

BEOWULF

diacritically-marked text and facing translation

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last updated on 20-August-2012

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

Hwæt! Wé Gárdena in géardagum
 þéodcýninga þrym gefrúnon·
 hú ðá æþelingas ellen fremedon.
 Oft Scyld Scéfing sceaþena þrætum
 monegum maégþum meodosetla oftéah·
 egsode Eorle syððan aérest wearð
 féasceaft funden hé þæs frófre gebád·
 wéox under wolcnum· weorðmyndum þáh
 oð þæt him aég hwylc þára ymbsittendra
 ofer hronråde hýran scolde,
 gomban gyldan· þæt wæs gód cýning.
 Ðaém eafera wæs æfter cenned
 geong in gearдум þone god sende
 folce tó frófre· fyrenðearfe ongeat·
 þæt hie aér drugon aldorléase
 lange hwile· him þæs líffréa
 wuldres wealdend woroldáre forgeaf:
 Béowulf wæs bréme --blaéd wide sprang--
 Scyldes eafera Scedelandum in.
 Swá sceal geong guma góde gewyrcean
 fromum feohgiftum on fæder bearme
 þæt hine on ylde eft gewunigen
 wilgesipas þonne wíg cume·
 léode gelaésten: lofðaédum sceal
 in maégþa gehwaére man geþéon.
 Him ðá Scyld gewát tó gescæphwile
 felahrór féran on fréan waére·
 hí hyne þá ætbaéron tó brimes faroðe
 swaése gesipas swá hé selfa bæd
 þenden wordum wéold wine Scyldinga
 léof landfruma lange áhte·
 þaér æt hýðe stóð hringedstefna
 ísig ond útfús æþelinges fær·
 álédon þá léofne þéoden
 béaga bryttan on bearm scipes
 maérne be mæste· þaér wæs mádma fela
 of feorwegum frætwa gelaéded·
 ne hýrde ic cýmlicor céol gegyrwan
 hildewaépnum ond heaðowaéдум
 billum ond byrnum· him on bearme læg
 mádma mænigo þá him mid scoldon
 on flódes aéht feor gewítan·
 nalæs hí hine laéssan lácum téodan
 þéodgestréonum þonne þá dydon
 þe hine æt frumsceafte forð onsendon
 aénne ofer yðe umborwesende·
 þá gýt hie him ásetton segen gyldenne
 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

Dá wæs on burgum Bēowulf Scyldinga
léof léodcynning longe þrage
folcum gefraege --faeder ellor hwearf
aldor of earde-- oþ þæt him eft onwoc
héah Healfdene héold þenden lifde
gamol ond gúðreow 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 geogod gewéox
magodriht micel· him on mód bearn
þæt healreced hátan wolde
medoærn micel men gewyrcean
þone ylðo bearn aefre gefrúnon
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 maégþe 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 wælníðe wæcnan scolde.
Dá 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 reccan·
cwæð þæt se ælmihtiga eorðan worhte
wlitebeorhtne wang swá wæter bebúgeð·
gesette sigehréþig sunnan ond mónan
léoman tó léohte 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 féond on helle·
wæs se grimma gaést Grendel háten
maére mearcstapa sé þe móras héold
fen ond fæsten· fifelcynnnes 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 gígantas 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-Scylfing'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 ****90ff.****
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.

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 æþelunga gedriht
 swefan æfter symble· sorge ne cúðon
 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 háam faran
 mid þaére wælfylle wíca néosan.
 Ðá wæs on úhtan mid aérðæge
 Grendles gúðcræft gumum undyrne·
 þá wæs æfter wiste wóp up áhafen
 micel morgenswég. Maere 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 hwaer
 gerúmlícor ræste sóhte
 bed æfter búrum ðá him gebéacnod wæs
 gesægd sóðlice sweetolan táce
 healðegnes hete· héold hyne syðþan
 fyr ond fæstor sé þaem féonde ætwand.
 Swá ríxode 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 geómōre þætte Grendel wan
 hwíle wið Hrōþgár· heteniðas wæg
 fyrene ond faéhðe fela misséra,
 singále sæce· sibbe ne wolde
 wið manna hwone mægenes Deniga,
 feorhbealo feorran, féa þingian
 né þaer naénig wítana 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 hwyrtum scriþað.
 Swá fela fyrena féond mancynnes
 atol ángengea oft gefremede,
 heardra hýnða· Heorot eardode
 sincfáge sel swertum nihtum
 --nó hé þone gifstól grétan móste,
 máþðum 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
 wígwearþunga· wordum baédon
 þæt him gástbona géoce gefremede
 wið þéodþréaum· swylc wæs þéaw 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 sáwle 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 þaém 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 snotor hæleð
 wéan onwendan· wæs þæt gewin tó swýð
 láþ ond longsum þe on ðá léode becóm,
 nýdwracu niþgrim nihtbealwa maést.
 Pæt fram hám gefrægn Higeláces þegn
 góð mid Géatum, Grendles daéda·
 sé wæs moncynnes mægenes strengest
 on þaém dæge þysses lífes
 æþele ond éacen· hét him ýðlidan
 góðne gegyrwan· cwæð: hé gúðcýning
 ofer swanráde sécean wolde
 maérne þéoden þá him wæs manna þearf·
 ðone síðfæt him snotere ceorlas
 lýt hwón lógon þeah hé him léof waére
 hwetton higerófnæ· hæł 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 frætwe
 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 blícan, 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 fyrwyt bræc
 móðgehygdum hwæt þá men waéron·
 gewát him þá tó waroðe wicge rídan
 þegn Hróðgáres· þrymmum cwehte
 mægenwudu mundum· meþelwordum frægn:
 'Hwæt syndon gé searohæbbendra
 byrnum werede þe þus brontne céol
 ofer lagustraéte laéðan cwómon
 hider ofer holmas?'
 Hé wæs endesaéta· aégwearde héold
 þé on land Dena láðra naénig
 mid scipherge sceðþan ne meahte·
 'Nó hér cúðlicor cuman ongunnon
 lindhæbbende né gé léafnesword
 gúðfremmendra gearwe ne wísson
 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
 léasscéaweras on land Dena
 furþur féran· Nú gé feorbúend
 mereliðende minne gehýrað
 ánfealdne geþóht: 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 gecýped
 æþele ordfruma Ecgþéow háten·
 gebáð wintra worn aér hé on weg hwurfé
 gamol of geardum· hine gearwe geman
 witena wélhwylc wide geond eorþan.
 Wé þurh holdne hige hláford þinne
 sunu Healfdenes sécean cwómon
 léodgebyrgean· wes þú ús lárena gód·
 habbað wé tó þaém maéran micel aérende
 Deniga fréan· ne sceal þaér dyrne sum
 wesán þæs ic wéne. Þú wást gif hit is
 swá wé sóþlice secgan hýrdon
 þæt mid Scyldingum sceaðona ic nát hwylc
 déogol daédhata deorcum nihtum
 éaweð þurh egsan uncúðne nið
 hýnðu ond hráfyl. Ic þæs Hróðgár mæg
 þurh rúmne sefan raéd gelaéran·
 hú hé fród ond gód, féond oferswýðeþ--
 gyf him edwendan aéfre scolde
 bealuwa bisigu bót eft cuman--
 ond þá cearwylmas cólran wurðap
 oððe á syþðan earfoðþrage
 þreányd þolað þenden þaér wunað
 on héahstede húsa sélest.'
 Weard mæpelode ðaér on wicge sæt
 ombeht unforht: 'AÉghwæþres sceal
 scearp scyldwiga gescáð witan
 worda ond worca sé þe wél þenceð.
 Ic þæt gehýre· þæt þis is hold weorod
 fréan Scyldinga· gewitaþ forð beran
 waépen ond gewaédu· ic éow wísige·
 swylce ic maguþegnas míne háte
 wið féonda gehwone flotan éowerne
 níwtyrwydne nacan on sande
 árum healdan oþ ðæt eft byreð
 ofer lagustréamas léofne mannan
 wudu wundenhals tó Wedermearce·
 gódfremmendra swylcum gifeþe bið
 þæt þone hilderaés hál gedígeð.'
 Gewiton him þá féran --flota stille bád·
 seomode on sole sidfaéþmed scip
 on ancre fæst-- eoforlic scionon
 ofer hléorberan gehroden golde·
 fáh ond fyrheard ferhwearde héold·
 gúþmód grummon· guman ónetton·
 sígon ætsomme oþ þæt hý sæltimbred
 geatolic ond goldfáh ongyton mihton·
 þæt wæs foremaérost foldbúendum
 receda under roderum on þaém se ríca bád·
 líxte se léoma ofer landa fela.
 Him þá hildedéor hof módigra
 torht getaéhte þæt hie him tó mihton
 gegnum gangan· gúðbeorna sum
 wicg gewende· word æfter cwæð:
 'Maél is mé tó féran. 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
 you sea-sailors, hear my
 one-fold thought: speed is best
 for reporting, whence your comings are.'

260 He the eldest answered,
 the crew's captain, he unlocked his word-hoard:
 '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-thaness 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 Wedenmark;
 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

Straét wæs stánfáh· stig wisode
gumum ætgædere· gúðbyrne scán
heard hondlocen· hringíren scír
song in searwum· þá hie tó sele furðum
in hyra gryregeatwum· gangan cwómon·
setton saéméþe· side scyldas
rondas regnhearde· wið þæs recedes weal·
bugon þá tó bence· byrnan hringdon
gúðsearo gumena· gáras stódon
saémanna searo· samod ætgædere
æscholt ufan graég· wæs se írenþreat
waépnum gewurþað· þá ðaér wlonc hæleð
óretmecgas· æfter hæleþum frægn:
'Hwanon ferigeað gé· faétte scyldas
graége syrcan· ond grimhelmas
heresceafta héap? Ic eom Hróðgáres
ár ond ombiht· ne seah ic elþéodige
þus manige men· módiglicran·
wén' ic þæt gé for wlenco· nalles for wraéc síðum
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 þéodne· mín aérende
aldre þinum· gif hé ús geunnan wile
þæt wé hine swá góðne· grétan móton.'
Wulfgár maþelode· --þæt wæs Wendla léod·
wæs his móðsefa· manegum gecýðed
wíg ond wísdóm--: 'Ic þæs wine Deniga
fréan Scildinga· frinan wille
béaga bryttan· swá þú béna eart·
þéoden maérne· ymb þinne síð
ond þé þá andsware· aédre gecýðan
ðe mé se góða· ágifan þenceð.'
Hwearf þá hrædlíce· þaér Hróðgár sæt
eald ond anhár· mid his eorla gedriht·
éode ellenróf· þæt hé for eaxlum gestód
Deniga fréan:· cúþe hé duguðe þéaw·
Wulfgár maðelode· tó his winedrihtne:
'Hér syndon geferede· feorran cumene
ofer geofenes begang· Géata léode·
þone yldestan· óretmecgas
Béowulf nemnað· hý bénan synt
þæt hie, þéoden mín,· wið þé móton
wordum wrixlan· nó ðú him wearne getéoh
ðínra gegncwida,· glædman Hróðgár·
hý on wígetáwum· wyrðe þinceað
eorla geahtlan· húru se aldor déah
sé þaém heaðorincum· hider wísade.'

VI

Hróðgár maþelode· helm Scyldinga:
'Ic hine cúðe· cnihtwesende·
wæs his ealdfæder· Ecgþéo hátan
ðaém tó hámm forgeaf· Hréþel Géata
árgan dohtor· is his eaforan nú
heard hér cumen· sóhte holdne wine.
Ðonne sægdon þæt· saéliþende
þá ðe gifsceattas· Géata fyredon
þyder tó þance· þæt hé þritiges
manna mægencræft· on his mundgripe
heaþoróf 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-byrnies 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
which to me the virtuous one sees fit to give.'
- 355** 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
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 móðþræce 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 ábéad:

'Éow hét secgan sigedrihten mín
aldor Éast-Dena þæt hé éower æþelu can
ond gé him syndon ofer saéwylmas
heardhicgende hider wilcuman·
nú gé móton gangan in éowrum gúðgeatáwum
under heregríman Hróðgár geseon·
laétað hildebord hér onbidan,
wuduwælsceaftas, worda geþinges.'
Árás þá se rica, ymb hine rinc manig
þrýðlic þegna héap· sume þaer bidon·
heaðoréaf héoldon swá him se hearda bebéad·
snyredon ætsomme· 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, Hróðgár, hál. Ic eom Higeláces
maég ond magoðegn· hæbbe ic maérða fela
ongunnen on geogoþe· mé wearð Grendles þing
on mínre épeltýrf undyrne cúð:
secgað saéliðend þæt þæs sele stande
reced sélesta rinca gehwylcum
ídel ond unnyt siððan aéfenléoht
under heofenes hádor beholen weorþeð.
Þá mé þæt gelaérdon léode míne
þá sélestan snotere ceorlas,
þéoden Hróðgár, þæt ic þé sóhte
for þan hie mægenes cræft míne cúþon·
selfe ofersáwon ðá ic of searwum cwóm
fáh from féondum þaer ic fife geband·
ýðde eotena cyn ond on ýðum slóge
niceras nihtes· nearoþearfe dréah·
wræc Wedera níð --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 aégláeca
for his wonhýdum waépna ne recceð·
ic þæt þonne forhicge --swá mé Higelác síe
mín mondrihten módes bliðe--
þæt ic sweord bere oþðe síðne scyld
geolorand tó gúþe ac ic mid grápe sceal
fón wið féonde ond ymb feorh sacan,
láð wið láþum· ðaer 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
385 for his great daring offer precious treasures.
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 ogrish 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, cense 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 un-mournfully,
marking the limits of his moor enclosures; nor will you for the needs of my

lices feorme leng sorgian.
 Onsend Higeláce gif mec hild nime
 beaduscruða betst þæt míne bréost wereð,
 hrægla sélest· þæt is Hraédlan láf
 Wélandes geweorc. Gaéð á wyrd swá hio scel.'

