope,
against Grendel's terror; I the good man must
for his great daring offer precious treasures.
385 Be you in haste, order to come in
to see me the noble band of kinsmen all together;
Say to them also in words, that they are welcome
to the Danish land.'

A word from within announced:

391 'To you I am commanded to say by my valorous lord,
the leader of the East Danes, that he knows your noble history,
and you are to him, over sea-swells,
--bold in thought-- welcome hither;
now you may enter in your war-gear,
396 under visored-helmets, to see Hrothgar;
let battle-boards here await,
and wooden slaughter-shafts, the result of words.'
Then the mighty one arose, about him many warriors,
the glorious troop of thanes; some waited there,
401 guarding the gear of war as the hardy leader bade;
they hurried together; the hero led the way for them
under Heorot's roof,
severe under his helmet, until he stood in the hall.
Beowulf spoke --on him a mail-coat gleamed,
406 a net of armour woven by smith's skilful art--:
'Be you, Hrothgar, whole. I am Hygelace's
kinsman and retainer; I have many great labours
undertaken in my youth; Grendel's enterprises have to me become,
on my native soil, clearly known:
411 it is said by sea-farers that in this hall stands,
--the best of buildings-- for each and every man,
idle and useless, after evening-light
under the firmament of heaven goes to hide.
Then I was advised that, by my people,
416 the best ones, the clever chaps,
sovereign Hrothgar, that it were thee I should seek,
for that they the force of the strength of mine knew;
themselves had looked on, when I returned from battle,
stained with the blood of foes, where I bound five,
421 destroyed ogrim kin, and amid the waves slew
nicors by night; I weathered distress in many a tight corner,
avenged injury done the Wederas --they sought woe--
the foes I crushed, and now against Grendel I am bound,
with that terrible creature, alone, to settle
426 the affair with the troll. I now then you,
prince of the Bright-Danes, want to request,
O protector of the Scyldings, one boon:
that you not refuse me, O shield of warriors,
liege and comrade of the folk, now that I have come thus far;
431 that I might alone, with my company of nobles
and this hardy horde of warriors, cleanse Heorot;
I have also heard that the evil creature
in his recklessness heeds not weapons;
then I it scorn --so that for me Hygelac may be
436 my liege-lord blithe in his heart--
that I bear a sword or broad shield,
yellow-rim to war, but I with my grip shall
fight with this fiend and over life strive,
enemy against enemy; there must trust in
441 the judgement of the Lord, whichever one that Death takes;
I expect that he will wish, if he can compass it,
in the war-hall, the Geatish people
to devour fearlessly, as he often did,
the force of glorious warriors. You will have no need for my
446 head to shroud, but rather he will have me
fiercely stained with gore, if me Death takes,
he will bear my bloody corpse; he aims to bite,
the lone prowler eats unmournfully,
marking the limits of his moor enclosures; nor will you for the needs of my

līces feorme leng sorgian.
 Onsend Higelāce gif mec hild nime
 beaduscrūda betst þæt mīne brēost wereð,
 hrægla sēlest· þæt is Hraēdlan lāf
 Welandes geweorc. Gaēð á wyrd swā hīo scel.'

VII

Hrōðgār mæpelode helm Scyldinga:
 'Fēre fyhtum, þú, wine mīn Bēowulf,
 ond for ārstafum ūsic sōhtest.
 Geslōh þīn fæder faēhðe maēste:
 wearþ hē Heaþolāfe tō handbonan
 mid Wilfingum· ðā hine gára cyn
 for herebrōgan habban ne mihte·
 þanon hē gesōhte Sūð-Dena folc
 ofer ýða gewēalc, Ār-Scyldinga·
 ðā ic furþum wéold folce Deninga
 ond on geogoðe héold gimmerice
 hordburh hælpa· ðā wæs Heregār déad
 mīn yldra maég unlifigende
 bearn Healfdenes· sé wæs betera ðonne ic.
 Siððan þā faēhðe fēo þingode·
 sende ic Wylfingum ofer wāteres hrycg
 ealde mādmas· hē mé āþas swór.
 Sorh is mé tō secganne on sefan mīnum
 gumena aēngum hwæt mé Grendel hafað
 hýnðo on Heorote mid his hetepancum
 faerniða gefremed· is mīn fletwerod
 wighēap gewanod· hīe wyrd forswēop
 on Grendles gryre· god ēape mæg
 þone dolsceaðan daēda getwæfan.
 Ful oft gebēotedon béore druncne
 ofer ealowaēge óretmecgas
 þæt hīe in béorsele bīdan woldon
 Grendles gūþe mid gryrum ecga.
 Ðonne wæs þeos medoheal on morgentīd
 drihtsele dréorfāh þonne dæg lixte,
 eal bencpelu blóde bestýmed
 heall heoru-dréore· áhte ic holdra þý laés,
 déorre duguðe þe þā déað fornam.
 Site nú tō symle ond onsaél meoto
 sigehréð secgum swā þīn sefa hwette.'
 Þā wæs Géatmægum geador ætsomne
 on béorsele benc gerýmed
 þaér swiðferhþe sittan éodon
 þrýðum dealle þegn nytte behéold
 sé þe on handa bær hroden ealowaēge
 scencte scír wered· scop hwílum sang
 hádor on Heorote· þaér wæs hæleða dréam,
 duguð unlýtel Dena ond Wedera.

VIII

Hunferð mæpelode Ecglaðes bearn
 þe æt fōtum sæt frēan Scyldinga·
 onband beadorúne --wæs him Bēowulfes sið
 mōdges merefaran micel æfþunca
 forþon þe hē ne úþe þæt aénig óðer man
 aēfre maérða þon má middangeardes
 gehédde under heofenum þonne hē sylfa--:
 'Eart þú sé Bēowulf sé þe wið Breca wunne
 on síðne saé ymb sund flite?
 Ðaér git for wlence wada cunnedon
 ond for dolgilpe on déop wāter
 aldrum nēþdon né inc aénig mon
 né léof né láð beléan mihte
 sorhfullne sið þa git on sund réon·
 þaér git éagorstréam earmum þehton·
 maéton merestraéta mundum brugdon·
 glidon ofer gársecg· geofon ýpum
 wéol wintrys wylm· git on wāteres aéht

451 body's funeral-provisions have any further concern.
 Send to Hygelac, if I am taken by battle,
 the best of battle-shrouds, the one that protects my breast,
 choicest of garments; that is Hrethel's relic,
Wayland's work. Fate goes always as She must.'

456 Hrothgar spoke, the helm of the Scyldings:
 'Fit to fight, you, my friend Beowulf,
 and for honour us have sought.
 Your father by striking began the greatest feud:
 he was Heatholaf's slayer by his own hand
461 of the Wylfings; then him his spear-kin
 for dread of troops could not shelter;
 thence he sought the South-Danes' folk
 over the welling of the waves, the Honour-Scyldings;
 at that time I had just begun to rule the Danish folk
466 and in my youth held the precious kingdom,
 the treasure-keep of heroes; then was Heregar dead,
 my elder brother unliving,
 the son of Half-Dane; he was better than I.
 Then the feud I settled with fees;
471 I sent the Wylfings across the water's ridge
 ancient treasures; he swore oaths to me.
 It sorrows me to say in my heart
 to any man Grendel has caused me what
 humiliations in Heorot with his thoughts of hatred,
476 carried out lightning-quick attacks; my hall-troop is
 waned, that war-band; they have been swept aside by Fate
 in Grendel's horrid violence; God can easily
 the rash ravager's deeds put an end to.
 Full oft have vowed, having drunk beer,
481 over ale-flagons, battle-men,
 that they in the beer-hall would await
 Grendel's onslaught with vicious edges.
 Then, this mead-hall was in the morning
 this noble hall stained with gore when the day lightened,
486 all of the benches smeared with blood
 the hall battle-gory; I had friends the fewer,
 cherished old battle-retinue, for these Death took them away.
 Sit now to feast and untie your thoughts
of your glorious victories to the soldiers, as your heart urges.'
491 Then the Geatish men were gathered together
 in the beer-hall, room was made on a bench,
 there the strong-souled went to sit down,
 proud in prowess athane performed his office,
 he who in his hands bore an ornate ale-cup,
496 decanted pure sweet mead; a bard sang from time to time
 clear in Heorot; there was joy of heroes,
 no small host of Danes and Wederas.

Unferth spoke, the son of Edgelaf, ****499-606****
 who sat at the feet of the lord of the Scyldings;
501 he unbound battle-runes --for him was the venture of Beowulf,
 brave seafarer's, a source of great displeasure,
 because he did not grant that any other man
 ever glorious deeds the more on middle-earth
heeded under the heavens than he himself--:
506 'Are you the Beowulf, who contested against Breca ****506-81****
 on the broad sea, contended around the ocean-sound?
 Where you for bravado tempted the waters
 and for a foolish boast in deep sea
 risked your lives, you no man
511 --neither friend nor foe-- could dissuade
 from that sorrowful jaunt, when you rowed into the strait;
 there you sea-currents in your arms embraced,
 traversed the ocean-roads, with hands wove,
 gliding over the sea; the ocean in waves
 welled, in winter's swells; you in the water's grasp

seofon niht swuncon· hé þe æt sunde oferflát·
 hæfde mære mægen. Þá hine on morgentíd
 on Heaþo-Raemes holm up ætbær·
 ðonon hé gesóhte swaésne éðel,
 léof his léodum, lond Brondinga
 freoðoburh fægere þaer hé folc áhte
 burh ond béagas· béot eal wið þe
 sunu Béanstanes sóðe gelaeste.
 Ðonne wéne ic tó þe wyrsan geþingea
 ðeah þu heaðoraesa gehwaer dohte
 grimre gúðe gif þu Grendles dearest
 nihtlongne fyrst néan bídan.'
 Beowulf mæpelode bearn Ecgbæowes:
 'Hwæt, þu worn fela, wine mín Hunferð,
 béore druncen ymb Brecan spræce·
 sægdest from his síðe. Sóð ic talige
 þæt ic merestrenge mاران áhte
 earfeþo on ýpum ðonne aénig óþer man·
 wit þæt gecwaédon cnihtwesende
 ond gebéotodon --waéron bégan þa git
 on geogoðféore-- þæt wit on gársecg út
 aldrum néðdon ond þæt geaefdon swá.
 Hæfdon swurd nacod þa wit on sund réon
 heard on handa: wit unc wið hronfixas
 werian þóhton· nó hé wiht fram mé
 flódyþum feor fléotan meahthe
 hraþor on holme· nó ic fram him wolde·
 ðá wit ætsomne on sae waéron
 fif nihta fyrst oþ þæt unc flóð tódráf
 wado weallende wedera cealdost
 nípene niht ond norþanwind
 heaðogrim ondhwearf· hréo waéron ýþa·
 wæs merefixa mód onhréred·
 þaer mé wið láðum lícsyrce mín
 heard hondlocen helpe gefremede·
 beadohrægl bróden on bréostum læg
 golde gegyrwed· mé tó grunde téah
 fáh féondscaða· fæste hæfde
 grim on grápe· hwæpre mé gyfeþe wearð
 þæt ic áglæcan orde geraehte
 hildebille· heaþoraes fornam
 mihtig meredéor þurh míne hand.

VIII

Swá mec gelóme láðgetéonan
 þreátedon þearle· ic him þénode
 déoran sweorde swá hit gedéfe wæs·
 næs hie ðaére fylla geféan hæfdon
 mánfordaédlan þæt hie mé þégon·
 symbel ymbsaeton saégnum néah
 ac on mergenne mécum wunde
 be ýðláfes uppe laégon
 sweordum áswefede þæt syðþan ná
 ymb brontne ford brimliðende
 láde ne letton. Léoh t eastan cóm
 beorht bæacen godes· brimu swaþredon
 þæt ic saénæssas geséon mihte
 windige weallas. Wyrd oft nereð
 unfaégne eorl þonne his ellen deah.
 Hwæpere mé gesaélde þæt ic mid sweorde ofslóh
 niceras nigene· nó ic on niht gefrægn
 under heofones hwealf heardran feohtan
 né on égstreámum earmran mannon·
 hwaþere ic fára feng féore gedigde
 sipes wérig· ðá mec sae opbær
 flóð æfter faroðe on Finna land
 wudu weallendu. Nó ic wiht fram þe
 swylcra searoniða secgan hyrde

516

toiled for seven nights; he got the better of you on the sea,
 he had more might. Then he in the morning
 on [Heatho-Reams'](#) shore was cast up by the sea;
 thence he sought his own homeland,

521 dear to his people, the land of the [Brondings](#),
 the fair citadel, he had folk there,
 boroughs and rings; the entire boast with you
 the son of Beanstan truly fulfilled.

I expect then for you worse results,

526 though you in war-assaults everywhere prevailed,
 grim combat, if you for Grendel dare
 the space of a night nearby wait.'
 Beowulf spoke, the son of Edgetheow:

'Listen, you a great deal --Unferth, my friend,

531 drunk on beer-- have spoken about Breca,
 told of his journey. Truth I claim
 that I sea-strength greater had,
 hardship on the waves, than any other man;
 we had it agreed, being lads,

536 and vowed --being both then still
 in the years of youth-- that we out on the ocean
 our lives would risk, and thus that we did.
 We had naked swords when we rowed on the ocean-sound,
 hard in our hands: we ourselves against whales

541 planned to defend; not a whit from me was he
 on the sea-waves far able to float,
 swifter on water, nor did I wish to part from him;
 then we together were on the sea,
 for the space of five nights, until the sea-waves drove us apart,

546 the water welling, the coldest of weathers,
 the darkening night and the north wind
 fierce turned against us; wild were the waves;
 then was the sea-fishes' wrath roused;
 there me against foes my body-shirt

551 strong and hand-linked, did me help,
 my battle-garment braided lay on my breast,
 adorned with gold; to the bottom of the sea I was drawn
 by the hostile foe-scather, it held me fast,
 cruel in grip; however, to it was granted

556 that I the monster reached with my point,
 with [battle-bill](#); in the battle-rush I destroyed
 the mighty sea-beast with my hand.

Thus me often hateful attackers
 pressed sorely; I served them

561 with my dear sword, as it was fitting;
 they the feast did not have rejoicing,
 those perpetrators of crime, that they partook of me,
 sitting round a banquet near the sea-bed
 but in the morning by [maiche-swords](#) wounded,

566 [along what is left by the waves](#) up they lay
 put to sleep by swords, so that never since
 on the high waterway sea-travellers
 way did not hinder. Light came from the east,
 bright beacon of God, the sea became still,

571 so that I the headlands was able to see,
 windswept walls. Fate often spares
 the hero not fated to die when his courage endures.
 However it was my good fortune that I with my sword slew
 nine of the [nicors](#); I have not heard by night

576 under heaven's vault of a more grievous fight,
 nor on the [water-streams](#) of a more wretched man;
 yet I the foes' grasp survived with my life,
 weary from my venture; then the sea bore me off
 flood following current onto the land of the Lapps,

581 the tossing boat. Not a whit of thee
 in such strife of conflict have I heard told,

billa brógan· Breca naéfre gít
 æt heaðoláce· né gehwæper incer
 swá deorlice· daéd gefremede
 fágum sweordum --nó ic þæs gylpe--
 þeah ðú þinum bróðrum· tó banan wurde
 heafodmaégum· þæs þú in helle scealt
 werhðo dreogan· þeah þín wit duge·
 secge ic þe to sóðe,· sunu Ecgláfes,
 þæt naéfre Grendel swá fela· gryra gefremede
 atol aéglaeca· ealdre þinum,
 hýnðo on Heorote· gif þín hige waére
 sefa swá searogrim· swá þú self talast
 ac hé hafað onfunden· þæt hé þá faéhðe ne þearf
 atole ecgþræce· éower léode
 swiðe onsittan· Sige-Scyldinga·
 nymeð nýdbáde· naénegum árað
 léode Deniga· ac hé lust wigeð·
 swefeð ond sendeþ· secce ne wéneþ
 tó Gár-Denum,· Ac ic him Géata sceal
 eafod ond ellen· ungeára nú
 gúpe gebéodan· gaep eft, sé þe mót
 tó medo módig· siþþan morgenleoht
 ofer ylða bearn· ópres dóggres
 sunne sweglwered· siþan scíneð.
 Þá wæs on sálum· since brytta
 gamolfeax ond gúðróf· géoce gelyfde
 brego Beorht-Dena· gehýrde on Béowulfe
 folces hyrde· fæstraédne gepóht·
 ðaer wæs hæleþa hleahtor· hlyn swynsode·
 word waéron wynsume,· Éode Wealhþéow forð
 cwén Hróðgáres· cynna gemyndig
 grétt goldhroden· guman on healle
 ond þá fréolic wif· ful gesealde
 aérest Éast-Dena· épelwearde·
 bæd hine bliðne· æt þære béorþege
 léodum léofne· hé on lust geþeah
 symbel ond seleaf· sigeróf kyning·
 ymb-éode þá· ides Helminga
 dugupe ond geogope· daél aégghwylcne·
 sincfato sealde· op þæt saél álamp
 þæt hio Béowulfe,· beaghroden cwén
 móde geþungen· medoful ætbær·
 grétt Géata léod· gode þancode
 wísfæst wordum· þæs ðe hire se willa gelangp
 þæt heo on aénigne· eorl gelyfde
 fyrena frófre,· Hé þæt ful geþeah
 wælréow wiga· æt Wealhþéon
 ond þá gyddode· gúpe gefýsed·
 Béowulf mæpelode· bearn Ecgpéowes:
 'Ic þæt hogode· þá ic on holm gestáh·
 saebát gesæt· mid mínra secga gedriht·
 þaét ic ánunga· éowra léoda
 willan geworhte· opðe on wæl crunge
 féondgrápum fæst· ic gefremman sceal
 eorlic ellen· opðe endedæg
 on þisse meoduhealle· mínne gebidan.'
 Dám wífe þá word· wél lícodon
 gilpcwide Géates· éode goldhroden
 fréolicu folccwén· tó hire fréan sittan.
 Þá wæs eft swá aer· inne on healle
 þryðword sprecen,· ðeod on saelum,
 sigefolca swég· op þæt semninga
 sunu Healfdenes· sécean wolde
 aéfenræste· wiste þaém áhlaecan
 tó þaém héahsele· hilde gepinged
 siððan hie sunnan leoht· geséon meahton
 opðe nipende· niht ofer ealle
 scaduhelma gesceapu· scriðan cwóman

of [bill-blade](#) terror; Breca never yet
 at battle-play, nor either of you,
 so boldly performed a deed
586 with bright swords --I do not boast of this--
 nevertheless, you your brothers' killer were,
 near relatives; for that you must with Hel
 suffer torment, though your mind is strong;
 I say to you in truth, son of Edgelaf,
591 that Grendel would have never so many atrocities committed,
 --that terrible demon-- to your leader,
 humiliation on Heorot, if your heart were,
 and your spirit so battle-fierce as you yourself tell
 but he has found that the fight he needs not,
596 that terrible storm of sword-edges of your nation,
 greatly to dread, of the Victory-Scyldings;
 he takes a forced toll, spares none
 of the Danish people, but he carries on his delight,
 slaying and despatching, he does not expect contest
601 from the Spear-Danes. But I shall him the Geats'
 might and courage, before long now,
 offer in war; a man will be able to go back,
 to mead bravely, when the morning-light
 over the sons of men of another day,
606 the sun clad in radiance, shines from the south.'
 Then was joyful [the dispenser of treasures](#),
 with wizened hair and brave in battle for support he trusted
 the lord of the Bright-Danes heard in Beowulf
 the guardian of the folk, firmly-resolved intent;
611 There was the laughter of heroes, the noise made melody,
 words were joyful. [Wealththeow](#) came forth,
 Hrothgar's queen, mindful of etiquette,
 greeted, gold-adorned, the men in the hall
 and then the noble lady gave out full cups,
616 first to the East-Danes homeland-guardian,
 bade him be blithe at the partaking of beer,
 beloved by the people; he took in delight
 feast-food and hall-cup, the victorious king;
 then she went among them, [the lady of the Helmings](#),
621 to veteran and youth a portion to each,
 gave rich cups, until the time came
 that she to Beowulf, the ring-adorned queen,
 blossoming in spirit, carried a mead-cup;
 she greeted the Geatish prince, thanked God,
626 wise in her words, for that her wish was to be fulfilled,
 that she in any noble man could count on
 relief from wickedness. He took that full-cup,
 the slaughter-fierce warrior from Wealththeow,
 and then spoke solemnly, made eager for war;
631 Beowulf spoke, the son of Edgetheow:
 'I resolved that, when I mounted the water,
 sat down in the sea-boat amid my company of warriors,
 that I forthwith your people's
 will would work, or fall in slaughter,
636 fast in the fiend's grasp; I must perform
 this daring act of courage or the last day
 in this mead-hall of mine await.'
 The woman these words liked well,
 the vow-speech of the Geat; went gold-adorned,
641 the noble queen of the folk, to sit by her lord.
 Then were again, as before, in the hall,
 bold words spoken, the people full of joy,
 --victory-folk's clamour-- until presently
 the son of Half-Dane wished to seek
646 evening-rest; he knew that the ogre
 for the high hall had plotted an attack,
 ever since when they the sun's light could see;
 and darkening night all over,
 shadow-helm's shapes came slithering,

wan under wolcnum. Werod eall árás·
 gegrette þá guma guman óþerne
 Hrōðgár Bēowulf ond him haël ábēad
 wīnarnes gewēald ond þæt word ácwæð:
 'Naēfre ic aēnegum men aēr ályfde·
 siþðan ic hond ond rond hebban mihte·
 ðrýþærn Dena búton þe nú ðá·
 hafa nú ond geheald hūsa sélest·
 gemyne mærpō· mægenellen cýð·
 waca wið wráþum· ne bið þe wilna gád
 gif þú þæt ellenweorc aldre gedigest.'

X

Ðá him Hrōþgár gewát mid his hæleþa gedryht
 eodur Scyldinga út of healle·
 wolde wígfuma Wealhþéo sécan
 cwén tó gebeddā· hæfde kyningwuldr
 Grendle tógéanes· swá guman gefrunon·
 seleweard áseted: sundornytte behēold
 ymb aldor Dena· eotonweard' ábēad.
 Húru Géata léod georne trúwode
 móðgan mægnēs, metodes hylde
 ðá hé him of dyde isernbyrnan
 helm of hafelan· sealde his hyrsted sweord
 irena cyst ombihtþegne
 ond gehealdan hét hildegeatwe·
 gespræc þá se góða gylpworda sum
 Bēowulf Géata aēr hé on bed stige:
 'Nó ic mé an herewæsmun hnágran talige
 gúþgeweorca þonne Grendel hine·
 forþan ic hine sweorde swebban nelle,
 aldre benēotan þeah ic eal mæge·
 nát hé þara góða þæt hé mé ongēan sléa·
 rand gehēawe þeah ðe hé róf sīe
 niþgeweorca ac wit on niht sculon
 secge ofersittan gif hé gesēcean deor
 wíg ofer waepen ond siþðan wítig god
 on swá hwæpere hond hálíg dryhten
 maērðo dēme swá him gemet þince.'
 Hylde hine þá heapodēor --hlēorbolster onfēng
 eorles andwlitan-- ond hine ymb monig
 snellíc saerinc selereste gebēah·
 naenig heora þohte þæt hé þanon scolde
 eft eardlufan aēfre gesēcean
 folc oþðe frēoburh þaēr hé áfēded wæs
 ac hie hæfdon gefrūnen þæt hie aēr tó fela micles
 in þaēm winsele wældēað forneaf
 Denigea léode. Ac him dryhten forgeaf
 wíspéda gewiofu Wedera léodum
 frófor ond fultum þæt hie fēond heora
 ðurh ánes cræft ealle ofercómon
 selfes mihtum· sōð is gecýþed,
 þæt mihtig god manna cynnes
 weold wideferhð. Cóm on wanre niht
 scrīðan sceadugenga· scéotend swaēfon
 þá þæt hornreced healdan scoldon
 ealle búton ánum --þæt wæs yldum cūþ
 þæt hie ne móste· þá metod nolde·
 se synscaþa under sceadu bregdan--
 ac hé wæccende wráþum on andan
 bád bolgenmód beadwa geþinges.

XI

Ðá cóm of móre under misthleopum
 Grendel gongan· godes yrrē bær·
 mynte se mánscaða manna cynnes
 sumne besyrwan in sele þám hēan·
 wód under wolcnum tó þæs þe hé winreced
 goldsele gumena gearwost wisse
 faettum fāhne· ne wæs þæt forma síð

651 black beneath the skies. The troop all arose;
 greeted then the man the other man,
 Hrothgar Beowulf, and bid him health,
 the wine-hall's ruler, and spoke these words:
 'I never to any man before entrusted,
656 since I hand and shield was able to raise,
 this strong-hall of the Danes, save to thee now;
 have now and hold this best of houses,
 focus on glory, show great valour,
 keep watch against the enemy; there shall be no dearth of your desires
661 if this courage-work you survive with your life.'

Then Hrothgar went with his band of heroes,
 the protector of the Scyldings, out of the hall;
 he wished to seek Wealhtheow,
 the queen as companion in bed; the glory of kings had,
666 against Grendel, --so men heard--
 the hall-guard posted: special duty he held
 for the chief of the Danes, ogre-watch he kept.
 Indeed the prince of the Geats keenly trusted
 in his prodigious power, his Maker's favour,
671 then he from himself took iron-byrnie,
 helm from head, gave his adorned sword,
 the choicest of irons, to his retainer,
 and commanded him ward his battle-gear;
 the good man spoke then some promise-words,
676 Beowulf of the Geats, before he stepped into bed:
 'I myself in martial-stature do not tally poorer
 in works of war than Grendel himself;
 therefore him with my sword I shall not slay,
 deprive of life, though I fully am able;
681 he knows not the finer skills that he may strike me back,
 hew my rimmed-shield, although he is renowned
 for malicious works but we at night must
 relinquish short sword if he dares to seek
 war without weapons, and then wise God,
686 on whichever hand, the holy Lord
 will allot glory, as seems fitting to Him.'
 The war-bold one then bent himself down --the cheek-bolster received
 the earl's face-- and round him many
 brave seaman sank down in hall-slumber;
691 none of them thought that he thence would
 his dear home again ever visit,
 his folk or his noble citadel, where he was nurtured
 for they had heard that far too many of them already
 in that wine-hall slaughtering Death had carried off
696 of the Danish people. But to them the Lord granted
 the woven-destiny of war-luck to the Wederas' men,
 solace and support, that they their foe,
 through the strength of one, all overcame,
 by his own might; truth is known
701 that mighty God mankind
 has ruled forever. In the colourless night came
 slinking the shadow-wanderer; the shooters slept,
 they that the horned-house were obliged to guard,
 all but one --it was known to men
706 that they could not, when the Maker did not wish it,
 by the malefactor be drawn under the shadows--
 but he watching in angry indignation
 bided in rising rage for the result of battle.

****703-60****

Then came from the moor under the misty cliffs
711 Grendel walking, God's wrath he bore;
 the vile ravager meant from mankind
a sample to snare in the high hall;
 he waded under the clouds until he the wine-hall,
 --the gold-hall of men-- mostly-certainly saw,
 shining gold; it was not the first time

þæt hé Hrópgáres hám gesóhte·
 naéfre hé on aldordagum aér ne siþðan
 heardran haéle healðegnas fand.
 Cóm þá to recede rinc siðian
 dréamum bedaéled· duru sóna onarn
 fýrbendum fæst syþðan hé hire folmum æthrán
 onbraéd þá bealohýdig ðá hé gebolgen wæs,
 recedes múþan· raþe æfter þon
 on fágne flór fēond treddode·
 éode yrremód· him of éagum stód
 ligge gelicost léoht unfæger·
 geseah hé in recede rinca manige
 swefan sibbegedriht samod ætgædere
 magorinca héap. Þá his mód áhlóg:
 mynte þæt hé gedaélde aér þon dæg cwóme
 atol ágláeca ánra gehwylces
 lif wið líce þá him álumpen wæs
 wistfýlle wén. Ne wæs þæt wyrd þá gén
 þæt hé má móste manna cynnes
 ðicgean ofer þá niht· þryðswyð behéold
 maég Higeláces hú se mánscaða
 under faérgripum gefaran wolde.
 Né þæt se ágláeca yldan þóhte
 ac hé geféng hraðe forman siðe
 slaépendne rinc slát unwearnum·
 bát bánlocan· blód édrum dranc·
 synsnaédum swealh· sóna hæfde
 unlyfigendes ealgefeormod
 fēt ond folma· forð near ætstóp·
 nam þá mid handa higepihtigne
 rinc on ræste· raéhte ongéan
 fēond mid folme· hé onféng hraþe
 inwifancum ond wið earm gesæt.
 Sóna þæt onfunde fyrena hyrde·
 þæt hé ne métte middangeardes
 eorþan scéatta on elran men
 mundgripe máran· hé on móde wearð
 forht on ferhðe· nó þý aér fram meahte·
 hyge wæs him hinfús· wolde on heolster fléon,
 sécan deofla gedrag· ne wæs his drohtoð þær
 swylce hé on ealderdagum aér gemétte.
 Gemunde þá se góða maég Higeláces
 aéfenspraéce· uplang ástód
 ond him fæste wiðféng· fingras burston·
 eoten wæs útweard· eorl furþur stóp.
 Mynte se maéra hwaér hé meahte swá
 widre gewindan ond on weg þanon
 fléon on fenhopu· wiste his fingra gewæld
 on grames grápum· þæt he wæs géocorsið
 þæt sé hearmscapa to Heorute átæh.
 Dryhtsele dynede· Denum eallum wearð
 ceasterbúendum cénra gehwylcum
 eorlum ealuscerwen· yrrre waéron bégén
 répe renweardas· reced hlynsode.
 Þá wæs wundor micel þæt se wínsele
 wiðhæfde heapodéorum· þæt hé on hrúsan ne féol
 faéger foldbold ac hé þæs fæste wæs
 innan ond útan irenbendum
 searþoncum besmipod· þær fram sylle ábéag
 medubenc monig mine gefraége
 golde geregnad þær þá graman wunnon·
 þæs ne wéndon aér witan Scyldinga·
 þæt hit á mid gemete manna aénig
 betlic ond bánfæg tóbrecan meahte,
 listum tólucan nympe líges fæþm
 swulge on swapule. Swég up ástág
 níwe geneahhe· Norð-Denum stód


716

that he Hrothgar's home had sought;
 he never in the days of his life, ere nor after,
 harder luck or hall-thanes found.

