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FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE

B E O W U L F

AN ANGLO-SAXON

POEM

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

Uns ist in alten Mæren Wunders vil geseht,
Von Helden lobebæren, von grôzer Künheft,
Von Frôuden hôchgezîten, von Weînen und von Klagen,
Von küener Recken Strîten, muget ir nu Wunder hœren sagen.

Nibelungen Nôt.

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B E O W U L F

AN EPIC POEM

TRANSLATED FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON INTO
ENGLISH VERSE

BY
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THE LONDON ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY



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NICOLAS WISEMAN, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF MELIPOTAMUS

VICAR APOSTOLIC

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PREFACE.

OF the Drudges who do the lowlier Work in the Tillage of Learning's Vineyard, few perhaps will be met with who have a more thankless Task than the Translator: for not only has he to bear the just Lash of enlightened Criticism from the Scholar, (whereof of course he can have no Right to complain,) but those to whom his Original must, but for his Toil, have remained for ever a sealed Book, and who are utterly incapable either of testing his Accuracy or appreciating his Difficulties, lay Load upon him without Mercy; and make him answerable not only for his own Errors, but for any Obscurities which may exist in his Original, as well as for their own blundering Misconceptions of his or his Author's Meaning.—In short he is called to account not only for his own Faults but likewise for the Ignorance of many of his Readers. It is true the Qualifications necessary for a Translator into the Vernacular are but of a humble Character; a fair Knowledge of his Original's and his Country's Languages, sufficient common Sense to understand his Author, sufficient Taste to choose his

Expressions wisely, and a conscientious Regard to Faithfulness from the Consideration that with the Many he is the Trustee of his Author's Reputation, are all that is required of him. Still a Translator has serious Difficulties to encounter, which they only can appreciate who know them from actual Trial.

With respect to the Work now presented to the Public, shortly after the putting forth of Mr. Kemble's Edition of the Anglo-Saxon Text in 1833 I formed the Design of translating it, and early in 1837 I commenced the Work. Mr. Kemble's second Volume had not then appeared, and I proceeded but slowly, on account of the Difficulty of the Work, and the utter Inadequacy of any then existing Dictionary. I still however wrought my Way onward, under the Notion that even if I should not think my Book, when finished, fit for Publication, yet that the MS. would form an amusing Tale for my little Nephews and Nieces, and so I went through about a Quarter of the Poem, when Illness put an entire stop to my Progress. Afterwards, though the Appearance of Mr. Kemble's additional Volume, containing the Prose Version, Glossary, &c. had rendered the remainder of my Task comparatively easy, other Matters required my Attention, and the MS. lay untouched till 1842, between which Time and the present it has been from Time to Time added to and at length completed, and the whole carefully revised, much being cancelled and retranslated. In my Version I have scrupulously adhered to the Text of Mr. Kemble, adopting in almost every Instance

his Emendations. I have throughout endeavoured to render the Sense and Words of my Author as closely as the English Language and the Restraints of Metre would allow, and for this Purpose I have not shrunken either from sacrificing Elegance to Faithfulness¹ (for no Translator is at Liberty to misrepresent his Author and make an old Saxon Bard speak the Language of a modern Petit Maitre) or from uniting English Words to express important Anglo-Saxon Compounds. In some Cases where I have done this I have added the Anglo-Saxon Word in a Note to justify my rendering; for though it is true that such Words as *þilbe-deón*, (War-beast,) *Onet-mæg* (Son-of-battle,) &c. mean “a Warriour” or “Soldier,” yet in my Opinion these would be very inadequate Renderings of the Anglo-Saxon Expressions, and I therefore preferred to exhibit corresponding English Compounds.