VII

Hróðgár maþelode helm Scyldinga:
 'Fére fyhtum, þú, wine mín Béowulf,
 ond for árstafum úsic sóhtest.
 Geslöh þín fæder faéhðe maéste:
 wearþ hé Heaþoláfe tó handbonan
 mid Wilfingum· dá hine gára cyn
 for herebrógan habban ne mihte·
 þanon hé gesóhte Súð-Dena folc
 ofer ýða gewealc, Ár-Scyldinga·
 dá ic furþum wéold folce Deninga
 ond on geogoðe héold gimmerice
 hordburh hæleþa· dá wæs Heregár déad
 mín yldra maég unlifigende
 beam Healfdenes· sé wæs betera ðonne ic.
 Siððan þá faéhðe féo þingode·
 sende ic Wylfingum ofer wæteres hrycg
 ealde mádmás· hé mé áþas swór.
 Sorh is mé tó secganne on sefan mínum
 gumena aégum hwæt mé Grendel hafað
 hýnðo on Heorote mid his heteþancum
 faérniða gefremed· is mín fletwerod
 wighéap gewanod· hie wyrd forswéop
 on Grendles gryre· god éaþe mæg
 þone dolsceaðan daéða getwaéfan.
 Ful oft gebéotedon béore druncne
 ofer ealowaége órtmeccas
 þæt hie in béorsele bídan woldon
 Grendles gúþe mid gryrum ecga.
 Ðonne wæs þéos medoheal on morgentíd
 drihtsele dréorfáh þonne dæg lixte,
 eal bencþelu blóde bestýmed
 heall heoru-dréore· áhte ic holdra þý laés,
 déorre duguðe þé þá déað fornam.
 Site nú tó symle ond onsaél meoto
 sigehréd secgum swá þín sefa hwette.'
 Þá wæs Géatmæcgum geador ætsomne
 on béorsele benc gerýmed
 þaér swiðferhþe sittan éodon
 þryðum dealle þegn nytte behéold
 sé þe on handa bær hroden ealowaége
 scencte scír wered· scop hwílum sang
 hádor on Heorote· þaér wæs hæleða dréam,
 duguð unlytel Dena ond Wedera.

VIII

Hunferð maþelode Ecgláfes beam
 þe æt fótum sæt fréan Scyldinga·
 onband beadorúne --wæs him Béowulfes sið
 móðges merefaran micel æfþunca
 forþon þe hé ne úþe þæt aénig óðer man
 aéfre maérða þon má middangeardes
 gehédde under heofenum þonne hé sylfa--:
 'Eart þú sé Béowulf sé þe wið Breca wunne
 on síðne saé ymb sund flite?
 Ðaér git for wlence wada cunnedon
 ond for dolgilþe on déop wæter
 aldrum néþdon né inc aénig mon
 né léof né láð beléan mihte
 sorhfullne síð þa git on sund réon·
 þaér git éagorstréam earmum þehton·
 maéton merestraéta mundum brugdon·
 glídon ofer gársecg· geofon ýþum
 wéol wintrys wylm· git on wæteres 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;
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 a thane 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· hē þe æt sunde oferflāt·
 hæfde mære mægen. Þá hine on morgentid
 on Heaðo-Raemes holm up ætbær·
 ðonon hē gesóhte swaésne éðel,
 léof his léodum, lond Brondinga
 freoðburh fægere þær hē folc áhte
 burh ond béagas· béot eal wið þe
 sunu Béanstánes sóðe gelaeste.

Ðonne wéne ic tó þe wyrsan geþingea
 déah þú heaðoraésa gehwær dohte
 grimre gúðe gif þú Grendles dearest
 nihtlongne fyrst néan bídan.'
 Béowulf mæpelode bearn Ecgbéowes:
 'Hwæt, þú worn fela, wine mín Hunferð,
 béore druncen ymb Breca spráce·
 sægdest from his síðe. Sóð ic talige
 þæt ic merestrenge máran áhte
 earfeþo on ýpum ðonne aénig óþer man·
 wit þæt gecwaédon cnihtwesende
 ond gebéotedon --waéron bégen þá git
 on geogoðfēore-- þæt wit on gársecg út
 aldrum néðdon ond þæt geæfndon swá.
 Hæfdon swurd nacod þá wit on sund réon
 heard on handa: wit unc wið hronfixas
 werian þóhton· nó hē wiht fram mé
 flódyþum feor fléotan meahthe
 hraþor on holme· nó ic fram him wolde·
 ðá wit ætsomne on saé waéron
 fif nihta fyrst oþ þæt unc flód tódráf
 wado weallende wedera cealdost
 nípende niht ond norþanwind
 heaðogrim ondhwearf· hréo waéron ýþa·
 wæs merefixa mód onhréred·
 þær 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 gerahte
 hildebille· heaðoraés fornam
 mihtig meredéor þurh míne hand.

VIII

Swá mec gelóme láðgetéonan
 þréatedon þearle· ic him þénode
 déoran sweorde swá hit gedéfe wæs·
 næs hie ðaére fylla geféan hæfdon
 mánfordaédllan þæt hie mé þégon·
 symbel ymbsaéton saégrunde néah
 ac on mergenne mécum wunde
 be ýðláfē uppe laégon
 sweordum áswefede þæt syðþan ná
 ymb brontne ford brimliðende
 láde ne letton. Léoht éastan cóm
 beorht béacæn godes· brimu swaþredon
 þæt ic saénæssas geséon mihte
 windige weallas. Wyrð oft nered
 unfaégne eorl þonne his ellen déah.
 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·
 hwæpere ic fára feng fēore gedigde
 siþes wérig· ðá mec saé opbær
 flód æfter faroðe on Finna land
 wudu weallendu. Nó ic wiht fram þe
 swylcra searoniða secgan hýrde

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 þin wit duge·
 secge ic þe to sóðe, sunu Ecgláfes,
 þæt naéfre Grendel swá fela gryra gefremede
 atol aéglaéca ealdre þinum,
 hýnðo on Heorote gif þin hige waére
 sefa swá searogrim swá þú self talast
 ac hé hafað onfunden þæt hé þá faéhðe ne þearf
 atole ecgþræce éower léode
 swíðe 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· gaép eft, sé þe mót
 tó medo módig siþþan morgenléoht
 ofer ylða bearn ópres dóggres
 sunne sweglwered siþan scíneð.'
 Þá wæs on sálum sinces brytta
 gamolfeax ond gúðróf géoce gelyfde
 brego Beorht-Dena gehýrde on Béowulfe
 folces hyrde fæstraédne geþóht·
 ðaér wæs hæleþa hleahtor· hlyn swynsode·
 word waéron wynsume. Éode Wealhþéow forð
 cwén Hróðgáres cynna gemyndig
 grétté goldhroden guman on healle
 ond þá fréolic wif ful gesealde
 aérest Éast-Dena épelwearde·
 bæd hine bliðne æt þaére béorþege
 léodum léofne· hé on lust geþeah
 symbol ond seleaful sigeróf kyning·
 ymb-éode þá ides Helminga
 dugupe ond geogope daél aéghwylcne·
 sincfato sealde oþ þæt saél álamp
 þæt hio Béowulfe, beaghroden cwén
 móde geþungen medoful ætbær·
 grétté Géata léod· gode þancode
 wísfæst wordum þæs ðe hire se willa gelang
 þæt héo on aénigne eorl gelyfde
 fyrena frófre. Hé þæt ful geþeah
 wælréow wiga æt Wealhþéon
 ond þá gyddode gúpe gefýsed·
 Béowulf maþelode bearn Ecgþéowes:
 'Ic þæt hogode· þá ic on holm gestáh·
 saébát gesæt mid mínra secga gedriht·
 þaét ic ánunga éowra léoda
 willan geworhte oþðe on wæl crunge
 féondgrápum fæst· ic gefremman sceal
 eorlic ellen oþðe endedæg
 on þisse meoduhealle mínne gebidan.'
 Ðám wífe þá word wél licodon
 gilpcwide Géates· éode goldhroden
 fréolicu folccwén tó hire fréan sittan.
 Þá wæs eft swá aér inne on healle
 þryðword sprecen, ðéod on saelum,
 sigefolca swég oþ þæt semninga
 sunu Healfdenes sécean wolde
 aéfnræste· wiste þaém áhlaécan
 tó þaém héahsele hilde geþinged
 siððan hie sunnan léoht geséon meahton
 oþðe nípende niht ofer ealle
 scaduhelma gesceapu scríðan 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 óperne
 Hróðgár Béowulf ond him hael ábéad
 wírnæs geweald ond þæt word ácwæð:
 'Naefre ic aénegum men aer ályfde·
 siþðan ic hond ond rond hebban mihte·
 ðryþarn Dena búton þe nú ðá·
 hafa nú ond geheald húsa sélest·
 gemyne maerþo· mægenellen cýð·
 waca wið wráþum· ne bið þe wilna gád
 gif þú þæt ellenweorc aldre gedígest.'

X

Ðá him Hróþgár gewát mid his hæleþa gedryht
 eodur Scyldinga út of healle·
 wolde wígfuma Wealhþeo sécan
 cwén tó gebeddán· hæfde kyningwuldor
 Grendle tógéanes· swá guman gefrungon·
 seleweard áseted: sundornytte behéold
 ymb aldor Dena· eotonweard' ábéad.
 Húru Géata léod georne trúwode
 módgan mægnes, metodes hylde
 ðá hé him of dyde ísermyran
 helm of hafelan· sealde his hyrsted sweord
 írena cyst ombihtþegne
 ond gehealdan hét hildegeatwe·
 gespræc þá se góða gylpworda sum
 Béowulf Géata aer hé on bed stige:
 'Nó ic mé an herewæsmun hnágran talige
 gúþgeweorca þonne Grendel hine·
 forþan ic hine sweorde swebban nelle,
 aldre benéotan þeah ic eal mæge·
 nát hé þara góða þæt hé mé ongéan sléa·
 rand gehéawe þeah ðe hé róf síe
 niþgeweorca ac wit on niht sculon
 secge ofersittan gif hé gesécean dear
 wíg ofer waepen ond siþðan wítig god
 on swá hwæpere hond hálig dryhten
 maerðo déme swá him gemet þince.'
 Hylde hine þá heapodéor --hléorbolster onféng
 eorles andwlitan-- ond hine ymb monig
 snellíc saerinc selereste gebeah·
 naénig heora þóhte þæt hé þanon scolde
 eft eardlufan aefre gesécean
 folc oþðe fréoburh þaer hé áféded wæs
 ac hie hæfdon gefrúnen þæt hie aer tó fela micles
 in þaém winsele wældéað formaf
 Denigea léode. Ac him dryhten forgeaf
 wíspéda gewiofu Wedera léodum
 frófor ond fultum þæt hie féond heora
 ðurh ánes cræft ealle ofercómon
 selfes mihtum· sóð is gecýped,
 þæt mihtig god manna cynnes
 weold wídeferhð. Cóm on wanre niht
 scriðan sceadugenga· scéotend swaefon
 þá þæt hornreced healdan scoldon
 ealle búton ánum --þæt wæs yldum cúþ
 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 misthleoþum
 Grendel gongan· godes yrre bær·
 mynte se mánscaða manna cynnes
 sumne besyrwan in sele þám héan·
 wód under wolcnum tó þæs þe hé winreced
 goldsele gumena gearwost wisse
 faettum fáhne· 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, ****703-60****
 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.

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 Hróþgáres hám gesóhte·
naéfre hé on aldǫrdagum 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 féond treddode·
éode yrremód· him of éagum stód
ligge gelicost léoht unfaéger·
geseah hé in recede rinca manige
swefan sibbedriht samod ætgædere
magorinca héap. Þá his mód áhlóg:
mynte þæt hé gedaélde aér þon dæg cwóme
atol ágláeca ánra gehwylces
líf 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 síðe
slaépendne rinc slát unwearnum·
bát bánlocan· blód édrum dranc·
synsnaédum swealh· sóna hæfde
unlyfigendes ealgefeormod
fét ond folma· forð néar ætstóp·
nam þá mid handa higepihtigne
rinc on ræste· raéhte ongéan
féond mid folme· hé onféng hraþe
inwitþancum 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 meahthe·
hyge wæs him hinfús· wolde on heolster fléon,
sécan deófla 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 meahthe swá
widre gewindan ond on weg þanon
fléon on fenhopu· wiste his fingra geweald
on grames grápum· þæt he wæs géocorsíð
þæt sé hearmscaþa to Heorute átæh.
Dryhtsele dynede· Denum eallum wearð
ceasterbúendum cénra gehwylcum
eorlum ealuscerwen· yrre waéron bégen
répe renweardas· reced hlynsode.
Þá wæs wundor micel þæt se winsele
wiðhæfde heaðodéorum· þæt hé on hrúsan ne féol
faéger foldbold ac hé þæs fæste wæs
innan ond útan irenbendum
searoþoncum besmípod· 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 bánfág tóbrecan meahthe,
listum tólúcan nympe líges fæþm
swulge on swaþule. 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,
 gryreléod galan godes andsacan
 sigeléasne sang, sár wánigean
 helle hæfton· héold hine fæste
 sé þe manna wæs mægene strengest
 on þaém dæge þysses lífes.