- He came then to the hall the fighter journeying,
721 cut-off from merriment; the door soon rushed open,
 firm with fire-forged bands, when he tapped it with his hands
 plotting evil then he tore open, now that he was enraged,
 the mouth of the building; straight after that
 on the tessellated floor the fiend treaded,
726 advanced angrily; from his eyes issued,
 most like a flame, a distorted light;
 he saw in the hall many warriors
 a sleeping company of kinsmen gathered together
 a great host of warriors. Then his heart laughed:
731 he intended to deprive, ere the day came,
 the cruel beast, from each one
 life from body, now had befallen him
 a hope of a full feast. It was not his fate again
 that he might more of mankind
736 partake of after that night; the mighty man beheld,
 the kinsman of Hygelac, how the cruel killer
 by means of a sudden attack wished to proceed.
 That the monster did not think to delay,
 but he quickly grasped, at the first occasion,
741 a sleeping warrior, rended without restraint,
 bit into the bone-locks, from the veins drank blood,
 swallowed great chunks; soon he had
 the unliving one all devoured,
 feet and hands; nearer he stepped forth,
746 taking then with his hands a stout-hearted
 warrior from his rest, reached towards him
 the foe with his palm; quickly he grasped
 the malice thoughts and clamped down on the arm.
 At once he found, the shepherd of atrocities,
751 that he had not met in middle-earth,
 in the expanse of the world, in another man
 a greater hand-grip; he in his heart grew
 fearing for life; none the sooner could he away;
 eager-to-go-hence was the thought in him, he wanted to flee into the darkness,
756 to seek the devils' concourse; his situation there was not
 like he in the days of his life ever had met.
 The good man then recalled, the kinsman of Hygelac,
 his evening-speech; upright he stood
 and laid hold of him tight; fingers burst;
761 the troll was striving to move outward, the earl stepped forward.
 The infamous one meant, anywhere he so was able,
 farther escape and away thence
 flee to his secret places in the fen; he knew his fingers' control
 in his enemy's grip, that was a bitter journey he
766 that the harm-warrior had taken to Heorot.
 The noble hall broke into a din; the Danes all were,
 --the citadel-dwellers-- each of the bold,
 earls in the flood of bitter drink; enraged were both
 fierce hall-wards; the hall resounded.
771 Then it was a great wonder that the wine-hall
 withstood the war-fighters, that it did not fall to the ground,
 the fair mansion but it so firm was
 inside and out with iron-bands
 skilfully smithed; there from the floor broke away
776 many mead-benches, I heard,
 adorned with gold, where the enemies struggled;
 it was not thought before, by the sages of the Scyldings,
 that it ever by means any men
splendid and bone-adorned, could break it up.
781 cleverly cleave asunder, not unless fire's embrace
 swallowed it in inferno. Sound ascended up,
 new, nearby: the North-Danes stood

atelic egesa ánra gehwylcum
 þára þe of wealle wóp gehýrdon,
 gryreléoð galan godes andsacan
 sigeléasne sang, sár wánigean
 helle hæfton· héold hine fæste
 sé þe manna wæs mægene strengest
 on þaém dæge þysses lifes.

XII

sydaudio Nolde eorla hléo aénige þinga
 þone cwealcmuman cwicne forlaetan
 né his lifdagas léoda aénigum
 nytte tealde. Þær genehost brægd
 eorl Béowulfes ealde láfe·
 wolde fréadrihtnes feorh ealgian
 maéres þéodnes ðaér hie meahton swá·
 hie þæt ne wiston þá hie gewin drugon
 heardhicgende hildemeccas
 ond on healfa gehwone héawan þóhton,
 sawle sécan: þone synscaðan
 aénig ofer eorþan irenna cyst
 gúðbilla nán grétan nolde
 ac hé sigewaépnum forsworen hæfde
 ecga gehwylcre. Scolde his aldorgedál
 on ðaém dæge þysses lifes
 earmlic wurðan ond se ellorgást
 on féonda gewæld feor siðian·
 ðá þæt onfunde sé þe fela aéror
 módes myrðe manna cynne
 fyrene gefremede --he, fág wið god--
 þæt him se lichoma læstan nolde
 ac hine se móðega maég Hygeláces
 hæfde be honda· wæs gehwæþer óðrum
 lifigende láð· lícsár gebád
 atol aéglaéca· him on eaxle wearð
 syndolh sweetol· seonowe onsprungon·
 burston bānlocan· Béowulfe wearð
 gúðhróð gyfeþe· scolde Grendel þonan
 feorhséoc fléon under fenhleoðu,
 sécean wynléas wíc· wiste þe geornor
 þæt his aldres wæs ende gegongen
 dógera dægrím. Denum eallum wearð
 æfter þám wælaése willa gelumpen:
 hæfde þá gefaélsod sé þe aér feorran cóm
 snotor ond swýðferhð sele Hróðgáres,
 genered wið niðe· nihtweorce gefeh
 ellenmaérpum· hæfde Éast-Denum
 Géatmecca léod gilp gelæsted·
 swylce oncyþðe ealle gebétte
 inwidsorge þe hie aér drugon
 ond for þréanyðum þolian scoldon
 torn unlýtel· þæt wæs tácen sweotol
 syþðan hildedéor hond álegde
 earm ond eaxle --þaér wæs eal geador
 Grendles grápe-- under géapne hróf.

XIII

Ðá wæs on morgen mine gefraége
 ymb þá gifhealle gúðrinc monig
 ferdon folctogan feorran ond néan
 geond widwegas wundor scéawian
 lápes lástas· nó his lifgedál
 sárlic þuhte secga aénggum
 þára þe tírléases trode scéawode·
 hú hé wérigmód on weg þanon
 níða ofercumen on nicera mere
 faége ond geflýmed feorhlástas bær.
 Ðaér wæs on blóde brim weallende,
 atol ýða geswing eal gemenged

in ghastly horror, in each one of
 them who from the wall weeping heard,
 786 terrible screaming, God's adversary,
 a victoryless song, bewailing his wound,
 Hel's prisoner; he held him fast,
 he who was of men in might strongest
 on that day in this life.

- 791 The protector of earls had no wish for any reason
 the murderous guest to release alive,
 nor his life-days to any people
 counted as advantage. There many brandished
 warriors of Beowulf, [old heirlooms](#),
 796 they wished prince-lord's life defend,
 the legendary leader's, if they could do so;
 they did not know that, when they joined the fray,
 the bold-minded battle-men,
 and on each side thought to heaw,
 801 [to seek the soul](#): that the sin-scather
 any on earth, of the choicest of irons,
 of [war-bills](#), none, [could not at all greet him](#)
 but he victory-weapons had [forsworn](#),
 every blade-edge. His life-severing was bound to
 806 on that day in this life
 be wretched, and the alien-spirit
 into the administration of fiends would journey far away;
 then he found, he who before many,
[miseries in his mind](#), [on mankind](#)
 811 atrocities committed --he, who fought with God--
 that him his body-shell would not obey,
 but him the daring kinsman of Hygelac
 had by the hand; each was by the other
 loathed while living; body-pain he felt,
 816 the awful ogre; on his shoulder was
 a great wound apparent, sinows sprang asunder,
[bone-locks](#) burst; to Beowulf was
 war-glory given; thence Grendel had to
 flee [sick unto death](#) under the hills of the fen,
 821 to seek his joyless abode; he knew it more surely
 that was his life's end arrived,
 the day-count of his days. For the Danes were all,
 after that slaughter-storm, wishes come to pass:
 he had then cleansed, he who had before come from afar,
 826 shrewd and strong-minded, the hall of Hrothgar,
 rescued from ruin; in his night's work he rejoiced,
 in valour from great deeds; to the East-Danes had
 the Geatmen's leader, his oath fulfilled;
 so too anguish all remedied,
 831 grievous sorrow, that they had ere endured,
 and in hard distress had to suffer,
 no small misery; that was a clear sign,
 when the battle-bold one the hand placed,
 arm and shoulder --there was all together
 836 the grip of Grendel-- [under the gaping roof](#).

- Then was in the morning, as I heard tell,
 about the gift-hall many warriors,
 folk-chiefs arrived from far and near
 across wide regions to behold the wonder,
 841 the foe's foot-prints; his parting from life did not
 seem mournful to any man
 of those who the gloryless foe's track observed,
 how he weary away thence,
 vanquished by violence, to the nicors' mere
 846 doomed and driven back [left behind life-trails](#).
 There with blood was the water seething,
 terrible swirling of swells all mingled

hátan heolfre heorodréore wéol·
 deaðfaége déog siððan dréama léas
 in fenfreodo feorh álegde
 haéþene sawle· þaér him hel onféng.
 þanon eft gewiton ealdgesíðas
 swylce geong manig of gomenwáþe
 fram mere móðge méarum rídan
 beornas on blancum· ðaér wæs Béowulfes
 maérðo maéned· monig oft gecwæð
 þætte súð né norð be saém twéonum
 ofer eormengrund óþer naénig
 under swegles begong sélra naére
 rondhæbbendra, ríces wyrðra·
 né hie húru winedrihten wiht ne lógon
 glædne Hrôðgár ac þæt wæs gód cyning.
 Hwílum heaþorófe hléapan léton
 on geflit faran fealwe méaras
 ðaér him foldwegas fægere þúhton
 cystum cúde. Hwílum cyninges þegn
 guma gilphlæden gidda gemyndig
 sé ðe ealfela ealdgesegena
 worn gemunde word óþer fand
 sóðe gebunden· secg eft ongan
 sið Béowulfes snyttrum styrian
 ond on spéd wrecan spel geráde,
 wordum wrixlan· wélhwylc gecwæð
 þæt hé fram Sigemunde secgan hyrde
 ellendaédum: uncúþes fela
 Wælsinges gewin wide síðas
 þára þe gumena bearn gearwe ne wiston
 faéhðe ond fyrena búton Fitela mid hine,
 þonne hé swulces hwæt secgan wolde
 éám his nefan swá hie á waéron
 æt niða gehwám nýdgsteallan·
 hæfdon ealfela eotena cynnes
 sweordum gesaéged· Sigemunde gesprong
 æfter deaðdæge dóm unlytel
 syþðan wiges heard wurm ácwealde
 hordes hyrde· hé under hárne stán
 æþelinges bearn ána genéðde
 frécne daéde ne waés him Fitela mid·
 hwæþre him gesaélde ðæt þæt swurd þurhwód
 wraétlícne wurm þæt hit on wealle ætstód
 dryhtlíc íren· draca morðre swealt·
 hæfde ágláeca elne gegongen
 þæt hé béahhordes brúcan móste
 selfes dóm· saebát gehléod·
 bæron bearn scipes beorhte frætwæ
 Wælses eafera --wurm hát gemealt--
 sé wæs wreccena wide maérost
 ofer werþéode wígendra hléo
 ellendaédum --hé þæs aer onðáh--
 siððan Heremódes hild sweðrode,
 earfoð ond ellen· he mid eotenum wearð
 on fèonda gewæld forð forlácen
 snúde forsended· hine sorhwylmas
 lemede to lange· hé his léodum wearð
 eallum æþellingum tó aldorcare·
 swylce oft bemeam aérnan maélum
 swiðferhþes sið snotor ceorl monig
 sé þe him bealwa tó bóte gelyfde
 þæt þæt deódnes bearn gepéon scolde,
 fæderæþelum onfôn, folc gehealdan
 hord ond hléoburh hæleþa ríce
 éðel Scyldinga· hé þaer eallum wearð
 maég Higeláces manna cynne
 fréondum gefægra· hine fyren onwód.
 Hwílum flitende fealwe straéte
 méarum maéton. Ðá waés morgenléoht

with boiling gore, with sword-blood it welled,
 doomed to die he hid himself, then, bereft of pleasure,
851 in his fen-refuge he laid down his life,
 his heathen soul; there Hel embraced him.
 Thence returned old companions,
 also many young, from the sport-chase,
 from the mere full-spirited, riding horses,
856 warriors on fair steeds, there was Beowulf's
 glory proclaimed; many often said
 that neither south nor north between the seas
 over the whole vast earth, no other
 under the sky's expanse was ne're better
861 shield-bearer, of a worthier kingdom;
 nor, however, the friend and lord, did they blame at all,
 gracious Hrothgar, for he was a good king.
 At times the brave warriors let leap,
 in a contest raced fallow horses,
866 where to them the earth-roads seemed suitable,
 and known to be the best. At times the king's thane,
 a man laden with fine speech, remembering songs,
 he who very many of ancient traditions
 recalled scores, found new words
871 bound in truth; the man then began
 Beowulf's exploit skilfully to recite,
 and artfully utter an adept tale,
varying his words; he spoke of almost everything
 that he of Sigmund had heard said, ****875-900****
876 of his deeds of glory: many uncanny things,
 the striving of Wael's son, his great journeys;
 those things of which the children of men by no means knew,
 feuds and feats of arms, only Fitela with him,
 then he of such matters was wont to speak of,
881 uncle to his nephew, as they always were
 in every conflict comrades in need;
 they had a great many of the giantkind
 laid low with swords; for Sigmund arose,
 after the day of his death, no little fame,
886 since the fierce warrior had quelled the great serpent,
 the keeper of a hoard; beneath the hoary grey stone he,
 the prince's son, alone ventured
 a dangerous deed, Fitela was not with him;
 however it was granted him that the sword pierced
891 the wondrous wurm, so that it stood fixed in the wall,
 the noble iron; the dragon perished in the slaughter;
 the fearsome one had ensured by courage
 that he the ring-hoard might possess
 at his own choosing; he loaded the sea-boat,
896 bore in the bosom of his ship the gleaming treasures,
 Wael's son --the wurm in its heat melted--
 he was of adventurers the most widely famed
 among nations, the warriors' protector,
 for deeds of valour --he had prospered by this--
901 since Heremod's skirmishing had abated,
 affliction and spirit; he among the Etins was
 into enemy hands given up,
 quickly despatched; the surgings of sorrow him
 hindered too long; he to his people became,
906 to all of the nobles, a great mortal sorrow;
 moreover they often mourned, for in earlier times,
 the departure of the stout-hearted king, many learned sages
 who to him for miseries' remedy had trusted and believed
 that that prince's son must prosper,
911 take up his father's rank, rule the folk,
 their treasury and citadel, the heroes' kingdom,
 homeland of the Scyldings; he by all became,
 the kinsman of Hygelac, by mankind,
 more esteemed; wickedness undid him.
916 Now and then racing, dusky streets
 on their mounts they traversed. Then was the morning light

scofen ond scyndeð· éode scealc monig
 swiðhigende tó sele þám hēan
 searowundor séon· swylce self cyning
 of brýðbúre béahhorda weard
 tryddode tífæst getrume micle
 cystum gecýpð ond his cwén mid him
 medostigge mæt mægþa hóse.

XIII

Hróðgár mæpelode --hé to héalre géong·
 stóð on stapole· geseah stéapne hróf
 golde fāhne ond Grendles hond--:
 'Disse ansýne alwealdan þanc
 lungre gelimpe! Fela ic lāpes gebád,
 grynna æt Grendle· á mæg god wyrcean
 wunder æfter wundre, wuldres hyrde.
 Ðaét wæs ungeára þæt ic aénigra mé
 wéana ne wénde tó wíðan feore
 bóte gebíðan þonne blóðe fāh
 húsa sélest heorodréorig stóð:
 wéa wíðscofen wítena gehwylcne
 ðára þe ne wéndon þæt hie wíðferhð
 léoda landgeweorc lāpum beweredon
 scuccum ond scinum· ná scealc hafað
 þurh drihtnes miht daéd gefremede
 ðe wé ealle aér ne meahton
 snyttrum besyrwan· hwæt, þæt secgan mæg
 efne swá hwylc mægþa swá ðone magan cende
 æfter gumcynnum gyf heo gýt lyfað
 þæt hyre ealdmetod éste waére
 bearngebyrdo. Nú ic, Béowulf, þec,
 secg betosta, mé for sunu wylle
 fréogan on ferhþe· heald forð tela
 níwe sibbe· ne bið þe aénigre gád
 worolde wilna þe ic geweald hæbbe·
 ful oft ic for laéssan léan teohhode
 hordweorþunge hnáhran rince
 saémran æt sæcce· þú þe self hafast
 daédum gefremed þæt þín dóm lyfað
 áwa tó aldre· alwalda þec
 góðe forgyldre swá hé nú gýt dyde!'
 Béowulf mæpelode bearn Ecgbéowes:
 'Wé þæt ellenweorc éstum miclum
 feohtan fremedon· frécne genéðdon
 eafoð uncýpes. Úþe ic swiþor
 þæt ðú hine selfne geséon móste
 féond on frætewum fylwérigne·
 ic him hræðlice heardan clammum
 on wælbedde wriþan þóhte
 þæt hé for handgripe mínun scolde
 licgean lífbysig bútan his líc swice·
 ic hine ne mihte þá metod nolde
 ganges getwaéman· nó ic him þæs georne ætfealh
 feorhgeniðlan· wæs tó foremihlig
 féond on fêpe· hwæpere, hé his folme forlét
 tó lífwraþe lást weardian,
 earm ond eaxe· nó þær aénigre swá þeah
 féasceaf guma frófre gebohte·
 nó þý leng leofað lādgetéona
 synnum geswenced ac hyne sár hafað
 in niðgripe nearwe befongen
 balwon bendum ðaér ábíðan sceal
 maga máne fāh miclan dómes·
 hú him scír metod scrífan wille.'
 Ðá wæs swígra secg sunu Ecgláfes
 on gylpspræce gūðgeweorca
 sipðan æþelingas eorles cræfte
 ofer hēanne hróf hand scéawedon

hurried and hastened; many retainers went
 determined to the high hall
 to see the strange wonder; the king himself too
 921 from his wife's bower, the ward of the ring-hoard,
 stepped out splendid with his great troop,
 famed for his excellence, and his queen with him,
 passed down the meadhall-path, accompanied by maidens.

Hrothgar spoke --he went to the hall,
 926 stood on the steps, observed the steep roof
 adorned with gold and Grendel's hand--:
 'For this sight Thanks to the All-Ruler
 be swiftly forthcoming! I have suffered many injuries,
 griefs from Grendel; God can always work
 931 wonder after wonder, glory's Keeper.
 It was not long past that I for me any
 for woes not hoped for the breadth of my life,
 to experience remedy when adorned with blood
 the most splendid house stood battle-gory:
 936 woe widespread for each of the sages
 those who did not hope that in the span of their lives
 the nation's fortress from foes they could protect,
 from shucks and shines; now a warrior has,
 through the Lord's power, performed a deed
 941 which we all before could not
 with schemes contrive; listen, that may say
 even so whichever woman as that begot this man,
 among mankind, if she yet lives,
 that to her the Old Measurer of Fate was gracious
 946 in child-bearing. Now, I, Beowulf, you,
 the best of men, for me like a son would
 love in life; keep well henceforth
 this new kinship; there will not be any want
 of worldly wishes while I have power;
 951 full oft I for less rewards have bestowed,
 honouring with treasure a humbler man,
 lesser at fighting; you for yourself have
 by deeds ensured, that your fame lives
 for ever and ever; may the All-Ruler you
 956 reward with good, as He has now yet done!'
 Beowulf spoke, the son of Edgetheow:
 'We the courage-works with great pleasure,
 endeavoured to fight, boldly risked
 the strength of an unknown foe. I would rather
 961 that you him himself might have seen,
 the fiend in his full gear wearied by death;
 I him quickly in hard clasp
 on the bed of slaughter thought to fetter,
 that he because of the hand-grip of mine must
 966 lie struggling for life, lest his body slip away;
 I him could not, when the Measurer of Fate did not wish it,
 hinder departing; nor I so readily kept him close,
 that mortal foe; he was too overpowering,
 the fiend in departing; however, he left his hand
 971 to save his life, remaining behind,
 arm and shoulder; not with it though any
 the worthless creature, relief purchased;
 not the longer does he live, the hateful spoiler,
 struck down by sins but him the wound has
 976 with violent grip narrowly enclosed
 in baleful bonds, there he must await,
 the creature stained with crimes, the great judgement,
 how him the glorious Measure of Fate wishes to decree.'
 Then the man was more silent, the son of Edgelaf,
 981 in boast-speech of war-works
 when the noble men, by the strength of the prince
 over the high roof saw the hand,

feondes fingras· foran aēghwylc wæs
steda nægla gehwylc stýle gelicost
haēþenes handsporu hilderinces
egl unhéoru· aēghwylc gecwæð
þæt him heardra nán hrinan wolde
íren aergód, þæt ðæs áhlaécan
blóðge beadufolme onberan wolde.

XV

Ðá wæs háten hrepe Heort innanweard
folmum gefrætword· fela þáera wæs
wera ond wifa þe þæt winreced
gesteale gyredon· goldfāg scinon
web æfter wāgum wundorsiona fela
secga gehwylcum þára þe on swylc starað·
wæs þæt beorhte bold tóbrocen swiðe
eal inneheard írenbendum fæst,
heorras tóhlidene· hróf ána genæs
ealles ansund þe se ágláeca
fyrendaédum fāg on fléam gewand
aldres orwéna. Nó þæt ýðe byð
to befléonne --fremme sé þe wille--
ac gesacan sceal sáwlberendra
nýðe genýdde, niþða bearna
grundbúendra gearwe stówe
þaer his lichoma legerbedde fæst
swefep æfter symle. Þá wæs saél ond maél
þæt tó healle gang Healfðenes sunu·
wolde self cyning symbel þicgan·
ne gefrægen ic þá maégpe máran weorode
ymb hyra sincgyfan sél gebaéran·
bugon þá tó bence blaédágande
fylla gefaégon· fægere gepaégon
medoful manig mágas þára
swiðhicgende on sele þám héan
Hróðgár ond Hróþulf· Heorot innan wæs
fréondum áfýlled· nalles fácenstafas
þeod-Scyldingas þenden fremedon.
Forgeaf þá Béowulfe brand Healfðenes
segen gylðenne sigores tó léane
hroden hiltécumbor, helm ond byrnan·
maére máðpumswéord manige gesáwon
beforan beorn beran· Béowulf gepah
ful on flette· nó hé þaére feohgyfte
for scótenum scamigan ðorfte·
ne gefrægn ic fréondlicor fēower mādmas
golde gegyrede gummanna fela
in ealobence óðrum gesellan·
ymb þæs helmes hróf héafodbeorge
wirum bewunden walan útan héold
þæt him féla láf frécne ne meahton
scúrheard sceþðan þonne scyldfrecan
ongéan gramum gangan scolde.
Heht ðá eorla hléo eahta méaras
faétedhléore on flet téon
in under eoderas· þára ánum stóð
sadol searwum fāh since gewurpad·
þæt wæs hildesetl héahcyniges
ðonne sweorda gelác sunu Healfðenes
efnan wolde· naéfre on ore læg
wídcúpes wíg ðonne walu féollon·
ond ðá Béowulfe béga gehwæþres
eodor Ingwina onweald geteah
wicga ond waépna· hét hine wél brúcan·
swá manlice maére þeoden
hordweard hæleþa heaporaéas geald
méarum ond mádmum swá hý naéfre man lyhð
sé þe secgan wile sóð æfter rihte.

the fiend's fingers; on the front of each was,
in the place of each nail very much like steel
986 heathenish hand-spurs, the war-creature's
ungentle talon; everyone said
that him no hard weapon would strike,
pre-eminent iron, that of them (none) the demon's
bloody battle-hand would injure.

991 Then the order was promptly given the interior of Heorot
to furnish by hands; many there were,
of men and women, who the wine-hall,
the guest-hall prepared; gold-glittering shone
woven tapestries along the walls, many wondrous sights
996 for each of the men, who on such stared;
that bright building was badly broken up
all inside secure with iron-bands,
hinges sprung open; the roof alone remained
entirely sound, when the ogre,
1001 guilty of wicked deeds turned in flight,
despairing of life. That is not easy
to flee from --try he who will--
but he must gain by strife, those who have souls,
compelled by necessity, the mens' sons',
1006 the ground-dwellers' ready place,
there his body, fast in his death-bed,
sleeps after feasting. Then it was the time and occasion
that to the hall went Half-Dane's son;
the king himself wished to partake of the feast;
1011 I have not heard when a tribe in a greater force
around their treasure-giver comported themselves better;
they then sank down on the bench, the fame-bearers,
rejoicing at the feast; they graciously received
many full goblets of mead, their kinsmen,
1016 stout-hearted, in the high hall
Hrothgar and Hrothulf· the interior of Heorot was
filled with friends; no treacherous-strokes
the Folk-Scyldings made as yet.
Then Beowulf was given the brand of Half-Dane,
1021 the golden banner in reward of victory,
the adorned standard, helm and byrnie;
the renowned treasure-sword many saw
brought before the hero; Beowulf took
the full flagon from the floor; of the reward-gift he did not,
1026 as payment, need to be ashamed;
I have not heard that more graciously four treasures,
adorned with gold, many men
on ale-bench have given to others;
around the helmet's roof --the head-guard--
1031 was wound with wires the re-inforced crest guarded from without,
that him what the files have left could not savagely,
(could not) harm the wondrously-tempered (helm), when the shield-fighter
against enemies had to go.
The defender of earls then ordered eight horses,
1036 with decorated head-gear, led onto the hall-floor
in under the ramparts; one of them stood,
saddle skilfully adorned, ennobled with jewels;
that was the battle-seat of the high king,
when in sword-play the son of Half-Dane
1041 wished to engage; in the vanguard it never failed
his warskill well-known, when the slain were falling;
and then to Beowulf both of the treasures
the protector of the Friends of Ing bestowed possession,
horses and weapons; he ordered him to make good use of (them);
1046 so in a manly manner the famed chieftain,
the hoard-ward of heroes, paid for war-clashes
in horses and treasures; thus, one can never find fault in them
he who wishes to tell the truth according to what is right.

XVI

Ðá gýt aéghwylcum eorla drihten
 þára þe mid Béowulfe brimléade teah
 on þære medubence mápðum gesealde
 yrfeláfe ond þone aénne heht
 golde forgyldan þone ðe Grendel aér
 máne ácwealde swá hé hyra má wolde
 nefne him wítig god wyrd forstóde
 ond ðæs mannes mód. Metod eallum wéold
 gumena cynnes, swá hé nú gít déēð·
 forþan bið andgit aégghwaēr sélest
 ferhðes foreþanc· fela sceal gebídan
 léofes ond láþes sé þe longe hér
 on ðýssum windagum worolde brúceð.
 Þaér wæs sang ond swég samod ætgædere
 fore Healfdenes hildewisan,
 gomenwudu gréted, gid oft wrecen
 ðonne healgamen Hróþgáres scop
 æfter medobence maénan scolde:
 Finnes eaferum ðá hie se faér beagat
 hæleð Healfdena· Hnaef Scyldinga
 in Fréswæle feallan scolde.
 Né húru Hildeburh herian þorfte
 eotena tréowe· unsynnum wearð
 beloren léofum æt þám hildplegan
 bearnum ond bróðrum· hie on gebyrd hruron
 gáre wunde· þæt wæs geómuru ides.
 Nalles hólinga Hóces dohtor
 meotodsceaft bemearn syððan morgen cóm
 ðá heo under swegle geséon meahste
 morþorbealo mága þaér hé aér maeste héold
 worolde wynn· wíg ealle fornam
 Finnes þegnas nemne fēaſum ánum
 þæt hé ne mehte on þaém meðelstede
 wíg Hengeste wiht gefeohtan
 né þá wéaláfe wíge forþringan
 þéodnes ðegne ac hig him geþingo budon:
 þæt hie him óðer flet eal gerýmdon
 healle ond héahsetl þæt hie healfre gewæld
 wið eotena bearn ágan móston
 ond æt feohgyftum Folcwaldan sunu
 dógra gehwylce Dene weorþode·
 Hengestes héap hringum wenede
 efne swá swíðe sincgestréonum
 faéttan goldes swá hé Frésena cyn
 on béorsele byldan wolde.
 Ðá hie getruwedon on twá healfa
 fæste frioduwaére· Fin Hengeste
 elne unflitme áðum benemde
 þæt hé þá wéaláfe weotena dóme
 árum héolde þæt ðaér aénig mon
 wordum né worcum waére ne bráece
 né þurh inwitsearo aéfre gemaénden
 ðeah hie hira béaggyfan banan folgedon
 ðéodenléase, þá him swá geþearfod wæs·
 gyf þonne Frýsna hwylc frécnen spráece
 ðæs morþorhètes myndgiend waére
 þonne hit sweordes ecg syððan scolde.
 Ád wæs geæfned ond incge gold
 áhæfen of horde· Here-Scyldinga
 betst beadorinca wæs on baél gearu·
 æt þaém áde wæs éþgesýne
 swátfáh syrce swýn ealgylden
 eofer irenheard æþeling manig
 wundum áwyrded· sume on wæle crungon·
 hét ðá Hildeburh æt Hnaefes áde
 hire selfre sunu sweoloðe befæstan,
 bánfatu bærnan ond on baél dóon

Then, furthermore, to each one of the earl's company
 those with Beowulf travelled the sea-path,
 on the mead-bench he gave treasures,
 inherited relics, and the one man decreed
 to requite in gold whom Grendel first
 in wickedness quelled, as he would have more of them
 except for them wise God that fate had prevented,
 and this man's courage. The Measure of Fate controlled all
 for mankind, as he now still does;
 therefore understanding is best everywhere,
 the forethought of mind; he must abide much
 love and much hate he who long here
 in these days of strife would enjoy the world.
 There was song and sound at the same time all together
 before Half-Dane's battle-plotter,
 the glee-wood plucked, a lay often recited
 when a hall-performance Hrothgar's bard ****1066-1162****
 before the mead-bench was obliged to utter:
 concerning Finn's heirs, with whom, when disaster struck them,
 the hero of Half-Danes, Hnaef the Scylding,
 on the Frisian battle-field was fated to fall.
 Truly, Hildeburh did not have need to praise
 the good faith of the Eotens; she was guiltless,
 bereft of her dear ones: --in the war-play--
 her son and brother; they fell, in accordance with Fate,
 wounded by spear; that was a mournful woman.
 Not without reason did Hoc's daughter
 grieve over Fate's decree, when the morning came,
 then she under the sky could see
 the baleful slaughter of kinsmen, where before he had held the most
 joy in the world, war took all
 of Finn's thanes, except a few alone,
 so that he could not in that meeting-place
 the clash with Hengest conclude at all,
 nor the woeful remnant by battle dislodge from their position,
 the prince's thane, so they offered them settlement:
 that they for them the other dwelling would completely clear,
 hall and high seat, that they would half of it control
 with the Eotens' sons might have,
 and at the giving of treasure Folcwalden's son
 each day the Danes would honour,
 Hengest's company would revere with rings,
 with even as much precious possessions
 of ornate gold exactly as he the Frisian kind
 in the beer-hall would wish to embolden.
 Then they pledged on both sides
 1096 firm compact of peace; Finn to Hengest
 with incontestable earnestness proclaimed an oath
 that he the woeful remnant, by sages' judgement,
 would hold in honour, that there any man
 by word nor by deed would not break the treaty,
 1101 nor in malicious artifice ever complain,
 though they their ring-giver's killer followed,
 leaderless, and were thus forced by necessity;
 if then any Frisian by audacious speech
 the murderous feud were to remind (them),
 1106 then it by sword's edge must be thereafter.
 The funeral fire was prepared, and Ingui's gold,
 raised from the hoard; the War-Scyldings'
best battle-man was ready on the bier;
 at the funeral-pyre was easily seen
 1111 the blood-stained mail-shirt, the swine all-golden,
the boar hard as iron, the prince had many
 destroyed by wounds; great men had fallen in slaughter;
 then Hildeburh ordered at Hnaef's pier
 her own sun committed to the fire,
 1116 the body-vessel burned, and put on the bier,

earme on eaxe· ides gnomode·
 geómrode giddum· gúðrinc ástáh·
 wand tó wolcnum wælfýra maést
 hlynode for hláwe· hafelan multon·
 bengeato burston ðonne blóð ætspranc,
 láðbite lices· líg ealle forswæalg,
 gaésta gifrost, þára ðe þær gúð fornam
 béga folces· wæs hira blaéd scacen.