Some may ask why I have not preserved the Anglo-Saxon alliterative Metre. My Reason is that I do not think the Taste of the English People would at present bear it. I wish to get my book read, that my Countrymen may become generally acquainted with the Epic of our Ancestors wherewith hitherto they have been most generally unacquainted, and for this purpose it was necessary to adopt a Metre suited to the Language, whereas the alliterative Metre, heavy even in German, a Language much

¹ Quia præsens opus non nugacem sermonis luculentiam, sed fidelem vetustatis notitiam pollicetur. Saxo-Grammaticus.

more fitted for it than ours, would in English be so heavy that few would be found to labour through a Poem of even half the length of the *Beowulf's* lay when presented in so unattractive a Garb. Still, if the literary Bent of this Country should continue for some few Years longer the Course it has of late Years pursued, it will be time to give this Poem to the English People in English alliterative Metre, and I shall be thankful to see it done.

To facilitate Reference I have at the Beginning of each Canto marked the Line of the Original according to Mr. Kemble's Edition.

It remains to give some Account of those who have gone before me in the Illustration of this Poem. The only MS. at present known to exist is that in the Cottonian Library, (Vitellius. A. xv.) which however was seriously injured in the Fire of 1731. It is in two Parts differing greatly in the Style both of Hand-writing and Language. This MS. Mr. Conybeare, following Astle's Opinion, considers as belonging to the early part of the 10th Century. It was examined by Wanley, and is mentioned in his Catalogue of Saxon MSS. and from Wanley's Time (1705) appears to have remained unnoticed till Mr. Sharon Turner in the present Century published extensive Extracts from it in his History of the Anglo-Saxons. The first complete Edition of the Work however was that of Dr. Thor- kelin. This learned Danish Antiquary, while visiting this Country at the latter End of the last Century, took a Transcript of the whole Poem, which together with a Translation and Commentary that had cost

him much Labour and Expense was ready for Publication in 1807, when the inexplicable Policy of the Danish Government gave Rise to a War with England, and in the ever to be regretted Bombardment of Copenhagen that followed, the Antiquarian's House and the literary Property he had been for thirty Years diligently collecting perished in the Flames. The venerable Septuagenarian did not however relinquish his Task. Encouraged by the Exhortations and assisted by the Liberality of the Count de Sanderumgaard, he returned to England, made a new Transcript of the Poem, which with a Latin Version and three copious Indices he published at Copenhagen in 1816 under the Title of "De Danorum Rebus gestis Secul. iii. et iv. Poëma Danicum Dialecto Anglo-Saxonica, Ex Bibl. Cotton. Musæi Britan. edidit, Versione Lat. et Indicibus auxit Grim. Johnson Thorkelin. Dr. I. V. &c." 4to. This doubtless was a spirited and honourable Work, but unhappily not very satisfactorily performed, the Text being so faulty that, without the Assistance of the large Table of Errata to it published by Prof. Conybeare, it is unintelligible, and the Latin Version being certainly worse than useless.

In Professor Conybeare's "Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry," edited by his Brother the Rev. W. D. Conybeare, besides the valuable Corrections to Thorkelin's Text just referred to, an Analysis of the Poem is given, with copious Extracts translated in blank Verse.

In Denmark a complete Translation appeared in 1820, intitled "Bjowulf's Drape. Et Gothisk Helte-Digt fra forrige Aar-Tusinde af Angel-Saxisk paa Danske Riim ved Nik. Fred. Sev. Grundtvig, Præst. Kjøbenhavn." 8vo. This is a spirited and brilliant Version, but by no means a close or even faithful Translation. It is accompanied by a useful Introduction, and some Notes justificative of the Phrases used in translating. But the Version being very free, and the divisions of the Original not being preserved, it is often difficult to say what Part of the one corresponds to a given Passage of the other.