XII

 **sydaudio** Nolde eorla léo aénige þinga
 þone cwealmcuman cwicne forlaétan
 né his lífdagas léoda aénigum
 nytte tealde. Þær genehost brægd
 eorl Béowulfes ealde láfe·
 wolde fréadrihtnes feorh ealgian
 maéres þéodnes ðaér hie mehton swá·
 hie þæt ne wiston þá hie gewin drugon
 heardhicgende hildemecgas
 ond on healfa gehwone héawan þóhton,
 sawle sécan: þone synscaðan
 aénig ofer eorþan írenna cyst
 gúðbilla nán grétan nolde
 ac hé sigewaépnnum forsworen hæfde
 ecga gehwylcre. Scolde his aldorgedal
 on ðaém dæge þysses lífes
 earmlic wurðan ond se ellorgást
 on féonda geweald feor síðian·
 ðá þæt onfunde sé þe fela aéror
 módes myrðe manna cynne
 fyrene gefremede --he, fág wið god--
 þæt him se líchoma læstan nolde
 ac hine se módega maég Hygeláces
 hæfde be honda· wæs gehwæþer óðrum
 lifigende láð· lícsár gebád
 atol aéglaéca· him on eaxle wearð
 syndolh sweetol· seonowe onsprungon·
 burston bánlocan· Béowulf wearð
 gúðhréd 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 wælráese willa gelumpen:
 hæfde þá gefaélsod sé þe aér feorran cóm
 snotor ond swýðferhð sele Hróðgáres,
 genered wið niðe· nihtweorce gefeh
 ellenmaérþum· hæfde Éast-Denum
 Géatmecga léod gilp gelæsted·
 swylce oncyþðe ealle gebétte
 inwidsorge þe hie aér drugon
 ond for þréanyðum þolian scoldon
 torn unlýtel· þæt wæs tácen sweetol
 syþðan hildedéor hond álegde
 earm ond eaxle --þaér wæs eal geador
 Grendles grápe-- under géapne hróf.

XIII

Þá wæs on morgen mine gefraége
 ymb þá gifhealle gúðrinc monig
 férdon folctogan feorran ond néan
 geond widwegas wundor scéawian
 lápes lástas· nó his lífgedál
 sárlíc þuhte secga aéngum
 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

háton heolfre heorodréore wéol·
 déaðfaége déog siððan dréama léas
 in fenfreoðo feorh álegde
 haéþene sawle· þaér him hel onféng,
 þanon eft gewiton ealdgesiðas
 swylce geong manig of gomenwáþe
 fram mere móðge méarum ridan
 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 Hróðgár ac þæt wæs gód cyning.
 Hwilum heaþorófe hléapan léton
 on geflit faran fealwe méaras
 ðaér him foldwegas fægere þúhton
 cystum cúðe. Hwilum cynynges þegn
 guma gilphlæden gidða 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 siðas
 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 nýdgesteallan·
 hæfdon ealfela eotena cynnes
 sweordum gesaéged· Sigemunde gesprong
 æfter déaðdæge dóm unlytel
 syþðan wiges heard wurm ácwealde
 hordes hyrde· hé under hárne stán
 æþelinges bearn ána genéðde
 frécne daéde ne waés him Fitela mid·
 hwæpre him gesaélde ðæt þæt swurd þurhwód
 wraétlicne wurm þæt hit on wealle ætstód
 dryhtlic íren· draca morðre swealt·
 hæfde ágláeca elne gegongen
 þæt hé béahhordes brúcan móste
 selfes dóme· saebát ghléod·
 bæron bearn scipes beorhte frætwa
 Wælses eafera --wurm hát gemealt--
 sé wæs wreccena wide maérost
 ofer werþeode wígendra hléo
 ellendaédum --hé þæs aéron ðáh--
 siððan Heremódes hild sweðrode,
 earfoð ond ellen· he mid eotenum wearð
 on féonda geweald forð forlácen
 snúde forsended· hine sorhwylmas
 lemede to lange· hé his léodum wearð
 eallum æþellingum to aldorcare·
 swylce oft bemeam aérnan maélum
 swiðferhþes sið snotor ceorl monig
 sé þe him bealwa to bóte gelyfde
 þæt þæt ðeodnes bearn geþéon scolde,
 fæderæþelum onfón, folc gehealdan
 hord ond hléoburh hæleþa ríce
 éðel Scyldinga· hé þaér eallum wearð
 maég Higeláces manna cynne
 fréondum gefægra· hine fyren onwóð.
 Hwilum 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 nobels, a great mortal sorrow;
 moreover they often mourned, for in earlier times,
 the departure of the stouted-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 scynder· éode scealc monig
 swiðhigende tó sele þam hëan
 searowundor séon· swylce self cyning
 of brýðbúre béahhorda weard
 tryddode tírfæst getrume micle
 cystum gecýþed ond his cwén mid him
 medostigge mæt mægþa hóse.

XIII

Hróðgár maþelode --hé to héalle géong·
 stód on stapole· geseah stéapne hróf
 golde fáhne ond Grendles hond--:
 'Disse ansýne alwealdan þanc
 lungre gelimpe! Fela ic lþases gebád,
 grynna æt Grendle· á mæg god wyrcan
 wunder æfter wundre, wuldres hyrde.
 Ðaét wæs ungeára þæt ic aénigra mé
 wéana ne wénde tó wídan feore
 bóte gebídan þonne blóde fáh
 húsa sélest heorodréorig stód:
 wéa wídscofen wítena gehwylcne
 ðára þe ne wéndon þæt hie wídeferhð
 léoda landgeweorc lþpum beweredon
 seuccum ond scinum· ná scealc hafað
 þurh drihtnes miht daéd gefremede
 ðe wé ealle aéer ne meahdon
 snyttrum besyrwan· hwæt, þæt secgan mæg
 efne swá hwylc mægþa swá ðone magan cende
 æfter gumcynnum gyf héo 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 þin dóm lyfað
 áwa tó aldre· alwalda þec
 góde forgylde swá hé nú gýt dyde!'
 Béowulf maþelode bearn Ecgþéowes:
 'Wé þæt ellenweorc éstum miclum
 feohtan fremedon· fréne genéðdon
 eafod uncúþes. Úþe ic swiþor
 þæt ðú hine selfne geséon móste
 féond on frætewum fylwérigne·
 ic him hræðlice heardan clamnum
 on wælbedde wríþan þótte
 þæt hé for handgripe mínum 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 foremihtig
 féond on féþe· hwæþere, hé his folme forlét
 tó lífwraþe lást weardian,
 earm ond eaxle· nó þaér aénigre swá þeah
 féasceaft guma frófre gebohte·
 nó þý leng leofað láðgetéona
 synnum geswenced ac hyne sár hafað
 in niðgripe nearwe befangen
 balwon bendum ðaér ábídan sceal
 maga máne fáh miclan dómes·
 hú him scír metod scrífan wille.'
 Ðá wæs swígra secg sunu Ecgláfes
 on gylpspraéce gúðgeweorca
 siþðan æþelingas eorles cræfte
 ofer héanne 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 aég hwylc wæs
 steda nægla gehwylc stýle gelicost
 haéþenes handsporu hilderinces
 egl unhéoru· aég hwylc gecwæð
 þæt him heardra nán hrinan wolde
 íren aérgód, þæt ðæs áhlaécan
 blóðge beadufolme onberan wolde.

XV

Ðá wæs háten hrepe Heort innanweard
 folmum gefræt wod· fela þaera wæs
 wera ond wifa þe þæt winreced
 gestele gyredon· goldfág scinon
 web æfter wágum wundorsiona fela
 secga gehwylcum þára þe on swylc starað·
 wæs þæt beorhte bold tóbrocen swiðe
 eal inne weard íren bendum fæst,
 heorras tóhliðene· hróf ána genæs
 ealles ansund þe se ágláeca
 fyrendaédum fág 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
 swefeþ æfter symle. Þá wæs saél ond maél
 þæt tó healle gang Healfðenes sunu·
 wolde self cyning symbel þicgan·
 ne gefrægen ic þá maégþe máran weorode
 ymb hyra sincgyfan sél gebaéran·
 bugon þá tó bence blaédágande
 fýlle gefaégon· fægere geþaégon
 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 Béowulfé brand Healfðenes
 segen gylðenne sigores tó léane
 hroden hiltécumbor, helm ond byrnan·
 maére máðþumsweord manige gesáwon
 beforan beorn beran· Béowulf geþah
 ful on flette· nó hé þaére feohgyfte
 for scótenum scamigan ðorfte·
 ne gefrægn ic fréondlicor féower mádmás
 golde gegyrede gummanna fela
 in ealobence óðrum gesellan·
 ymb þæs helmes hróf héafodbeorge
 wírum bewunden walan útan héold
 þæt him féla láf frécne ne meahon
 scúrheard sceþðan þonne scyldfrecra
 ongéan gramum gangan scolde.
 Heht ðá eorla hléo eahta méaras
 faétedhléore on flet téon
 in under eoderas· þára ánum stóð
 sadol searwum fáh since gewurpad·
 þæt wæs hildesetl héahcyninges
 ðonne sweorda gelác sunu Healfðenes
 efnan wolde· naéfre on óre læg
 wídcúþes wíg ðonne walu féollon·
 ond ðá Béowulfé béga gehwæþres
 eodor Ingwina onweald geteah
 wicga ond waéþna· hét hine wél brúcan·
 swá manlice maére þeoden
 hordweard hæleþa heaþoraéas 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
 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,
 the golden banner in reward of victory,
 the adorned standard, helm and byrníe;
 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,
 with decorated head-gear, led onto the hall-floor
- 1036** 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 aégghwylcum 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 déeð·
 forþan bið andgit aégghwaér sélest
 ferhðes foreþanc· fela sceal gebídan
 léofes ond láþes sé þe longe hér
 on ðyssonum 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 beogat
 hæleð Healfdena· Hnæf 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 héo under swegle geséon meahte
 morþorbealo mága þaér hé aér maéste héold
 worolde wynne· wíg ealle fornám
 Finnes þegnas nemne féaþm 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 geweald
 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 frioðuwaére· Fin Hengeste
 elne unflitme áðum benemde
 þæt hé þá wéaláfe weotena dóme
 árum héolde þæt ðaér aénig mon
 wordum né worcum waére ne braéce
 né þurh inwitsearo aéfre gemaénden
 ðeah hie hira béaggyfan banan folgedon
 ðéodenléase, þá him swá geþearfod wæs·
 gyf þonne Frýsna hwylc frécnen spráce
 ðæs morþorhétes 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 Hnæfes áde
 hire selfre sunu sweolode befæstan,
 bánfatu bærnán 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 eaxle· ides gnomode·
geómrode gidnum· gúðrinc ástáh·
wand tó wolcnum wælfyra maést
hlynode for hláwe· hafelan multon·
bengeato burston ðonne blóð ætspranc,
láðbite lices· líg ealle forswéal,
gaésta gifrost, þára ðe þær gúð fornám
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 drífan
hringedstefnan: holm storme wéol·
won wið winde· winter ýþe beléac
ísgebinde of ðæt óþer cóm
gér in geardas swá nú gýt dééd·
þá ðe syngáles séle bewitiað
wuldortorhtan weder. Ðá wæs winter scacen,
fæger foldan bearm· fundode wrecca
gist of geardum· hé tó grynwræce
swiðor þóhte þonne tó saéláde·
gif hé torngemót þurhteón mihte
þæt hé eotena bearm inne gemunde·
swá hé ne forwyrnde woroldraédenne
þonne him Húnláfing, hildeléoman
billa sélest on bearm dyde·
þæs waéron mid eotenum ege cúde.
Swylce ferhðfreccan Fin eft begeat
sweordbealo slíðen æt his selfes hám
siþðan grimne gripe Gúðláf ond Ósláf
æfter saésiðe sorge maéndon·
æt witon wéana daél· ne meahte waéfre mód
forhabban in hreþre· 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·
laéddon tó léodum. Léoð wæs ásungen
gléomannes gyd· gamen eft ástáh·
beorhtode bencswég· byrelas sealdon
wín of wunderfatum. Þá cwóm Wealhþéo forð
gán under gyldnum béage þær þá góðan twégen
sæton suhtergefæderan þá gýt wæs hiera sib ætgædere,
aéghwylc óðrum 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,
sinces brytta· þú on saélum wes,
goldwine gumena, ond tó Géatum spræc
mildum wordum swá sceal man dóon·
béo wið Géatas glæd, geofena gemyndig
néan ond feorran þú nú hafast·
mé man sægde þæt þú ðe for sunu wolde
hereric habban· Heorot is gefaélsod
béahsele beorhta· brúc þenden þú móte
manigra médo ond þinum mágum laéf
folc ond rice þonne dú forð scyle
metodsceaft séon· ic mínne can
glædne Hrópulf· þæt hé þá geogoðe wile
árum healdan gyf þú aér þonne hé,
wine Scildinga, worold oflaétest

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,
1121 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.