XVII

Gewiton him ðá wígend wíca néosjan
 fréondum befeallen, Frýsland geséon,
 hámas ond héaburh· Hengest ðá gýt
 wælfagne winter wunode mid Finn
 eal unhlitine· eard gemunde
 þeah þe ne meahte on mere drifan
 hringedstefnan· holm storme wéol·
 won wið winde· winter ýpe beléac
 isgebinde of ðæt oþer cóm
 géar in geardas swá nú gýt déeð·
 þá ðe syngáles séle bewitiað
 wuldortorhtan weder. Ðá wæs winter scacen,
 fæger foldan bearm· fundode wrecca
 gist of geardum· hé tó gynwraece
 swiðor þóhte þonne tó saéláde·
 gif hé torngemót þurhteón mihte
 þæt hé eotena bearm inne gemunde·
 swá hé ne forwyrnde woroldraedenne
 þonne him Húnláfing, hildeléoman
 billa sélest on bearm dyde·
 þæs waeron mid eotenum ecge cúðe.
 Swylce ferðofrecan Fin eft begæat
 sweordbealo slíðen æt his selfes hám
 siþðan grimne gripe Gúðláf ond Ósláf
 æfter saésiðe sorge maendon·
 ætwiton wéana daél· ne meahte wæfre mód
 forhabban in hrepre· ðá wæs heal hroden
 féonda féorum· swilce Fin slægen
 cyning on corþre ond séo cwén numen·
 scéotend Scyldinga tó scypon feredon
 eal ingesteald eorðcyninges·
 swylce hie æt Finnes hám findan meahton
 sigla searogimma· hie on saéláde
 drihtlice wíf tó Denum feredon·
 laeðdon tó léodum. Léoð wæs ásungen
 gléomannes gyd· gamen eft ástáh·
 beorhtode bencswég· byrelas sealdon
 win of wunderfatum. Þá cwóm Wealhþéo forð
 gán under gylðnum béage þær þá góðan twégen
 sæton suhtergefæderan þá gýt wæs hiera sib ætgædere,
 aégghwylc oðrum trýwe· swylce þær Hunferþ þyle
 æt fótum sæt fréan Scyldinga· gehwylc hiora his ferhþe tréowde
 þæt hé hæfde mód micel þeah þe hé his mágum naére
 árfæst æt ecga gelácum· spræc ðá ides Scyldinga:
 'Onfóh þissum fulle, fréodrihten mín,
 since brytta· þú on saelum wes,
 goldwine gumena, ond tó Géatum spræc
 mildum wordum swá sceal man dóon·
 beo wið Géatas glæd, geofena gemyndig
 néan ond feorran þú nú hafast·
 mé man sægde þæt þú ðe for sunu wolde
 hereric habban· Heorot is gefaelsod
 beahsele beorhta· brúc þenden þú móte
 manigra médo ond þinum mágum laéf
 folc ond rice þonne ðú forð scyle
 methodscaft séon· ic minne can
 glædne Hrópulf· þæt hé þá geogoðe wile
 árum healdan gyf þú aer þonne hé,
 wine Scildinga, worold oflaetest

the wretched woman at his shoulder, the lady lamented,
 sorrowed with songs; the warrior was laid out,
 spiralled into the clouds the greatest fire of the slain
 roared before the mound; heads melted,
 the wound-gates burst open, then blood sprang out,
 from the hate-bites of the body; the blaze swallowed all up,
 --the greediest guest-- those who there were taken by battle
 from both peoples; their vigour was dispersed.

- 1126 The warriors returned then to seek their houses,
 bereft of friends, to see Frisia,
 their homes and high fort; yet Hengest
 the death-stained winter spent with Finn,
 in a place with no fellowship at all; he remembered his land,
 though he could not drive on the sea
- 1131 the ring-prowed ship: the sea welled in storm,
 fought against the wind; the winter locked the waves
 in icy bonds, until came another
 year to the courtyards, as it still does now,
 those which continuously carry out their seasons,
 gloriously bright weathers. Then winter was gone,
 fair was the Earth's breast; the exile was anxious to go,
 the guest of the dwellings; he of vengeance for grief
 sooner thought than of sea-path,
 and whether he a bitter encounter could bring about,
 for that he of the Eotens' sons inwardly remembered;
 so he did not refuse the worldly practice,
 when to him Hunlafing the battle-light,
 the finest blade he placed on (Hnaef's) lap;
 among the Eotens its edges were known.
- 1146 So too his mortal enemy's --Finn in turn received--
 dire sword-onslaught in his own home,
 when concerning the fierce attack Guthlaf and Oslaf,
 following their sea-journey, declared their grief,
 blamed for their share of woes; he could not his restless spirit
 contain in his breast; then the hall were decorated
 with the foes' lives, so too Finn was slain,
 the king amid his troop, and the queen was seized;
 Scylding shooters ferried to the ships
 all of the house-goods of the nation's king,
 which they at Finn's estate could find:
 shining jewels and well-cut gems; they on the sea-path
 the noble lady ferried to the Danes,
 led to the people. The lay was sung,
 the gleeman's tale; joy again sprang up,
 music rang out from the bench, cup-bearers served
 wine from wondrous vessels. Then Wealhtheow came forth,
 walking in a golden neck-ring to where the good pair
 sat, uncle and nephew; then their kinship was still together,
 each to the other true; Unferth the þyle was also there
 sitting at the feet of the Scylding lord; each of them trusted his spirit,
 and that he had great courage, though he to his kin was not
 honourable in clash of blades; the Scylding lady then spoke:
 'Receive this full cup, my noble lord,
dispenser of treasure; you--be joyful,
 gold-friend of men, and to the Geats speak
 with gentle words so ought a man to do;
 be gracious with the Geats, mindful of gifts
 which from near and far you now have;
it has been said to me that you wish for a son,
to have this leader of armies; Heorot is cleansed,
 the bright ring-hall; enjoy, while you may, **** 1177-87****
- 1178 many rewards, and leave to your kinsmen
 folk and kingdom when you must go forth
to meet what is fated; I know my
 gracious Hrothulf, that he the youths wishes
 to hold in honour, if you earlier than he,
 friend of the Scyldings, leave behind the world,
- 1183

wéne ic þæt hé mid góde gyldan wille
 uncran eaferan gif hé þæt eal gemon·
 hwæt wit tó willan ond tó worðmyndum
 umborwesendum aér árna gefremedon·
 Hwearf þá bí bence þaér hyre byre waéron
 Hrédric ond Hróðmund ond hæleþa bearn
 giogoð æt gædere· þaér se góða sæt
 Béowulf Géata be þaém gebróðrum twaém.

XVIII

Him wæs ful boren ond fréondlapu
 wordum bewægned ond wundengold
 éstum geéawed: earmréade twá
 hrægl ond hringas, healsbéaga maést
 þára þe ic on foldan gefrægen hæbbe·
 naénigne ic under swegle sélran hýrde
 hordmádmum hæleþa syþðan Háma ætwæg
 tó herebyrhtan byrig Brósinga mene
 sigle ond sincfæt· searoniðas fealh
 Eormenrices· gecéas écne raed·
 þone hring hæfde Higelác Géata
 nefa Swertinges nýhstan síde
 siðþan hé under segne sinc ealgode·
 wælræaf werede· hyne wyrd fornam
 syþðan hé for wlenco wéan áhsode
 faéhðe tó Frýsum· hé þá frætwe wæg
 eorclanstánas ofer ýða ful
 ríce þéoden· hé under rande gecranc.
 Gehwearf þá in Francna fæþm feorh cyninges
 bréostgewaédu ond se béah somod·
 wyrstan wigfreca wæl réafoden
 æfter gúðsceare· Géata léode
 hréawic héoldon. Heal swége onféng·
 Wealhðeo maþelode· héo fore þaém werede spræc:
 'Brúc ðisses béages, Béowulf léofa
 hyse, mid hæle ond þisses hrægles néot
 þéod gestreona ond geþéoh tela·
 cen þec mid cræfte ond þyssum cnýhtum wes
 lára liðe· ic þe þæs léan geman·
 hafast þú geféred þæt ðe feor ond néah
 ealne wideferhþ weras ehtigað
 efne swá síde swá saé bebúgeð,
 windgeard, weallas· wes þenden þú lifige,
 æþeling, éadig· ic þe an tela
 sincgestréona· béo þú suna mínun
 daédum gedéfe, dréamhealdende·
 hér is aéghwylc eorl óþrum getrywe
 módes milde mandrihtne hléo·
 þegnas syndon geþwaére þéod ealgearo
 druncne dryhtguman dóð swá ic bidde·
 Éode þá tó setle· þaér wæs symbla cyst·
 druncon wín weras· wyrd ne cúþon
 geóscaft grimme swá hit ágangen wearð
 eorla manegum syþðan aefen cwóm
 ond him Hróþgár gewát tó hofe sínum
 ríce tó ræste reced weardode
 unrím eorla swá hie oft aér dydon
 bencþelu beredon· hit geondbraéded wearð
 beddum ond bolstrum· béorscealca sum
 fús ond faége fletræste gebéag·
 setton him tó héafdon hilderandas
 bordwudu beorhtan· þaér on bence wæs
 ofer æþelinge ýþgeséne
 heaþostéapa helm hringed byrne
 þrecwudu þrymlíc· wæs þéaw hyra
 þæt hie oft waéron an wíg gearwe
 gé æt hám gé on herge gé gehwæper þára
 efne swylce maéla swylce hira mandryhtne
 þearf gesaélde· wæs séo þéod tilu.

I think that he with good will repay
 our children, if he that at all remembers,
 what we for his sake and for his worldly renown,
 before, in his youth, bestowed our favours.'
1188 She turned then by the bench, where her boys were,
Hrethric and Hrothmund, and heroes' sons,
 the young company all together; there sat the good
 Beowulf of the Geats by the two brothers.

- 1193** The full cup was brought to him, and a friendly invitation
 proffered in words, and twisted gold
 kindly offered: two arm-ornaments,
 robe and rings, the largest necklace
 of those which I on earth have heard of;
 none under the sky I have heard of better
1198 from hoard-treasures of heroes, since Hama carried off
 to the battle-bright stronghold the Brosings' necklet,
 jewel and precious setting; he fled the cunning enmity
 of Eormenric, chose eternal benefit;
 That ring had Hygelac of the Geats, ****1202-14****
1203 grandson of Swerting, on his last adventure,
 when under the banner he defended riches,
 warded slaughter-spoils; him Fate took away,
 after he from pride sought misery,
 feud with the Frisians; he then wore the ornament,
1208 the mysterious stone over the waves' cup,
 the mighty prince; he fell under the rimmed-shield.
Passed then into the Franks' grasp the body of the king,
 mail-coat and the ring together;
 lesser warrior rifled the corpses
1213 after the slaughter of battle; the people of the Geats
 filled the field of corpses. The hall resounded with noise;
 Wealhtheow spoke; she spoke before the retinue:
 'Make use of this ring, beloved Beowulf,
 young man, with good fortune, and take benefit from this corslet,
1218 the wealth of a nation, and prosper well,
 prove yourself with strength, and to these lads be
 gentle in teaching; I shall remember you for this requital;
 you have brought it about that you far and near
 always and forever men will praise,
1223 even as widely as the sea surrounds
 the home of the wind, walls; be while you live,
 prince, happy; I wish thee well,
 and rich in treasure; be you to my sons
 indulgent in deeds, possessing joy;
1228 here is each of the men true to the others
 generous in mind, in the protection of their liege-lord;
 the thanes are united, the people alert,
 the warrior-retinue cheered by drink do as I bid.'
 She went then to her seat; there was the finest feast,
1233 the men drank wine; they did not know their fate,
 horrific destiny, as it had happened
 to many heroes, after evening came,
 and Hrothgar went to his quarters,
 the ruler to rest, the hall guarded
1238 countless earls, as they often had done before,
 they cleared away the benches from the floor; over it was spread
 bedding and bolsters; one of the beer-drinkers,
 eager and doomed, lay down in his hall-couch;
 they set at their heads battle-bossed shields,
1243 bright linden-wood; there on the bench was
 over each nobleman easily seen
 a battle-steep helm, ringed byrnie,
 (and) glorious mighty shaft; their custom was
 that they were often ready for a battle
1248 both at home and out harrying, and either of these,
 for just such times as for their liege-lord
 the need arose; they were a good platoon.

XVIII

Sigon þá to sláepe· sum sáre angeald
 æfenræste swá him ful oft gelamp
 sipðan goldsele Grendel warode·
 unriht æfnde oþ þæt ende becwóm,
 swylt æfter synnum. þæt gesýne wearþ
 widcúþ werum þætte wrecend þá gýt
 lifde æfter lápum lange þrage
 æfter gúðceare Grendles módor
 ides áglæcwíf yrmþe gemunde
 sé þe wæteregesan wunian scolde
 cealde stréamas sipðan camp him wearð
 to ecgbanan ángan brêþer
 fæderenmaége· hé þá fág gewát
 morþre gemearcod mandréam fléon·
 wésten warode. þanon wóc fela
 geosceaftgásta· wæs þæra Grendel sum,
 heorowearh hetelic· sé æt Heorote fand
 wæccendne wer wíges bidan·
 þaér him áglæca ætgræpe wearð·
 hwæþre hé gemunde mægenes strenge
 gimfæste gife ðe him god sealde
 ond him to anwaldan áre gelyfde
 frófre ond fultum· ðý hé þone féond oferwóm·
 gehnaégde helle gást· þá hé héan gewát
 dréame bedaéled déaþwíc séon,
 mancynnes féond. Ond his módor þá gýt
 gifre ond galgmód gegán wolde
 sorhfulne sið, sunu déoð wrecan·
 cóm þá to Heorote ðaér Hring-Dene
 geond þæt sæld swaefun· þá ðaér sóna wearð
 edhwyrft eorlum sipðan inne fealh
 Grendles módor· wæs se gryre laéssa
 efne swá micle swá bið mægþa cræft
 wíggryre wífes bewaépned men
 þonne heoru bunden hamgre geþuren
 sweord swáte fáh swín ofer helme
 ecgum dyhttig andweard scireð.
 Þá wæs on healle heardecg togen
 sweord ofer setlum, sídrand manig
 hafen handa fæst· helm ne gemunde
 byrnan síde þá hine se bróga angeat·
 héo wæs on ofste· wolde út þanon,
 féore beorgan þá héo onfunden wæs·
 hraðe héo æþelinga áne hæfde
 fæste befangen· þá héo to fenne gang·
 sé wæs Hróþgáre hæleþa léofost
 on gesíðes háð be saém twéonum
 rice randwiga þone ðe héo on ræste ábréat
 blaédfastne beorn --næs Béowulf ðaér
 ac wæs óþer in aér geteohhod
 æfter mápðumgife maérum Géate--
 hréam wearð in Heorote· héo under heolfre genam
 cúpe folme· cearu wæs geniwod,
 geworden in wícun· ne wæs þæt gewrixle til
 þæt hie on bá healfa bicgan scoldon
 fréonda féorum· þá wæs fród cyning
 hár hilderinc on hréonmóde
 syðþan hé aldorþegn unlyfigendne
 þone déorestan déadne wisse.
 Hraþe wæs to búre Béowulf fetod
 sigoréadig secg· samod aérðæge
 éode eorla sum æþele cempa
 self mid gesiðum þaér se snotera bád
 hwæþre him Alfwalda aefre wille
 æfter wéaspelle wyrpe gefremman·
 gang ðá æfter flóre fyrdwyrðe man
 mid his handscale --healwudu dynede--

They sank then into sleep; one paid sorely
 for his evening rest, as had quite often happened,
 when the gold-hall Grendel warded,
 inflict wrong until the end came,
 death for crimes. That became manifest,
 widely known by men, that an avenger still
 lived after the misfortunes, for a long time
 after the war-trouble, Grendel's mother,
 lady troll-wife, remembered misery,
 she who the dreadful water had to inhabit,
 the cold currents, after strife arose through him,
 a sword-slayer to an only brother,
 father's kin; he went then stained,
 marked by the murder, fled human pleasures,
 lived in the wilds. Then awoke many
 fated spirits; Grendel was one of these,
 the hateful sword-outlaw, who found at Heorot
 a watching man bidding for battle;
 there with him the troll came at close grips;
 yet he remembered the great strength,
 generous gift, which God gave him,
 and he on the One-Ruler's favour relied,
 comfort and support; by this he overcame the fiend,
 subdued the spirit of hell; then wretched he went,
 deprived of joy, to see his place of death,
 that foe of mankind. And his mother even now,
 greedy and gloomy-hearted wished to go forth,
 a sorrowful journey, to avenge her son's death;
 she came then to Heorot, where the Ring-Danes
 slept through the hall; then there at once came about
 the earl's reversal of fortune, when inside passed
 Grendel's mother; the horror was less
 by even so much, as is maid's strength,
 --the war-violence of woman-- from an armed man,
 when adorned blade, by hammer forged,
 --sword stained with blood-- the boar-crest
 by edges firm, the opposing (helmet) is sheared.
 Then in the hall was drawn a hard-edged
 sword above the seats, many a broad bossed-shield
 held fast in hand; helmet was not heeded,
 (nor) broad byrnie, when the horror perceived him;
 she was in haste, wanted out of there,
 to protect her life, when she was discovered;
 quickly she a noble one had
 seized tightly, then she went to the fen;
 he was to Hrothgar the best-loved hero
 in the retinue's rank between the two seas
 mighty shield-warrior, whom she ripped from his rest,
 the glorious man --Beowulf was not there,
 but was in the other lodging assigned earlier
 after the treasure-giving to the mighty Geat--
 a cry was in Heorot; she took from its gore
 a well-known arm; sorrow was renewed,
 it returned to their dwellings; that exchange was not good,
 which they on both sides were obliged to pay for
 with the lives of friends; then was the wise king,
 the grey battle-man, in a troubled spirit,
 when he the lordly thane unliving,
 the dearest one, knew was dead.
 Quickly to the bower was Beowulf fetched
 the victorious warrior; at day-break
 the notable earl went --noble champion--
 himself with his companions where the wise one awaited
 whether for him the Ruler of Elves ever would wish,
 after the news of woe, to bring about a change for the better;
 then over the floor went the war-worthy man
 with his crowd of companions --the wood of the hall resounded--

þæt hé þone wisan wordum hnægde
fréan Ingwina· frægn gif him waere
æfter néodlaðu niht getaese.

XX

Hróðgár mæpelode helm Scyldinga:
'Ne frín þú æfter saelum· sorh is geniwod
Denigea léodum· déad is Æschere
Yrmenlafes yldra bróþor
mín rúnwita ond mín raedbora
eaxlgestealla ðonne wé on orlege
hafelan weredon þonne hniton fēþan
eoferas cnysedan· swylc eorl scolde
wesán aergód swylc Æschere wæs.
Wearð him on Heorote tó handbanan
wælgæst wæfre· ic ne wát hwæþer
atol aese wlanc eftsiðas téah
fyll gefraegnod· héo þá faéhðe wræc
þe þú gystran niht Grendel cwealde
þurh hæstne háð heardum clammm
forþan hé tó lange léode míne
wanode ond wyrde hé æt wíge gecrang
ealdres scyldig ond nú óþer cwóm
mihtig mánscaða· wolde hyre maég wrecan·
gé feor hafað faéhðe gestaéled
þæs þe þincean mæg þegne monegum
sé þe æfter sincgyfan on sefan gréoteþ:
hreþerbealo hearde· nú seo hand ligeð
sé þe éow wélhwylcra wilna dohte.
Ic þæt londbúend léode míne
seleraédende secgan hýrde
þæt hie gesáwon swylce twégen
micle mearcstapan móras healdan,
ellorgaestas· ðaéra óðer wæs
þæs þe hie gewislicost gewitan meahton
idese onlicnæs· óðer earmsceapen
on weres wæstmum wraéclástas træd
næfne hé wæs mára þonne aénig man óðer·
þone on géardagum Grendel nemdon
foldbúende· nó hie fæder cunnon·
hwæþer him aénig wæs aér áccenned
dymra gásta. Hie dýgel lond
warigeað wulfhleopu windige næssas
fréne fengelád ðaer fyrgenstréam
under næssa genipu niþer gewitéð
flód under foldan· nis þæt feor heonon
milgemearces þæt se mere standeð·
ofer þaem hongiað hrimge bearwas·
wudu wyrtrum fæst wæter oferhelmað·
þaer mæg nihta gehwaem niðwundor seón
fýr on flóde· nó þæs fród leofað
gumena bearna þæt þone grund wite.
Ðeah þe haédstapa hundum geswenced
heorot hornum trum holtwudu séce
feorran geflýmed· aér hé feorh seleð
aldor on ófre aér hé in wille
hafelan helan· nis þæt héoru stów·
þonon ýðgeblond úp ástigeð
won tó wolcnum þonne wind styreþ
láð gewidru oð þæt lyft drysmaþ·
roderas réotað. Nú is se raéd gelang
eft æt þe ánum· eard gít ne const
fréne stówe ðaer þú findan miht
felasinnigne secg· séc gif þú dyrre·
ic þe þá faéhðe fêo léanige
ealdgestreónum swá ic aér dyde,
wundungolde gyf þú on weg cymest.'

XXI

1318 he the wise (king) humbled with words:
--the lord of the Ingwines-- asked if it had been for him,
according to his hopes, a pleasing night.

Hrothgar spoke, the Helm of the Scyldings:
'Do not you ask after pleasures; sorrow is renewed
1323 for the Danish nation; Æschere is dead,
Yrmenlaf's elder brother,
my confident and my chief counsellor,
shoulder-companion, when we in war
protected the head, when clashed with foot-soldiers,
1328 dashed boars (atop helmets); so ought a man
be experienced and noble, as Æschere was.
In Heorot for him was a hand-slayer,
restless death-spirit; I know not whether,
glorying in the carcass, she undertook a return journey,
1333 contented by her feast; she avenged the feud
in which you yester-night Grendel quelled
through violent means in harsh embrace,
because he for too long my people
diminished and destroyed, he fell in the fight,
1338 having forfeited his life, and now the other has come,
the mighty crime-wrecker, she wants to avenge her kinsman,
and has very far carried her feud,
as it must seem to many a thane,
who for the treasure-giver weeps in his heart:
1343 hard mind-grief! now the hand has fallen away,
which in all of you had sustained wishes.
I it, land-dwellers, my people,
hall-counsellors have heard tell
that they saw two such
1348 massive marchers of no-man's land haunting the moors,
alien spirits; one of them was,
as they most certainly were able to discern,
of the likeness of a woman; the other one wretchedly shaped
in the form of a man trod in the tracks of an exile,
1353 except he was larger than any other man;
in days of yore him 'Grendel' named
the earth-dwellers; they did not know of his father,
whether of them any were born previously
of obscure spirits. They a secret land **1357-67**
1358 inhabited, wolf-slopes, windy water-capes,
a dangerous passage over the fen-waters, where mountain-stream
under the darkness of the headlands descended downward,
the flood under the earth; it is not that far hence
in mile-marks, that the mere stands;
1363 over it hangs frost-covered groves,
tree held fast by its roots overshadows the water;
there one may every night a horrible marvel see:
fire on the water; not even the wise of them lives,
of men's sons, that knows the bottom.
1368 Though the heath-stepper harrassed by hounds,
the hart with strong horns, seeks the forest,
put to flight from far, first he will give up his life,
existence on the shore, before he will (leap) in
to hide his head; it is not a pleasant place;
1373 thence a maelström of the waves rises up,
dark to the clouds, when the wind stirs
grievous storms, until the air grows dark,
the skies weep. Now is the remedy dependent upon
you alone once again; you do not know the region yet,
1378 terrible place where you might find
the much-sinning creature; seek if you dare;
for the feud you I would reward with wealth,
with old treasures, as I did before,
with twisted-gold, if you come away.'

Beowulf mabelode bearn Ecgbéowes:
 'Ne sorge, snotor guma· séle bið aégghwaém
 þæt hé his fréond wrece þonne hé fela murne·
 úre aégghwylc sceal ende gebídan
 worolde lífes: wyrce sé þe móte
 dómes aér déaþe· þæt bið drihtguman,
 unlifgendum æfter sélest.
 Áris, rices weard, uto hraþe fēran
 Grendles mágan gang scēawigan·
 ic hit þe gehāte: nó hé on helm losað
 né on foldan fæþm né on fyrghen Holt
 né on gyfenes grund· gá þær hé wille·
 ðýs dógor þú geþyld hafa
 wéana gehwylces swá ic þe wéne tó.'
 Áhléop ðá se gomela, gode þancode
 mihtigan drihtne þæs se man gespræc·
 þá wæs Hrōðgáre hors gebaeted
 wicg wundenfeax· wisa fengel
 geatolic gende· gumfēpa stóp
 lindhæbbendra· lástas waeron
 æfter walddswapum wide gesýne,
 gang ofer grundas gegnum for
 ofer myrcan mór magoþegna bær
 þone sélestan sáwolléasne
 þára þe mid Hrōðgáre hám eahtode.
 Oferéode þá æþelinga bearn
 stéap stánhliðo stige nearwe
 enge ánpaðas uncúð gelád
 neowle næssas nicorhúsa fela·
 hé fēara sum beforan gengde
 wísra monna wong scēawian
 oþ þæt hé faeringa fyrghenbéamas
 ofer hárne stán hleonian funde
 wynléasne wudu· wæter under stód
 dréorig ond gedréfed· Denum eallum wæs
 winum Scyldinga wærce on móde
 tó geþolianne, ðegne monegum
 oncýð eorla gehwaém syðþan Æsches
 on þám holmlife hafelan méttan.
 Flóð blóde wéol --folc tó saégon--
 hátan heolfe· horn stundum song
 fúslic forðléoð· fēpa eal gesæt·
 gesáwon ðá æfter wætere wýrmcýnnes fela
 sellice saédračan sund cunnian,
 swylce on næshleoðum nicras licgean
 ðá on undermaél oft bewitigað
 sorhfulne sið on segráde,
 wyrmas ond wildéor· hie on weg hruron
 bitere ond gebolgne· bearhtm ongéaton
 gúðhorn galan· sumne Géata léod
 of flánbogan fēores getwaéfde
 ýðgewinnes þæt him on aldre stód
 herestraél hearda· hé on holme wæs
 sundes þe saénra ðé hyne swylt fornam·
 hraþe wearð on ýðum mid eoferspréotum
 heorohócyhtum hearde genearwod,
 niða genaéged ond on næs togen
 wundorlic waégþora· weras scēawedon
 gryrellice gist. Gyrede hine Béowulf
 eorlgewaédum· nalles for ealdre mearn·
 scolde herebyrne hondum gebróden
 síð ond searofáh sund cunnian
 séo ðe bāncofan beorgan cúþe
 þæt him hildegráp hreþre ne mihte
 eorres inwitfeng aldre gesceþðan
 ac se hwíta helm hafelan werede
 sé þe meregrundas mengan scolde,
 sécan sundgebland since geweorðad

- 1383** Beowulf spoke, the son of Edgetheow:
 'Do not sorrow, wise man· it is better for everyone
 that he his friend avenge, than he mourn over-much;
 each of us must await the end
 in the world of life: gain he who may
1388 glory before death; that is for the warrior,
 unliving, afterwards the best.
 Arise, O guardian of the kingdom, let us go quickly,
 Grendel's kin's trail survey;
 I swear it to thee: she will not be lost in the cover,
1393 nor in the embrace of the earth, nor in the mountain wood,
 nor in the ocean's depth, go where she will;
 this day you must have patience
 in each of the woes, as I expect you to.'
 The aged one leapt up, thanked God,
1398 mighty Lord, for what the man spoke;
 then was for Hrothgar a horse was bridled,
 a mount with braided mane; the wise ruler
 rode well-equipped; the foot-soldiers marched
 linden-wood bearers; tracks were
1403 along the forest-track widely seen,
 the trail over the grounds, went straight-forward
 over the murky moor, she carried of the kin-thanes
 the finest --without his soul--
 of those who with Hrothgar had defended their home.
1408 Traversed then the nobles' son
 the steep stone slopes, the narrow ways,
 the tight single-file paths, the unknown, uncertain water-crossings,
 the precipitous headlands, the many homes of nicors;
 he with a few went ahead
1413 wise men surveying the field,
 until he by chance mountain-trees
 over a silvery-grey stone found hanging,
 the joyless forest; water stood below,
 bloody and stirred-up; for all of the Danes was,
1418 for the friends of the Scyldings, suffering in the heart
 to endure, for many thanes,
 awakening grief in each of the nobles, when Æschere's
 --on the sea-cliff-- head encountered.
 The flood welled bloody --the folk stared at it--
1423 with flaming gore; rapidly the horn sang,
 urgent song of departure; the troop all sat down;
 they saw then through the water many of the race of serpents,
 strange sea-dragon exploring the lake,
 also on the cape-slopes were lounging nicors,
1428 they in mid-morning often carry out
 grievous sorties on the sail-road,
 serpents and wild beasts; they rushed away
 bitter and swollen with rage; they perceived the clear note,
 war-horn wailing; one of the Geats' men
1433 with a shaft and bow separated it from life,
 of wave-struggle that in its heart stood,
 a strong war-arrow; it in the water was
 swimming the slower, when Death seized it;
 fast it was in the waves against boar-pikes
1438 savagely-hooked hard pressed,
 viciously attacked, and from the cape dragged out,
 wondrous spawn of the waves; men stared at
 the gruesome guest. Beowulf armed himself
 in noble garments, feared not at all for his life;
1443 it was necessary that his army-byrnie, braided by hands,
 broad and cunningly adorned, explore the lake,
 it the bone-chamber could protect,
 that him the battle-grip could not his heart,
 nor angry grasp of malice his life scathe,
1448 moreover the shining helm warded his head,
 that which the mere-depths must stir up,
 seek the mingling of waters adorned with riches,

befongen fréawrásum swá hine fyrndagum
 worhte wæpna smið wundrum téode·
 besette swinlicum þæt hine syðþan nó
 brond né beadomécas bitan ne meahton.
 Næs þæt þonne maétost mægenfultuma
 þæt him on ðearfe lāh ðyle Hrōðgāres
 --wæs þaem hæftmēce Hrunting nama--
 þæt wæs án foran ealdgestrēona·
 ecg wæs iren átértānum fāh
 áhyrde heaposwāte· naefre hit æt hilde ne swác
 manna aengum þára þe hit mid mundum bewand
 sé ðe grypsīðas gegán dorste
 folcstede fāra· næs þæt forma sīð
 þæt hit ellenweorc æfnan scolde.
 Huru ne gemunde mago Ecglafe
 eafopes cræftig þæt hé aér gespræc
 wīne druncen þá hé þæs wæpnes onlāh
 sēlran sweordfrecan selfa ne dorste
 under yða gewin aldre genēþan,
 drihtscype drēogan· þaer hé dōme forlēas
 ellenmaerðum· ne wæs þaem oðrum swá
 syðþan hé hine tó gūðe gegyred hæfde.