But the best and most important Work is that of Mr. Kemble, intitled, "The Anglo-Saxon Poems of Beówulf, the Traveller's Song, and the Battle of Finnes-burh, edited together with a Glossary of the most difficult Words, and an historical Preface, by John M. Kemble, Esq. M. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, William Pickering 1833." fcap. 8vo. This work contains a correct and critically castigated Text of the Poems above mentioned, with the long Vowels accented throughout; and Mr. Kemble followed this up in 1837 with a second Volume, containing a larger Preface, (giving his more matured Judgment on the Poem, which he now considers rather mythological than historical,) a literal Prose Translation of Beówulf, Notes thereon, and a complete Glossary. This accurate and beautiful Edition cannot be too highly valued,² for

² It is however painful to see such a Book disfigured too frequently by References made in a sneering and irreverent

it the Thanks of every student of Teutonic Antiquity are largely due to Mr. Kemble, and I sincerely sympathise in Mr. Thorpe's Hope that he "will be induced to complete his already ample Collections, and give to the World that great Desideratum, an Anglo-Saxon Dictionary suited to the present state of Scholarship both here and abroad."

The next Work that I shall mention bears the following Title. "Bëowulf, dasz älteste deutsche, in Angelsächsischer mundart erhaltene, heldengedicht, nach seinem inhalte, und nach seinen historischen und mythologischen beziehungen betrachtet. Ein beitrag zur geschichte alter teutscher geisteszustände von H. Leo." Halle 8vo. 1839. A copious Analysis of the Poem preceded by a mythological a historical, a geographical, and a genealogical Introduction.

Shortly after this appeared the German Translation of Mr. Etmüller, intitled "Beowulf, Helden-gedicht des achten Jahrhunderts. Zum ersten Male aus dem Angelsächsischen in das Neuhochteutsche stabreimend übersetzt und mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen versehen von Ludwig Etmüller, Mit einem Kärtchen." 8vo. Zurich, 1840. A clever and generally faithful Version, but disfigured by wholesale alterations of the Text, which, however ingenious, I cannot think justifiable. It is preced-

Style to the Holy Scriptures; and, as such a Style neither helps to illustrate the Text of the Author, nor to throw Light upon the historical or mythological Questions involved, good Taste at least, if no higher Feeling, would suggest its Alteration in all future Copies of the Work.

ed by an Introduction apparently in most Parts taken from Leo, and is accompanied by Notes.

Since these another Danish Version has appeared, intitled ; “ Beo-wulf og Scopas Wid-sið, to angelsaxiske Digte, med Oversættelse og oplysende Anmærkninger udgivne af Frederik Schaldemose.” 8vo. Copenhagen 1847. This Work contains the Anglo-Saxon Text of Beó-wulf and the Traveller’s Song, with an alliterative Danish Translation in parallel Columns, and Notes. The Writer pretends not to be aware of the second Volume of Mr. Kemble’s Beówulf, to which however he is evidently indebted for every Word of his Work, except what he has taken from Leo and Ettmuller : for strange to say, the Emendations of the Anglo-Saxon Text which he has adopted, are those of Mr. K. and the Passages which he has found unintelligible are precisely those which baffle Mr. K.’s Efforts at Translation. His Translation however is not a bad one, for as he has pretty faithfully rendered Mr. Kemble’s English, he could not well fail of giving a fair Version of the Original. The Manner in which he treats his really learned Countryman Dr. Grundtvig is indecorous and vulgar, and his Discovery of the Cottonian Library *in Oxford* is at least original.

My thanks are due to Mr. Kemble, the learned Editor of Beówulf, to the Rev. Dr. Bosworth the Anglo-Saxon Lexicographer, and to the Rev. J. W. Donaldson, A.M. of Bury St. Edmunds, who have all kindly answered my Inquiries relative to various Matters connected with the Poem.