- The warriors returned then to seek their houses,
1126 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,
1136 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,
1141 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
1151 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,
1156 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,
1161 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
1166 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;
1173 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,
1183 friend of the Scyldings, leave behind the world,

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 fréondlaþu
 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
 Eormenríces· gecéas écne raéd·
 þone hring hæfde Higelác Géata
 nefá Swertinges nýhstan síde
 siðþan hé under segne sinc ealgode·
 wælréaf 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·
 wysan wigfreca wæl réafeden
 æfter gúðsceaere· Géata léode
 hréawic héoldon. Heal swége onféng·
 Wealhðéo maþelode· héo fore þaém werede spræc:
 'Brúc ðisses béages, Béowulf léofa
 hyse, mid haéle ond þisses hrægles néot
 þéod gestreona ond geþéoh tela·
 cen þec mid cræfte ond þyssum cnýhtum wes
 lára líde· ic þé þæs léan geman·
 hafast þú geféred þæt ðé feor ond néah
 ealne wideferhþ weras ehtigað
 efne swá síde swá saé bebúgeð,
 windgeard, weallas· wes þenden þú lifige,
 æþeling, éadig· ic þé an tela
 sincgestréona· béo þú suna mínum
 daédum gedéfe, dréamhealdende·
 hér is aéghwylc eorl óprum 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
 geósceaft grimme swá hit ágangen wearð
 eorla manegum syþðan aefen cwóm
 ond him Hróþgár gewát tó hofe sínum
 ríce tó ræste reced wardode
 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 háam 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.

The full cup was brought to him, and a friendly invitation
1193 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' necklace,
 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
 siþðan goldsele Grendel warode·
 unriht æfnde oþ þæt ende becwóm,
 swylt æfter synnum. Þæt gesýne wearþ
 wídcúþ werum þætte wrecend þá gýt
 lifde æfter láþum lange þrage
 æfter gúðceare Grendles módor
 ides áglacwíf yrmþe gemunde
 sé þe wæteregeasun wunian scolde
 cealde stréamas siþðan camp him wearð
 to ecgbanan ángan bræþer
 fæderenmaége· hé þá fág gewát
 morþre gemearcod mandréam fléon·
 wésten warode. Þanon wóc fela
 geósceaftgásta· wæs þæra Grendel sum,
 heorowearh hetelic· sé æt Heorote fand
 wæccendne wer wíges bidan·
 þaer him áglacæca 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 déapwíc séon,
 mancynnes féond. Ond his módor þá gýt
 gifre ond galgmód gegán wolde
 sorhfulne sið, sunu déoð wrecan·
 cóm þá to Heorote ðaer Hring-Dene
 geond þæt sæld swaefun· þá ðaer sóna wearð
 edhwyrft eorlum siþðan 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
 sword 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 gesiðes hád be saem féonum
 rice randwiga þone ðe héo on ræste ábréat
 blaédfæstne beorn --næs Béowulf ðaer
 ac wæs óþer in aér geteohhod
 æfter máþðungife maerum Géate--
 hréam wearð in Heorote· héo under heolfre genam
 cúþe 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 þaer 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,
1253 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
1258 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,
1263 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
1268 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,
1273 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,
1278 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
1283 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.
1288 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 byrmie, when the horror perceived him;
 she was in haste, wanted out of there,
1293 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
1298 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
1303 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,
1308 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--
1313 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 neodlaðu 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 raédbora
eaxlgestealla ðonne wé on orlege
hafelan weredon þonne hniton fēþan
eoferas cnysedan· swylc eorl scolde
wesán aérgód swylc Æschere wæs.
Wearð him on Heorote tó handbanan
wælgæst waéfre· ic ne wát hwæþer
atol aése wlanc eftsíðas téah
fyller gefraégnod· héo þá faéhðe wræc
þe þú gystran niht Grendel cwealdest
þurh haéstne hád 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 séo 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 wulfhleoþu windige næssas
fréne fengelád ðaér fyrgenstréam
under næssa genipu niþer gewitéð
flód under foldan· nis þæt feor heonon
milgemearces þæt se mere standeð·
ofer þaém hongiað hrímgæ bearwas·
wudu wyrtnum fæst wæter oferhelmað·
þaér mæg nihta gehwaém niðwundor séon
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
lād gewidru oð þæt lyft drysmaþ·
roderas réotað. Nú is se raéd gelang
eft æt þe ánum· eard gít ne const
fréne stówe ðaér 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
for the Danish nation; Æschere is dead,
1323 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.'

Béowulf mabelode bearn Ecgþéowes:
 'Ne sorga, snotor guma· séltre bið aéghwaém
 þæt hé his fréond wrece þonne hé fela murne·
 úre aéghwylc sceal ende gebídan
 worolde lífes: wyrce sé þe móte
 dómes aér déaþe· þæt bið drihtguman,
 unlifgendum æfter sélest.
 Áris, rices weard, uton hraþe féran
 Grendles mágan gang scéawigan·
 ic hit þé geháte: nó hé on helm losaþ
 né on foldan fæþm né on fyrgenholt
 né on gyfenes grund· gá þaér hé wille·
 ðýs dógor þú geþyld hafa
 wéana gehwylces swá ic þé wéne tó.'
 Áhléop ðá se gomela, gode þancode
 mihtigan drihtne þæs se man gespræc·
 þá wæs Hróðgáre hors gebaéted
 wicg wundenfeax· wisa fengel
 geatolic gende· gumfēþa stóp
 lindhæbbendra· lástas waéron
 æfter waldswaþum wíde gesýne,
 gang ofer grundas gegnum for
 ofer myrcan mór magoþegna bær
 þone sélestan sáwolléasne
 þára þe mid Hróðgáre hám eahtode.
 Oferéode þá æþelinga bearn
 stéap stánhliðo stíge nearwe
 enge ánpaðas uncúð gelád
 neowle næssas nicorhúsa fela·
 hé féara sum beforan gengde
 wísra monna wong scéawian
 oþ þæt hé faéringa fyrgenbéamas
 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 métton.
 Flóð blóde wéol --folc tó saégon--
 hátan heolfre· horn stundum song
 fúslic forðléoð· féþa eal gesæt·
 gesáwon ðá æfter wætere wýrmcynnes fela
 sellice saédračan sund cunnian,
 swylce on næshleoðum nicras licgean
 ðá on undernmaél 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 féores getwaéfde
 ýðgewinnes þæt him on aldre stód
 herestraél hearda· hé on holme wæs
 sundes þé saénra ðé hyne swylt fornam·
 hraþe wearð on ýðum mid eoferspréotum
 heorohócyhtum hearde genearwod,
 niða genaéged ond on næs togen
 wundorlic waégbora· weras scéawedon
 gryrelcne gist. Gyrede hine Béowulf
 eorlgewaédum· nalles for ealdre mearn·
 scolde herebyrne hondum gebróden
 síd 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 fréawrásnum swá hine fyrndagum
 worhte waépna smið wundrum téode·
 besette swinlicum þæt hine syðþan nó
 brond né beadomécas bitan ne meahton.
 Næs þæt þonne maétost mægenfultuma
 þæt him on ðearfe láh ðyle Hróðgáres
 --wæs þaém hæftméce Hrunting nama--
 þæt wæs án foran ealdgestréona·
 ecg wæs iren átertánnum fáh
 áhyrdeð heaðoswáte· naéfre hit æt hilde ne swác
 manna aéngum þára þe hit mid mundum bewand
 sé ðe gryresiðas gegán dorste
 folcstede fára· næs þæt forma sið
 þæt hit ellenweorc æfnan scolde.
 Húru ne gemunde mago Ecggláfes
 eafopes cræftig þæt hé aér gespræc
 wíne druncen þá hé þæs waépnes onláh
 sélran sweordfrecan selfa ne dorste
 under ýða gewin aldre genéþan,
 drihtscype dréogan· þaér hé dóme forléas
 ellenmaérðum· ne wæs þaém óðrum swá
 syðþan hé hine tó gúðe gegyred hæfde.

XXII

Béowulf maðelode bearn Ecgþeowes:
 'Geþenc nú, se maera maga Healfdenes
 snotra fengel· nú ic eom siðes fús·
 goldwine gumena, hwæt wit géo spráecon:
 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 mádmás, þé þú mé sealdest,
 Hróðgár léofa, Higeláce onsend·
 mæg þonne on þaém golde ongitan Géata dryhten,
 geséon sunu Hraédles þonne hé on þæt sinc starað
 þæt ic gumcystum góðne funde
 béaga bryttan bréac þonne móste.
 Ond þú Hunferð laét ealde láfe
 wraétlic waégsweord wídcúðne man
 heardecg habban· ic mé mid Hruntinge
 dóm gewyrce oþðe mec deað nimeð.'
 Æfter þaém wordum Weder-Géata léod
 efste mid elne· nalas andsware
 bídan wolde· brimwylm onfeng
 hilderince. Ðá wæs hwíl dægés,
 aér hé þone grundwong ongytan mehte
 sóna þæt onfunde sé ðe flóða begong
 heorogífre behéold hund misséra
 grim ond graédig þæt þaér gumena sum
 ælwihta eard ufan cunnode·
 gráp þá tógéanes· gúðrinc geféng
 atolan clommum· nó þý aér in gescód
 hálan líce· hring útan ymbbearh
 þæt héo þone fyrdhom ðurhfón ne mihte
 locene leoðosyrca lāþan fingrum.
 Bær þá séo brimwylf þá héo tó botme cóm
 hringa þengel tó hofe sínun
 swá hé ne mihte --nó hé þæs módig wæs--
 waépna gewealdan ac hine wundra þæs fela
 swecte on sunde· saédéor monig
 hildetúxum heresyrcan bræc·
 éhton ágláecan. Ðá se eorl ongeat
 þæt hé niðsele náthwylcum wæs
 þaér him naénig wæter wíhte ne sceþede
 né him for hrófsele hrínan ne mehte
 faérgripe flódes· fýrléohht geseah,
 bláčne léoman beorhte scinan·

encircled with lordly-bands as in far-days it
 was wrought by weapons' smith, wonderfully lengthened,
1453 beset with swine-forms, so that it then no
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--
1458 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,
1463 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
1468 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,
1483 beloved Hrothgar, send on to Hygelac;
 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;

ongeat þá se góða grundwyrgeⁿe
 merewif mihtig· mægenraeðs forgeaf
 hildebille· hondswenge ne ofteáh
 þæt hire on hafelan hringmaél ágól
 graédig gúðléoð· ðá se gist onfand
 þæt se beadoléoma bitan nolde,
 aldre sceþðan ac séo ecg geswác
 ðéodne æt þearfe· ðolode aer fela
 hondgemóta· helm oft gescær
 faéges fyrdhrægl· ðá wæs forma sið
 déorum mádmæ þæt his dóm álæg.
 Eft wæs anraéd, nalas elnes læt
 maérða gemyndig maég Hýgláces
 wearp ðá wundenmaél wraéttum gebunden
 yrre óretta þæt hit on eorðan læg
 stíð ond stýlecg· strenge getrúwode,
 mundgripe mægenes· swá sceal man doön
 þonne hé æt gúðe gegán þenceð
 longsumne lof· ná ymb his lif cearað.

sydaudioGeféng 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 féng·
 oferwearp þá wérigmód wigena strengest
 féþecempa þæt hé on fylle wearð·
 ofsæt þá þone selegyst ond hyre seax getéah
 brád ond brúnecg· wolde hire beam wrecan
 ángan eaferan· him on eaxle læg
 bréostnet bróden; þæt gebearh féore
 wið ord ond wið ege ingang forstóð.
 Hæfde ðá forsiðod sunu Ecgþéowes
 under gynne grund Géata cempa
 nemne him heaðobyrne helpe gefremede
 herenet hearde-- ond hálig god
 gewéold wígsigor· wítig drihten
 rodera raédend hit on ryht gescéð
 ýðelice syþðan hé eft ástóð.

XXIII

Geseah ðá on searwum sígeéadig 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 geféng þá fetelhilt· freca Scyldinga
 hréoh ond heorogrim hringmaél gebrægd
 aldres orwéna· yrringa slóh
 þæt hire wið halse heard grápode·
 bánhringas bræc· bil eal ðurhwóð
 faégne flaéschoman· héo on flet gecong·
 sweord wæs swátig· secg weorce gefeh.
 Líxte 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 séo ecg fracod
 hilderince ac hé hraþe wolde
 Grendle forgyldan gúðraésa fela
 ðára þe hé geworhte tó West-Denum
 oftor micle ðonne on aénne sið
 þonne hé Hróðgáres heorðgenéatas
 slóh on sweofote· slaépnde fraét
 folces Denigea fýftýne men
 ond óðer swylc út offerede
 láðlicu lác· sydaudio 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,