XXII

Beowulf maðelode bearn Ecgþeowes:
 'Geþenc nú, se maera maga Healfdenes
 snottra fengel· nú ic eom siðes fūs·
 goldwine gumena, hwæt wit géo spræcon:
 gif ic æt þearfe þinre scolde
 aldre linnan· þæt ðú mé á waere
 forðgewitenum on fæder staële·
 wes þú mundbora mínun magoþegnum
 hondgesellum gif mec hild nime
 swylce þú ðá máðmas, þé þú mé sealdest,
 Hrōðgár léofa, Higeláce onsend·
 mæg þonne on þaem golde ongitan Géata dryhten,
 geséon sunu Hraedles þonne hé on þæt sinc starað
 þæt ic gumcystum góðne funde
 béaga bryttan bréac þonne móste.
 Ond þú Hunferð laet ealde lāfe
 wraetlic waegsweord wīdcūðne man
 heardecg habban· ic mé mid Hruntinge
 dóm gewyrce oþðe mec deað nimeð.'
 Æfter þaem wordum Weder-Géata léod
 efste mid elne· nalas andsware
 bīdan wolde· brimwylm onfeng
 hilderince. Ðá wæs hwil dæg,es,
 aér hé þone grundwong ongytan mehte
 sōna þæt onfunde sé ðe flōða begong
 heorogifre behéold hund missēra
 grim ond graedig þæt þaer gumena sum
 ælwihta eard ufan cunnode·
 gráp þá tógēanes· gúðrinc gefēng
 atolan clommum· nó þý aér in gescód
 hālan lice· hring utan ymbbearh
 þæt héo þone fyrdhom ðurhfōn ne mihte
 locene leoðosyrca lāpan fingrum.
 Bær þá seo brimwylf þá héo tó botme cōm
 hringa þengel tó hofe sīnum
 swá hé ne mihte --nó hé þæs mōdig wæs--
 wæpna gewældan ac hine wundra þæs fela
 swecte on sunde· saeðdeor monig
 hildetūxum heresyrcan bræc·
 éhton áglæcan. Ðá se eorl ongeat
 þæt hé niðsele náthwylcum wæs
 þaer him naénig wæter wīhte ne sceþede
 né him for hrōfsele hrinan ne mehte
 faergripe flōdes· fyrléoh geseah,
 blācne léoman beorhte scinan·

encircled with lordly-bands as in far-days it
 was wrought by weapons' smith, wonderfully lengthened,
 beset with swine-forms, so that it then no
1453 brond-blade nor battle-maiches to bite were not able.
 Not the least then of his mighty supports,
 that him in need lent Hrothgar's þyle
 --was the long-hilted maiche-sword's name Hrunting--
 it was one above of ancient treasures;
 edge was iron, with poison-twigs patterned,
 hardened with battle-blood; never had it in a fight failed
 any man, who it in hands brandished,
 he who terrifying journeys dared to enter upon,
 the domain of foes; it was not the first time
 that it courage-work had been obliged to perform.
 Indeed he could not have recalled, the kin of Ecgelaf,
 mighty in strength, that which he had said before,
 drunk on wine, when he lent that the weapon
 to a better swordsman, he himself did not dare
 under the waves' turmoil to risk his life,
 to carry out bravery; there he forfeited glory,
 fame from valour; it was not so for the other,
 when he himself for war had equipped.


1473 Beowulf spoke, the son of Edgetheow:
 'Think now, glorious kinsman of Half-Dane,
 wise chieftain, now I am eager for the adventure,
 gold-friend of man, what we spoke of earlier:
 if I in employment of yours should
1478 be parted from life, that you for me ever would be,
 having passed on, in the place of a father;
 be you hand-bearer to my young retainers,
 hand-companions, if battle takes me,
 so too you the treasures, those which you gave me,
 beloved Hrothgar, send on to Hygelac;
1483 he then will able to in the gold observe, the lord of the Geats,
 to perceive, the son of Hrethel, when he on that treasures stares,
 that I one of noble virtues, a good king, had found,
 dispenser of rings, enjoyed while I could.
1488 And let Unferth the old heirloom,
 the glorious wave-sword, (let) the widely-known man
 have that hard-edged (sword); I for myself with Hrunting
 will gain glory, unless Death takes me.'
 After these words the man of the Weder-Geats
1493 hastened with courage; not in the least for a reply
 did he wish to await; the surging-lake enfolded
 the battle-warrior. Then it was a long part of a day,
 ere he the bottom could perceive,
 at once she found it out, --she who the floods' expanse,
1498 fiercely-ravenous, held a hundred half-years,
 wrathful and greedy-- that there one of the humans
 the realm of strange being explored from above;
 then she groped towards, seized the warrior
 in terrible clasps; Not the sooner she crushed inside
1503 his hale body; the ring-mail gave him protection from without,
 that she the soldier-garment could not penetrate,
 the interlocked limb-coat, with her loathsome fingers.
 Then the sea-wolf bore, when she had come to the bottom,
 the lord of those rings to her court,
1508 so he could not --no matter how brave he was--
 wield his weapon, but him so many bizarre things
 smelled in the deep, many sea-beasts
 with battle-tusks tore at his army-mail,
 the horrors attacked. Then the earl saw
1513 that he in a hall of hatred --I know not which-- was,
 where not any water him oppressed at all,
 nor him, due to the the hall's roof, was not able to reach
 the sudden onrush of the flood; he saw firelight,
 a pale light shining vividly;

on geat þá se góða grundwyrge ne
 merewif mihtig· mægenraes forgeaf
 hildebille· hondswenge ne oftéah
 þæt hire on hafelan hringmaél ágól
 graédig gúðleoð· ðá se gist on fand
 þæt se beadoléoma bitan nolde,
 aldre sceþðan ac seo ecg geswác
 ðeodne æt þearfe· ðolode aer fela
 hondgemóta· helm oft gescær
 faéges fyrdhrægl· ðá wæs forma sið
 déorum mādme þæt his dóm álæg.
 Eft wæs anraéd, nalas elnes læt
 maérða gemyndig maég Hýgláces
 wearp ðá wundenmaél wraettum gebunden
 yrre óretta þæt hit on eorðan læg
 stið ond stýlecg· strenge getrúwode,
 mundgripe mægenes· swá sceal man doñ
 þonne hé æt gúðe gegán þenceð
 longsumne lof· ná ymb his lif cearað.

 Gefēng þá be eaxle --nalas for faéhðe mearn--

Gúð-Géata léod, Grendles módor·
 brægd þá beadwe heard þá hé gebolgen wæs
 feorhgeniðlan þæt héo on flet gebéah·
 héo him eft hraþe handlean forgeald
 grimman grápum ond him tógéanes fēng·
 oferwearp þá wérigmód wigena strengest
 fēþecempa þæt hé on fylle wearð·
 ofsæt þá þone selegyst ond hyre seax getéah
 brád ond brúnecg· wolde hire beam wrecan
 ángan eaferan· him on eaxe læg
 bréostnet bróden; þæt gebearh fēore
 wið ord ond wið ecge ingang forstóð.
 Hæfde ðá forsiðod sunu Ecgbéowes
 under gynne grund Géata cempa
 nemne him heaðobyrne helpe gefremede
 herenet hearde-- ond hálig god
 gewéold wigsigor· wítig drihten
 rodera raédend hit on ryht gescéd
 ýðelice syþðan hé eft ástóð.

XXIII

Geseah ðá on searwum sigeéadig bil
 ealdsweord eotenisc ecgum þýhtig
 wigena weorðmynd· þæt wæs waépna cyst
 búton hit wæs máre ðonne aénig mon óðer
 tó beaduláce ætberan meahte
 gód ond geatolic gíganta geweorc·
 hé gefēng þá fetelhilt· freca Scyldinga
 hréoh ond heorogrim hringmaél gebrægd
 aldres orwéna· yrringa slóh
 þæt hire wið halse heard grápode·
 bánhringas bræc· bil eal ðurhwód
 faégne flaéschoman· héo on flet gecong·
 sweord wæs swátig· secg weorce gefeh.
 Lixte se léoma· léoht inne stóð
 efne swá of hefene hádre scíneð
 rodores candel· hé æfter recede wlát·
 hwearf þá be wealle· waépen hafenade
 heard be hiltum Higeláces ðegn
 yrre ond anraéd· næs seo ecg fracod
 hilderince ac hé hraþe wolde
 Grendle forgyldan gúðraesa fela
 ðára þe hé geworhte tó West-Denum
 oftor micle ðonne on aénne sið
 þonne hé Hróðgáres heorðgenéatas
 slóh on sweofote· slaépende fraæt
 folces Denigea fyftýne men
 ond óðer swyle út offérede
 lādlicu lác·  hé him þæs léan forgeald

- 1518** then the good man saw the accursed one of the deep,
 the mighty mere-wife; he gave a powerful thrust
 to the battle-bill, did not withhold the swing of his hand,
 so that on her head the ring-marked sang out
 a greedy war-song; then the guest discovered
- 1523** that the battle-brand did not wish to bite,
 to crush life, rather the edge failed
 the noble in his need; it had endured already many
 hand-to-hand encounters, often split helm,
 the war-garments of the doomed; this was the first time
- 1528** for the precious treasure that its glory failed.
 Again was resolute, not at all slackening in courage,
 mindful of fame the kinsman of Hygelac
 then he threw aside the twisting pattern (sword), adorned with ornaments,
 the angry warrior, so that it lay on the earth,
- 1533** firm and steel-edged; he trusted to strength,
 his hand-grip of might; so must a man do,
 when he in war intends to gain
 long-lasting praise; he cares not for his life.
 Grabbed her then by the shoulder --not in the least regretting the feud--
- 1538** the prince of the War-Geats, Grendel's mother;
 the hard man of conflict then heaved, now that he was enraged,
 the deadly foe, so that she fell to the floor;
 she again him quickly gave hand-reward
 with wrathful grips and clutched him against herself;
- 1543** then, weary in spirit, he stumbled, the strongest man,
 warrior on foot, so that he was in a fall;
 then she bestrode the guest in her hall, and drew her seax,
 broad and bright-edged; she wished to avenge her son,
 only offspring; on his shoulder lay
- 1548** woven breast-net; it protected life,
 against point and against edge it withstood entry.
 Then he would have perished, the son of Edgetheow,
 under the yawning ground, the champion of the Geats,
 except that him the war-byrnie provided help,
- 1553** firm army-net-- and holy God
 controlled the war-victory; the wise Lord,
 the Ruler of the heavens, decided it rightly,
 easily, thereupon he stood up again.

- He saw then among the arms a victory-blessed bill,
- 1558** an old giantish sword with firm edges,
 an honour of warriors, it was the choicest weapon,
 but it was more than any other man
 to battle-play could carry,
 good and stately, the work of giants;
- 1563** he seized then the ring-hilt, champion of the Scyldings
 wild and furiously battle-fierce, he drew the ring-marked (sword)
 without hope of life, angrily struck,
 so that through her neck it clutched hard,
 broke bone-rings; the bill passed entirely through
- 1568** the doomed cloak of flesh; she fell on the floor;
 the sword was bloody, the warrior rejoiced in his work.
 The gleam flashed, the light stood within,
 even as from heaven shines brightly
 the sky's candle; he looked about the hall;
- 1573** moved along the wall, weapon raised
 fierce with hilts, Hygelac's thane,
 angry and single-minded; nor was that edge useless
 to the battle-man, but he quickly wished
 to repay Grendel for the many war-raids
- 1578** which he had carried out on the West-Danes
 much more often than on a single venture,
 when he Hrothgar's hearth-companions
 slaughter in their slumber, devoured in their sleep,
 of the folk of the Danes fifteen men,
- 1583** and other such had he carried out and off
 hideous haul; he paid him the reward of that,

répe cempa tó ðæs þe hé on ræste geseah
 gúðwérigne Grendel licgan
 aldorléasne swá him aer gescód
 hild æt Heorote --hrá wide sprong
 syþðan hé æfter deaðe drepe þrówade
 heorosweng heardne-- ond hine þá héafde becearf.
 Sóna þæt gesáwon snottre ceorlas
 þá ðe mid Hróðgáre on holm wliton·
 þæt wæs ýðgeblond eal gemenged
 brim blóde fáh· blondenfeaxe
 gomele ymb góðne ongeador spræcon
 þæt hig þæs æðelinges eft ne wendon·
 þæt hé sigheðrédig sécean cóme
 maérne þeoden· þá ðæs monige gewearð
 þæt hine séo brimwylf ábreoten hæfde.
 Ðá cóm nón dæges· næs ofgæfaon
 hwate Scyldingas· gewát him hám þonon
 goldwine gumena· gistas sécan
 módes séoce ond on mere staredon·
 wíston, ond ne wendon þæt hie heora winedrihten
 selfne gesáwon. þá þæt sweord ongan
 æfter heaþoswáte hildegicelum
 wígbil wanian· þæt wæs wundra sum
 þæt hit eal gemealt íse gelícost
 ðonne forstes bend fæder onlaéteð·
 onwíndeð waelrápas sé geweald hafað
 saéla ond maéla· þæt is sóð metod.
 Ne nóm hé in þaém wícum Weder-Géata léod
 máðmaéhta má þéh hé þaér monige geseah
 búton þone hafelan ond þá hilt somod
 since fäge· sweord aer gemealt·
 forbarn bródenmaél· wæs þæt blóð tó þæs hát,
 ætten ellorgaést sé þaér inne swealt.
 Sóna wæs on sunde sé þe aer æt sæcce gebád
 wíghryre wráðra wæter úp þurhdeáf·
 waéron ýðgebland eal gefaélsod
 éacne eardas þá se ellorgást
 oflét lifdagas ond þás laénan gesceaft·
 cóm þá to lande lidmanna helm
 swiðmód swymman· saéláce gefeah
 mægenbyrþenne, þára þe hé him mid hæfde.
 Éodon him þá tógéanes· gode þancodon
 ðrýðlic þegna héap þeodnes gefégon
 þæs þe hí hyne gesundne geséon móston·
 ðá wæs of þaém hróran helm ond byrne
 lungre álýsed --lagu drúsade,
 wæter under wolcnum wældréore fæg--
 ferdon forð þonon fêpelástum
 ferhþum fægne· foldweg maéton
 cúpe straéte· cyningbalde men
 from þaém holmclife hafelan baéron
 earfoðlice heora aég hwæþrum
 felamóðigra --féower scoldon
 on þaém wælstenge wærcum geferian
 tó þaém goldsele Grendles héafod--
 oþ ðæt semninga tó sele cómon
 frome fyrdhwate féowertýne
 Géata gongan gumdryhten mid·
 móðig on gemonge meodowongas træd.
 Ðá cóm in gaän ealdor ðegna
 daédcéne mon dóme gewurþad
 hæle hildedéor Hróðgár grétan·
 þá wæs be feaxe on flet boren
 Grendles héafod þaér guman druncon,
 egeslic for eorlum ond þaére idese mid,
 wliteseon wraétlic· weras onsáwon.

XXV

Beowulf mapelode bearn Ecgbéowes:

the fierce fighter, in that he saw in repose
 war-weary Grendel lying,
 lifeless, as he had injured him earlier
1588 in the conflict at Heorot --the corpse burst wide open,
 when it after death suffered a blow,
 a hard sword-stroke-- and then its head he cut off.
 Suddenly that saw the wise fellows,
 who with Hrothgar looked at the lake,
 that was turmoil of waves all stirred up
1593 the water coloured with blood; with blended-hair,
 aged, about the good man, together they spoke,
 that they that noble one did not expect again
 that he, triumphing in victory, would come to seek
1598 the glorious ruler; then it many agreed,
 that the sea-wolf him had destroyed.
 Then came then ninth hour of the day; they abandoned the cape,
 the brave Scyldings; he went home hence,
the gold-friend of men; the guests looked about
1603 sick at heart, and stared into the mere,
 wished, and did not expect, that they their lord and friend
 himself would see. Then that sword began
 caused by the gore of battle in icycles of battle,
 the war-bill to wane; that was a great wonder
1608 that it all melted, so like ice,
 when frost's bond the Father loosens,
 unwinds water-ropes, who has control
 of times and seasons; that is the true Creator.
 He did not take into those dwelling, the leader of the Weder-Geats,
1613 more treasures, though he there saw a great number,
 but that head and the hilt as well
 shining with ornament; the sword had already melted,
 burned up the wavy-patterned (blade); that blood was so hot,
 the venomous foreign spirit who had perished there inside.
1618 Straightaway he was in the water, he who survived in strife,
 the enemies' fall in war; he dove up through the water,
 the turmoil of waves was all cleared,
 the vast regions, where the alien ghosts
 gave up their life-days and this borrowed world;
1623 he came then to the land, the seafarer's leader,
 swimming stout-hearted; he rejoiced in the sea-loot,
 the great burden, which he had with him.
 They went towards him, thanked God,
 the mighty band of thanes, they rejoiced for their lord,
1628 that they him sound were able to see;
 then the vigorous man was from helm and byrnie
 quickly loosened --the water grew still,
 the lake under the clouds, stained with the gore of death--
 they fared forth thence along foot-paths
1633 happy in their hearts, traversed the trail over the earth,
 the familiar streets; the men, bold as kings,
 from that lake-cliff bore the head
 arduously, for all of them,
 full of spirit --four had to
1638 on the pole of the slain to carry with difficulty
 to the gold-hall Grendel's head--
 until presently they came to the hall,
 brave army-keen fourteen
 of the Geats moving, with their lord of men,
1643 proud in the throng, trod on the plain near the mead-hall.
 Then came in marching the lord of the thanes,
 the deed-bold man exalted by glory,
 the battle-brave hero, to greet Hrothgar;
 then it was by the hair borne to the floor
1648 the head of Grendel, where men were drinking,
 dreadful for the earls, and the ladies with them,
 a wondrous spectacle; the men stared.

Beowulf spoke, the son of Edgetheow:

'Hwæt, wé þe þás saélác, sunu Healfdenes
léod Scyldinga, lustum bróhton
tires tó tácne þe þú hér tó lócast.
Ic þæt unsófte ealdre gedigde
wigge under wætere· weorc genéþde
earfoðlice· ætrihte wæs
gúð getwaefed nymðe mec god scyldē
ne meahte ic æt hilde mid Hruntinge
wiht gewyrcaþ þeah þæt waepen dūge
ac mé geūde ylða waldend
þæt ic on wáge geseah wlitig hangian
ealdsweord éacen --oftost wisode
winigea léasum-- þæt ic dy waépne gebraéd·
ofslóh ðá æt þære sæcce þá mé saél ageald
húses hyrdas· þá þæt hildebil
forbarn brogdenmael swá þæt blóð gesprang
hátost heaþoswáta· ic þæt hilt þanan
féondum ætferede· fyrendaéda wræc
deáðcwealm Denigea swá hit gedéfe wæs.
Ic hit þe þonne geháte þæt þú on Heorote móst
sorhléas swefan mid þínra secga gedryht
ond þegna gehwylc þínra léoda
duguðe ond iogope· þæt þú him ondraédan ne þearft,
þéoden Scyldinga, on þá healfē
aldorbealu eorlum swá þú aér dydest.'
Ðá wæs gylden hilt gamelum rince
hárum hildfruman on hand gyfen
enta aergeweorc· hit on aeht gehwearf
æfter deofla hryre Denigea fréan
wundor smiþa geweorc ond þá þás worold ofgeaf
gromheort guma godes andsaca
morðres scyldig ond his módor éac
on geweald gehwearf woroldcýninga
ðáem sélestan be saem twéonum
ðára þe on Scedenigge sceattas daélde.
Hróðgár maðelode· hylt scéawode
ealde lafe· on ðáem wæs ór writen
fyrngewinnes syðþan flóð ofslóh
gífen géotende gíganta cyn--
frécne geférdon· þæt wæs fremde þéod
écean dryhtne· him þæs endeléan
þurh wæteres wylm waldend sealde--
swá wæs on ðáem scennum scíran goldes
þurh rúnstafas rihte gemearcod
geseted ond gesaéd hwám þæt sweord geworht
írena cyst aérest wære
wreopenhilt ond wrymfáh· ðá se wísa spræc
sunu Healfdenes swigedon ealle:
'Þæt, lá, mæg secgan sé þe sóð ond riht
fremeð on folce· feor eal gemon,
eald éðel weard· þæt ðes eorl wære
geboren betera· blaéd is áraered
geond wíðwegas, wine mín Beowulf,
ðín ofer þéoda gehwylc· eal þú hit geþyldum healdest,
mægen mid módes snyttrum· ic þe sceal mine gelaestan
fréode swá wit furðum spræcon· ðú scealt tó frófre weorpan
eal langtwídig léodum þínun
hæledum tó helpe. Ne wearð Heremód swá
eaforum Ecgwelan Ár-Scyldingum·
ne gewéox hé him tó willan ac tó wælfæalle
ond tó deáðcwalum Deniga léodum·
bréat bolgenmód beodgenéatas
ealgesteallan op þæt hé ána hwearf
maére þéoden mondréamum from
ðeah þe hine mihtig god mægenes wynnum
eafepum stépte ofer ealle men
forð gefremede hwæpere him on ferhpe gréow
bréosthord blóðreow· nallas béagas geaf

1653 Listen, we you these sea-spoils, son of Half-Dane,
lord of the Scyldings, gladly brought
as token of glory, which you look at here.
I it not easily survived with my life,
war under water, work risked
with trouble; at once was
1658 the warfare at an end, unless God shielded me;
I could not in the battle with Hrunting
bring about anything, though that weapon is excellent
but to me granted men's Ruler
that I saw on the wall hanging fair
1663 a mighty ancient sword --most often He has guided
the one deprived of friend-- that I the weapon drew,
slew then in the strife, when an opportunity was yielded to me,
the house's guardians; then that battle-bill
burned up, wavy-patterned, as the blood leapt out,
1668 the hottest sweat of war; I that hilt thence
carried back from the fiends, foul-deeds avenged,
deadly slaughter of Danes, as it was fitting.
I promise it to you then, that you in Heorot may
sleep without sorrow with your company of soldiers,
and eachthane of your nation,
1673 veterans and youths, that you for them need not dread,
chieftain of the Scyldings, on that side,
life-bale for earls, as you did before.
Then was the golden hilt to the old king
1678 to the grey battle-leader, given into his hand,
the ancient work of giants; it had passed into the possession
after the devils' fall of the lord of the Danes,
the work of wondersmiths, and then this world gave up
the angry-hearted creature, God's adversary
1683 guilty of murder, and his mother also;
it passed into the power of the earthly kings
the finest ones between the two seas,
of those who in Scandinavia dealt out riches.
Hrothgar spoke; he examined the hilt,
1688 the old heirloom, on which was engraved the origin
of ancient strife, when the flood slew
the pouring ocean, the race of giants--
they fared terribly; that was a tribe foreign
to the eternal Lord; them the end-reward
1693 through the surging of waters the Ruler granted--
also was on the sword-hilt of shining gold
in rune-staves rightly marked,
it was set down and said, for whom the sword wrought,
--choicest of irons-- had been first,
1698 with a twisted-hilt and serpent-patterned; then the wise man spoke,
the son of Half-Dane all fell silent:
'That, indeed, may say he who truth and right
performs among the folk, remembers all from far-back,
old warden of the homeland; that this hero was
1703 born a greater man; the fame is established
throughout the distant regions, Beowulf my friend,
over each of the nations, of you; all you it with patience hold,
strength with the wisdom of the heart; to you I shall continue to give my
1707 protection, as we spoke of before; you must be as a comfort
all long-lasting to your people,
to heroes a support. Heremod was not so
to the sons of Edgewela, to the Honour-Scyldings;
he grew not to their pleasure, but for slaughter
1712 and for annihilation of the people of the Danes;
he felled in a furious spirit his companions at table,
shoulder-comrades, until he alone passed,
famous king, from the joys of man
though him mighty God with joys of strength
1717 powerfully exalted over all men,
further advanced yet in his heart grew to him
the treasure of the breast eager for blood; not at all did he give rings

****1687-1698****

Denum æfter dómæ· dréamléas gebád
 þæt hé þæs gewinnes wærc þrówade
 léodbealo longsum. Ðú þé laér be þon·
 gumcyste ongit· ic þis gid be þé
 áwræc wintrum fród. Wundor is tó secganne
 hú mihtig god manna cynne
 þurh sídne sefan snyttru bryttað
 eard ond eorlscipe· hé áh ealra geweald·
 hwílum hé on lufan laéteð hworfan
 monnes móðgeþonc maéran cynnes
 seleð him on éþle eorþan wynne
 tó healdanne hléoburh weræ·
 gedéð him swá gewældene worolde daélas
 síde rice þæt hé his selfa ne mæg
 for his unsnyttrum ende geþencean·
 wunað hé on wiste· nó hine wiht dweleð
 ádl né ylde né him inwitsorh
 on sefan sweorceð né gesacu óhwaér
 ecghete éoweð ac him eal worold
 wendeð on willan· hé þæt wyrse ne con.

XXVI

Oð þæt him on innan oferhygda daél
 weaxeð ond wríðað þonne se weard swefeð
 sáwele hyrde· bið se sláep tó fæst,
 bisgum gebunden, bona swíðe néah
 sá þe of flánbogan fyrenum scéoteð·
 þonne bið on hreþre under helm drepen
 biteran straéle --him beþeorgan ne con--
 wóm wundorþebodum wergan gastes·
 þinceð him tó lýtel þæt hé tó lange héold·
 gýtsað gromhýdig· nallas on gylp seleð
 faédde béagas ond hé þá forðgesceaft
 forgyteð ond forgýmeð þæs þe him aér god sealde,
 wuldres waldend, weorðmynda daél·
 hit on endestæf eft gelimpeð
 þæt se lichoma laéne gedréoseð·
 faége gefealleð· fêhð oþer tó
 sé þe unurnlice mádmæs daéleþ
 eorles aérgeþreón· egesan ne gýmeð.
 Beþeorh þé ðone bealonið, Beowulf léofa
 secg betosta, ond þé þæt séle gecéas
 éce raédas· oferhýda ne gým,
 maére cempa· nú is þines mægnes blaéd
 áne hwíle· eft sóna bið
 þæt þec ádl oððe ecg eafopes getwaéfeð
 oððe fýres feng oððe flódes wylm
 oððe gripe méces oððe gáres fliht
 oððe atol ylde· oððe éagena bearhtm
 forsited ond forsworced· semninga bið
 þæt ðec, dryhtguma, déað oferswýðeð.
 Swá ic Hring-Dena hund misséra
 wéold under wolcnum ond hig wigge beléac
 manigum maégþa geond þysne middangeard
 æscum ond ecgum þæt ic mé aénigne
 under swegles begong gesacan ne tealde.
 Hwæt, mé þæs on éþle edwendan cwóm,
 gým æfter gomene seopðan Grendel wearð
 ealdgewinna ingenga min
 ic þaére sócne singáles wæg
 móðceare micle· þæs sig metode þanc
 écean dryhtne þæs ðe ic on aldre gebád
 þæt ic on þone hafelan heorodréorigne
 ofer eald gewin éagum starige!
 Gá nú tó setle· symbglwynne dréoh
 wiggeweorþað· unc sceal worn fela
 mápma gemaénra siþðan morgen bið.
 Géat wæs glædmód· géong sóna tó
 setles néosan swá se snotttra heht·

to Danes for glory; he lived joylessly,
 so that he the strife's pain suffered,
 a great evil to the people for a long time. You learn by this,
 understand human virtue; I this tale for you
 recited, old and wise in winters. Wonder is to say
how mighty God to mankind
according to deep understanding dispenses wisdom,
 land and noble qualities; he has control of all;
 at times He in delight lets go
 the heart's thought of some man of glorious kin
 gives to him in his own homeland earthly bliss
 to command a stronghold of men,
 makes subject to him from the world's portions,
 a wide kingdom, that he himself can not
 in his ignorance conceive the end (of his rule);
 he lives on in abundance; they hinder him not a bit,
 sickness nor age, nor him evil sorrow
 darkens in his soul, nor strife anywhere
 sharp-hate appears, but to him all the world
 turns on his pleasure; he does not know it worse.

Until within him pride's portion
 grows and flourishes then the warder sleeps,
 the soul's keeper; the sleep is too sound,
 bound with troubles, the killer is very near,
 he who from his shaft-bow foully fires;
 then it is in the heart struck beneath the helm
 by the bitter dart --he cannot protect himself--
 from the perversity of strange biddings of the wicked spirit;
 it seems to him too little what he rules too long;
 cruel-mindedly covets, he in arrogance never gives
 golden rings, and he then the future
 forgets and disregards, that which God gave him before,
 glory's Ruler, a share of honour·
 it in the end finally comes to pass
 that the body, lent, fails;
 fated to death, it falls; another body takes up,
 who without regret shares out treasure,
 the earl's ancient wealth, and he heeds not fear.
 Guard yourself against this wicked strife, beloved Beowulf,
 finest man, and for yourself choose the better,
 the eternal gains; do not pay heed to pride,
 renowned champion; now is the glory of your strength
 for a while; presently in turn will be
 that you sickness or edge will part from strength,
 or grasp of fire, or surge of flood,
 or bite of blade, or flight of spear,
 or repulsive old-age; or the brightness of the eyes
 weakens and dims; very soon will be
 that you, warrior, Death overpowers.
 So I the Ring-Danes a hundred seasons
 have ruled under the skies and in war sheltered them,
 from many tribes throughout this middle-earth,
 from ash-shafts and sword-edges, so that I for myself any,
under the expanse of the heavens, adversary I did not account.
 Listen, to me in the homeland for that a reversal came,
 sorrow after joy, since Grendel became
 an old contender, invader of mine,
 I from that persecution endured continually
 great sorrow of spirit; thanks be for that to the Measurer of Fate,
 eternal Lord, from that I survived alive,
 so that I on the head sword-bloodied
 after ancient strife could gaze with my eyes!
 Go now to the bench, join in the pleasure-banquet,
 honoured by your battle; we must very many
 treasures share between us when it is morning.
 The Geat was glad-hearted, went straightaway to
 seek the bench, as the wise one had commanded;

þá wæs eft swá aer ellenrôfum
 flætsittendum fægere gereorded
 niowan stefne· nihthelm geswearc
 deorc ofer dryhtgumum· duguð eal aras·
 wolde blondenfeax beddes néosan,
 gamela Scylding· Géat unigmetes wél
 rôfne randwigan restan lyste·
 sóna him seleþegn siðes wêrgum
 feorrancundum orð wisade
 sé for andrysum ealle beweotede
 þegnes þearfe swylce þý dógore
 heaþolîðende habban scoldon·
 reste hine þá rûmheort· reced hlîuade
 géap ond goldfáh· gæst inne swæf
 oþ þæt hrefn blaca heofones wynne
 blîðheort bodode. Ðá côm beorht scacan
 scaþan ônetton·
 waéron æþelingas eft tó léodum
 fûse tó farenne· wolde feor þanon
 cuma collenferhð céoles néosan.
 Heht þá se hearda Hrunting beran
 sunu Ecglâfes· heht his sweord niman
 léoflic îren· sægde him þæs léanes þanc·
 cwæð: hé þone gúðwine góðne tealde
 wîgcræftigne· nales wordum lóg
 mécas ecge· þæt wæs móðig secg.
 Ond þá siðfrome, searwum gearwe
 wîgend waéron éode weorð Denum
 æþeling tó yppan þaer se ôper wæs
 hæle hîldeðeor Hróðgár grétte.

XXVII

Beowulf mæpelode bearn Ecghéowes:
 'Nú wé saéliðend secgan wyllað
 feorran cumene þæt wé fundiaþ
 Higelác sécan· waéron hér tela
 willum bewenede· þú ús wél dohtest.
 Gif ic þonne on eorþan ôwihte mæg
 þínre móðlufan máran tilian,
 gumena dryhten, ðonne ic gýt dyde,
 gúðgeweorca ic béo gearo sóna
 gif ic þæt gefricge ofer flóða begang
 þæt þec ymsittend egesan þýwað
 swá þec hetende hwílum dydon
 ic ðé þúsenda þegna bringe
 hæleþa tó helpe. Ic on Higeláce wát,
 Géata dryhten þeah ðe hé geong syð
 folces hyrde· þæt hé mec fremman wile
 weordum ond worcum þæt ic þé wél herige
 ond þé tó géoce gárholt bere
 mægenes fultum þaer ðe bið manna þearf.
 Gif him þonne Hréþrinc tó hofum Géata
 geþingeð þéodnes bearn hé mæg þaer fela
 fréonda findan· feorcýððe béoð
 sélran gesóhte þaem þe him selfa déah.'
 Hróðgár mæpelode him on andsware:
 'Þé þá wordcwidas wigtig drihten
 on sefan sende· ne hýrde ic snotorlicor
 on swá geongum feore guman þingian·
 þú eart mægenes strang ond on móðe fród
 wís wordcwida· wén ic talige
 gif þæt gegangeð þæt ðe gár nymed
 hild heorugrimme Hréþles eaferan,
 ádl oþðe îren ealdor ðinne
 folces hyrde ond þú þín feorh hafast
 þæt þe Saé-Géatas sélran næbben
 tó gecéosenne cyning aénigne
 hordweard hæleþa gyf þú healdan wylt
 mága rice· mé þín módsefa

- 1787** then it was again as before for bold warriors,
 for those sitting in the hall they prepared a fine feast
 once again; the helm of night darkened,
 dark over the company of warriors; the veterans all arose;
 the blended-haired one wishes to seek his bed,
1792 the aged Scylding; the Geat exceedingly much,
 valiant shield-warrior, desired rest;
 at once him the hall-thane the weary journeyer
 from afar guided forth,
 who for courtesy looked after everything
1797 of the hero's needs, such as in those days
 warrior-sailors were obliged to have;
 rested him then, the large-hearted man; the hall towered
 vaulted and gold-adorned; the guest slept inside
 until the black raven, the joy of the sky,
1802 declared glad-heartedly. Then came bright hurrying,
 fighters hastening;
 the nobles were back to their people
 eager to fare; he wished far thence,
 the high-spirited visitor, to seek his ship.
1807 He then directed the tough man to wear Hrunting
 the son of Edgelaf, bid him take his sword,
 beloved iron; said thanks to him for the loan,
 quoth: he the war-friend marked well,
 skilled in war; he did not in words blame
1812 the maiche's edge; he was a proud man.
 And then, eager to be going, ready in arms,
 were the warriors, the one honoured by the Danes went,
 noble to the high seat, where the other was,
 the battle-bold hero greeted Hrothgar.

- 1817** Beowulf spoke, the son of Edgetheow:
 'Now we sea-farers wish to say
 having come from afar, that we are anxious
 to seek Hygelac; we here were well
 entertained in our desires; you have treated us well.
1822 If then on earth I can (do) anything
 of your affections earn more,
 lord of men, than I have done yet,
 with feats of arms, I am ready at once,
 if I find it out over the flood's expanse,
1827 that you neighbouring-tribes oppress with terror,
 as enemies to you sometimes did,
 I to you a thousand thanes will bring,
 heroes as help. I know of Hygelac,
 the lord of the Geats, though he is young.
1832 the keeper of the folk, that he would support me
 with words and with deeds, so that I might honour you rightly
 and to you in aid bring a forest of spears,
 the support of strength, where you be needful of men.
 If him, on the other hand, Hrethric to the Geatish court
1837 decides (to go), chieftain's son, he shall there be able many
 friends to find; distant lands are
 better sought by one who is powerful himself.
 Hrothgar spoke to him in reply:
 'To you these sayings of words the wise Lord
1842 has sent into mind; I have not heard more intelligently
 at such young age man make a speech;
 you are strong in power and wise in your heart,
 judicious word-speaker; I consider it likely
 if it happens, that from you the spear takes,
1847 a horrendous battle Hrethel's heir,
 sickness or iron your ruler,
 the guardian of the folk, and you have your life,
 that the Sea-Geats could not have better
 by choosing any other king,
1852 hoard-ward of heroes, if you wish to rule
 your kinsman's kingdom. Your spirit and heart me

lícað leng swá wél, léofa Béowulf·
 hafast þú geféred þæt þám folcum sceal
 Géata léodum ond Gár-Denum
 sib gemaenum ond sacu restan,
 inwitiþas, þé hie aér drugon,
 wesan þenden ic wealde wídan ríces
 mǫþmas gemaene, manig óþerne
 gódum gegréttan ofer ganotes bæð·
 sceal hringnaca ofer heáþu bringan
 lác ond luftácen· ic þá léode wát
 gé wið féond gé wið fréond fæste geworhte
 aég hwæs untaele ealde wísan·
 Ðá gít him eorla hléo hine gesealde
 mago Healfdenes mǫþmas twelf·
 hét inne mid þaem lácum léode swaése
 sécean on gesyntum, snúde eft cuman·
 gecyste þá cyning æþelum gód,
 þéoden Scyldinga ðegn betostan
 ond be healse genam· hruron him téaras
 blondenfeaxum· him wæs béga wén
 ealdum in fróðum, óþres swiðor·
 þæt hie seoððan geséon móston
 móðige on meþle· wæs him se man tó þon léof
 þæt hé þone bréostwylm forberan ne mehte
 ac him on hreþre hygebendum fæst
 æfter déorum men dyrne langað
 beorn wið blóde. Him Béowulf þan
 gúðrinc goldwlan græsmoldan træd
 since hrémig· saégenga bád
 ágedfréan sé þe on ancre rád·
 þá wæs on gange gifu Hróðgáres
 oft geahted· þæt wæs án cyning,
 aég hwæs orleah tre oþ þæt hine ylðo benam
 mægenes wynnum sé þe oft manegum scód.

XXVIII

Cwóm þá tó flóde fela móðigra
 hægstealdra· hringnet baeron
 locene leoðosyrca· landweard onfand
 eftsið eorla, swá hé aér dyde·
 nó hé mid hearne of hliðes nósan
 gæstas gréte ac him tógéanes rád·
 cwæð þæt wilcuman Wedera léodum
 scaþan scirhame tó scipe fóron·
 þá wæs on sande saégéap naca
 hladden herewaédum hringedstefna
 méarum ond máðmum· mæst hlífade
 ofer Hróðgáres hordgestréonum·
 hé þaem bátwearde bunden golde
 swurd gesealde þæt hé syðþan wæs
 on meodubence mǫþma þý weorþre
 yrfeláfe. Gewát him on nacan
 dréfan déop wæter· Dena land ofgeaf·
 þá wæs be mæste merehræglu sum
 segl sále fæst· sundwudu þunede·
 nó þær wégflotan wind ofer ýðum
 siðes getwaéfde· saégenga fór·
 fléat fámigheals forð ofer ýðe
 bundenstefna ofer brimstréamas
 þæt hie Géata clifu ongitan meahon
 cúpe næssas· céol úp geþrang
 lyftgeswenced· on lande stód.
 Hraþe wæs æt holme hýðweard geara
 sé þe aér lange tíð léofra manna
 fús æt faroðe feor wlátode·
 saélde tó sande sídfæpme scip
 on ceapbendum fæst þý laés hym ýþa ðrym
 wudu wynsuman forwrecan meah te·
 hét þá úp beran æþelinga gestréon

- pleases so well the longer (I know them), dear Beowulf;
 you have achieved that for the folk shall
 the people of the Geats and the Spear-Danes
 in mutual peace, and strife subside,
 hostilities, which they endured before;
 shall be, while I rule the wide kingdom,
 wealth in common, many an other
 with good things will greet over [the gannet's bath](#);
 the ring-prowed ship shall bring over the high seas
 offerings and tokens of friendship; I know these nations
 both towards foe and towards friend firmly disposed,
 blameless in everything, in the ancient manner·
 Then again to him the protector of earls gave to him,
 the son of Half-Dane, twelve treasures;
 he commanded him with these gifts his own dear nation
 to seek in safety, to return quickly;
 kissed then, the king the upright noble,
 the chieftain of the Scyldings, the best thane
 and took him by the neck; tears fell from him,
 from the [silver and gold whiskers](#); in him were both thoughts
 old and deeply wise, the second stronger,
 that they afterwards might meet,
 brave in a formal summit; the man was so dear to him
 that he the welling of his breast could not hold back
 but him in his heart in firm bounds of thought
 for the dear man a remote longing
 burned in his blood. Him Beowulf thence,
 warrior proud with gold, trod the grass-mound,
 triumphing in treasure. The [sea-goer](#) awaited
 its lord and owner, which rode at its anchor;
 later on the journey was the gift of Hrothgar
 often praised; that was one king,
 in everything blameless, until age deprived him
 of strength's delights, a thing which continually harms many.

- They came than to the flood full of spirit
 of the young warriors; ring-mail they wore
 interlocked limb-shirts; the land-guard perceived
 the return of heroes, as he did before;
 he did not with insult from the cliff's promontory
 greet the guests, but rode towards them,
 said that welcome to the people of the Wederas
 the fighters with [bright covering](#) he went to the ship;
 then was on sand the sea-curved boat
 laden with war-garments the ringed-prow
 with horses and treasure; the mast towered
 over Hrothgar's hoard-wealth;
[he](#) to the boat-guard a bound gold
 sword gave, so that he afterwards was
 on the mead-bench by the treasure the worthier,
 by the inherited relic. Departed him on the ship
 to trouble deep water; he left the Danes' land;
 then was by the mast a mighty [sea-garment](#),
 sail fastened by rope; the sea-beam thundered;
 there the [wave-floater](#) was not (by) wind over the waves
 hindered in its venture; the sea-goers went,
[the foamy-necked](#) floated forth over the waves,
 bound prow over the ocean-streams,
 until they the Geatish cliffs could perceive,
 the well-known headlands; the keel rushed up
 weather-beaten, rested on the land.
 Quickly was at the water the ready harbour-guard,
 he who already for a long time for the beloved men
 eager at the current gazed far;
 moored in the sand the broad-bosomed ship
 firm with anchor-bounds, lest the force of the waves
 the winsome timbers might carry away;
 he ordered then to carry up the nobles' treasure,

****1873-80****

frætwe ond faétgold· næs him feor þanon
 tó gesécanne· since bryttan
 Higelác Hréþling þaér æt hám wunað
 selfa mid gesiðum· saéwealle néah.
 Bold wæs betlic, bregoróf cyning
 héahealle, Hygd swiðe geong
 wís wélþungen· þeah ðe wintra lýt
 under burhlocan· gebiden hæbbe
 Hæreþes dohtor· næs hio hnáh swá þeah
 né tó gnéað gifa· Géata léodum
 mǣpmgestréona· Mōd þrýðo wæg
 fremu folces cwén, firen' ondrysn·
 naénig þæt dorste· déor genéþan
 swaésra gesiða, nefne sinfréa·
 þæt hire an dæges· éagum starede
 ac him wælbende· weotode tealde
 handgewriþene· hraþe seopðan wæs
 æfter mundgripe· mēce geþinged
 þæt hit sceádenmaél· scýran móste,
 cwealmbealu cýðan· ne bið swylc cwénlic þeaw
 idese tó efnanne· þeah ðe hio aénlicu sý·
 þætte freoðuwebbe· fēores onsaéce
 æfter ligetorne· léofne mannan.
 Húru þæt on hóh snod· Hemninges maég·
 ealodrincende· óðer saédan·
 þæt hio léodbealewa· laés gefremede
 inwitniða· syððan aérest wearð
 gyfen goldhroden· geongum cernpan
 æðelum díore· syððan hio Offan flet
 ofer fealone flód· be fæder lāre
 siðe gesóhte· ðaér hio syððan well
 in gumstóle· góde maére
 lifgesceafta· lifigende bréac·
 híold héalhufan· wið hæleþa brego,
 ealles moncynnes· míne gefraége
 þæs sélestan· bí saém twéonum
 eormencynnes· Forðám Offa wæs
 geofum ond gúðum· gárcéne man
 wide geweorðod· wísdóme héold
 éðel sinne· þonon ongéomor wóc
 hæledum tó helpe· Heminges maég
 nefa Gármundes· níða cræftig.

XXVIII

Gewát him ðá se hearda· mid his hondscrole
 sylf æfter sande· saéwong tredan
 wide waroðas· woruldcandel scán
 sigel súðan fús· hí sið drugon·
 elne geéodon, tó ðæs ðe eorla hléo
 bonan Ongenþeoæs· burgum in innan,
 geongne gúðcyning· góðne gefrúnor
 hringas dáelan· Higeláce wæs
 sið Béowulfes· snúde gecýðed·
 þæt ðaér on worðig· wígendra hléo
 lindgestealla· lifigende cwóm
 heaðoláces hál· tó hofe gongan·
 hraðe wæs gerýmed· swá se rica bebéad
 fēðegestum· flet innanweard·
 gesæt þá wið sylfne· sé ðá sæcce genæs,
 maég wið maége· syððan mandryhten
 þurh hléodorcwyde· holdne gegrétte
 méaglum wordum· meoduscenum
 hwearf geond þæt siðe reced· Hæreðes dohtor
 lufode ðá léode· liðwaége bær
 haéum tó handa· Higelác ongan
 sinne geseldan· in sele þám héan
 fægre fricgean· hyne fyrwet bræc
 hwylice Saé-Géata· siðas waéron:
 'Hú lomp éow on láde, léofa Biowulf,

trappings and gold ornaments; it was not far thence for them

- 1922** to seek the giver of treasures
 Hygelac son of Hrethel, where he dwelt at home
 himself with his companions near the [sea-wall](#).
 The building was splendid, the king of princely valour,
 the high hall, [Hygd](#) very young,
1927 wise, well-thriving, through few winters
 in the walled town had lived,
 Haereth's daughter was not mean though
 nor too grudging of gifts to the people of the Geats,
 of treasure-wealth. [She showed violent arrogance](#).
1932 the lusty queen of the folk, terrible crimes;
 dared not any of the bold to risk,
 of the dear companions, except her great lord,
 that on her by day stared with his eyes
 but for him slaughter-bonds he might consider prescribed,
1937 woven by hands; quickly then was
 after seizure a [maiche](#) was appointed,
 that it, [shadow-marked](#), was obliged to settle,
 make known the evil of the death; such queenly manner is not
 for a lady to perform, though she be matchless,
1942 that peace-weaver deprives life,
 owing to a false injury, of beloved man.
 However, it was [cut off at the heel](#) by [Hemming's](#) kinsman;
 the ale-drinkers further told
 that evil for the people she practised less,
1947 malice and enmity, since she first was
 given, gold-adorned, to the young champion,
 of noble ancestry, when she to [Offa's](#) hall
 over the dusky flood by her father's wisdom
 sought in her journey where she afterwards fully
1952 on the throne, for goodness famed,
 the fated span of her life her living she used well,
 held high-love for the heroes' lord,
 of all mankind, I have heard,
 the finest between the seas,
1957 of the mighty race. Because Offa was
 in gifts and in war, a spear-keen man;
 widely honoured, ruled in wisdom
 his homeland; then, [exceedingly sad](#), he arose
 a help to heroes, the kinsman of Hemming,
1962 grandson of [Garmund](#), powerful over strife.

Then the hardy man went with his hand-picked retinue

- himself along the sand treading the sea-plain,
 the wide strand; [the world-candle](#) shone,
 the sun eagerly from the south; they had survived the journey,
1967 strode quickly, to where [the Shield of Heroes](#),
 --the bane of [Ongentheow](#)-- inside his citadel,
 the young war-king, they heard (that there) the good man
 allotted rings. To Hygelac was
 Beowulf's journey promptly reported,
1972 that there in enclosed homestead, the defender of warriors,
 shield-companion (still) living came,
 from the war-play unharmed going to to the court;
 quickly was cleared, as the king bade,
 for the visitors on foot the floor within;
1977 then [he](#) sat down with the same man, he who had survived the fight,
 kinsman with kinsman, after the liege-lord
 through ceremonious speech his loyal subject had greeted,
 in emphatic words, mead-draughts
 passed round through that spacious room [Haereth's daughter](#),
1982 --she loved the people-- bore goblets
 to the hands of the illustrious ones. Hygelac began
 his [hall-companion](#) in that high hall
 to question courteously, his curiosity burst forth,
 whatever the Sea-Geats' adventures were:
1987 'How fared you on the way, dear Beowulf,

þá ðú faeringa feorr gehogodest
 sæcce sécean ofer sealt wæter
 hilde tó Hiorote? Ac ðú Hrōðgāre
 wīdcūðne wēan wīhte gebēttest
 mærum ðeodne? Ic ðæs mōdceare
 sorhwylmum seað· siðe ne trúwode
 léofes mannes· ic ðe lange bæd
 þæt ðú þone wælgæst wīhte ne grētte·
 léte Sūð-Dene sylfe geweorðan
 gūðe wið Grendel· gode ic þanc secge
 þæs ðe ic ðe gesundne geséon mōste.
 Biowulf maðelode bearn Ecgðioes:
 'Þæt is undyrne, dryhten Higelác,
 micel geméting monegum fira·
 hwylc orleghwīl uncer Grendles
 wearð on ðám wange þaer hé worna fela
 Sige-Scyldingum sorge gefremede
 yrmðe tó aldre· ic ðæt eall gewræc
 swá begylpan þearf Grendeles mága
 yfel ofer eorðan úthflem þone
 sé ðe lengest leofað lāðan cynnes
 fæcne bifongen. Ic ðaer furðum cwóm
 tó ðám hringsele Hrōðgār grētan·
 sōna mé se maera mago Healfdenes
 syððan hé mōdsefan mínne cūðe
 wið his sylfes sunu setl getahte·
 weorod wæs on wyne· ne seah ic wīðan feorh
 under heofones hwealf healsittendra
 meudréam máran. Hwīlum mæru cwén
 friðusibb folca flet eall geondhwearf·
 bædde byre geonge· oft hio béahwriðan
 secge sealde aēr hie tó setle géong·
 hwīlum for duguðe dohtor Hrōðgāres
 eorlum on ende ealuwaége bær
 þá ic Fréaware fletsittende
 nemnan hýrde þaer hio nægled sinc
 hæleðum sealde Sio gehāten is
 geong goldhroden, gladam suna Fróðan·
 hafað þæs geworden wine Scyldinga
 rices hyrde ond þæt raed talað
 þæt hé mid ðý wife wælfæhða daél
 sæcca gesette. Oft seldan hwaer
 æfter léodhryre lýtle hwíle
 bongár búgeð þeah seo brýd duge.
 Mæg þæs þonne ofþyncan ðeoden Heaðo-Beardna
 ond þegna gehwám þára léoda
 þonne hé mid faémnan on flett gaëð:
 dryhtbearn Dena duguða biwenede,
 on him gladiað gomelra láfe
 heard ond hringmaél Heaða-Bearna gestréon
 þenden hie ðám wæpnum wealdan móston.

[XXX]

Oð ðæt hie forlaeddān tó ðám lindplegan
 swaése gesiðas ond hyra sylfra feorh.
 Þonne cwið æt béore sé ðe béahgesyhð
 eald æscwiga sé ðe eall geman
 gārcwealm gumena --him bið grim sēfa--
 onginneð géomormōd geongum cēpan
 þurh hreðra gehygd higes cunnian,
 wīgbealu weccēan ond þæt word ácwýð:
 "Meaht ðú, mín wine, méce gecnāwan
 þone þín fæder tó gefeohte bær
 under heregríman hindeman siðe,
 dýre íren, þaer hyne Dene slōgon·
 wéoldon wælstōwe syððan wiðergýld læg
 æfter hælepa hryre hwate Scyldungas?
 Nú hér þára banena byre náthwylces
 frætwum hrémig on flet gaëð·

when you suddenly resolved far away
 to seek conflict over the salt water,
 combat in Heorot? Moreover, did you Hrothgar's
 widely known woes at all ameliorate,
 for the famed chieftain? I of this with anxious care of the heart
 seethed with wellings of sorrow, I did not trust the venture
 of my dear man; I begged you at length,
 that you the slaughter-ghost would not challenge at all,
 let the South-Danes settle themselves
 the war with Grendel; to God I speak thanks,
 for that I you sound am permitted to see.
 Beowulf spoke, the son of Edgetheow:
 'It is not secret, lord Hygelac,
 that great meeting, to many men,
 what a time of struggle between the two of us, me and Grendel,
 occurred in that place where he great multitudes
 for the Victory-Scyldings brought about sorrows,
 lifelong misery; I avenged it all,
 thus there is need to boast --of Grendel's kinsmen,
 evil upon the earth-- of that clash at dawn,
 he who lives the longest of that hateful race,
 enveloped in malice. I first came there
 to that ring-hall to greet Hrothgar;
 straightaway to me the famed kinsman of Half-Dane,
 after he the purpose of the heart of mine knew,
 with his own sons he appointed a seat;
 The troop was joyful; I have not seen in my whole life
 under heaven's vault a hall-sitters'
 mead-revelry greater. At times the renowned queen,
 the peace-pledge of peoples, passed over all of the floor,
 urged on the young boys; often twisted-rings she
 gave to the warriors, before she went to her seat;
 from time to time before the band of experienced warriors Hrothgar's daughter
 to nobles continuously to the end bore the ale-flagon,
 those I [Freawaru](#) the ones on the floor
 I heard name her, when she the studded cup
 gave to heroes, she is promised,
 young, gold-adorned, to gracious [son of Froda](#);
 this has arranged the Friend of the Scyldings,
 the kingdom's shepherd, and counsel reckons it
 that he with this woman a great part of the slaughter-feuds,
 conflicts will settle. Very seldom anywhere
 after the fall of a leader (even) a little while
[the murderous spear bends down, though the bride be good.](#)
 This then may displease the chief of the Heatho-Bards'
 and everythane of that people,
 when he with the maiden walks on the floor:
 that the noble sons of the Danes, her veteran troop, are entertained,
 on them glisten ancient heirlooms,
 hard and ring-adorned, the Heatho-Bards' treasure,
 so long as they those weapons were able to wield.

****2024-76****

Until they had led to disaster in the shield-play
 their dear companions and their own lives.
 Then speaks at the beer-drinking, he who sees a ring-precious object,
 the old [ash-warrior](#), he who remembers all
 the spear-death of men --in him is a fierce heart--
 he begins sad-spirited in a young champion,
 by the musing of his heart, to tempt his mind,
 to awaken war-horror, and speaks these words:
 "Can you, my friend, recognise that [maiche](#),
 which your father bore into the fight,
 under his army-mask on the last campaign,
 precious iron, there the Danes slew him,
 controlled the slaying-field, when [retribution failed](#),
 after the heroes' fall, the fierce Scyldings?
 Now here of those slayers the son of one or other of them,
 exultant in trappings, goes across the floor,

morðres gylpeð ond þone máðpum byreð
 þone þe ðu mid rihte raedan sceoldest."
 Manað swá ond myndgað maëla gehwylce
 sárum wordum oð ðæt saél cymeð
 þæt se faémnan þegn fore fæder daédum
 æfter billes bite blódfág swefeð
 ealdres scyldig him se oðer þonan
 losað lifigende con him land geara.
 Þonne bioð brocene on bá healfe
 áðsweorð eorla syððan Ingelde
 weallað wælniðas ond him wiflufan
 æfter cearwælmum cólran weorðað.
 þý ic Heaðo-Beardna hyldo ne telge
 dryhtsibbe daél Denum unfaécne,
 fréondscipe fæstne. Ic sceal forð sprecan
 gén ymbe Grendel þæt ðu geara cunne,
 sinces brytta, to hwan syððan wearð
 hondraés hæleða syððan heofones gim
 glád ofer grundas gaést yre cwóm
 eatol aefengrom úser néosan
 ðaér wé gesunde sæl weardodon
 þaér wæs Hondscio hilde onsaége
 feorhbealu faégum hé fyrrest læg
 gyrdeð cempa him Grendel wearð
 maérum maguþegne to múðbonan
 léofes mannes lic eall forswealg
 nó ðý aér út ðá gén idelhende
 bona blódigtoð bealewa gemyndig
 of ðám goldsele gongan wolde
 ac hé mægnes róf mín costode
 grápode gearofolm glóf hangode
 síd ond syllic searobendum fæst
 sío wæs orðoncum eall gegyrwed
 deofles cræftum ond dracan fellum
 hé mec þaér on innan unsynnigne
 díor daédfruma gedón wolde
 manigra sumne hyt ne mihte swá
 syððan ic on yre upprihte ástóð.
 Tó lang ys to reccenne hú ic ðám léodsceaðan
 yfla gehwylces hondlén forgeald
 þaér ic, þeoden mín, þine léode
 weorðode weorcum he on weg losade
 lýtle hwíle lifwynna bréac
 hwæpre him sío swiðre swaðe weardade
 hand on Hiorte ond hé héan ðonan
 módes geómor meregrund geféoll.
 Mé þone wælaés wine Scildunga
 faéttan golde fela léanode
 manegum máðmum syððan mergen cóm
 ond wé to symble geseten hæfdon
 þaér wæs gidd ond gléo gomela Scilding
 felafricgende feorran rehte
 hwílum hildedéor hearpan wynne
 gomelwudu gréte hwílum gyd áwræc
 sóð ond sárlíc hwílum syllic spell
 rehte æfter rihte rúmheort cyning
 hwílum eft ongan eldo gebunden
 gomel gúðwiga gioguðe cwíðan
 hildrestrengo hreðer inne weoll
 þonne hé wintrum fród, worn gemunde.
 Swá wé þaér inne andlangne dæg
 níode náman oð ðæt niht becwóm
 oðer to yldum þá wæs eft hraðe
 gearo gymwraçe Grendes mórdr
 síðode sorhfull sunu deað fornam,
 wighete Wedra wif unhýre
 hyre bearn gewræc beorn ácwealde
 ellenlice þaér wæs Æschere

boasts of murder, and wears the treasure
 which you by right ought to possess."
 2057 Thus he incites and reminds every time
 with grievous words, until that time comes
 that the [woman's thane](#) for his father's deeds
 from the bite of a [bill-blade](#) sleeps, stained in blood,
 having forfeited life; him [the other](#) thence
 2062 escapes alive, the land is readily known to him.
 Then are broken on both sides
 the sworn oaths of earls; then in Ingeld
 murderous hate will well up and in him the love of woman
 surges of grief will become cooler;
 2067 Therefore I the Heathobards' loyalty do not consider,
 the alliance's portion, for the Danes untreacherous,
 enduring friendship. I ought speak further
 again about Grendel, that you may readily know,
 giver of treasure, what then happened,
 2072 the hand-fight of heroes when [heaven's gem](#)
 had glided over the earth, the ireful guest came,
 terrible, fierce in the evening to visit us,
 where we, unharmed, warded the hall,
 where was for [Hondscio](#) a sinking battle
 2077 deadly evil for the doomed man; he fell first,
 the girded champion; for him Grendel was,
 the famed thane of distinction, a slayer by mouth,
 the beloved man's body swallowed up completely;
 not the sooner out yet empty-handed,
 2082 the slayer bloody-toothed, wickedness in mind,
 from the gold-hall did he wish to go
 but he, famed for his strength, tested me,
 gripped with an eager hand; a [pouch](#) hung down
 spacious and strange, with cleverly-wrought clasps held fast,
 2087 it was cunningly all devised
 with devil's crafts and dragon's skins;
 he me there inside, guiltless,
 the daring instigator wished to stuff,
 as one of many; he could not do so,
 2092 since I in anger stood erect.
 It is too long to recount how I the scourge of the people
 for each of his evils paid in [hand-requital](#)
 where I, my lord, your people
 honoured by acts; [he](#) escaped away
 2097 for a little while, enjoyed the joy of life;
 yet from him the right, a vestige, remained behind
 hand in Heorot, and he wretched thence,
 gloomy in his heart, sank into the depths of the mere.
 To me for the bloody battle the [Friend of the Scyldings](#)
 2102 with objects of plated gold in plenty rewarded,
 many treasures, when morning came,
 and we to the feast had sat down
 where was song and glee: [old Scylding](#)
 who has heard tell of many things, from long ago narrated;
 2107 at times this battle-daring one the harp for pleasure
 the old-wood played; sometimes recited a song,
 true and tragic; sometimes strange tales
 he related rightly, the open-hearted king;
 at times he began again, bound in his age,
 2112 the ancient war-soldier, to mourn for his youth,
 his battle-strength; his heart welled inside,
 when he, wise in winter, recalled many things.
 So we there inside a whole long day
 took pleasure, until came night
 2117 another to men; then was again swiftly
 ready for grief-revenge Grendel's mother,
 she journeyed full of sorrow; Death had taken her son,
 the war-hate of the Wederas; the horrible woman
 avenged her child, killed a warrior
 2122 savagely; there was from Æschere,

fróðan fyrrwitan feorh úðgegne.
 Nóðer hý hine ne móston syððan mergen cwóm
 deaðwérgne Denia léode
 bronde forbærnan né on baél hladan
 léofne mannan· hío þæt lic ætbær
 féondes fæðme under firgenstréam·
 þæt wæs Hrōðgāre hréowa tornost
 þara þe léodfruman lange begéate.
 Þá se deóden mec ðíne life
 healsode hréohmód þæt ic on holma geþring
 eorlscipe efnde· ealdre genéðde·
 maérðo fremede· hé mé méde gehét.
 Ic ðá ðæs wælmæs þé is wíde cúð
 grimme gryrelíne grundhyrde fond·
 þaer unc hwíle wæs hand gemaéne·
 holm heolfre wéoll ond ic héafde becearf
 in ðám grundsele Grendeles módor
 éacnum ecgum· unsófte þonan
 feorh oðferede· næs ic faége þá gýt
 ac mé eorla hléo eft gesealde
 máðma menigeo maga Healfðenes.'