rēpe cempa tó ðæs þe hé on ræste geseah
 gúðwérigne Grendel licgan
 aldorléasne swá him aérgescóð
 hildæt Heorote --hrá wide sprong
 syþðan hé æfter deaðe drepe þrowade
 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 wéndon·
 þæt hé sigehréðig sécean cóme
 maérne þeoden· þá ðæs monige gewearð
 þæt hine séo brimwylf ábreoten hæfde.
 Ðá cóm nón dægese· næs ofgæfaon
 hwate Scyldingas· gewát him hámm þonon
 goldwine gumena· gistas sécan
 módes séoce ond on mere staredon·
 wíston, ond ne wéndon þæt hie heora winedrihten
 selfne gesáwon. Þá þæt sweord ongan
 æfter heapowáte hildegicelum
 wígbil wanian· þæt wæs wundra sum
 þæt hit eal gemealt íse gelícost
 ðonne forstes bend fæder onlaétéð·
 onwíndeð waélrápas 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 fáge· sweord aérgemealt·
 forbarn bródenmaél· wæs þæt blóð tó þæs hát,
 ætten ellorgaést sé þaér inne swealt.
 Sóna wæs on sunde sé þe aérgæt sæcce gebád
 wíghryre wráðra wæter úp þurhdéaf·
 waéron ýðgebland eal gefaélsod
 éacne eardas þá se ellorgást
 oflét lífdagas ond þás laénan gesceaft·
 cóm þá to lande lídmanna helm
 swíðmód 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 fág--
 férdon forð þonon féþelástum
 ferhþum fægne· foldweg maéton
 cúþe straéte· cyningbalde men
 from þaém holmclife hafelan baéron
 earfoðlice heora aéghwæþrum
 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 gaæn 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 saélac, sunu Healfdenes
léod Scyldinga, lustum bróhton
tires tó tácne þe þú hér tó lócast.
Ic þæt unsófte ealdre gedigde
wigge under wætere· weorc genéþde
earfóðlice· ætrihte wæs
gúð getwaéfed nymðe mec god scyldene
meahte ic æt hilde mid Hruntinge
wiht gewyrcaþ þeah þæt waépen duge
ac mé geúðe ylða waldend
þæt ic on wáge geseah wlitig hangian
ealdsweord éacen --oftost wísode
winigea léasum-- þæt ic óy waéþne gebraéd·
ofslóh óá æt þaére sæcce þá mé saél ageald
húses hyrdas· þá þæt hildebil
forbarn brogdenmaél swá þæt blóð gesprang
hátost heaþoswáta· ic þæt hilt þanan
féondum ætferede· fyrendaéða wræc
déaðcwealm 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 iogóþe· þæt þú him ondraédan ne þearft,
þéoden Scyldinga, on þá healf
aldorbealu eorlum swá þú aér dydest.'
Ðá wæs gylden hilt gamelum rince
hárum hildfruman on hand gyfen
enta aérgeweorc· hit on aéht gehwearf
æfter déofla hryre Denigea fréan
wundorsmiþa geweorc ond þá þás worold ofgeaf
gromheort guma godes andsaca
mórðres scyldig ond his módor éac
on geweald gehwearf woroldcýninga
ðaém sélestan be saém twéonum
ðára þe on Scedenigge sceattas daélde.
Hróðgár maðelode· hylt scéawode
ealde lafe· on ðaém 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 ðaém scennum scíran goldes
þurh rúnstafas rihte gemearcod
geseted ond gesaéd hwám þæt sweord geworht
írena cyst aérest waére
wreóþenhilt ond wýrmfáh· óá se wísa spræc
sunu Healfdenes swígedon ealle:
'Þæt, lá, mæg secgan sé þe sóð ond riht
fremeð on folce· feor eal gemon,
eald éðel weard· þæt ðes eorl waére
geboren betera· blaéd is áraered
geond wíðwegas, wine mín Béo wulf,
ðín ofer þéoda gehwylce· eal þú hit geþyldum healdest,
mægen mid módes snyttrum· ic þe sceal míne gelaéstan
fréode swá wit furðum spraecon· óú scealt tó fráfre weorþan
eal langtwídig léodum þínun
hæleðum tó helpe. Ne wearð Heremód swá
eaforum Ecgwelan Ár-Scyldingum·
ne gewéox hé him tó willan ac tó wælfæalle
ond tó déaðcwalum Deniga léodum·
bréat bolgenmód béodgenéatas
ealgesteallan oþ þæt hé ána hwearf
maére þéoden mondréamum from
óeah þe hine mihtig god mægenes wynnum
eafeþum stépte ofer ealle men
forð gefremede hwæþere him on ferhþe 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 each thane 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.
Hrothgor 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
and for annihilation of the people of the Danes;

1712 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 dóme· 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 werá·
 gedéð him swá gewealdene worolde daélas
 síde rice þæt hé his selfa ne mæg
 for his unsnyttrum ende geþecean·
 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 slaép tó fæst,
 bigum gebunden, bona swíðe néah
 sá þe of flánbogan fyrenum scéoteð·
 þonne bið on hreþre under helm drepen
 biteran straéle --him bebeorgan ne con--
 wóm wundorbeodum wergan gástes·
 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 gedreoseð·
 faége gefealleð· féhð oþer tó
 sé þe unmurnlice mádmás daéleþ
 eorles aergestréon· egesan ne gýmeð.
 Bebeorh þé ðone bealoníð, Beowulf léofa
 secg betosta, ond þé þæt sélre gecéos
 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 forsworceð· 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,
 gýrn 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· symbelwynne dréoh
 wiggeweorþað· unc sceal worn fela
 mápma gemaénra sipðan morgen bið.
 Géat wæs glædmód· géong sóna tó
 setles néosan swá se snotra 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 aérl ellenrófum
 flætsittendum fægere gereorded
 níowan stefne· nihthelm geswearc
 deorc ofer dryhtgumum· duguð eal árás·
 wolde blondenfeax beddes néosan,
 gamela Scylding· Géat unigmetes wél
 rófnæ randwigan restan lyste·
 sóna him seleþegn síðes wérgum
 feorrancundum orð wisade
 sé for andrysum ealle beweotede
 þegnes þearfe swylce þý dógore
 heaþoliðende habban scoldon·
 reste hine þá rúmheort· reced hlíuade
 géap ond goldfáh· gæst inne swáf
 oþ þæt hrefn blaca heofones wynne
 bliðheort bodode. Ðá cóm beorht scacan
 scaþan ónetton·
 waéron æþelingas eft tó léodum
 fúse tó farenne· wolde feor þanon
 cuma collenferhð céoles néosan.
 Heht þá se hearda Hrunting beran
 sunu Ecgláfes· heht his sweord niman
 léoflic íren· sægde him þæs léanes þanc·
 cwæð: hé þone gúðwine gódne tealde
 wígcraeftigne· nales wordum lóg
 méces ecge· þæt wæs módig secg.
 Ond þá síðfrome, searwum gearwe
 wígend waéron éode weorð Denum
 æþeling tó yppan þaer se oþer wæs
 hæle hildedéor Hróðgár grétte.

XXVII

Beowulf maþelode 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 ówihte mæg
 þínre módlufan 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· feorcýþðe béoð
 sélran gesóhte þaem þe him selfa déah.'
 Hróðgár maþelode him on andsware:
 'Þé þá wordcwidas wígtig drihten
 on sefan sende· ne hýrde ic snotorlicor
 on swá geongum feore guman þingian·
 þú eart mægenes strang ond on móde fród
 wís wordcwida· wén ic talige
 gif þæt gegangeð þæt ðe gár nymed
 hild heorugrimme Hréþles eaferan,
 ádl oþðe íren 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,
 inwitniþas, þé hie aér drugon,
 wesan þenden ic wealde wídan ríces
 máþmas gemaéne, manig óþerne
 góðum gegréttan ofer ganotes bæð·
 sceal hringnaca ofer heáþu bringan
 lác ond luftácen· ic þá léode wát
 gé wið féond gé wið fréond fæste geworhte
 aéghwæs untaéle ealde wísan.
 Dá gít him eorla hléo hine gesealde
 mago Healfdenes máþmas twelf·
 hét inne mid þaém 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 infróðum, 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 þanan
 gúðrinc goldwlanac græsmoldan træd
 since hrémig· saégenga bád
 ágedfréan sé þe on ancre rád·
 þá wæs on gange gifu Hróðgáres
 oft geæhted· þæt wæs án cyning,
 aéghwæs orleahtra oþ þæt hine ylðo benam
 mægenes wynnum sé þe oft mænegum scód.

XXVIII

Cwóm þá tó flóde fela móðigra
 hægstealdra· hringnet baéron
 locene leoðosyrca· landweard onfand
 eftsið eorla, swá hé aér dyde·
 nó hé mid hearme of hliðes nósan
 gæstas gréte ac him tógéanes rád·
 cwæð þæt wilcuman Wedera léodum
 scaþan scírhame tó scipe fóron·
 þá wæs on sande saégéap naca
 hladen herewaédum hringedstefna
 méarum ond máðmum· mæst hlífade
 ofer Hróðgáres hordgestreónum·
 hé þaém bátwearde bunden golde
 swurd gesealde þæt hé syðþan wæs
 on meodubence máþma þý weorþre
 yrfeláfe. Gewát him on nacan
 dréfan déop wæter· Dena land ofgeaf·
 þá wæs be mæste merehræglasum
 segl sále fæst· sundwudu þunede·
 nó þær wégflotan wind ofer ýðum
 síðes getwaéfde· saégenga fór·
 fléat fámigheals forð ofer ýðe
 bundenstefna ofer brimstréamas
 þæt hie Géata clifu ongitan meahon
 cúþe næssas· céol úp geþrang
 lyftgeswenced· on lande stóð.
 Hraþe wæs æt holme hýðweard geara
 sé þe aér lange tíð léofra manna
 fús æt faroðe feor wlátode·
 saélde tó sande sídfæþme scip
 on ceorbendum fæst þý laés hym ýþa ðrym
 wudu wynsuman forwreca meahtra
 hét þá úp beran æþelínga gestreón

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 another
 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 ****1873-80****
 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,

frætwe ond faétgold· næs him feor þanon
 tó gesécanne· sínces bryttan
 Higelác Hréþling þaér æt háw 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 dohtar· næs hío hnáh swá þeah
 né tó gnéað gifa· Géata léodum
 máþmgestréona· Mód þryðo 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 seoþðan wæs
 æfter mundgripe· méce geþinged
 þæt hit sceádenmaél· scýran móste,
 cwealmbealu cýðan· ne bið swylc cwénlic þeaw
 idese tó efnanne· þeah ðe hío aénlicu sý·
 þætte freoðuwebbe· fiores onsaéce
 æfter ligetorne· léofne mannan.
 Húru þæt on hóh snod· Hemninges maég·
 ealodrincende· óðer saédan·
 þæt hío léodbealewa· laés gefremede
 inwitniða· syððan aérest wearð
 gyfen goldhroden· geongum cempan
 æðelum díore· syððan hío Offan flet
 ofer fealone flód· be fæder láre
 siðe gesóhte· ðaér hío syððan well
 in gumstóle· góde maére
 lifgesceafta· lifigende bréac·
 híold héahlufan· wið hæleþa brego,
 ealles moncynnes· míne gefraége
 þæs sélestan· bí saém twéonum
 eormencynnes· Forðám Offa wæs
 geofum ond gúðum· gárcéne man
 wíde geweorðod· wíde wísdome 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
 wíde waroðas· woruldcandel scán
 sigel súðan fús· hí sið drugon·
 elne gééodon,· tó ðæs ðe eorla hléo
 bonan Ongenþeoæs· burgum in innan,
 geongne gúðcyning· góðne gefrúnon
 hringas daélan· 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 ríca bebéad
 féðegestum· flet innanweard·
 gesæt þá wið sylfne· sé ðá sæcce genæs,
 maég wið maége· syððan mandryhten
 þurh hléodorcwyde· holdne gegrétte
 méaglum wordum· meoduscencum
 hwearf geond þæt siðe reced· Hæreðes dohtar
 lufode ðá léode· liðwaége bær
 haéum tó handa· Higelác ongan
 sinne geseldan· in sele þám héan
 fægre fricgean· hýne fyrwet bræc
 hwylice Saé-Géata· síðas waéron:
 'Hú lomp éow on láde,· léofa Biowulf,

- trappings and gold ornaments; it was not far thence for them
 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,
 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](#),
 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,
 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,
 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,
 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
 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,
 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,
 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,
 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,
 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;
 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](#),
 --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:
 'How fared you on the way, dear Beowulf,

þá ðú faéringa feorr gehogodest
 sæcce sécean ofer sealt wæter
 hilde tó Hiorote? Ac ðú Hrōðgáre
 wídcúðne wéan wíhte gebéttest
 maérum ðéodne? Ic ðæs módcære
 sorhwylmum séað· síðe ne trúwode
 léofes mannes· ic ðé lange bæd
 þæt ðú þone wælgæst wíhte ne gréttē·
 léte Súð-Dene sylfe geweorðan
 gúðe wið Grendel· gode ic þanc secge
 þæs ðe ic ðé gesundne geséon móste.
 Biowulf maðelode bearn Ecgðioes:
 'Þæt is undyrne, dryhten Higelác,
 micel geméting monegum fira·
 hwylc orleghwíl uncer Grendles
 wearð on ðám wange þær hé worna fela
 Sige-Scyldingum sorge gefremede
 yrmðe tó aldre· ic ðæt eall gewræc
 swá begylpan þearf Grendeles mága
 yfel ofer eorðan úththlem þone
 sé ðe lengest leofað láðan cynnes
 fæcne bifongen. Ic ðær furðum cwóm
 tó ðám hringsele Hrōðgár grétan·
 sóna mé se maéra mago Healfdenes
 syððan hé módsesan mínne cúðe
 wið his sylfes sunu setl getahte·
 weorod wæs on wyne· ne seah ic wíðan feorh
 under heofones hwealf healsittendra
 meudréam máran. Hwílum maéru cwén
 friðusibb folca flet eall geonhdwearf·
 bædde byre geonge· oft hio béahwriðan
 secge sealde aér hie tó setle géong·
 hwílum for duguðe dohtor Hrōðgáres
 eorlum on ende ealuwaége bær
 þá ic Fréaware fletsittende
 nemnan hýrde þær hio nægled sinc
 hæleðum sealde Sio geháten is
 geong goldhroden, gladum suna Fróðan·
 hafað þæs geworden wine Scyldinga
 rices hyrde ond þæt raed talað
 þæt hé mid ðý wife wælfaéhða daél
 sæcca gesette. Oft seldan hwaér
 æfter léodhryre lýtle hwíle
 bongár búgeð þeah séo brýd duge.
 Mæg þæs þonne ofþyncan ðéoden Heaðo-Beardna
 ond þegna gehwám þára léoda
 þonne hé mid faémnan on flett gaëð:
 dryhtbeam Dena duguða biwenede,
 on him gladiað gomelra láfe
 heard ond hringmaél Heaða-Bearna gestréon
 penden hie ðám waéþnum wealdan móston.

[XXX]

Oð ðæt hie forlaeddán tó ðám lindplegan
 swaése gesiðas ond hyra sylfra feorh.
 Þonne cwið æt béore sé ðe béahgesyhð
 eald æscwiga sé ðe eall geman
 gárcwealm gumena --him bið grim sefa--
 onginneð géomormód geongum ceman
 þurh hreðra gehygd higes cunnian,
 wígbealu weccan ond þæt word ácwýð:
 "Meaht ðú, mín wine, méce gecnáwan
 þone þín fæder tó gefehte bær
 under heregríman hindeman síðe,
 dýre íren, þær hýne Dene slógon·
 wéoldon wælstówe syððan wiðergýld læg
 æfter hæleþa 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 Heort? Moreover, did you Hrothgar's
 widely known woes at all ameliorate,

- 1992** 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
- 1997** 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,
- 2002** 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,
- 2007** 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,
- 2012** 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,
- 2017** 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,
- 2022** those I [Freawaru](#) the ones on the floor
 I heard name her, when she the studded cup
 gave to heroes, she is promised, ****2024-76****
 young, gold-adorned, to gracious [son of Froda](#);
 this has arranged the Friend of the Scyldings,
- 2027** 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.](#)
- 2032** This then may displease the chief of the Heatho-Bards'
 and every thane 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,
- 2037** hard and ring-adorned, the Heatho-Bards' treasure,
 so long as they those weapons were able to wield.

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,
2042 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:
- 2047** "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](#),
- 2052** 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 ðú mid rihte raedan sceoldest."
 Manað swá ond myndgað maéla gehwylce
 sárum wordum oð ðæt saél cymeð
 þæt se faémnan þegn fore fæder daédum
 æfter billes bite blódfág swefeð
 ealdres scyldig· him se óðer þonan
 losað lifigende· con him land geare.
 Þonne bioð brocene on bá healfe
 áðsweorð eorla· syððan Ingelde
 weallað wælniðas ond him wiflufan
 æfter cearwælmum cólran weorðað·
 þý ic Heaðo-Beardna hylde ne telge
 dryhtsibbe daél Denum unfaécne,
 fréondscipe fæstne. Ic sceal forð sprecan
 gén ymbe Grendel þæt ðú geare cunne,
 sinces brytta, tó hwan syððan wearð
 hondraés hæleða syððan heofones gim
 glád ofer grundas gaést yrre cwóm
 eatol aefengrom úser néosan
 ðaér wé gesunde sæl weardodon
 þaér wæs Hondscio hilde onsaége
 feorhbealu faégum· hé fyrrest læg
 gyrded cempa· him Grendel wearð
 maérum maguþegne tó múðbonan·
 léofes mannes líc eall forswealg·
 nó ðý aér út ðá gén idelhende
 bona blódigtód 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 yrre upprihte ástód.
 Tó lang ys tó reccenne hú ic ðám léodsceaðan
 yfla gehwylces hondléan forgeald
 þaér ic, þeoden mín, þíne léode
 weorðode weorcum· he on weg losade
 lýtle hwíle lifwyna bréac·
 hwæpre him sío swiðre swaðe weardade
 hand on Hiorte ond hé héan ðonan
 módes geómor meregrund geféoll.
 Mé þone wæltraés wine Scildunga
 faéttan golde fela léanode
 manegum máðmum syððan mergen cóm
 ond wé tó 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
 óðer tó yldum· Þá wæs eft hraðe
 gearo gymwræce Grendeles módor
 síðode sorhfull· sunu deað fornam,
 wíghete 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 fyrnwitan feorh úðgenge.
 Nóðer hý hine ne móston syððan mergen cwóm
 déaðwérgne Denia léode
 bronde forbærnan né on baél hladan
 léofne mannan· hío þæt lic ætbær
 féondes fæðme under firgenstréam·
 þæt wæs Hróðgáre hréowa tornost
 þára þe léodfruman lange begéate.
 Þá se déoden mec ðíne lífe
 healsode hréohmód þæt ic on holma geþring
 eorlscipe efnde· ealdre genéðde·
 maérðo fremede· hé mé méde gehét.
 Ic ðá ðæs wælmnes þé is wíde cúð
 grimme gryrelícné 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 déodkyning þéawum lyfde·
 nealles ic ðám léanum forlorn hæfde
 mægnes méde ac hé mé máðma geaf
 sunu Healfðenes on mínne sylfes dóm
 ðá ic dé, beorncyning, bringan wylle,
 éstum geýwan· gén is eall æt dé
 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 Hróðgár sealde
 snotra fengel· sume worde hét
 þæt ic his aérest dé ést gesægde·
 cwæð þæt hyt hæfde Hiorogár cyning
 léod Scyldunga lange hwíle·
 nó ðý aer suna sínum syllan wolde
 hwatum Heorowearde þeah hé him hold waére
 bréostgewaédu. Brúc ealles well.'
 Hýrde ic þæt þám frætsum féower méaras
 lungre gelíce lást weardode
 æppelfealuwe· hé him ést geteah
 méara ond máðma. Swá sceal maég dôn:
 nealles inwitnet óðrum bregdon
 dýnum cræfte déað rénian
 hondgesteallan. Hygeláce wæs
 niða heardum nefa swýðe hold
 ond gehwæðer óðrum hróþra gemyndig·
 hýrde ic þæt hé ðone healsbéah Hygde gesealde
 wraétlicne wundur máððum ðone þe him Wealhðéo geaf
 déodnes dohtor þrío wicg somod
 swancor ond sadolbeorht· hyre syððan wæs
 æfter béahðege bréost geweorðod.
 Swá bealdode bearn Ecgðéowes
 guma gúðum cúð gódum daédum·
 dréah æfter dóme· nealles druncne slóg
 heorðgenéatas· næs him hréoh sefa
 ac hé mancynnes maéste cræfte
 ginfæstan gifé þé him god sealde
 héold hildedéor. Héan wæs lange
 swá hýne Géata bearn góðne ne tealdon
 né hýne on medobence micles wyrðne
 drihten wereda gedón wolde·
 swýðe sægdon þæt hé sléac waére
 æðeling unfrom· edwenden cwóm
 tíréadigum 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 ghastrly 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 [Heorowearde](#), 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,
 headoróf cyning, Hréðles láfe
 golde gegyrede· næs mid Géatum ðá
 sincmáðþum sélra on sweordes háð·
 þæt hé on Bíowulfes bearm álegde
 ond him gesælde seofan þúsendo,
 bold ond bregostól. Him wæs bām samod
 on ðám léodscipe lond gecynde
 eard éðelriht, óðrum swiðor
 síde rice þám ðaér sélra wæs.
 Eft þæt geíode ufaran dógrum
 hildehlæmmum· syððan Hygelac læg
 ond Heardrède hildeméceas
 under bordhréodan tó bonan wurdon
 ðá hyne gesóhtan on sigþéode
 hearde hildefreacan Heaðo-Scilfingas·
 niða genaégdan nefan Hererices·
 syððan Béowulf braéde rice
 on hand gehwearf· hé gehéold tela
 fiftig wintra --wæs ðá fród cyning
 eald éþelweard-- oð ðæt ón ongan
 deorcum nihtum draca ricsian
 sé ðe on héaum 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 slaépende besyred hæfde
 þeofes cræfte· þæt síe 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
 ænesþearfe ond ðaér inne weall
 secg synbysig sóna onwacade·
 þæt géan ðám gyste gryrebróga stóð·
 hwæðre fyrensceapen

se faér begeat·
 sincfæt sóhte· þaér wæs swylcra fela
 in ðám eorðsele aérgestréona
 swá hý on géardagum gumena náthwylc
 eormenláfe æþelan cynnes
 þanchycgende þaér gehýdde
 déore máðmas· ealle hie deað fornam
 aérran 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· fêa 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 befallen· 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.

2222 He was not at all in control of the skill of the worm-hoard, **2221ff.**
 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 herepád sío æt hilde gebád
 ofer borda gebræc bite irena
 brosnað æfter beorne· ne mæg byrnan hring
 æfter wígfuman wíde féran
 hæleðum be healfē· næs hearpan wyn
 gomen gléobéames né gód hafoc
 geond sæl swingeð né se swifta mearh
 burhstede béateð· bealocwealm hafað
 fela feorhcynna forð onsended.'
 Swá giómormód gíohðo maénde
 án æfter eallum· unblíðe hwearf
 dægés ond nihtes oð ðæt déaðes wylm
 hrán æt heortan. Hordwynne fond
 eald úhtsceaða opene standan
 sé ðe byrnende biorgas séceð
 nacod níðdraca· nihtes fléogeð
 fyre befangen· hyne foldbúend
 :::::::::::nan. Hé gesécean sceall
 harm on hrúsan þaér hé haéðen gold
 warað wintrum fród· ne byð him wihte ðý sél.
 Swá se déodsceaða 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 getíðad
 féasceaftum men· frá scéawode
 fira fyrngeweorc forman síðe.
 Þá se wým onwóc --wróht wæs geniwad--
 stonc ðá æfter stáne· stearcheort onfand
 féondes fótlást· hé tó forð gestóp
 dyrnan cræfte dracan héafde néah.
 Swá mæg unfaége éaðe gedígan
 wéan ond wraécsið sé ðe waldendes
 hyldo gehealdeþ. Hordweard sóhte
 geome æfter grunde· wolde gumen 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
 earfóðlice oð ðæt aéfen cwóm·
 wæs ðá gebolgen beorges hyrde·
 wolde se láða líge forgyldan
 drincfæt dýre. Þá wæs dæg sceacan
 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