XXXI

Swá se deódkyning þeawum lyfde·
 nealles ic ðám léanum forlorn hæfde
 mægnes méde ac hé mé máðma geaf
 sunu Healfðenes on minne sylfes dóm
 ðá ic ðe, beornkyning, bringan wylle,
 éstum geýwan· gén is eall æt ðe
 lissa gelong· ic lýt hafo
 héafodmága nefne, Hygelác, ðec.'
 Hét ðá in beran eafor héafodsegn
 heaðostéapne helm háre byrnan
 gúðsweord geatolic· gyd æfter wræc:
 'Mé ðis hildesceorp Hrōðgār sealde
 snotra fengel· sume worde hét
 þæt ic his aérest ðe ést gesægde·
 cwæð þæt hyt hæfde Hiorogār cyning
 léod Scyldunga lange hwile·
 nó ðý aer suna sínum syllan wolde
 hwatum Heoroweard þeah hé him hold wære
 bréostgewaédu. Brúc ealles well.'
 Hýrde ic þæt þám frætwum fēower méaras
 lungre gelíce lást weardode
 æppelfealuwe· hé him ést geteah
 méara ond máðma. Swá sceal maég dōn:
 nealles inwitnet oðrum bregdon
 dýrnym cræfte deað rénian
 hondgesteallan. Hygeláce wæs
 niða heardum nefa swýðe hold
 ond gehwæðer oðrum hrōþra gemyndig·
 hýrde ic þæt hé ðone healsbéah Hygde gesealde
 wraetlicne wundur máððum ðone þe him Wealhðéo geaf
 deóðnes dohtor þrio wicg somod
 swancor ond sadolbeorht· hyre syððan wæs
 æfter béahðege bréost geweorðod.
 Swá bealdode bearn Ecgðéowes
 guma gúðum cúð gódum daédum·
 dréah æfter dōme· nealles druncne slóg
 heorðgenéatas· næs him hréoh sefa
 ac hé mancynnes maéste cræfte
 ginfæstan gife þé him god sealde
 héold hildedéor. Héan wæs lange
 swá hyne Géata bearn gódne ne tealdon
 né hyne on medobence micles wyrðne
 drihten wereda gedón wolde·
 swýðe sægdon þæt hé sléac wære
 æðeling unfrom· edwenden cwóm
 tiréadigum menn torna gehwylces.

the old, wise lore-counsellor, life departed.
 Nor could they him, when morning came,
 weary of death the Danish people
 cremate in fire, nor lay on the funeral bale,
 the beloved man; she had carried off the corpse
 in fiend's embrace beneath the mountain stream;
 that was for Hrothgar the most bitter grief
 which the ruler of the people long had received.
 Then me the chieftain, by your life,
 2132 implored with troubled mind, that I in the waters' tumult
 perform a noble act, risk life,
 accomplish glory; he promised me rewards.
 Then I the welling waters', as is widely known,
 wrathful ghastly guard of the deep found;
 2137 there a while we were [sharing a hand](#);
 the water welled with gore, and I cut off the head
 in that deep-hall of Grendel's mother
 with mighty edges, not easily thence
 I carried off my life; I was not doomed yet
 2142 but to me the protector of heroes again gave
 many treasures, the kinsman of Half-Dane.'

So the king of the people lived according to proper custom;
 I by no means the gifts had lost,
 strength's reward, but he gave me treasures,
 2147 the son of Half-Dane, according to my own glory,
 these I to thee, warrior-king, wish to bring,
 graciously to offer; still is all in thee
 dependent upon your favour; I have few
 near kinsmen except you Hygelac.'
 2152 Then he commanded to be brought in the boar-crested standard,
 the battle-steep helm, hoar-silver byrnie,
 the beautiful war-sword; the tale thereafter uttered:
 'To me this battle-equipment Hrothgar gave,
 the clever ruler; with some words he ordered,
 2157 that I first you its legacy relate;
 he said it owned King [Heorogar](#),
 the leader of the Scyldings a long time;
 no sooner for that to his son did he wish to give,
 to bold [Heoroweard](#), though [he](#) was loyal to him,
 2162 the breast-armour. Use it all well.'
 I heard that with the treasure four mares
 swift, all alike, followed behind,
 apple-yellow; he to him offered the gifts,
 horses and riches. So should a kinsman act:
 2167 not at all malice-nets weave for others,
 with hidden arts contrive death
 of [hand-companions](#). To Hygelac was
 in fierce strife [his nephew](#) very loyal,
 and each the other's benefit remembered;
 2172 I heard that he the neck-ring gave to Hygd,
 the exquisite marvel-jewel, which Wealhtheow gave him,
[chieftain's daughter](#), three horses also
 supple and bright with saddles; then was her,
 after receiving the ring, breast adorned.
 2177 Thus he was bold, the son of Edgetheow,
 man famed in war, for good deeds;
 he led his life for glory, never, [having drunk](#), slew
 his hearth-companions; a troubled heart was not in him,
 but he mankind's greatest strength,
 2182 --that ample gift, which God gave him--
 he held, battle-daring. Long had he been abject
 so the sons of the Geats did not reckon him good,
 nor to him on the mead-bench much honour
 the commander of the troops would grant;
 2187 they especially said, that he was slack,
 no bold noble; a turn-around came
 to the glory-blessed man for each of these miseries.

Hét ðá eorla hléo in gefetian,
 heaðoróf cyning, Hreðles láfe
 golde gegyrede· næs mid Géatum ðá
 sincmáðþum sélra on sweordes háð·
 þæt hé on Biowulfes bearm álegde
 ond him gesælde seofan þúsendo,
 bold ond bregostól. Him wæs bām samod
 on ðām léodscipe lond gecynde
 eard éðelriht, óðrum swíðor
 síde rice þám ðaér sélra wæs.
 Eft þæt geíode ufaran dógrum
 hildehlæmmum· syððan Hygelac læg
 ond Heardrède hildeméceas
 under bordhréoðan tó bonan wurdon
 ðá hyne gesóhtan on sigepéode
 hearde hildefreccan Heaðo-Scilfingas·
 niða genaégdan nefan Hererices·
 syððan Béowulf braede rice
 on hand gehwearf· hé gehéold tela
 fiftig wintra --wæs ðá fród cyning
 eald éþelweard-- oð ðæt ðn ongan
 deorcum nihtum draca ricsian
 sé ðe on héaūm hofe hord beweotode
 stánbeorh stéarcne· stíg under læg
 eldum uncúð. Þaér on innan gíong
 niða náthwylc ond néah geféng
 haéðnum horde· hond gewríþenne
 since fáhne hé þæt syððan beget
 þeah ðe hé sláepende besyred hæfde
 þeofes cræfte· þæt sie ðíod onfand
 búfolc beorna þæt hé gebolgen wæs.

XXXII

Nealles næs geweoldum wýrmhordan cræft
 sylfes willum sé ðe him sáre gesceód
 ac for þréanédlan þeof náthwylces
 hæleða bearna heteswengeas fléoh
 ærnespearfe ond ðaér inne weall
 secg synbysig sóna onwacade·
 þæt géan ðám gyste gryrebróga stód·
 hwæðre fyrensceapen

se faér begeat·
 sincfæt sóhte· þaér wæs swylcra fela
 in ðām eorðsele aérgestréona
 swá hý on géardagum gumena náthwylc
 eormenláfe æþelan cynnes
 þanchycgende þaér gehýdde
 déore máðmas· ealle hie deað fornam
 aérnan maélum ond sí án ðá gén
 léoda duguðe sé ðaér lengest hwearf
 weard winegeómor wénde þæs yldan·
 þæt hé lýtel fæc longgestréona
 brúcan móste. Beorh eallgearo
 wunode on wonge wæteryðum néah
 níwe be næsse nearocræftum fæst·
 þaér on innan bær eorlgestréona
 hringa hyrde handwyrðne daél
 faéttan goldes· fæa worda cwæð:
 'Heald þú nú, hrúse, nú hæleð ne móstan
 eorla aéhte. Hwæt, hyt aér on dé
 góde begéaton· gúðdeað fornam
 feorhbeale frécne fyrena gehwylcne
 léoda mínra þá mé ðe þis ofgeaf:
 gesáwon seledréam· hé náh hwá sweord wege
 oððe fægrie faéted waége
 dryncfæt déore· duguð ellor séoc·
 sceal se hearda helm hyrstedgolde
 faétum befeallen· feormynd swefað

Then the protector of heroes ordered to be fetched in,
 the war-noble king, Hrethel's heirloom,
 2192 fitted out in gold; there was not among the Geats then
 a better precious treasure in the manner of a sword;
 that he in Beowulf's lap layed,
 and gave him seven thousand hides of land,
 residence and ruler's seat. Theirs was both together
 2197 in that nation inherited land,
 earth by ancestral privilege, to the second more
 of that broad kingdom to him who was higher.
 After that it came to pass in later days
 in battle-clashes, when Hygelac lay dead,
 2202 and for Heardred battle-maiches,
 under the cover of his shield, became the instruments of his death,
 when they sought him out in the victory-tribe,
 the fierce battle-ready warriors, the Battle-Scilfings,
 with enmity they attacked the nephew of Hereric;
 2207 thereupon to Beowulf the broad kingdom
 passed into his hands; he ruled well
 for fifty winters --then he was a wise king,
 an old warden of the fatherland-- until one began
 in the dark nights, a dragon to rule,
 2212 he who in a high house watched over a hoard,
 a stark stone barrow; the path below lay
 unknown to men. There went inside
 a man, I know not which, and he groped near
 the heathen hoard, his hands wrapped round
 2217 an ornamented bauble, he got that afterwards;
 though he who sleeping had been tricked
 by thief's cunning; the people discovered that,
 the neighbouring folk of men, that he was enraged.

He was not at all in control of the skill of the worm-hoard, **2221ff.**
 2222 of his own desire, he who sorely injured him,
 because of dire-distress a thief of I know not which
 sons of men fled hostile blows,
 in need of a hall and there within raged,
 a man haunted by guilt, immediately watched over;
 2227 then against the stranger stood horror and terror;
 nevertheless upon the wicked one
 2230 poured peril.
 He sought treasure-gold, there was many such,
 in that earth-hall, ancient treasures,
 as they in former days some man,
 2234 this great legacy of a noble kind,
 full of thought, had hid there
 these dear treasures; all of them Death took
 in earlier times, and then were yet one
 of the old warriors of that people, the one who moved about there longest,
 2239 the friend-grieving warden, he hoped to delay that much,
so that he for a little while the long-kept treasure
 would be able to enjoy. The barrow all-ready
 occupied the plain near the water-waves,
 new on the headland, made secure by difficult-craft;
 2244 there inside bore of the treasure of earls
 a hoard of rings a hand-fashioned share
 of plated gold; some words he spoke:
'Now hold you, Earth, now the heroes cannot
earls' possessions. Listen, it formerly from you
 2249 was obtained by good men; war-death has taken away,
 terrible murder of life, of crimes each one,
 my beloved people, they gave this up to me:
 they had seen joy in the hall; he I have not, who might wield sword
 or make beautiful this gilded flagon,
 2254 this precious drinking vessel; the veteran warriors are ill elsewhere;
 must the stern helmet adorned with gold
 stripped of its ornaments; the burnishers slumbers,

þá ðe beadogriman býwan sceoldon·
 gé swylce séo hereþád sío æt hilde gebád
 ofer borda gebræc bite irena
 brosnað æfter beorne· ne mæg byrnan hring
 æfter wíðfruman wíðe fēran
 hæleðum be healfē· næs hearpan wyn
 gomen gléobéames né gód hafoc
 geond sæl swingeð né se swiftra mearh
 burhstede béateð· bealocwealm hafað
 fela feorhcynna forð onsended.'
 Swá giómormód gíohðo maēnde
 án æfter eallum· unbliðe hwearf
 dægēs ond nihtes oð ðæt deaðes wylm
 hrán æt heortan. Hordwynne fond
 eald úhtsceaða opene standan
 sé ðe byrnende biorgas séceð
 nacod niðdraca· nihtes fléogeð
 fyre befangen· hyne foldbúend
 : : : : : nan. Hé gesécean sceall
 hearm on hrúsan þaér hé haēden gold
 warað wintrum fród· ne byð him wihte ðý sél.
 Swá se deódsceaða þréo hund wintra
 héold on hrúsan hordærna sum
 éacencræftig oð ðæt hyne án ábealch
 mon on móde· mandryhtne bær
 faéted waége· frioðowaére bæd
 hláford sinne· ðá wæs hord rásod,
 onboren béaga hord, béne getiðad
 féasceaftum men· fréa scéawode
 fira fyrngeweorc forman síde.
 Þá se wým onwóc --wróht wæs geniwad--
 stonc ðá æfter stáne· stearcheort onfand
 féondes fótlast· hé tó forð gestóp
 dyrnan cræfte dracan héafde néah.
 Swá mæg unfaége éaðe gedigan
 wéan ond wraécsið sé ðe waldendes
 hyldo gehealdeþ. Hordweard sóhte
 geome æfter grunde· wolde guman findan
 þone þe him on sweofote sáre getéode·
 hát ond hréohmód hlaéwum oft ymbehwearf
 ealne útanweardne --né ðaér aénig mon
 on þám wéstenne hwæðre hilde gefeh
 beadu weorces --hwílum on beorh æthwearf·
 sincfæt sóhte· hé þaét sóna onfand·
 ðæt hæfde gumena sum goldes gefandod
 héahgestréona· hordweard onbád
 earfoðlice oð ðæt aéfen cwóm·
 wæs ðá gebolgen beorges hyrde·
 wolde se láða líge forgyldan
 drincfæt dýre. Þá wæs dæg sceacen
 wýrme on willan· nó on wealle læg
 bídan wolde ac mid baéle fór
 fyre gefýsed· wæs se fruma egeslic
 léodum on lande swá hyt lungre wearð
 on hyra sincgifan sáre geendod.

XXXIII

Ðá se gæst ongan glédum spiwan,
 beorht hofu bærnar· bryneléoma stód
 eldum on andan· nó ðaér áht cwices
 láð lyftfloga laéfan wolde·
 wæs þæs wýrmes wíg wíðe gesýne
 nearofáges nið néan ond feorran·
 hú se gúðsceaða Géata léode
 hatode ond hýnde· hord eft gescéat
 dryhtsele dyrnne aér dægēs hwíle·
 hæfde landwara líge befangen
 baéle ond bronde· beorges getrúwode
 wíges ond wealles· him séo wén geléah.

they who war-masks ought to brighten;
 also so the army's coats of mail, which in battle endured
 over the shattering of shield-boards the bite of iron,
 decays along with the men; byrnie's ring may not
 with war-fighter fare widely,
 alongside heroes; there was not harp's joy,
 delight of glee-wood, nor good hawk
 soaring through the hall, nor swift horse
 trampling the courtyard; baleful death has
 many of my living kin sent forth.'
 Thus sad at heart in grief he bemoaned
 one after all, unhappily passed
 days and nights, until the flood of Death
 reached to his heart. Hoard-joy he found,
 the old twilight-scather, standing open,
 he who, burning, seeks barrows,
 the naked malevolent dragon; he flies by night,
 encircled in fire; him earth-dwellers
 He has to seek
 harm in the ground, where he heathen gold
 guards, wise in winters; he is not a bit better for that.
 So the people-scather three hundred winters
 ruled in the earth of one of the hoard-halls,
 vastly powerful, until one angered him,
a man in pride; he bore to his liege-lord
 the gold-adorned cup, begged peace-truce
 from his lord; then was the hoard ransacked,
 rings' hoard borne off, a boon was granted
 to the wretched man; a lord examined
 the ancient work of men for the first time.
 then the worm awoke, --quarrel was renewed--
 he sniffed along the stone, the harsh-hearted one found
the foot-print of his foe; he too far forward had stepped
in his stealthy craft near the dragon's head.
Provided that, one not doomed may easily survive
woe and hardship, he who the Ruler's
grace protects. The hoard-ward sought
 eagerly along the ground, he wished to find the man,
 the one who him in his slumber had sorely harmed;
 hot and fierce-minded, he often circled among the mounds
 all round the outside --not any man there
 in that wilderness, but he rejoiced in battle,
 of battle-work --sometimes he turned back to the barrow,
 sought the treasure-cup; he suddenly discovered,
 that a certain man had disturbed the gold,
 the high treasures; the hoard-ward waited
 with great difficulty, until evening came;
 then was enraged the keeper of the barrow,
 he wished the injury to repay with flame,
 the dear drinking-vessel. Then the day was departed
 to the joy of the wým; he did not lie within the wall,
 (nor) wished to wait, but with bale-fire set forth,
 infused with flame; this beginning was terrible
 for the people in the land, as it soon was
 upon their treasure-giver painfully ended.

Then the demon began to spew flames,
 to burn bright houses; the gleam of fire rose
 to the horror of the men; nor there anything alive
 the hateful air-flier wished to leave;
 the war-strength of that wým was widely seen,
 the malice of the darkly cunning one near and far,
 how the war-scather the people of the Geats
 hated and humiliated; back to his hoard he shot,
 the hidden lord-hall ere the time of day;
 the inhabitants of the land had been seized by flame,
 in blaze and in fire; his barrow he trusted,
 his war-skill and his walls; him this belief deceived.

þá wæs Biowulf e broga gecýðed
 snúde tó sóðe þæt his sylfes hám
 bolda sélest brynewylmum mealt
 gifstól Géata þæt dām góðan wæs
 hréow on hreðre hygesorga maést·
 wénde se wisa þæt hé wealdende
 ofer ealde riht écean dryhtne
 bitre gebulge· bréost innan wéoll
 þéostrum geþoncum swá him gepýwe ne wæs.
 Hæfde lígdraca léoda fæsten
 éalond útan eorðweard ðone
 glédum forgrunden· him ðæs gúðkyning
 Wedera þíoden wræce leornode·
 heht him þá gewyrcean, wígendra hléo
 eallírenne, eorla dryhten,
 wígbord wraetlic· wisse hé gearwe
 þæt him holtwudu helpen ne meahthe
 lind wið líge. Sceolde líþenddaga
 æþeling aergód ende gebídan
 worulde lífes ond se wyrm somod
 þéah ðe hordwelan héolde lange.
 Oferhogode dá hringa fengel
 þæt hé þone wíðflogan weorode gesóhte
 síðan herge· nó hé him þám sæcce ondréð
 né him þæs wyrmes wíg for wiht dyde
 eafod ond ellen forðon hé aér fela
 nearo néðende niða gedígde
 hildehlemma syððan hé Hróðgáres
 sígoréadig secg sele faelsode
 ond æt gúðe forgráp Grendes maégum
 láðan cynnes. Nó þæt lásest wæs
 hondgemóta þaer mon Hygelac slóh
 syððan Géata cyning gúðe raesum
 fréawine folca Fréslondum on
 Hréðles eafora hiorodryncum swealt
 bille gebéaten· þonan Biowulf com
 sylfes cræfte· sundnytte dréah·
 hæfde him on earme eorla þritig
 hildegeatwa þá hé tó holme stág·
 nealles Hetware hrémge þorfton
 fêðewiges þé him foran ongéan
 linde baeron· lýt eft becwóm
 fram þám hildfreca hâmes niosan.
 Oferswam dá sioleða bigong sunu Ecgðéowes
 earm ánhaga eft tó léodum
 þaer him Hygd gebéad hord ond rice
 béagas ond bregostól: bearne ne trúwode
 þæt hé wið ælfylcum éþelstólas
 healdan cūðe dá wæs Hygelac déad·
 nó ðý aér fêasceafte findan meahton
 æt dām æðelinge aénige ðinga
 þæt hé Heardrède hláford waére
 oððe þone cynedóm cíosan wolde·
 hwæðre hé him on folce fréondlárum héold
 éstum mid áre oð ðæt hé yldra wearð·
 Weder-Géatum wéold. Hyne wræcmægcas
 ofer sae sóhtan, suna Öhteres·
 hæfdon hí forhealden helm Scylfinga
 þone sélestan saécynninga
 þára ðe in Swiorice sinc brytnade,
 maerne þéoden· him þæt tó mearge wearð·
 hé þaer for forme feorhwunde hléat
 sweordes swengum sunu Hygeláces
 ond him eft gewát Ongnðioes bearn
 hâmes niosan syððan Heardréd læg·
 lét ðone bregostól Biowulf healdan,
 Géatum wealdan· þæt wæs gód cyning.

XXXIII

- 2324** Then was to Beowulf the danger made known
 quickly in truth, that his own home,
 the finest of dwellings, in waves of heat melted,
 the throne of the Geats; that was to the good man
 a grief in his heart, of the mind-sorrows the greatest;
2329 the wise man thought that he the Ruler
 against ancient law eternal Lord
 had bitterly angered; inside his breast welled
 with thoughts of gloom, such was not usual for him.
 The fire-drake had the fortress of the people,
2334 by the coast-land, the stronghold
 ground down with flames; him for that the war-king,
 the chief of the Wederas, studied vengeance;
 then he ordered to be made for him, a warriors' protector,
 all of iron, the lord of earls,
2339 a wonderful war-board; he readily knew,
 that him tree-wood could not help,
 linden-wood against fire. He had to his seafaring-days,
 the old, good noble, abide the end
 of life in the world, and the wyrm together,
2344 though the hoard-wealth he had held long.
 Then he scorned, the rings' lord,
 that he the wide-flier would seek out with a troop,
 a large army; he did not the strife dread for himself,
 nor him the wyrm's fire esteem a bit,
2349 power and courage, for that he before many,
 narrowly risking, hostilities survived,
 battle-clashes, since he Hrothgar's,
 --victory-favoured man-- hall cleansed,
 and in war overwhelmed Grendel's race,
2354 hateful kind. Not the least was **2354f.**
 the hand-to-hand encounter, where one slew Hygelac,
 after the Geats' king, in war's rushes,
 the lord and friend of the folk, in Frisia,
 Hrethel's heir, died in the drink of sword,
2359 beaten down by bill-blades. Then Beowulf came
 by his own strength, he made use of the sea;
 he had in his arms thirty warriors'
 battle-gear, when he mounted the ocean;
 not at all did the Hetwares had need to be exalting
2364 over the fighting on foot, who forth against him
 bore linden-wood shields; few came back
 from that warrior to visit their homes.
 He crossed over then the flowing expanse of waters, the son of of Edgetheow,
 wretched and solitary, back to the people,
2369 there Hygd bade him hoard and kingdom,
 rings and throne: in her son she did not trust
 that he against foreign peoples the ancestral throne
 had the power to hold when Hygelac was dead;
 not the sooner the destitute ones could find
2374 in the noble one by any means,
 that he to Heardred would be a lord,
 or the kingdom wished to accept;
yet he to him among the folk upheld with the counsels of a friend,
graciously in honour, until he grew older,
2379 ruled the Weder-Geats. Him banished men
 from across the sea sought, sons of Ohthere;
 they had rebelled against the Helm of the Scylfings,
 the finest of sea-kings
 who there in Sweden dispensed treasure,
2384 famed chieftain; to him it became the end;
 there he for his hospitality received a mortal-wound,
 from sword's swing, the son of Hygelac;
 and he went back, Ongentheow's son
 to seek his home, after Heardred lay dead;
2389 the throne he let Beowulf hold,
 to rule the Geats; that was a good king.

Sé ðæs léodhryres léan gemunde
 uferan dógrum· Éadgilse wearð
 féasceaftum fréond· folce gestépte
 ofer saé side sunu Óhteres
 wigum ond waépnum· hé gewræc syððan
 cealdum cearsiðum· cyning ealdre binéat:
 swá hé niða gehwane genesen hæfde
 sliðra geslyhta, sunu Ecgðíowes,
 ellenweorca oð ðone áne dæg
 þe hé wið þám wyrme gewegan sceolde.
 Gewát þá twelfa sum torne gebolgen
 dryhten Géata, dracan scéawian·
 hæfde þá gefrúnen hwanan sio faéhð áras
 bealonið biorna: him tó bearme cwóm
 máðþumfæt maére, þurh ðæs meldað hond·
 sé wæs on ðám ðréate þreottéoða secg
 sé ðæs orleges ór onstealde
 hæft hygegiómor· sceolde héan ðonon
 wong wísian· hé ofer willan giong
 tó ðæs ðe hé eorðsele áne wisse
 hlaew under hrúsan holmwylme neh
 ýðgewinne· sé wæs innan full
 wraetta ond wíra· weard unhiore
 gearo gúðfrecra goldmáðmas héold
 eald under eorðan· næs þæt ýðe céap
 tó gegangenne gumena aénigum.
 Gesæt ðá on næsse niðheard cyning·
 þenden haélo ábéad heorðgenéatum
 goldwine Géata· him wæs geómor sefa
 waéfre ond wælfús, wyrd ungemete neah
 sé ðone gomelan grétan sceolde,
 sécean sawle hord, sundur gedaélan
 lif wið líce· nó þon lange wæs
 feorh æþelinges flaéscce bewunden.
 Biowulf maþelade bearn Ecgðéowes:
 'Fela ic on giogoðe gúðraesa genæs
 orleghwíla· ic þæt eall gemon·
 ic wæs syfanwintre þá mec sinca baldor
 fréawine folca æt minum fæder genam·
 héold mec ond hæfde Hrédel cyning·
 geaf mé sinc ond symbel· sibbe gemunde·
 næs ic him tó life láðra ówihte
 beorn in burgum þonne his bearna hwylc
 Herebeald ond Hæðcyn oððe Hygelác mín.
 Wæs þám yldestan ungedéfelice
 maéges daédum morþorbed stréd
 syððan hyne Hæðcyn of hornbogan
 his fréawine fláne geswencte·
 miste mercelses ond his maég ofscét
 bróðor óðerne blóðigan gære·
 þæt wæs feohléas gefeoh fyrenum gesyngad,
 hreðre hygmeðe· sceolde hwæðre swá þeah
 æðeling unwrecen ealdres linnan.
 Swá bið geómorlic gomelum ceorle
 tó gebíðanne þæt his byre ride
 giong on galgan: þonne hé gyd wrece,
 sárgne sang þonne his sunu hangað
 hrefne tó hróðre ond hé him helpen ne mæg
 eald ond infród aénige gefremman·
 symble bið gemyndgad morna gehwylc
 eaforan ellorsið· óðres ne gýmeð
 tó gebíðanne burgum in innan
 yrfeweardas þonne se án hafað
 þurh deaðes nýd daéda gefondad·
 gesyhð sorhcearig on his suna búre
 winsele wéstne windge reste
 réote berofene· ridend swefað
 hæleð in hoðman· nis þær hearpan swég

He for the prince's fall requital remembered
 in later days, to Eadgils he became
 a friend in his plight; with men he supported
 over the wide sea the son of Ohtere,
 with warriors and weapons; **he** had vengeance then
 in cold grief-bringing ventures, he deprived the **king** of his life:
 so he each of the enmities had survived,
 dire conflicts, the son of Ecgetheow,
 deeds of courage, until the one day,
 when he with the serpent must struggle.
 Then he went, one of twelve, swollen with anger,
 the lord of the Geats, to behold the dragon;
 he had heard then whence this feud arose,
 wicked hostility for men: to his bosom came
 the **precious vessel**, through the informer's hand;
 he was in that group the thirteenth men,
 he who this strife's origin brought about,
 the gloomy-minded captive; he was obliged, humbly, thence
 to lead the way to **the place**; he went against his will
 to where the earth-hall he alone knew,
 the cairn under the ground near the surging of the sea,
 the **struggle of the waves**; it was full inside
 of jewels and intricate metal-work; an unpleasant guard,
 ready, eager war-fighter held golden treasures
 old under the earth; that was not an easy bargain,
 to obtain for any man.
 Then on the headland sat the violence-hard king,
 while prosperity bid to his hearth-companions,
 the gold-friend of the Geats; in him his heart was sad,
 restless and slaughter-eager, fate all too near
 which the old man must greet,
 seeking the treasure of his soul, sever asunder
 life from limb; it was not for long then
 the nobleman's life would be wound in his flesh.
 Beowulf spoke, the son of Edgetheow:
 'In youth I many war-storms survived,
 in battle-times; I remember all of that;
 I was seven-winters (old) when me the lord of treasure,
 the lord and friend of the folk, took from my father;
held and had me King Hrethel,
 gave me treasure and feast, recalled kinship;
 I was not by him in life less in aught,
 a man in citadel, than each of his own sons,
 Herebeald and Haethcyn or my Hygelac.
 For the eldest was, unfittingly, ****2435-71****
 by a kinsman's deeds a death-bed strewed,
 when him Haethcyn from a horn-bow
his friend and lord struck down with an arrow,
 missed his mark and his kinsman shot dead,
 the one brother the other with a bloody bolt;
 that was an irreparable fight, grievously wronged,
 heart-wearying in the breast; yet must though
 the noble unavenged be parted from life.
 In the same way it is tragic for an old man
 to abide that his son rides
 young on the gallows: then he utters a dirge,
 a sorrowing song, that his son hangs
 for the pleasure of the raven, and he can not him help,
 old and experienced, any provide;
 ever is reminded each morning,
 of the **other-world journey** of his son; another he heeds not
 to wait for within the strongholds,
guardian of inheritance, when the one he has
 through Death's compulsion experienced deeds;
 he sees, sad and sorrowful, in his son's dwelling
 a wine-hall wasted, a wind-swept resting place
 bereft of joy; the riders sleep,
 heroes hidden in graves; there is not sound of harp,

gomen in gearдум swylce ðaér iú waéron.

XXXV

Gewited þonne on sealman· sorhléod gæleð
 án æfter anum· þuhte him eall tó rúm
 wongas ond wicstede. Swá Wedra helm
 æfter Herebealde heortan sorge
 weallinde, wæg: wihte ne meahte
 on ðám feorhbonan faéghðe gebétan·
 nó ðý aér hé þone heaðorinc· hatian ne meahte
 láðum daédum· þeah him léof ne wæs·
 hé ðá mid þære sorhge þé him sio sár belamp
 gumdréam ofgeaf· godes léoht gecéas·
 eaferum laéfde swá dēð éadig mon
 lond ond léodbyrig þá hé of life gewát.
 Þá wæs synn ond sacu Swéona ond Géata
 ofer wíð wæter wróht gemaéne
 herenið hearda syððan Hréðel swealt
 oððe him Ongenðeowes eaferan waéran
 frome fyrdhwate· fréode ne woldon
 ofer heafo healdan ac ymb Hreosnabeorh
 eatolne inwitscear oft gefremedon
 þæt maégwine míne gewraécan,
 faéhðe ond fyrene swá hyt gefraége wæs
 þeah ðe óðer his ealdre gebohte
 heardan céape· Hæðcynne wearð
 Géata dryhtne gúð onsaége.
 Þá ic on morgne gefrægn maég óðerne
 billes ecgum on bonan staélan
 þaér Ongenþeow Eofores níosað·
 gúðhelm tóglád· gomela Scylfing
 hréas heapoblac· hond gemunde
 faéhðo genóge· feorhsweng ne ofteáh.
 Ic him þá máðmas þé hé mé sealde
 geald æt gúðe swá mé gifeðe wæs
 léohtan sweorde· hé mé lond forgeaf
 eard éðelwyn· næs him aénig þearf
 þæt hé tó Gifðum oððe tó Gár-Denum
 oððe in Swiorice sécean purfe
 wysan wígfrecan, weorde gecýpan:
 symle ic him on fēðan beforan wolde
 ána on orde ond swá tó aldre sceall
 sæcce fremman þenden þis sweord þolað
 þæt mec aér ond sið oft gelaéste
 syððan ic for dūgeðum Dæghrefne wearð
 tó handbonan, Húga cempa·
 nalles hé ðá frætwe Fréscynge
 bréostweorðunge bringan móste
 ac in cempa gecrong cumbles hyrde
 æpeling on elne· ne wæs ecg bona
 ac him hildegráp heortan wylmas
 bānhús gebræc. Nú sceall billes ecg
 hond ond heard sweord ymb hord wígan.
 Bēowulf maðelode bēotwordum spræc
 nīehstan síðe: 'Ic genéðde fela
 gúða on geogoðe· gýt ic wylle
 fród folces weard faéhðe sécan,
 maérðum fremman gif mec se mánscæða
 of eorðsele út geséceð.'
 Gegrétte ðá gumena gehwylcne
 hwate helmberend hindeman síðe
 swaése gesiðas: 'Nolde ic sweord beran
 waépen tó wyrme gif ic wiste hú
 wið ðám ágláecan elles meahte
 gylpe wiðgripan swá ic gió wið Grendle dyde
 ac ic ðaér heaðufýres hátes wéne
 réðes ond hattres· forðon ic mé on hafu
 bord ond byrnan· nelle ic beorges weard
 oferfléon fōtes trem ac unc sceal

2459 revelry in the courts, such as long ago there was.