Þá se gæst ongan glédum spiwan,
 beorht hofu bærnan· bryneléoma stód
 eldum on andan· nó ðaér áht cwíces
 láð lyftfloga laéfan wolde·
 wæs þæs wýrmes wíg wíde gesýne
 nearofáges níð néan ond feorran·
 hú se gúðsceaða Géata léode
 hatode ond hýnde· hord eft gescéat
 dryhtsele dyrnne aér dægés 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,
 2259 decays along with the men; byrnie's ring may not
 with war-fighter fare widely,
 alongside heroes; there was not harp's joy,
 2264 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
 2269 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,
 2274 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
 2279 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,
 2284 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](#)
 2289 [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
 2294 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,
 2299 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;
 2304 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,
 2309 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
 2314 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
 2319 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 bróga gecýðed
 snúde tó sóðe þæt his sylfes hám
 bolda sélest brynewylmum mealt
 gifstól Géata þæt ðám 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 geþýwe 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 helpan ne meahthe
 lind wið líge. Sceolde líþenddaga
 æþeling aérgód ende gebídan
 worulde lífes ond se wyrm somod
 þéah ðe hordwelan héolde lange.
 Oferhogode ðá hringa fengel
 þæt hé þone wídflogan weorode gesóhte
 síðan herge· nó hé him þám sæcce ondréð
 né him þæs wyrmes wíge for wíht dyde
 eafod ond ellen forðon hé aér fela
 nearo néðende niða gedígde
 hildehlemma syððan hé Hróðgáres
 sígoréadig secg sele faélsode
 ond æt gúðe forgráp Grendeles maégum
 láðan cynnes. Nó þæt láecest wæs
 hondgemóta þær mon Hygelác slóh
 syððan Géata cyning gúðe raésum
 fréawine folca Fréslondum on
 Hréðles eafora hiorodryncum swealt
 bille gebéaten· þonan Biowulf cóm
 sylfes cræfte· sundnytte dréah·
 hæfde him on earne eorla þrítig
 hildegeatwa þá hé tó holme stáge·
 nealles Hetware hrémge þorfton
 fêðewiges þé him foran ongéan
 linde baéron· lýt eft becwóm
 fram þám hildfreccan hámes níosan.
 Oferswam ðá sioleða bigong sunu Ecgðéowes
 earm ánhaga eft tó léodum
 þær him Hygd gebéad hord ond rice
 béagas ond bregostól: bearne ne trúwode
 þæt hé wið ælfylcum éþelstólas
 healdan cúðe ðá wæs Hygelác déad·
 nó ðý aér fêasceafte findan meahhton
 æt ðám æðelinge aénige ðinga
 þæt hé Heardréde hláford waére
 oððe þone cynedóm cíosan wolde·
 hwæðre hé him on folce fréondlárúm héold
 éstum mid áre oð ðæt hé ylðra wearð·
 Weder-Géatum wéold. Hyne wræcmæcgas
 ofer saé sóhtan, suna Óhteres·
 hæfðon hý forhealden helm Scylfinga
 þone sélestan saécýninga
 þára ðe in Swíorice sinc brytnade,
 maérne þéoden· him þæt tó mearce wearð·
 hé þær for forme feorhwunde hléat
 sweordes swengum sunu Hygeláces
 ond him eft gewát Ongenðioes bearn
 hámes níosan 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 stáged 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 Ohtere;
 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 níða gehwane genesen hæfde
 slíðra geslyhta, sunu Ecgðíowes,
 ellenweorca oð ðone áne dæg
 þé hé wið þám wyrme gewegan sceolde.
 Gewát þá twelfa sum torne gebolgen
 dryhten Géata, dracan scéawian·
 hæfde þá gefrúnen hwanan sio faéhð áras
 bealoníð biorna: him tó bearme cwóm
 máðþumfæt maére, þurh ðæs meldan hond·
 sé wæs on ðám ðréate þreottéoda secg
 sé ðæs orleges ór onstealde
 hæft hygegiómor· sceolde héan ðonon
 wong wísian· hé ofer willan giong
 tó ðæs ðe hé eorðsele áne wisse
 hlaéw under hrúsan holmwylme néh
 ýðgewinne· sé wæs innan full
 wraétta ond wíra· weard unhiore
 gearo gúðfreca goldmáðmas héold
 eald under eorðan· næs þæt ýðe céap
 tó gegangenne gumena aénigum.
 Gesæt ðá on næsse níðheard cyning·
 þenden haélo ábéad heorðgenéatum
 goldwine Géata· him wæs geómor sefa
 waéfre ond wælfús, wyrd ungemete néah
 sé ðone gomelan grétan sceolde,
 sécean sáwle hord, sundur gedaélan
 líf wið líce· nó þon lange wæs
 feorh æpelinges flaéscce bewunden.
 Bíowulf maþelade bearn Ecgðéowes:
 'Fela ic on giogoðe gúðraésa genæs
 orleghwíla· ic þæt eall gemon·
 ic wæs syfanwintre þá mec sinca baldor
 fréawine folca æt mínum fæder genam·
 héold mec ond hæfde Hréðel 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 hornbogán
 his fréawine fláne geswencte·
 miste mercelses ond his maég ofscét
 bróðor óðerne blóðigan gáre·
 þæt wæs feohléas gefeohf fyrenum gesyngad,
 hreðre hygemeðe· 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,
 sárigne sang þonne his sunu hangað
 hrefne tó hróðre ond hé him helpán ne mæg
 eald ond infród aénige gefremman·
 symble bið gemyndgad morna gehwylce
 eaforan ellorsíð· óðres ne gýmeð
 tó gebíðanne burgum in innan
 yrfewardas þonne se án hafað
 þurh déaðes nýd daéda gefondad·
 gesyhð sorhcearig on his suna búre
 wínsele wéstne windge reste
 réote berofene· ridend swefað
 hæleð in hoðman· nis þaer 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
2394 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,
2399 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,
2404 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
2409 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,
2414 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,
2419 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
2424 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,
2429 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,
2434 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,
2439 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.
2444 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,
2449 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
2454 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 gæled
 án æfter ánum· þúhte him eall tó rúm
 wongas ond wístede. Swá Wedra helm
 æfter Herebealde heortan sorge
 weallinde, wæg: wíhte 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 þaére sorhge þé him sio sár belamp
 gumdréam ofgeaf· godes léoht gecéas·
 eaferum laéfde swá dèd éadig mon
 lond ond léodbyrig þá hé of lífe gewát.
 Þá wæs synn ond sacu Swéona ond Géata
 ofer wíð wæter wróht gemaéne
 herenið hearda syððan Hréðel swealt
 oððe him Ongenðéowes eaferan waéran
 frome fyrdhwate· fréode ne woldon
 ofer heafo healdan ac ymb Hréosnabeorh
 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 Ongenþéow Eofores níosað·
 gúðhelm tóglád· gomela Scylfing
 hréas heapoblac· hond gemunde
 faéhðo genóge· feorhsweng ne oftéah.
 Ic him þá máðmas þé hé mé sealde
 geald æt gúðe swá mé gifede wæs
 léohtan sweorde· hé mé lond forgeaf
 eard éðelwyn· næs him aénig þearf
 þæt hé tó Gifðum oððe tó Gár-Denum
 oððe in Swioríce sécean þurfe
 wýrsan wígfrecan, weorde gecýpan:
 symle ic him on fèðan beforan wolde
 ána on orde ond swá tó aldre sceall
 sæcce fremman þenden þis sword þolað
 þæt mec aér ond síð oft gelaéste
 syððan ic for dugeðum Dæghrefne wearð
 tó handbonan, Húga cempa·
 nalles hé ðá frætwe Fréscýninge
 bréostweorðunge bringan móste
 ac in cempa gecrong cumbles hyrde
 æþeling on elne· ne wæs ecg bona
 ac him hildegráp heortan wylmas
 bánhús gebræc. Nú sceall billes ecg
 hond ond heard sword ymb hord wígan·
 Béowulf maðelode béotwordum spræc
 níehstan síðe: 'Ic genéðde fela
 gúða on geogoðe· gýt ic wylle
 fród folces weard faéhðe sécan,
 maérðum fremman gif mec se mánsceaða
 of eorðsele út geséceð.'
 Gegrétté ðá gumena gehwylcne
 hwate helmberend hindeman síðe
 swaése gesiðas: 'Nolde ic sword beran
 waépen tó wyrme gif ic wiste hú
 wið ðám ágláecan elles meahte
 gylpe wiðgrípan 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 fôtes 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 geteod
 metod manna gehwæs· ic eom on móde from
 þæt ic wið þone gúðflogan gylp ofersitte.
 Gebíde gé on beorge byrnum werede
 secgas on searwum hwæðer sél mæge
 æfter wælræse wunde gedýgan
 uncer twéga· nis þæt éower síð
 né gemet mannes nefne mín ánes·
 Wát he wið ágláecan eofodo daéle·
 eorlscype efne· 'Ic mid elne sceall
 gold gegangan oððe gúð nimeð
 feorhbealu frécne fréan éowerne.'
 Árás ðá bí ronde róf óretta
 heard under helme· hiorosercean bær
 under stáncleofu strengo getrúwqde
 ánes mannes· ne bið swylc earges síð.
 Geseah ðá be wealle sé ðe worna fela
 gumcystum gód gúða gedíge
 hildehlemma þonne hnitán fédan·
 stóðan stánbogan, stréam út þonan
 brecan of beorge· wæs þære burnan wælm
 heaðofýrum hát· ne meahthe horde néah
 unbyrmente aénige hwíle
 déop gedýgan for dracon lége.
 Lét ðá of bréostum ðá hé gebolgen wæs
 Weder-Géata léod word út faran·
 stearcheort styrmde· 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 ágláecan 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 aérgebraéd
 gód gúðcýning gomele láfe
 ecgum ungléaw· aéghwæðrum wæs
 bealohycgendra bróga fram óðrum·
 stiðmód gestóð wið stéapne rond
 winia bealdor ðá se wyrm gebéah
 snúde tósome hé on searwum bád·
 gewát ðá byrmente gebogen scríðan,
 tó gescipe scyndan· scyld wél gebearg
 life ond lice laéssan hwíle
 maérum þeodne 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 ðíodcýning þearfe hæfde
 bysigum gebaéded. Þá wæs beorges weard
 æfter heaðuswenge on hréoum móde·
 wearp wælfýre· wide sprunon
 hildeléoman. Hréðsigora ne gealp
 goldwine Géata· gúðbill geswác
 nacod æt níðe swá hyt nó sceolde
 íren aérgóð· ne wæs þæt éðe síð
 þæt se maéra maga Ecgðeowes
 grundwong þone ofgyfan wolde·
 sceolde willan wíc eardian
 elles hwergen· swá sceal aéghwylc mon
 álaétan laéndagas. Næs ðá long tó ðon
 þæt ðá ágláecan 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.'
 Then he arose by means of his shield, the bold warrior,
2539 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 befangen sé ðe aérfolce wéold.
 Nealles him on héape handgesteallan
 æðelinga bearn ymbe gestódon
 hildecystum ac hý on holt bugon·
 ealdre burgan· hiora in ánum wéoll
 sefa wið sorgum· sibb' aéfre ne mæg
 wiht onwendan þám ðe wél þenceð.

XXXVI

Wigláf wæs háten Wéoxstánes sunu
 léoflic lindwiga léod Scylfinga
 maég Ælfheres· geseah his mondryhten
 under heregriman hát þrówian·
 gemunde ðá ðá áre þé hé him aérforgeaf
 wírcstede weligne Waégmundinga,
 folcrihta gehwylc swá his fæder áhte·
 ne mihte ðá forhabban· hond rond geféng
 geolwe linde· gomelswyrd geteah·
 þæt wæs mid eldum Éanmundes láf
 suna Óhtere· þám æt sæcce wearð
 wræcca wineléasum Wéohstánes bana
 méces ecgum ond his mágum ætbær
 brúnfágne helm hringde byrnan
 ealdsweord etonisc· þæt him Onela forgeaf
 his gædelinges gúðgewaédu
 fyrdsearo fúslic· nó ymbe ðá faéhðe spræc
 þeah ðe hé his bróðor bearn ábredwade·
 hé frætwe gehéold fela misséra
 bill ond byrnan oð ðæt his byre mihte
 eorlscipe efnan swá his aérfæder·
 geaf him ðá mid Géatum gúðgewaéda
 aéghwæs unrím þá hé of ealdre gewát
 fród on forðweg. Þá wæs forma síð
 geongan cempan þæt hé gúðe raés
 mid his fréodryhtne fremman sceolde·
 ne gemealt him se módsefa né his mægenes láf
 gewác æt wíge· þa se wým onfand
 syððan hie tógædre gegán hæfdon.
 Wigláf maðelode· wordrihta fela
 sægde gesiðum --him wæs sefa géomor--:
 'Ic ðæt maél geman þaer wé medu þégun
 þonne wé gehéton ússum hláforde
 in biorsele ðé ús ðás béagas geaf
 þæt wé him ðá gúðgetawa gyldan woldon
 gif him þyslicu þearf gelumpe,
 helmas ond heard sword. Ðé hé úsic on herge gecéas
 tó ðyssum síðfate sylfes willum·
 onmunde úsic maérða ond mé þás máðmas geaf
 þé hé úsic gárwígend góde tealde
 hwate helmberend þeah ðe hláford ús
 þis ellenweorc áná áðóhte
 tó gefremmanne, folces hyrde,
 forðán hé manna maést maérða gefremede
 daéda dollícra. Nú is sé dæg cumen
 þæt úre mandryhten mægenes behófað
 góðra gúðrinca· wutun gongan tó
 helpan hildfruman þenden hyt sý
 glédegesa grim. God wát on mec
 þæt mé is micle léofre þæt minne lichaman
 mid minne goldgyfan gléd fæðmie·
 ne þynceð mé gerysne þæt wé rondas beren
 eft tó earde nemne we aéror mægen
 fáne gefyllan, feorh ealgian
 Wedra déodnes· ic wát geara
 þæt naéron ealdgewyrht þæt hé ána scyle
 Géata duguðe gnorn þrówian,
 gesígan æt sæcce· úrum sceal sword ond helm
 byrne ond byrduscúð bám 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.

Wiglaf he was called, son of Weohstan,
 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 Ohthere; of him in battle was,
 of the friendless exile, Weohstan 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 wým had discovered,
 when they together had come.
 Wiglaf 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:
'Léofa Biowulf, læst eall tela
swá dú on geoguðfēore geara gecwaéde
þæt dú ne álaéte be dé lifigendum
dóm gedréosan· scealt nú daédum róf,
æðeling anhydig, ealle mægene
feorh ealgian· ic dé fullaestu.'
Æfter ðám wordum wrym yrre cwóm
atol inwitgæst óðre síðe
fýrwylmum fáh fionda niosian
láðra manna· sydaudio lig ýðum for·
born bord wið rond· byrne ne meahste
geongum gárwigan géoçe 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
níþe genýded· Nægling forbærst
geswác æt sæcce sweord Biowulfes
gomol ond graégmaél· him þæt gifeðe ne wæs
þæt him irenna 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 dé sél.
Þá wæs þéodsceaða þriddan síðe
frécne fýrdraca faéhða gemyndig·
raésde on ðone rófan þá him rúm ágeald
hát ond heaðogrim heals ealne ymbféng
biteran bánum· hé geblódegod wearð
sáwuldríore· swát ýðum wéoll.

XXXVII

Ðá ic æt þearfe gefrægn þéodcnynges
andlongne eorl ellen cýðan
cræft ond cénðu swá him gecynde wæs·
ne hédde hé þæs heafolan ac sío hand gebarn
móðiges mannes þær hé his mægenes healp
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 bégen ábroten hæfðon,
sibæðelingas· swylc sceold hæg wezan
þegn æt ðearfe. Þæt ðám þéodne wæs
síðas sigehwile sylfes daédum,
worlde geweorces. Ðá sío wund ongon
þé him se eorðdraca aérgeworhte
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 ungemete till
winedryhten his wætere gelafede
hilde sædne ond his helm onspéon·
Biowulf mæpelode· hé ofer benne spræc,
wunde wælbléate --wisse hé gearwe
þæt hé dæghwíla 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