He goes then to his bed, sings a song of sorrow,
one man on account of one man; it seemed to him all too roomy,
 the fields and the dwelling-place. Thus the Helm of the Wederas
 on account of Herebeald heart's sorrow,
 2464 welling, endured: not a whit could he
 on that life-slayer settle a feud;
 nor the more for that warrior could he show hatred
 with hostile acts, though he by him was not loved;
 he then with that sorrow, which on him that sorely befell,
 2469 he gave over human joys, choose God's light;
 to his heirs he left, as does a fortunate man,
 the land and the folk-citadel, when he departed from life.
 Then was injury and strife of the Swedes and the Geats
 over the wide water a quarrel shared,
 2474 hard military-spite, after Hrethel died,
 and to him Ongentheow's heirs were
 vigorous and martial; they did not wish friendship
 to hold across the ocean, but around Hreosnabeorh
 horrible, malicious raiding often committed
 2479 that kin-friends of mine avenged,
 feud and crime, as it was famous,
 though one of the two with his life paid,
 a hard bargain; for Hathcyn was,
 the Geats' lord, war impending.
 2484 Then I heard in the morning that one kinsman the other
 with bill's edges took vengeance on the slayer,
 there Ongentheow is attacked by Eofor;
 the war-helm slipped asunder, the aged Scylfing
 fell battle-pale. The hand remembered
 2489 feuds a-plenty, did not withhold life-blow.
 I to him the treasures, which he had given me,
 repaid in war, as was granted to me,
 with flashing sword; he gave me land,
 earth, the joy of homeland; there was not for him any need,
 2494 that he among the Gifhas or the Spear-Danes
 or in the Swedish Kingdom needed to seek
a worse war-eager fighter, to buy with wealth:
 always, in the foot-troop, I him wished to go before,
 alone in the vanguard, and thus must I always
 2499 act in battle, while this sword endures
 that which me, early and later, has often served,
 since I, in front of the legions, of Daeghrefn was ****2501-8****
 his slayer by hand, the champion of the Hugas;
 in no way the precious ornaments to the Frisian king,
 2504 breast-adorning, was he able to bring,
 but rather with his contingent fell the banner's keeper,
 the noble in courage; blade's edge was not the killer
 but my battle-grip on him his heart's beats,
 his bone-house, broke. Now I must with bill's edge,
 2509 hand and hard sword fight for the hoard.'
 Beowulf declared, spoke vow-words
 for the last time: 'I have risked many
 wars in my youth; yet I wish,
 old, wise warden of the folk, to seek vendetta,
 2514 to earn renown, if me that wrecker of evil
 from his earth-hall ventures out to greet.'
 He then saluted each of the men,
 bold helm-bearers for the final time,
 dear companions: 'I would not bear a sword,
 2519 a weapon against the wyrm, if I knew how
 against the monster else I might
 grapple for glory, as I did before with Grendel
 but I there furious fire's heat expect,
fierce and poisonous; therefore I have on me
 2524 shield-board and byrmie; nor will I from the barrow's guard
 flee a foot but for us it must

weorðan æt wealle swá unc wyrd getéoð
 metod manna gehwæs· ic eom on móde from
 þæt ic wið þone gúðflogan gylp ofersitte.
 Gebíde gē on beorge byrnum werede
 secgas on searwum hwæðer sēl mæge
 æfter wælaése wunde gedýgan
 uncer twéga· nis þæt éower sið
 né gemet mannes nefne mín ánes·
 Wát he wið ágláeccean eofoðo daéle·
 eorlscype efne· 'Ic mid elne sceall
 gold gegangan oððe gúð nimeð
 feorhbealu frécne frēan éowerne.'
 Árás ðá bí ronde róf óretta
 heard under helme· hiorosercean bær
 under stáncleofu strengo getrúwðge
 ánes mannes· ne bið swylc earges sið.
 Geseah ðá be wealle sé ðe worna fela
 gumcystum gód gúða gedíge
 hildehlemma þonne hnitán fēðan·
 stóðan stánbogan, stréam út þonan
 brecan of beorge· wæs þære burnan wælm
 heaðofýrum hát· ne meahthe horde néah
 unbyrmente aénige hwíle
 déop gedýgan for dracan lége.
 Lét ðá of bréostum ðá hé gebolgen wæs
 Weder-Géata léod word út faran·
 stearcheort styrnde· stefn in becóm
 heaðotorht hlynnan under hárne stán·
 hete wæs onhréred· hordweard oncníow
 mannes reorde· næs ðaér mára fyrst
 fréode tó friclan· from aérest cwóm
 oruð ágláeccean út of stáne
 hát hildeswát· hrúse dynede·
 biorn under beorge bordrand onswáf
 wið ðám gryregieste Géata dryhten·
 ðá wæs hringbogan heorte gefýsed
 sæcce tó séceanne· sweord aér gebraéd
 gód gúðcýning gomele láfe
 ecgum ungléaw· aég hwæðrum wæs
 bealohycgendra bróga fram óðrum·
 stiðmód gestód wið stéapne rond
 winia bealdor ðá se wým gebéah
 snúde tósomne hé on searwum bád·
 gewát ðá byrmente gebogen scriðan,
 tó gescipe scýndan· scýld wél gebearg
 life ond lice laéssan hwíle
 maérum þéodne þonne his myne sóhte·
 ðaér hé þý fyrste forman dógore
 wealdan móste swá him wyrd ne gescráf
 hréð æt hilde· hond úp ábraéd
 Géata dryhten· gryrefáhne slóh
 incgeláfe þæt sío ecg gewác
 brún on báne· bát unswíðor
 þonne his díodcýning þearfe hæfde
 bysigum gebaéded. Þá wæs beorges weard
 æfter heaðuswenge on hréowum móde·
 wearp wælfýre· wide sprunon
 hildeléoman. Hréðsigora ne gealp
 goldwine Géata· gúðbill geswác
 nacod æt níðe swá hyt nó sceolde
 íren aér gód· ne wæs þæt éðe sið
 þæt se maéra maga Ecgðeowes
 grundwong þone ofgyfan wolde·
 sceolde willan wíc eardian
 elles hwergen· swá sceal aég hwylc mon
 álaétan laéndagas. Næs ðá long tó ðon
 þæt ðá ágláeccean hý eft gemétton:
 hyrte hyne hordweard· hreðer aéðme wéoll

happen at the wall as Fate allots us,
 the Creator of all men; I am bold in spirit
 that I against the war-flier forbear from boast.
 2529 You, await here on the barrow, clad in byrnies,
 warriors in war-gear, which better can
 during the slaughter-clash survive wound
 of the two of us; it is not your adventure,
 nor in the power of men, save mine alone.'
 2534 He knew that against the beast he would deal out his strength,
 achieve noble rank; 'I must with courage
 gain the gold, or war takes,
 terrible deadly wound, your lord.'
 2539 Then he arose by means of his shield, the bold warrior,
 severe under his helm, he wore sword-shirt
 under stone cliffs, trusted in the strength
 of a single man; such is not the coward's way.
 He saw then by the wall, he who a great number,
 nobly good, wars survived,
 2544 battle-clashes, when armies collided;
 it stood by the stone-arch, a stream out from there
 breaking out of the barrow; there was the brook's surge
 hot with deadly fire, he could not near the hoard
 without burning for any space of time
 2549 endure the depths on account of the dragon's fire.
 Then he let from his breast, when he was angered,
 the Weder-Geat's leader, a word burst out,
 the staunch-hearted one roared; his voice came in,
 ringing battle-clear beneath the hoary grey stone;
 2554 hate was aroused, the hoard-guard knew
 man's voice; there was not more time
 to ask for peace; first came forth
 the monster's breath out of the stone,
 hot battle-vapour; the earth thundered;
 2559 the warrior below the barrow swung his shield-boss
 against the terror-guest, the Geats' lord;
 then was the ring-coiled one's heart incited
 to seek strife; his sword before drew
 the good war-king, ancient heirloom,
 2564 imprudent with sword-edges; was in each
 of the harm-intending ones terror of the other;
 firm-spirited stood with his steep bossed-shield
 the brave leader of the friends, while the serpent coiled
 together swiftly; He in war-gear waited;
 2569 went then burning gliding coiled,
 hastening to his destiny; the shield defended well
 life and body for a lesser time
 the famed chieftain, then his mind desired,
 where he that time for the first day
 2574 had to wield it, as Fate had not decreed for him
 glory in battle: he raised up his hand,
 the Geatish lord; the ghastly-hued one he struck
 with his ancestral sword, so that the edge weakened
 bright on bone, bit less fiercely
 2579 than its tribe-king had need
 driven in distress. Then the barrow's ward was
 after the war-blow in a fierce spirit;
 he spewed slaughter-fire; widely spread
 battle-light. Of war-victory did not boast
 2584 the gold-friend of the Geats; his war-bill failed,
 naked in the violence, as it should not have,
 the excellent old iron; that was not an easy accomplishment,
 that the famed son of Edgetheow
 this earth should be willing to give up;
 2589 he was obliged to be about to inhabit a dwelling
 elsewhere, as must every man
 abandon loaned-days. It was not long to when
 that the fierce enemies again met each other:
 the hoard-guardian heartened himself, his breast swelled with breath,


níwan stefne· nearo ðrówode
 fyre befongen sé ðe aérfolce wéold.
 Nealles him on héape handgesteallan
 æðelinga bearn ymbe gestódon
 hildecystum ac hý on holt bugon·
 ealdre burgan· hiora in anum wéoll
 sefa wið sorgum· sibb' aefre ne mæg
 wiht onwenden þám ðe wél þenceð.

XXXVI

Wígláf wæs hāten Wéoxstānes sunu
 léoflic lindwiga léod Scylfinga
 maég Ælfheres· geseah his mondryhten
 under heregriman hāt þrōwian·
 gemunde ðá ðá áre þé hé him aérforgeaf
 wícastede weligne Waegmundinga,
 folcrihta gehwylc swá his fæder áhte·
 ne mihte ðá forhabban· hond rond geféng
 geolwe linde· gomelswyrd geteah·
 þæt wæs mid eldum Eanmundes láf
 suna Öhtere· þám æt sæcce wearð
 wræcca wineléasum Wéohstānes bana
 mēces ecgum ond his mágum ætbær
 brúnfāgne helm hringde byrnān
 ealdsweord etonisc· þæt him Onela forgeaf
 his gædelinges gúðgewaedu
 fyrdsearo fúslic· nó ymbe ðá faéhðe spræc
 þeah ðe hé his bróðor bearn ábredwade·
 hé frætwæ gehéold fela misséra
 bill ond byrnān oð ðæt his byre mihte
 eorlscipe efnān swá his aérfæder·
 geaf him ðá mid Géatum gúðgewaeda
 aéghwæs unrím þá hé of ealdre gewát
 fród on forðweg. Þá wæs forma síð
 geongan cempaþæt þé hé gúðe raes
 mid his fréodryhtne fremman sceolde·
 ne gemealt him se módsefa né his mægenes láf
 gewác æt wíge· þa se wýrm onfand
 syððān hie tógædre gegān hæfdon.
 Wígláf mædelode· wordrihta fela
 sægde gesiðum --him wæs sefa géomor--:
 'Ic ðæt mælgeman þaer wé medu þégun
 þonne wé gehéton ússum hláforde
 in biorsele ðé ús ðas beagas geaf
 þæt wé him ðá gúðgetawa gýldan woldon
 gif him þýslicu þearf gelumpe,
 helmas ond heard sweord. Ðé hé úsic on herge gecéas
 tó ðýssum síðfate sylfes willum·
 onmunde úsic mærdða ond mé þás máðmas geaf
 þé hé úsic gárwigend góðe tealde
 hwate helmberend þeah ðe hláford ús
 þis ellenweorc áná áðóhte
 tó gefremmanne, folces hyrde,
 forðān hé manna maést mærdða gefremede
 daéda dollícra. Nú is sé dæg cumen
 þæt úre mandryhten mægenes behófað
 góðra gúðrinca· wutun gongan tó
 helpan hildfruman þenden hyt sý
 glédegese grim. God wát on mec
 þæt mé is miccle léofre þæt minne lichaman
 mid minne goldgyfan gléd fæðmie·
 ne þýnceð mé gerysne þæt wé rondas beren
 eft tó earde nemne we aéror mægen
 fáne gefyllan, feorh ealgian
 Wedra déodnes· ic wát geara
 þæt naeron ealdgewyrht þæt hé ána scyle
 Géata duguðe gnorn þrōwian,
 gesígan æt sæcce· úrum sceal sweord ond helm
 byrne ond byrduscruð bām gemaéne.'

2594 another time; cruelly suffered,
 encircled in fire, he who had once ruled a nation.
 Not at all him in a troop the hand-companions,
 nobles' sons, around him stood
 with valour in battle, but they sunk to the forest,
 2599 to protect life; in one of them surged
 his heart with sorrows; kinship can never
 aught be altered, in him who thinks properly.

Wígláf he was called, son of Wéohstan,
 noble shield-fighter, man of the Scylfings,
 2604 kinsman of Ælfhere; he saw his liege-lord
 under the war-mask suffering heat;
 he remembered then the honour that he had given him before,
 lush dwelling-place of the Waegmundings,
 to each folk-rights, as his father had owned;
 2609 then he could not hold back, his hand seized his round shield,
 yellow lindenwood, he drew his ancient sword;
 it was among men the legacy of Eanmund,
 son of Öhtere; of him in battle was,
 of the friendless exile, Wéohstan his slayer
 2614 by maiche's edges, and to his kinsman he brought back
 bright-gleaming helm, ringed byrnie,
 an old ogrish sword; that to him Onela returned,
 his kinsman's war-garment,
 war-devised clothing; he did not speak of the feud,
 2619 though he his brother's son had slain;
he held the treasures for many seasons,
bill and byrnie, until his son could
 accomplish noble deeds like his old father;
 then, among the Geats, he gave him war-clothing,
 2624 of all kinds, in countless number, then he went from life,
 wise, on the way forth. Then was the first time
 for the young champion, that he the rush of war
 with his noble lord had to perform;
 his spirited heart in him did not melt away, nor the remainder of his strength
 2629 fail in the fight; then the wýrm had discovered,
 when they together had come.
 Wígláf spoke, many proper words
 he said to his companions --his heart was sad in him--:
 'I recall that time, where we partook of mead,
 2634 when we promised to our lord
 in the beer-hall, he who gave us rings,
 that we to him for the war-gear wished to repay,
 if for him such a need arose,
 with helmets and hard swords. Because of that he chose us from the army
 2639 for this adventure of his own desire;
 he deemed us worthy of renown, and gave me these treasures,
 because he us spear-warriors considered excellent,
 bold helm-bearers, though the lord for us
 this valiant work intended alone
 2644 to perform, the keeper of the folk,
 because he of men the most glories has achieved,
 the most audacious deeds. Now is the day come
 that our liege-lord has need of strength
 of good war-men; let us go to,
 2649 aid the battle-leader, while the heat lasts,
 the fierce fire-terror. God knows of me
 that to me it is much more agreeable, that my body
 with my gold-giver the fire embraces;
 it does not seem proper to me, that we bear shields
 2654 back to our land, unless we first can
 fell the foe, defend the life
 of the chief of the Wederas; I know well,
 that his deeds of old are not such, that he alone should
 of the Geats' retinue sorrow suffer,
 2659 to sink in strife; for the two of us must sword and helm,
 byrnie and rich shroud both share.'

Wód þá þurh þone wælréc· wígeafolan bær
fréan on fultum· fēa worda cwæð:
'Leofa Biowulf, læst eall tela
swá ðú on geoguðfēore gēara gecwaéde
þæt ðú ne álaéte be ðé lifigendum
dóm gedréosan· scealt nú daédum róf,
æðeling anhydig, ealle mægene
feorh ealgian· ic ðé fullaestu.'
Æfter ðám wordum wrym yrr eowóm
atol inwitgæst óðre síðe
fýrwylmum fáh fionda niosian
lāðra manna· sydaudio lig ýðum for·
born bord wið rond· byrne ne meahste
geongum gárwigan gēoce gefremman
ac se maga geonga under his maéges scyld
elne geéode þá his ágen wæs
glédum forgrunden. Þá gén gúdcyning
miht gemunde· mægenstrengo slóh
hildebille þæt hyt on heafolan stód
niþe genýded· Nægling forbærst
geswác æt sæcce sweord Biowulfes
gomol ond graégmaél· him þæt gifeðe ne wæs
þæt him írenna ecge mihton
helpan æt hilde: wæs sío hond tó strong
sé ðe méca gehwane míne gefraége
swenge ofersóhte þonne hé tó sæcce bær
waépen wundum heard næs him wihte ðé sél.
Þá wæs þéodsceaða þriddan síðe
frécne fýrdraca faéhða gemyndig·
raésde on ðone rófán þá him rúm ágeald
hát ond heaðogrim heals ealne ymbeféng
biteran bānum· hé geblódegod wearð
sáwuldríore· swát ýðum wéoll.

XXXVII

Ðá ic æt þearfe gefrægn þéodcyniges
andlongne eorl ellen cýðan
cræft ond cénðu swá him gecynde wæs·
ne hédde hé þæs heafolan ac sío hand gebarn
móðiges mannes þaér hé his mægenes healf
þæt he þone níðgæst níðor hwéne slóh,
secg on searwum þæt ðæt sweord gedéaf
fáh ond faéted þæt ðæt fýr ongon
sweðrian syððan. Þá gén sylf cyning
gewéold his gewitte· wællseaxe gebraéd
biter ond beaduscearp þæt hé on byrnan wæg·
forwrat Wedra helm wrym on middan.
Féond gefyldan --ferh ellen wræc--
ond hí hyne þá bēgen ábroten hæfdon,
sibæðelingas· swylc sceolde secg wesian
þegn æt ðearfe. Þæt ðám þéodne wæs
síðas sigehwile sylfes daédum,
worlde geweorces. Ðá sío wund ongon
þé him se eorðdraca aér geworhte
swelan ond swellan· hé þæt sóna onfand·
þæt him on bréostum bealoníð wéoll
attor on innan. Ðá se æðeling gíong
þæt hé bí wealle wishycgende
gesæt on sesse· seah on enta geweorc·
hú ðá stánbogan stapulum fæste
éce eorðreced innan healden.
Hyne þá mid handa heorodréorigne
þéoden maérne þegn ungemeté till
winedryhten his wætere gelafede
hilde sædne ond his helm onspéon·
Biowulf mæpelode· hé ofer benne spræc,
wunde wælbléate --wisse hé gearwe
þæt hé dæghwila gedrogen hæfde
eorðan wynne· ðá wæs eall sceacen

Then he waded through the smoke of slaughter, bore his war-head
to the support of his lord; a few words he spoke:

'Dear Beowulf, carry out all well,

2664 as you in youth-life long ago said,
that you would not allow, with you still living,
glory to fail; you must now in bold deeds,
a noble firm in mind, with all of your strength,
defend your life; I shall support you.'

2669 After those words the wrathful wrym came,
awful cruel visitor a second time,
with hostile, gleaming flood of fire to seek his foes
the hated humans; the flame came forth in waves,
burned shield to the boss; the byrnie could not

2674 to the young spear-fighter lend support
but the young man, under his kinsman's shield
courageously advanced, when his own was
consumed by fire. Then again the war-king
remembered his strength, with mighty force struck

2679 with his battle-bill, so that it stood in (the serpent's) head
driven by violence; Naegling burst asunder,
failed in the fight Beowulf's sword
ancient and silver-streaked; it was not granted to him,
that for him irons' edges could

2684 help in battle: the hand was too strong,
that each one of the blades --I heard--
in stroke he over-taxed; when he bore to battle
a weapon hardened by wounds, it was not any better for him.

Then the scourge of people a third time,
2689 the fierce fire-drake enmity in mind,
rushed at the brave man, when he was yielded space,
hot and battle-fierce, (Beowulf's) whole neck he clamped
between sharp fangs; he was drenched
in life-blood; gore gushed in waves.

2694 I heard that then at the need of the folk-king
the nobleman alongside displayed courage,
strength and boldness, as was natural to him;
he did not heed (the dragon's) head, though the hand was burned
of the spirited man, there he his strength helped,

2699 that he the hostile outsider struck somewhat lower,
the warrior in his war-gear, so that the sword sank in
gleaming and golden so that the fire began
to weaken after that. Then again the king himself
gathered his wits, drew a slaughter-seax

2704 bitter and battle-sharp, that he wore on his byrnie;
The Helm of the Wederas cut through the wrym in the middle.
The foe they felled --their courage driving out life--
and then the both of them him had destroyed,

the noble kinsmen; so ought a man to be,
2709 a thane in need. That was for the chieftain
the last time of victory by his own deeds,
in the world of action. Then the wound began,
which him the earth-dragon had caused earlier,
to swelter and to swell; he soon discovered that,

2714 it him in the breast welled with deadly evil,
poison inside. Then the noble went,
so that he by the wall wise in thought
sat on a seat; he looked on the giants' work
how the stone-arches on firm pillars

2719 the eternal earth-hall supported within.
Then with his hands, sword-bloody,
the renowned chieftain, the immensely good thane
his friend and lord washed with water,
weary of battle, and unfastened his helm;

2724 Beowulf spoke; he spoke despite his injury,
the slaughter-wretched wound --he readily knew
that he the length of his days had fulfilled,
joy of earth; then was all departed

dōgŕgerimes, dēað ungemete nēah--:

'Nú ic suna mínum syllan wolde
gúdgewaedu þaer mé gifede swá
aénig yrfeward æfter wurde
lice gelenge ic dás léode héold
fiftig wintra næs sé folccynig
ymbesittendra aénig dára
þe mec gúðwinum grétan dorste,
egesan dēon ic on earde bád
maelgesceafta héold mín tela
ne sóhte searoniðas né mé swór fela
áða on unriht ic dæs ealles mæg
feorhbennum séoc geféan habban
forðam mé witan ne ðearf Waldend fira
morðŕbealo mága þonne mín sceaceð
lif of lice. Nú dú lungre geong
hord scéawian under hárne stán,
Wigláf léofa, nú se wyrm ligeð,
swefeð sáre wund since beréafod
bíó nú on ofoste þæt ic aérwelan
goldaéht ongite gearo scéawige
swegle searogimmas þæt ic dý séft mæge
æfter máððumwelan mín álaétan
lif ond léodscipe þone ic longe héold.'

XXXVIII

Ðá ic snúde gefrægn sunu Wihstanes
æfter wordcwýdum wundum dryhtne
hýran heaðosíocum, hringnet beran
brogdne beadusercean under beorges hróf.
Geseah dā sigehrēðig þā hē bī sesse géong
magoþegnmōdig máððūmsigla fealo,
gold glitnian grunde getenge
wundur on wealle ond þæs wyrms denn
ealdes úhtflogan, orcas stondan
fyrnmanna fatu feormendléase
hyrstum behrorene þaer wæs helm monig
eald ond ómig, earmbéaga fela
searwum gesaéled --sinc éaðe mæg
gold on grunde gumcynnes gehwone
oferhígian hýde sé ðe wylle--
swylce hē siomian geseah segn eallgýlden
héah ofer horde, hondwundra maést
gelocen leoðocræftum of dām léoman stód
þæt hē þone grundwong ongitan meahte,
wraete giøndwlitan næs dæs wyrms þaer
onsýn aénig ac hyne ecg fornam.
Ðá ic on hlaéwe gefrægn hord réafian
eald enta geweorc ánne mannan,
him on bearm hlódon bunan ond discas
sylfes dōme segn éac genóm
béacna beorhtost bill aér gescód
--ecg wæs íren-- ealdhláfordes
þám dára máðma mundbora wæs
longe hwile lígegesan wæg
hátne for horde hioroweallende
middelnihutum oð þæt hē morðre swealt.
Ár wæs on ofoste eftsiðes geom
frætsum gefyrðred hyne fyrwet bræc
hwæðer collenferð cwicne gemétte
in dām wongstede Wedra þeoden
ellensiocne þaer hē hine aér forlét
hē dā mid þám máðmum maerne þioden
dryhten sinne dríorigne fand
ealdres æt ende hē hine eft ongon
wæteres weorpan oð þæt wordes ord
bréosthord þurhbræc
gomel on giogoðe gold scéawode:
'Ic dára frætwa fréan ealles ðanc

his number of days, death exceedingly near

- 2729** 'Now I to my son I would have wished to give
war-garments, if it had been granted to me such that
any [guardian of inheritance](#) would be after
this body remaining; I ruled the people
fifty winters; there was not a folk-king
2734 of my neighbours --of any of them--
who me with [war-friends](#) dared to greet,
to threaten with terror; I on earth awaited
destiny, ruled my own well,
did not seek cunning hostility, nor swore me many
2739 oaths unjustly; I all of it can,
sick with mortal-injuries, have rejoicing,
because he will not need to reproach me, the Ruler of men,
for dire murder of kin, when departs my
life from body. Now go you quickly
2744 to examine the hoard under the hoary grey stone,
dear Wiglaf, now the wyrm lies dead,
sleeping sorely wounded, deprived of treasure
be now in haste, that I the ancient wealth,
the possession of gold might perceive, readily behold
2749 sparkling cleverly-cut gems, so that I can the more pleasantly
for treasure-wealth leave my
life and nation, that long I ruled.'

Then I heard swiftly the son of Weohstan,
after the word-speech the wounded lord,

- 2754** listened to the battle-sick one, bore [a net of rings](#),
woven battle-shirt under the barrow's roof.
He saw then victorious, when he went by the seat,
the spirited young thane, many precious jewels,
glittering gold close to the ground,
2759 wonders on the wall, and the wyrm's den,
the old twilight-flier, beakers standing,
the vessels of men of old lacking a burnisher,
stripped of adornments; there was a multitude of helms
old and rusty, many arm-rings
2764 cleverly fastened --treasure easily may,
gold in the ground, any one of mankind
overpower, hide he who will--
also he saw hanging a standard all-golden
high over the hoard, the greatest of hand-wrought wonders,
2769 linked with skill of hands; from it light issued,
so that he on the ground could perceive,
look over the ornament; there was not of the wyrm
any appearance, for him the blade-edge took.
Then I heard in the mound the hoard plundered,
2774 old work of giants, one man,
him on his bosom loaded goblets and plates
of his own judgement he also took the banner,
the brightest beacon; the [bill](#) had already wounded
--the edge was iron-- of that old lord
2779 him who the treasures' protector was
for a long while; the fire-terror had endured
hot for sake of the hoard, fiercely welling up
in the middle of nights until he died in violence.
The messenger was in haste, eager for return,
2784 urged on by treasures; curiosity burst in him,
whether bold-hearted he would meet alive
in that place, the chief of the Wederas
ill in strength, where he had left him earlier;
he then with that treasures to the glorious chieftain,
2789 his lord, found bleeding,
of life at an end; he again began on him
to sprinkle water, until the word's point
broke through the breast-hoard,
the old one on the youth saw gold:
2794 'I, for these riches, to the Lord of All, thanks

wuldurcynige wordum secge
 écum dryhtne þé ic hér on stærie
 þæs ðe ic móste minum léodum
 aérl swyltdæge swylc gestrynan
 nú ic on máðma hord minne bebohte
 fróde feorhlege fremmað géna
 léoda þearfe ne mæg ic hér leng wasan·
 hátað heaðomaére hlaéw gewyrcean
 beorhtne æfter baéle æt brimes nōsan·
 sé scel tō gemyndum minum léodum
 héah hlifian on hrones næsse
 þæt hit sælīðend syððan hātan
 Biowulfes Biorh ðá ðe brentingas
 ofer flōða genipu feorran drīfað·'
 Dyde him of healse hring gylðenne
 þīoden þrīsthýdig· þegne gesealde
 geongum gárwigan goldfāhne helm
 béah ond byrnan· hét hyne brúcan well:
 'Þú eart endeláf ússes cynnes
 Wægmondunga· ealle wyrd forswéop
 míne mágas tō metodsceafte
 eorlas on elne· ic him æfter sceal·'
 Þæt wæs þám gomelan gingæste word
 bréostgehygdum aérl hé baél cure
 háte heaðowylmas· him of hwæðre gewát
 sawol sécean sōðfæstra dóm.

XXXVIII

Ðá wæs gegongen guman unfrōdum
 earfoðlice þæt hé on eorðan geseah
 þone lēofestan lífes æt ende
 bléate gebaéran· bona swylce læg
 egeslic eorðdraca ealdre beréafod
 bealwe gebaéded· béahhordum leng
 wrym wóhbogen wealdan ne móste
 ac him írenna ecga fornámon,
 hearde heaðoscearde homera láfe
 þæt se wíðfloga wundum stille
 hréas on hrúsan hordærne néah·
 nalles æfter lyfte lácende hwearf
 middelnihum· máðmahta wlōnc
 ansýn ýwde ac hé eorðan geféoll
 for ðæs hildfruman hondgeweorce.
 Húru þæt on lande lýt manna ðáh
 mægenágendra míne gefraége
 þeah ðe hé daéda gehwæs dystig waére·
 þæt hé wið attorsceaðan oreðe geraésde
 oððe hringsele hondum styrede
 gif hé wæccende weard onfundne
 búon on beorge· Biowulfe wearð
 dryhtmáðma daél deaðe forgolden·
 hæfde aég hwæðre ende geféred
 laénan lífes. Næs ðá lang tō ðon
 þæt ðá hildlatan holt ofgéfān
 týdre tréowlogān týne ætsomne
 ðá ne dorston aérl dareðum lácan
 on hyra mandryhtnes miclan þearfe
 ac hý scamende scyldas baéran
 gúðgewaédu þaér se gomela læg·
 wlitān on Wíláf· hé gewérgad sæt
 fēðecempa fréan ealxum néah·
 wehte hyne wætre· him wiht ne spéow·
 ne meahte hé on eorðan, ðeah hé úðe wél
 on ðām frumgáre feorh gehealdan
 né ðæs wealdendes wiht oncirran:
 wolde dóm godes daédum raédan
 gumena gehwylcum swá hé nú gén ðēð.
 Þá wæs æt ðām geongan grim andswaru
 éðbegéte þám ðe aérl his elne forléas·

- to the Glory-King say by words,
 to the eternal Lord, which I look on here,
 that I was able for my people
 before my death-day to gain such riches,
2799 now I for the hoard of treasures have paid with my
 old span of life. Tend still
the need of the nation. I cannot be here longer;
 order war-famed men to construct a mound
 bright after the fire, at the ocean's cape;
2804 it shall to remind my people
 tower high on headland of whales,
 so that it sea-farers then will name
 Beowulf's Barrow, those who ships
 over the seas' mists drive from afar.'
- 2809** Took him from his neck the golden ring,
 the valiant chief, to the thane gave,
 to the young spear-warrior, gold-adorned helm,
 ring and byrnie, told him to use them well:
 'You are the last remainder of our race,
2814 of the Waegmundings; Fate has swept off all
 of my kinsmen into destined death,
 earls in their strength; I must go after them.'
 That was for the old man the final word
 of the thoughts of his breast, ere he chose funeral fire,
2819 hot furious seething; yet from him went
 his soul to seek truth-fast judgement.
- Then it went with the young man
 painfully, that he saw on the ground
 the dearest man at the end of his life
2824 miserably enduring; the slayer also lay,
 the terrible earth-dragon bereft of life,
 balefully beaten down; the ring-hoard longer
 the wickedly coiled wrym could not control,
 rather him irons' edges took off,
2829 the hard, battle-notched leavings of hammers,
 so that the wide-flier, stilled by wounds,
 fell to the ground near the hoard-store;
 not at all through the air flying turned
 in the middle of nights, proud of his prized possessions,
2834 manifested an appearance, but he fell to earth
 by the battle-leader's work of his own hands.
 Indeed it on land few men succeeded,
 possessors of strength, I have heard,
 though he in all deeds were daring;
2839 that he against the poison-scurge's breath rushed,
 or its ring-hall stirred up with hands,
 if he a watching warden found
 living in the barrow; for Beowulf was
 the noble treasures' share, repaid with death;
2844 each of them had arrived at the end
 of his loaned life. It was not long to when
 that the battle-shirkers gave up the forest,
 cowardly troth-breakers, ten together,
 who had not dared before with javelins to fight
2849 in their liege-lord's great need
 but they, shamed, bore shields,
 war-clothing, to where the old man lay;
 they looked at Wiglaf; he sat wearied,
 the foot-soldier near the shoulders of his lord;
2854 he tried to rouse him with water, but it availed him not a bit;
he could not on earth, though he wished well,
 in that first-spear preserve life,
 nor the Ruler's man turn back;
 the judgement of God would rule the deeds
2859 of all men, as it still does now.
 Then there was from that young man a grim answer
 easily got, for him who earlier had lost his courage;

Wigláf maðelode Weohstanes sunu
 secg sárigferð seah on unlæfe:
 'Þæt, lá, mæg secgan sé ðe wyle sóð specan·
 þæt se mondryhten sé éow ða máðmas geaf
 éoredgeatwe þé gé þaer on standað--
 þonne hé on ealubence oft gesealde
 healsittendum helm ond byrnan,
 þeoden his þegnum swylce hé þryðlicost
 ówer feor oððe néah findan meahte--
 þæt hé gúnunga gúðgewaedu
 wræde forwurpe ða hyne wig beget·
 nealles folccýning fyrðgesteallum
 gylpan þorfe· hwæðre him god úðe
 sigora waldend þæt hé hyne sylfne gewræc
 ána mid ecge þá him wæs elnes þearf.
 Ic him lifwraðe lýtle meahte
 ætgifan æt gúðe ond ongan swá þeah
 ofer mín gemet maeges helpan·
 symle wæs þý saémra þonne ic sweorde drep
 ferhðgeniðlan fyr unswiðor
 wéoll of gewitte· fergendra tó lýt
 þrong ymbe þeoden þá hyne sio þrag becwóm.
 Hú sceal sincþego ond swyrdgiftu
 eall éðelwyn éowrum cynne
 lufen álicgean! Londrihtes mót
 þaere maegburge monna aeghwylc
 ídel hweorfan syððan æðelingas
 feorran gefricgean fléam éowerne
 dómléasan daéd: deað bið sélla
 eorla gehwylcum þonne edwiltíf.'

XL

Heht ða þæt heaðoweorc tó hagan biðdan
 úp ofer ecgclif þaer þæt eorlweorod
 morgenlongne dæg móðgiómor sæt
 bordhæbbende béga on wénnum:
 endedógres ond eftcymes
 léofes monnes. Lýt swigode
 níwra spella sé ðe næs gerád
 ac hé sóðlice sægde ofer ealle:
 'Nú is wilgeofa Wedra léoda
 dryhten Géata deaðbedde fæst
 wunað wælreste wyrmes daédum·
 him on efn ligeð ealdorgewinna
 siexbennum séoc: sweorde ne meahte
 on ðám áglæcean aénige þinga
 wunde gewyrcean· Wigláf siteð
 ofer Biowulfe byre Wihstanes
 eorl ofer óðrum unlifigendum·
 healdeð higemaedum heafodwearde
 léofes ond láðes. Nú ys léodum wén
 orleghwile syððan undyrne
 Froncum ond Frýsum fyll cyninges
 wide weorðeð· wæs sio wróht scepen
 heard wið Hugas syððan Higelac cwóm
 faran flotherge on Frésna land
 þaer hyne Hetware hilde gehnaegdon·
 elne geéodon mid ofermaegene
 þæt se byrnwiga búgan sceolde·
 féoll on féðan· nalles frætwæ geaf
 ealdor dugoðe· ús wæs á syððan
 Merewioingas milts ungyfeðe.
 Né ic te Swéodéode sibbe oððe tréowe
 wihte ne wéne ac wæs wide cúð
 þætte Ongenðio ealdre besnyðede
 Hæðcen Hreþling wið Hrefnawudu
 þá for onméðlan aérest gesóhton
 Géata léode Gúð-Scilfingas
 sóna him se fróða fæder Óhtheres

Wiglaf spoke, Weohstan's son,
 a man sore at heart looked on the unloved men:
 2864 'That, indeed, may say he who wishes to speak the truth,
 that the liege-lord, he who gave you treasures,
 cavalry-gear, that you stand in there--
 when he on the ale-bench often gave
 to hall-sitters helm and byrnie,
 2869 the chieftain to his thanes such as he the grandest
 anywhere far or near was able to find--
 that he completely war-clothing
 grievously threw away, when fighting befell him;
 not at all the folk-king his companions in arms
 2874 need to boast about; yet God granted him,
 victories' Ruler, that he avenged himself,
 one with a blade, when for him was need of valour.
 I him life-protection little could
 provide in war, and yet began
 2879 beyond my measure to aid my kinsman;
 ever was it the weaker when I struck with sword,
 the deadly enemy, fire less fiercely
 surged from the seat of intellect; leaders too few
 thronged around the chieftain, when distress came to him.
 2884 How must treasure-receipt and sword-giving
 all native joy for your kin,
 delight cease! Of land-rights must
 of your clan every man
 become deprived, when nobles
 2889 from afar learn of your flight,
 gloryless dead: death is better
 for all men than a life of dishonour.'

Then he commanded battle-result to be announced at the stronghold,
 up over the cliff-edge, where that warrior-band
 2894 the morning-long day sat sad in spirit,
 shield-bearers, in expectation of two things:
 the end of his days or the return
 of the dear man. On little was he silent
 of the new tidings, he who rode the headland,
 2899 but he truly said over all:
 'Now is the wish-giver of the Wederas' nation,
 the lord of the Geats unmoving on his death-bed,
 remaining in the repose of slaughter by the wyrm's deeds;
 beside him lies his life-contender
 2904 sick with seax-wounds: he could not with his sword
 on that fearsome being in any way
 inflict wounds; Wiglaf sits
 over Beowulf, the son of Weohstan,
 one earl over another unliving,
 2909 he holds, weary in his mind, head-watch
 over beloved and loathed. Now for the nation one expects
 time of warfare when unsecret
 to the Franks and Frisians, the fall of the king,
 widely becomes; the quarrel was shaped
 2914 fierce against the Hugas, when Hygelac came
 faring with a fleet onto the Frisians' land
 where him the Hetware attacked in battle,
 it happened in courage with over-strength,
 that the mailed-warrior had to bow down;
 2919 he fell among the foot-troop; not at all ornaments gave
 the lord to his retinue; for us was ever after
 the Merovingian (king's) kindness withheld.
 I do not from the Swedes peace or truce
 expect a bit, but it was widely known
 2924 that Ongentheow of life deprived
 Haethcyn Hrethel's son at Raven's Wood,
 when for arrogance first sought out
 the Geatish people the War-Scilfings
 at once him the wise, old father of Ohthere,

****2914-19****

eald ond egesfull hondslyht ágeaf·
 ábréot brimwisan· brýða herode·
 gomela ióméowlan· golde berofene
 Onelan módor ond Óhtheres
 ond ðá folgode feorhgeniðlan
 oð ðæt hí oðéodon earfoðlice
 in Hrefnesholt hláfordléase·
 besæt ðá sinherge sweorda láfe
 wundum wérge· wéan oft gehét
 earmre teohhe ondlonge niht·
 cwæð: hé on mergenne méces ecgum
 gétan wolde, sum on galgtréowum
 fuglum tó gamene· frófor eft gelamp
 sárgmódum somod aérðæge
 syððan hie Hygeláces horn ond býman
 gealdor ongéaton þá se góða cóm,
 léoda dugoðe on lást faran.

XLI

Wæs sio swátswaðu Swóna ond Géata
 wælares weora wide gesýne·
 hú ðá folc mid him faéhðe tówehton·
 gewát him ðá se góða mid his gædelingum
 fród felageómor fæsten sécean·
 eorl Ongenþio ufor oncirde·
 hæfde Higeláces hilde gefrúnen
 wlonces wígræft· wiðres ne trúwode·
 þæt hé saémannum onsacan mihte,
 heaðoliðendum hord forstandan
 bearn ond brýde· béah eft þonan
 eald under eorðweall· þá wæs aéht boden
 Swéona léodum· segn Higeláces
 freoðowong þone forð oferéodon
 syððan Hréðlingas tó hagan þrungeon.
 Þaer wearð Ongenðíow ecgum sweordan
 blondenfexa on bid wrecen
 þæt se þeodcýning ðafian sceolde
 Eafores áne dóm· hyne yrringa
 Wulf Wonreding waépne gerahte
 þæt him for swenge swát aédrum sprong
 forð under fexe· næs hé forht swá ðéh
 gomela Scilfing ac forgeald hraðe
 wýrsan wrixle wælhlem þone
 syððan ðeodcýning þyder oncirde·
 ne meahte se snella sunu Wonredes
 ealdum ceorle hondslyht giofan
 ac hé him on héafde helm aér gescer
 þæt he blode fah bugan sceolde·
 féoll on foldan· næs hé faége þá gít
 ac hé hyne gewyrpte þeah ðe him wund hrine·
 lét se hearda Higeláces þegn
 bráde méce þá his bróðor læg
 ealdsweord eotonisc entiscne helm
 breacan ofer bordweal· ðá gebéah cýning
 folces hyrde· wæs in feorh dropen.
 Ðá waéron monige þe his maég wriðon·
 ricone áraerdon ðá him gerýmed wearð
 þæt hie wælstówe wealdan móston·
 þenden réafode rinc óðerne·
 nam on Ongenðio irenbyrnan
 heard swýrd hilted ond his helm somod·
 háres hyrste Higeláce bær·
 hé ðam frætsum féng ond him fægre gehét
 léana mid léodum ond gelaeste swá·
 geald þone gúðraes Géata dryhten
 Hréðles eafora þá hé tó hám becóm·
 Iofore ond Wulfe mid ofermáðmum·
 sealde hiora gehwæðrum hund þúsenda
 landes ond locenra béaga --ne ðorfte him ðá léan oðwitan

- 2929** ancient and terrible, returned onslaught by hand;
 he destroyed the sea-wise man, he honoured his wife,
 the old, wisened woman bereft of her gold,
 Onela's mother and Ohthere's
 and then he followed those life-enemies,
2934 until they escaped with difficulty,
 into Raven's Wood, without a lord;
 then he besieged the huge (sacred) grove, the survivors of swords
 weary with wounds; he often threatened woes
 to the wretched company in the length of the night;
2939 said: he in the morning by the edges of a maiche
 he would sacrifice one of them on the gallow-tree
as game for the birds; relief came back
 to the sorrow-spirited ones together with early day,
 when they Hygelac's horn and trumpet,
2944 and his battle-yell recognised, then the good man came,
 with the tribe's veteran warriors travelling on the path.

- The bloody swathe of the Swedes and Geats,
 the slaughter-rush of men was widely seen;
 how the folk between them awoke a feud;
2949 then the good man went with his fellow kinsmen,
 old and wise, greeted saddened, to seek a citadel;
 the warrior Ongentheow retreated higher up,
 he had of Hygelac's battle-skill heard,
 the proud man's war-craft; he did not trust his resistance,
2954 that he the sea-men could oppose,
 against battle travellers defend the hoard,
 children and women; he fell back thence
 old behind the earth-wall; then pursuit was offered
 to the Swedish nation, the standards of Hygelac
2959 that place of refuge forth overran,
 when the Hrethelings pressed forward into that entrenchment.
 There was Ongentheow by edges of swords,
 the grizzle-haired was compelled to pause,
 so that the tribe-king had to submit
2964 to the sole judgement of Eofor; him wrathfully
Wulf, Wonred's son, reached with his weapon,
 so that from him by the blow blood in streams sprang
 forth beneath his hair; he was not frightened though,
 the aged Scilfing, but quickly repaid
2969 with a more terrible response for that slaughter-stroke,
 when the tribe-king turned thither;
 he could not, the brave son of Wonred,
 to the old fellow offer onslaught by hand,
 rather he him on his head had sheared his helm,
2974 so that he, blood-stained, had to bow down;
 he fell on the field; he was not doomed yet,
 but he recovered himself, though the wound touched him;
 Let he, the hard thane of Hygelac,
 broad maiche, when his brother lay dead,
2979 the old ogriish sword, the giantish helm
 break over the shield-wall; then the king bowed down,
 the shepherd of the folk, was struck to his life.
 Then there were many, who bandaged his kinsman,
 they quickly raised him up, when room was made for them,
2984 so that they the place of slaughter were able to control;
 then plunder the one man the other,
 he took from Ongentheow his iron byrnie,
 his hard hilted sword, and his helmet too;
 the hoary one's armour he bore to Hygelac;
2989 he took the treasures and fairly pledged to him
 rewards among the people, and did so;
 he paid for the war-onslaught, the lord of the Geats,
 Hrethel's heir, when he returned home,
 to Eofor and Wulf with an abundance of treasure;
2994 he gave them both a hundred thousand worth of
 land and interlocked rings --he needed not the gifts scorn,

mon on middangearde syððan hie ðá maērða geslōgon--
 ond ðá lofore forgeaf āngan dohtar
 hāmweorðunge hylde tō wedde.
 þæt ys sio faēhðo ond se fēondscipe
 wælnið wera ðæs ðe ic wéan hafo
 þé ús séceað tō Swéona léoda
 syððan hie gefricgeað fréan úserne
 ealdorléasne þone ðe aer gehéold
 wið hettendum hord ond rice
 æfter hæleða hryre, hwate Scildingas·
 folcréd fremede oððe furður gēn
 eorlscipe efnde. Mé is ofg̃st betost
 þæt wé þeodcýning þær scéawian
 ond þone gebringan þé ús béagas geaf
 on ádfære· ne scel ánes hwæt
 meltan mid þám módigan ac þær is máðma hord
 gold unríme grimme gecéapod
 ond nú æt síðestan sylfes fēore
 béagas gebohte: þá sceall brond fretan,
 aéled þeccan, nalles eorl wegan
 máððum tō gemyndum né mægð scýne
 habban on healse hringweorðunge
 ac sceal geómormód golde beréafod
 oft nalles aéne elland tredan
 nú se herewisa hleahtor álegde
 gamen ond gléodréam. Forðon sceall gár wesan
 monig morgenceald mundum bewunden,
 hæfen on handa, nalles hearpan swég
 wígend weccan ac se wonna hrefn
 fús ofer faégum fela reordian,
 earne secgan hú him æt aéte spéow
 þenden hé wið wulf wæl réafode.'
 Swá se secg hwata secggende wæs
 láðra spella· hé ne léag fela
 wyrda né worda. Weorod eall árás·
 éodon unbliðe under earna næs
 wollentéare wundur scéawian·
 fundon ðá on sande sáwulléasne
 hlimbed healdan þone þe him hringas geaf
 aérnan maélum· þá wæs endedæg
 gódum gegongen þæt se gúdcýning
 Wedra þeoden wundorðeade swealt.
 AÉr hí þær geségan syllicran wiht
 wyrn on wonge wiðerræhtes þær
 láðne licgean: wæs se légraca
 grimlic gryregiest glédum beswaéled·
 sé wæs fiftiges fótgemearces
 lang on legere· lyftwynne héold
 nihtes hwílum· nyðer eft gewát
 dennes niosian· wæs ðá deaðe fæst·
 hæfde eorðscrafa ende genyttod.
 Him big stóðan bunan ond orcas·
 discas lāgon ond dýre swyrd
 ómige þurhetone swá hie wið eorðan fæðm
 þúsend wintra þær eardodon·
 þonne wæs þæt yrfe éacencræftig,
 iúmonna gold galdre bewunden
 þæt ðám hringsele hrinan ne móste
 gumena aénig nefne god sylfa
 sigora sódcýning sealde þám ðe hé wolde
 --hé is manna gehyld-- hord openian·
 efne swá hwylcum manna swá him gemet ðúhte.

XLII

Þá wæs gesýne þæt se sið ne ðáh
 þám ðe unrihte inne gehýdde
 wræce under wealle· weard aer ofslóh
 fēara sumne· þá sio faēhðo gewearð
 gewrecen wráðlice. Wundur hwár þonne

(any) man on middle-earth, since they gained those glories in fighting--
 and then to Eofor he gave his only daughter,
 a honour to the home, as pledge of friendship.
 That is the feud and the enmity,
 the slaughterous hate of men, for which I have woe,
 they shall attack us, the Swedish nation,
 when they learn our lord
 is lifeless, he who formerly preserved
 against despisers our hoard and kingdom,
 after fall of heroes, bold Scyldings,
 supported the welfare of the folk, or moreover
 accomplished noble deeds. For me haste is best,
 that we the people-king look upon there,
 and that one bring, he who gave us rings,
 on a journey to the pyre; nor must a part only
 melt with that great-spirited one, but there is the treasure's hoard,
 gold uncounted, bitterly purchased,
 and now at last with his own life
 bought the rings: then the blaze must devour,
 the fire cover, no man shall wear
 these treasures in remembrance, no pretty girl
 shall have on her neck ring-adornment,
 but must, sad-hearted, bereft of gold,
 often, not once, tread in alien land,
 now the cohort-leader has laid aside laughter
 pleasure and merriment. Therefore must be spears
 many, morning-cold, grasped in palms,
 raised in hands, not at all the sound of harp
 to wake the warrior, but the black raven,
 eager over the doomed, speaking many things,
 telling the eagle, how he succeeded in eating,
 when he with the wolf despoiled the slain.'
 So the bold men was teller
 of hateful tidings; he did not lie much
 in deeds or in words. The troop all arose;
 they went unhappily under the eagle's headland,
 with welling tears, to gaze upon the wonder;
 they found then on the sand, soulless,
 ruling over his bed of rest, the who gave them rings
 in earlier times; then it was the end-day
 come for good men, that the war-king,
 the Wederas' chieftain, died a wondrous death.
 First they saw there a rarer creature,
 the wyrn on the ground just opposite there,
 the loathsome one lying dead: the fire-drake was
 a grim gruesome guest burnt by flames;
 it was fifty foot-measures
 long as it lay; in air-joy it had ruled
 the times of the night, down again had gone
 to seek its den; it was then still in death,
 it had of earth-caverns enjoyed its end.
 They stood by him goblets and beakers,
 lay plates and precious swords,
 eaten through by rust, as if they had in the embrace of the earth
 a thousand winters remained there;
 then was that legacy of exceedingly powerful, ****3051-73****
 gold of men of yore, encompassed by an incantation,
 that the ring-hall could not touch
 any man, unless God himself,
 victories' Truth-king allowed he who He wished
 --He is man's protector-- to open the hoard,
 even so to every man as it seemed fitting to Him.

3058 Then it was seen that the venture did not benefit
 who he unrightly had hidden inside,
 vengeance under the walls; this warden earlier slew
 one man of a few; then was the feud
 wrathfully avenged. It is a wonder where then

eorl ellenrōf ende gefēre
 lifgesceafta þonne leng ne mæg
 mon mid his maegum meduseld búan·
 swá wæs Bíowulfe, þá hé biorges weard
 sóhte searoniðas: seolfa ne cūðe
 þurh hwæt his worulde gedál weorðan sceolde.
 Swá hit oð dōmes dæg díope benemdon
 þéodnas maere þá ðæt þær dydon·
 þæt se secg waere synnum scildig
 hergum geheaðerod hellbendum fæst
 wommum gewitnad sé ðone wong strude·
 næs hé goldhwæte gearwor hæfde
 ágendes ést aérgescéawod.
 Wígláf maðelode Wihstanes sunu:
 'Oft sceall eorl monig ánes willan
 wraéc ádréogan swá ús geworden is·
 ne meahton wé gelaéran léofne þéoden
 rices hyrde raéd aénigne·
 þæt hé ne grétte goldweard þone·
 léte hyne licgean þær hé longe wæs,
 wicum wunian oð woruldende·
 heoldon héahgesceap· hord ys gescéawod,
 grimme gegongen· þæt gifede wæs
 tó swið þé ðone þyder ontyhte.
 Ic wæs þær inne ond þæt eall geondseh
 recedes geatwa þá mé gerýmed wæs,
 nealles swaéslice sið álýfed
 inn under eorðweall· ic on ofoste gefēng
 micle mid mundum mægenbyrðenne
 hordgestréona· hider út ætbær
 cýninge mínum· cwico wæs þá géna
 wis ond gewittig· worn eall gespræc
 gomol on gehðo ond éowic grétan hét·
 bæd þæt gé geworhton æfter wines daédum
 in baélstede beorh þone héan
 micelne ond maerne swá hé manna wæs
 wigend weorðfullost wide geond eorðan
 þenden hé burhwelan brúcan móste.
 Uton nú efstan óðre siðe
 séon ond sécean on searogeþræc
 wundur under wealle· ic éow wísige
 þæt gé genóge néon scéawiað
 béagas ond brád gold· síe sío baér gearo
 aédre geæfned þonne wé út cymen
 ond þonne geférian fréan úserne
 léofne mannan þær hé longe sceal
 on ðæs waldendes waere gepolian.'
 Hét ðá gebéodan byre Wihstanes
 hæle hildedior hæleða monegum
 boldágendra þæt hie baélwudu
 feorran feredon folcágende
 gódum tógénes: 'Nú sceal gléd fretan,
 weaxan wonna lég wigena strengel
 þone ðe oft gebád ísernscúre
 þonne straéla storm strengum gebaéded
 scóc ofer scildweall· sceft nytte héold
 fæðergearwum fús· fláne fulléode.'
 Húru se notra sunu Wihstanes
 ácigde of corðre cyniges pegnas
 syfone tósomne þá sélestan·
 éode eahta sum under inwithrōf
 hilderinc·sum on handa bær
 aéledléoman sé ðe on orde géong.
 Næs ðá on hlytme hwá þæt hord strude
 syððan orwearde aénigne daél
 secgas geségon on sele wunian
 laéne licgan· lýt aénig mearn
 þæt hí ofostlice út geferedon

- 3063** a man famed for courage should meet end
 of his fated life, when he can no longer
 one among his kinsmen, inhabit a mead-hall;
 thus it was for Beowulf, when he the barrow's ward
 sought treacherous quarrels: he himself did not know
3068 through what his parting from this world must bring about.
 Thus until judgement's day deeply declared
 the great princes, who put it there,
 that the man would be guilty of crimes,
 banned from sacred places, in hell-bonds fast,
3073 reproached for his transgressions, he who plundered that place;
he was not liberal with gold (nor) had he readily
the kindness of a lord ever shown.
 Wiglaf spoke, the son of Weohstan,
 'Often must many men, for the will of one,
3078 endure exile, as it has happened to us;
 we could not convince the beloved prince,
 the keeper of the kingdom, by any counsel,
 that he not greet the gold-ward,
 let him lie, where he long had been,
3083 inhabiting his abodes until the world's end;
he held to his noble destiny; the hoard is exposed,
 grimly gained; that was granted
 too harshly which him impelled thither.
 I was there inside and looked over all of it,
3088 the trappings of the hall, when the way was cleared for me,
 not at all sweetly was the errand allowed
 inside the earthwall; I seized in haste
 much with my hands, a mighty burden
 of hoard-treasures, bore it out hither
3093 to my king; he was still alive then,
 wise and knowing; he spoke much on many things,
 old in his grief, and commanded me greet you all,
 bid that you build in accord of your friend's deeds
 in the cremation place a high barrow,
3098 large and splendid, as he was of men
 a warrior most honoured thought this wide earth,
while he the prosperity of a city could enjoy.
 Let us now hasten another time
 to see and to seek in that heap of cunningly wrought things,
3103 a wonder under the walls; I shall guide you,
 so that you sufficient close-up will see
 rings and broad gold; let the bier be ready,
 quickly prepared, when we come out,
 and then carry our lord,
3108 beloved man, where he must long
 in the Ruler's protection endure.'
 He then commanded to direct, the son of Weohstan,
 the battle-brave hero, many warriors,
 house-holders, that they the pyre-wood
3113 to fetch from afar, folk-chieftains,
 to the good man: 'Now must the fire devour,
 the dim flame grow, the ruler of warriors,
 he who often endured shower of iron,
 when the storm of arrows, impelled by bow-strings,
3118 shot over the shield-wall; shaft held true to task,
 its feather-trappings eager, arrow-head followed.'
 Indeed the wise son of Weohstan
 summoned from the troop of king's thanes,
 seven altogether, the best;
3123 he went, one of eight, under the evil roof
 one battle-man bore in his hands
 a fire-brand, he who went in the fore-front.
 It was not in a casting of lots, who would plunder that hoard,
 when unprotected any part
3128 the men saw remaining in the hall,
 lying frail; little did anyone mourn
 that they quickly carried out

dýre máðmas· dracan éc scufun
 wýrm ofer weallclif· létan wég niman,
 flód fæðmian frætwa hyrde·
 þæt wæs wundengold on waén hladen
 aégðwæs unrím, æþelinge boren
 hárum hilde tó hrones næsse.

XLIII

Him ðá gegiredan Géata léode
 ád on eorðan unwáclícn
 helmum behongen hildebordum
 beorhtum byrnum swá hé bēna wæs·
 álegdon ðá tómidde maérne þeoden
 hæleð hiofende hláford léofne·
 ongunnon þá on beorge baelfýra maést
 wígend weccan· wuduréc ástáh
 sweart ofer swioðole swógende lég
 wópe bewunden --windblond gelæg--
 oð þæt hé ðá bānhús gebrocen hæfde
 hát on hreðre· hígum unróte
 móðceare maéndon mondryhtnes cwealm·
 swylce giómorgyd Géatisc ánméowle
 Biowulfe brægd bundenheorde
 sang sorgcearig· saélde geneahhe
 þæt hio hyre hearmdagas hearde ondréde
 wælfylla worn werudes egesan
 hýðo ond hæftnýð. Heofon réce swealg·
 geworhton ðá Wedra léode
 hlaéo on hóe sé wæs héah ond brád
 waegliðendum wide gesýne
 ond betimbredon on tyn dagum
 beadurófes bécn· bronda láfe
 wealle beworhton swá hyt weorðlicost
 foresnotre men findan mihton·
 hí on beorg dydon bég ond siglu
 eall swylce hyrsta swylce on horde aéar
 niðhéðige men genumen hæfdon·
 forléton eorla gestreon eorðan healdan
 gold on gréote þær hit nú gén lifað
 eldum swá unnyt swá hyt aéarer wæs.
 Þá ymbe hlaew riodan, hildedéore
 æþelinga bearn ealra twelfa·
 woldon cearge cwíðan kyning maénan,
 wordgyd wreccan ond ymb wer sprecan·
 eahtodan eorlscipe ond his ellenweorc
 duguðum démdon. Swá hit gedéfe bið
 þæt mon his winedryhten wordum herge·
 ferhðum fréoge þonne hé forð scile
 of lichaman laéded weorðan·
 swá begnornodon Géata léode
 hláfordes hryre, heorðgenéatas:
 cwaédon þæt hé waére wyruldcyning
 manna mildust ond monðwaerust
 léodum líðost ond lofgeornost.

precious treasures; the dragon too they shoved,
 the wýrm over the cliff-wall, they let the waves take,
 the flood enfold, that keeper of baubles;
 that was braided gold loaded on the waggon,
 of each kind countless, to the prince bore,
 hoary grey from battle, to the whale's headland.

3138 Then for him prepared the people of the Geats
 a pyre on the earth, not trifling,
 hung with helmets, with battle-shields,
 with bright byrnies, as he had requested;
 they laid then in the midst the famed chieftain,
 the lamenting heroes, their beloved lord;
 3143 then began on the barrow the greatest bale-fire,
 the warriors to kindle; wood-smoke arose,
 swarthy over the heat, the roaring flame
 woven with weeping --the tumult of winds lay still--
 until it the bone-house had broken
 3148 hot at heart; despairing in their hearts
 they bemoaned their grief, their liege-lord's death;
 so too a death-dirge a solitary Geatish woman
 wove for Beowulf, cruelly bound,
 she sang sorrowful, earnestly of fortune
 3153 that she for herself days of harm fiercely dreaded,
 of multitude of slaughter-feasts, terror of troops,
 rapine and bondage. Heaven swallowed the smoke;
 then wrought the Wederas' people
 a barrow on the hill, it was high and broad,
 3158 for wave-farers widely visible,
 and they constructed in ten days
 the war-chief's beacon, the leavings of the fire,
 with a wall they encircled, as it most worthily
 the very wisest men could devise;
 3163 they placed in the barrow rings and brooches,
 all such trappings, as before from the hoard
 hostile men had taken away;
 the treasure of heroes they let the earth hold,
 gold in the gritty soil, where it now still lives,
 3168 as useless to men as it was before.
 Then around the mound rode the battle-brave
 sons of nobles, twelve in all,
 they wished to bewail their sorrow, to mourn their king,
 to pronounce elegy, and speak about the man;
 3173 they praised his heroic deeds and his works of courage,
 exalted his majesty. As it is fitting,
 that one his friend and lord honours in words,
 cherish in one's spirit, when he must forth
 from his body be led;
 3178 thus bemoaned the people of the Geats
 their lord's fall, his hearth-companions:
 they said that he was, of all kings of the world,
 the most generous of men, and the most gracious,
 the most protective of his people, and the most eager for honour.

****3137ff.****

****3150ff.****

****3178ff.****