dóǵorgerimes, déað ungemete néah--:
 'Nú ic suna mínun syllan wolde
 gúdgewaédu þaér mé gifede swá
 aénig yrfeward æfter wurde
 líce gelenge ic ðás léode héold
 fiftig wintra næs sé folc cyning
 ymbesittendra aénig ðára
 þé mec gúðwinum grétan dorste,
 egesan ðéon ic on earde bád
 maélgescrafta héold mín tela
 ne sóhte searoniðas né mé swór fela
 áða on unriht ic ðæs ealles mæg
 feorhbennum séoc geféan habban
 forðám mé wítan ne ðearf Waldend fira
 morðorbealo mága þonne mín sceaceð
 lif of líce. Nú ðú lungre geong
 hord scéawian under hárne stán,
 Wigláf léofa, nú se wyrm ligeð,
 swefeð sáre wund since beréafod
 bío 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 wordcwydum wundum dryhtne
 hýran heaðosiocum, hringnet beran
 brogdne beadusercean under beorges hróf.
 Geseah ðá sigehrédig þá hé bí sesse géong
 magopegnmódig máððumsigla fealo,
 gold glitnian grunde getenge
 wundur on wealle ond þæs wyrmes denn
 ealdes úhtflogan, orcas stonðan
 fyrmanna fatu feormendléase
 hyrstum behrorene þaér wæs helm monig
 eald ond ómig, earmbéaga fela
 searwum gesaéled --sinc éaðe mæg
 gold on grunde gumcynnes gehwone
 oferhígian hýde sé ðe wylle--
 swylce hé siomian geseah segn eallgylden
 héah ofer horde, hondwundra maést
 gelocen leoðocræftum of ðám léoman stód
 þæt hé þone grundwong ongitan meahste,
 wraéte giondwlitan næs ðæs wyrmes þaér
 onsýn aénig ac hyne ecg fornam.
 Ðá ic on hlaéwe gefrægn hord réafian
 eald enta geweorc áne mannan,
 him on bearm hlódon bunan ond discas
 sylfes dóme segn éac genóm
 béacna beorhtost bill aér gescód
 --ecg wæs íren-- ealdhláfordes
 þám ðára máðma mundbora wæs
 longe hwíle lígegesan wæg
 hátne for horde hioroweallende
 middelnihtum oð þæt hé morðre swealt.
 Ár wæs on ofoste eftsíðes geom
 fræt wum gefyrðred hyne fyrwet bræc
 hwæðer collenferð cwicne gemétte
 in ðám wongstede Wedra þeoden
 ellensiocne þaér hé hine aér forlét
 hé ðá mid þám máðmum maérne þíoden
 dryhten sinne dríorigne fand
 ealdres æt ende hé hine eft ongon
 wæteres weorpan oð þæt wordes ord
 bréosthord þurhbræc
 gomel on giogóðe gold scéawode:
 'Ic ðára 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

wuldurcyninge wordum secge
 écum dryhtne þé ic hér on starie
 þæs ðe ic móste mínum léodum
 aérl swyltdæge swylc gestrýnan
 nú ic on máðma hord minne bebohte
 fróde feorhlege fremmað géna
 léoda þearfe ne mæg ic hér leng wesan·
 hátað heaðomaére hlaéw gewyrcean
 beorhtne æfter baéle æt brimes nósan·
 sé scel tó gemyndum mínum léodum
 héah hlífian on hrones næsse
 þæt hit saéliðend syððan hátan
 Biowulfes Biorh ðá ðe brentingas
 ofer flóða genipu feorran drífað·
 Dyde him of healse hring gyldenre
 þíoden þrístýdig· þegne gesealde
 geongum gárwigan goldfáhne helm
 béah ond byrnan· hét hyne brúcan well:
 'Þú eart endeláf ússes cynnes
 Waégmundinga· ealle wyrd forswéop
 míne mágas tó metodsceaft
 eorlas on elne· ic him æfter secal·
 Þæt wæs þám gomelan gingæste word
 bréostgehygdum aérl hé baél cure
 háte heaðowylmas· him of hwæðre gewát
 sawol sécean sóðfæstra dóm.

XXXVIII

Ðá wæs gegongen guman unfródom
 earfoðlice þæt hé on eorðan geseah
 þone léofestan 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 wídfloga wundum stille
 hréas on hrúsan hordærne néah·
 nalles æfter lyfte lácende hwearf
 middelnihum· máðmaéhta wlonc
 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 onfundre
 búon on beorge· Biowulfe wearð
 dryhtmáðma daél deaðe forgolden·
 hæfde aéghwæðre ende geféred
 laénan lífes. Næs ðá lang tó ðon
 þæt ðá hildlatan holt ofgéfán
 týdre tréowlogan týne ætsomne
 ðá ne dorston aérl dareðum lácan
 on hyra mandryhtnes miclan þearfe
 ac hý scamiende scyldas baéran
 gúðgewaédu þaér se gomela læg·
 wlitan on Wíláf· hé gewérgad sæt
 féðecempa fráen eaxlum néah·
 wehte hyne wætre· him wiht ne spéow·
 ne meahte hé on eorðan, ðeah hé úde wél
 on ðám frumgáre feorh gehealdan
 né ðæs wealdendes wiht oncirran:
 wolde dóm godes daédum raédan
 gumena gehwylcum swá hé nú gén deð.
 Þá wæs æt ðám geongan grím 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 unlæofe:
 'Þæt, lá, mæg secgan sé ðe wyle sóð specan·
 þæt se mondryhten sé éow ðá máðmas geaf
 éoredgeatwe þé gé þaér on standað--
 þonne hé on ealubence oft gesealde
 healsittendum helm ond byrn,
 þéoden his þegnum swylce hé þryðlicost
 ówer feor oððe néah findan meahte--
 þæt hé génunga gúðgewaédu
 wráðe forwurpe ðá hyne wig beget·
 nealles folccnyng fyrðgesteallum
 gylpan þorfe· hwæðre him god úðe
 sigora waldend þæt hé hyne sylfne gewræc
 ána mid ege þá him wæs elnes þearf.
 Ic him lifwraðe lýtle meahte
 ætgifan æt gúðe ond ongan swá þeah
 ofer mín gemet maéges helpan·
 symle wæs þý saémra þonne ic sweorde drep
 ferhðgeniðlan fyr unswiðor
 wéoll of gewitte· fergendra tó lýt
 þrong ymbe þéoden þá hyne sío þrág becwóm.
 Hú sceal sincþego ond swyrdgiftu
 eall éðelwyn éowrum cynne
 lufen álicgean! Londrihtes mót
 þaére maégburge monna aéghwylc
 ídel hweorfan syððan æðelingas
 feorran gefricgean fléam éowerne
 dómléasan daéd: déað bið sélla
 eorla gehwylcum þonne edwitlif.'

XL

Heht ðá þæt heaðoweorc tó hagan bíodan
 úp ofer ecgclif þaér þæt eorlweorod
 morgenlongne dæg móðgiómor sæt
 bordhæbbende béga on wénum:
 endedórgres ond eftcymes
 léofes monnes. Lýt swígode
 níwra spella sé ðe næs gerád
 ac hé sóðlice sægde ofer ealle:
 'Nú is wilgeofa Wedra léoda
 dryhten Géata deaðbedde fæst
 wunað wæreste wyrmes daédum·
 him on efn ligeð ealdorgewinna
 siexbennum séoc: sweorde ne meahte
 on ðám ágláecean aénige þinga
 wunde gewyrcean· Wigláf siteð
 ofer Biowulfé byre Wihstanes
 eorl ofer óðrum unlifigendum·
 healdeð higemaéðum heafodwearde
 léofes ond láðes. Nú ys léodum wén
 orleghwile syððan undyrne
 Froncum ond Frýsum fyll cyninges
 wide weorðeð· wæs sío wróht scepén
 heard wið Húgas syððan Higelác cwóm
 faran flotherge on Frésna land
 þaér hyne Hetware hilde gehnaégdon·
 elne gééodon mid ofermaégene
 þæt se byrnwiga búgan sceolde·
 féoll on féðan· nalles frætwe geaf
 ealdor dugode· 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 Hréþling 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 ****2914-19****
 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,

eald ond egesfull hondslyht ágeaf·
 ábréot brimwísan· 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
 sárigmóðum somod aérðæge
 syððan hie Hygeláces horn ond býman
 galdor ongéaton þá se góða cóm,
 léoda dugoðe on lást faran.

XLI

Wæs sío swátswaðu Swóna ond Géata
 wæltraés weora wíde 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· wíðres 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 þrunjon.
 Þaer wearð Ongenðiow ecgum sweordan
 blondenfexa on bid wrecen
 þæt se þeodcýning ðafian sceolde
 Eafores áne dóm· hyne yrringa
 Wulf Wonreding waépne geraéhte
 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 Wonrédes
 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 áraérdon 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 ðám frætsum féng ond him fægre gehét
 léana mid léodum ond gelaéste swá·
 gald þone gúðraés Géata dryhten
 Hréðles eafora þá hé tó hám becóm·
 Iofore ond Wulf 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 ogrish 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 maerða geslógon--
 ond ðá lofore forgeaf ángan dohtar
 hámweorðunge hylde tó wedde.
 Þæt ys sio faehðo ond se feondscipe
 wælnið wera ðæs ðe ic wéan hafo
 þe ús séceað tó Swéona léoda
 syððan hie gefricgeað fréan úserne
 ealdorléasne þone ðe aérgéhéold
 wið hettendum hord ond rice
 æfter hæleða hryre, hwate Scildingas·
 folcréd fremede oððe furður gén
 eorlscipe efnde. Mé is ofgst betost
 þæt wé þeodcýning þær scéawian
 ond þone gebringan þe 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 fèore
 béagas gebohte: þá sceall brond fretan,
 aéled þeccan, nalles eorl wegan
 máððum tó gemyndum né mægð scýne
 habban on healse hringweorðunge
 ac sceal geómormód golde beréafod
 oft nalles aéne elland tredan
 nú se herewisa hleahtr 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
 aérran maélum· þá wæs endedæg
 gódum gegongen þæt se gúdcýning
 Wedra þeoden wundorðeade swealt.
 AÉr hí þær geségan syllicran wiht
 wýrm on wonge wiðerræhtes þær
 láðne licgean: wæs se légdraca
 grimlic gryregiest glédum beswaéled·
 sé wæs fiftiges fótgemearces
 lang on legere· lyftwynne héold
 nihtes hwílum· nyðer eft gewát
 dennes niosjan· wæs ðá deáde fæst·
 hæfde eorðscrafa ende genyttod.
 Him big stóðan bunan ond orcas·
 discas lágan ond dýre swýrd
 ómige þurhetone swá hie wið eorðan fæðm
 þúsend wintra þær eardodon·
 þonne wæs þæt yrfe éacencræftig,
 iúmonna gold galdre bewunden
 þæt ðám hringsele hrínan 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 síð ne ðáh
 þám ðe unrihte inne gehýdde
 wræce under wealle· weard aérofslóh
 féara sumne· þá sio faehð 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.
2998 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
3003 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,
3008 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,
3013 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,
3018 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,
3023 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.'
3028 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 wondor;
3033 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.
3038 First they saw there a rarer creature,
 the wyrm 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
3043 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,
3048 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,
3053 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 wondor where then

eorl ellenrōf ende gefēre
lifgesceafta þonne leng ne mæg
mon mid his maégum meduseld búan·
swá wæs Bíowulfe, þá hé biorges weard
sóhte searoniðas: seolfa ne cúðe
þurh hwæt his worulde gedál weorðan sceolde.
Swá hit oð dómes dæg díope benemdon
þéodnas maére þá ðæt þær dydon·
þæt se secg waére synnum scildig
hergum geheaðerod hellbendum fæst
wommum gewitnad sé ðone wong strude·
næs hé goldhwæte gearwor hæfde
ágendes ést aér gescéawod.
Wígláf maðelode Wihstánes sunu:
'Oft sceall eorl monig ánes willan
wraéc ádréogan swá ús geworden is·
ne meahton wé gelaéran léofne þéoden
ríces 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 síð ályfde
inn under eorðweall· ic on ofoste geféng
micle mid mundum mægenbyrðenne
hordgestréona· hider út ætbær
cyninge 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 maérne swá hé manna wæs
wígend weorðfullost wide geond eorðan
þenden hé burhwelan brúcan móste.
Uton nú efstan óðre síðe
séon ond sécean on searogepræc
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 gefeferian fréan úserne
léofne mannan þær hé longe sceal
on ðæs waldendes waére geþolian.'
Hét ðá gebéodan byre Wihstánes
hæle hildedior hæleða monegum
boldágendra þæt hie baélwudu
feorran feredon folcágende
gódum tógénes: 'Nú sceal gléd fretan,
weaxan wanna 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 snotra sunu Wihstánes
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
through what his parting from this world must bring about.
- 3068** 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,
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,
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,
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
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,
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,
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,
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
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,
shot over the shield-wall; shaft held true to task,
its feather-trappings eager, arrow-head followed.'
- 3113** 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
the men saw remaining in the hall,
lying frail; little did anyone mourn
that they quickly carried out
- 3128**

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

XLIII

Him ðá gegiredan Géata léode
 ád on eorðan unwáclícne
 helmum behongen hildebordum
 beorhtum byrnum swá hé béna wæs·
 álegdon ðá tómiddes maérne þeoden
 hæleð hiofende hláford léofne·
 ongunnon þá on beorge baélfýra maést
 wígend weccan· wuduréc ástáh
 sweart ofer swioðole swógende lég
 wópe bewunden --windblond gelæg--
 oð þæt hé ðá bánhús gebrocen hæfde
 hát on hreðre· hígum unróte
 módcæare maéndon mondryhtnes cwealm·
 swylce giómorgyd Géatic ánméowle
 Biowulfe brægd bundenheorde
 sang sorgcearig· saélde geneahhe
 þæt hio hyre hearmdagas hearde ondréde
 wælfylla worn werudes egesan
 hýðo ond hæftnýd. Heofon réce swealg·
 geworhton ðá Wedra léode
 hlaéo on hóe sé wæs héah ond brád
 waéglíðendum wíde gesýne
 ond betimbredon ond tyn dagum
 beadurófes bécn· bronða láfe
 wealle beworhton swá hyt weorðlicost
 foresnotre men findan mihton·
 hí on beorg dydon bég ond siglu
 eall swylce hyrsta swylce on horde aérl
 níðhéðige men genumen hæfdon·
 forléton eorla gestreón eorðan healdan
 gold on gréote þaér hit nú gén lifað
 eldum swá unnyt swá hyt aérer wæs.
 Þá ymbe hlaéw riodan, hildedéore
 æþelinge 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 monðwaérust
 léodum líðost ond lofgeornost.

precious treasures; the dragon too they shoved,
 the wrym 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.

3133 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.****