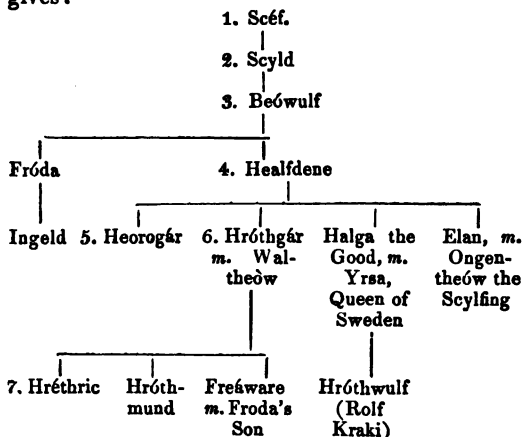
INTRODUCTION.

BEFORE entering on the Poem now laid before him, the Reader will probably expect from me some account of the Heroes, Princes, and Tribes therein mentioned. I fear I can do but little towards satisfying his Curiosity, and that little I shall compress into as small a Compass as I can. Those who seek for further Information will find both large Materials collected and copious Directions for Research in the Works of Mr. Kemble, the Brothers Grimm, Von der Hagen, Müller, Etmüller, Leo, Zeuss, and Finn Magnusen. Doubtless much Light will be thrown on the Subject Matter of the Poem by Mr. Kemble's forthcoming Work on the Mythology of the North, whereof however Teutonic Students are yet in Expectation.

The Characters that are here brought before us seem to be of a mixed Nature, made up of a purely Mythological Personage united with one or more of the Heroes of traditional History: but so confused and contradictory and anachronous are the Accounts, or rather Legends, that any Attempt to separate the Mythological Portion so as to extract a sober History from such Materials must, I think, prove only a futile Speculation and a Waste of Ingenuity. Such a mixed Personage I conceive is Beowulf himself the Hero of our Tale. His Achievements are all of a supernatural Character, such as slaying De-

mons, Nickers, and Dragons, swimming five Days in the Sea, and the like. This alone would lead us to suspect him as a Mythological Being. But more of him presently.

The Poem introduces us to Hróthgár, King of Denmark, a Prince of the Royal Line of the Skjoldungar or Scyldings, whose Genealogy it thus gives :



Scéf, or Sceáf who stands at the Head of this List is said to have been exposed as a Child in an Ark or little Boat, with a Sheaf (A. S. *ŕceáf*) of Corn at his Head, and Arms and Treasures, whence his Name, and so to have drifted ashore on the Coast of Slesvíg, where being received as a Prodigy, he was carefully brought up, and finally became Sovereign of the Land.¹ This Exposure is alluded

¹ Ipse Scef cum uno dromone advectus est in insulam Oceani quae dicitur Scani, armis circumdatus, eratque valde recens puer, et ab incolis illius terrae ignotus; attamen ab eis suscipitur, et ut familiarem diligenti animo eum custodi-

to in the introductory Canto, but the Tale of Scéf is told of his Son Scyld. In some genealogical Lists Scéf only and not Scyld appears, in others Scyld only and not Scéf, and again in others both are found. Mr. Kemble's Conjecture that they are identical appears to me well founded, and perhaps both are identical with Wóden himself, as they appear amongst his Ancestors. The Hróthgár and Halga here introduced are the Roe² and Helge of the Danish Historians, and in introducing them here this Account differs widely from all other Traditions, which place them not among the Ancestors of Odin, but far down among his Descendants. The List of early Danish Kings usually given is the following.³

erunt et post in regem eligunt. Ethelwerdi Chron. Lib. iii. ad fin. inter Savilii Scriptores.

Iste (Scéf) ut fertur, in quendam insulam Germaniæ Scandzam, de qua Jordanes, historiographus Gothorum loquitur, appulsus navi sine remige puerulus, posito ad caput frumenti manipulo, ideoque Scéf nuncupatus, ab hominibus regionis illius pro miraculo exceptus, et sedulo nutritus, adulta ætate regnavit in oppido quod tunc Slasvic, nunc vero Haitheby appellatur: est autem regio illa Anglia vetus dicta, unde Angli venerunt in Britanniam inter Saxones et Gothos constituta. Sceaf fuit filius Heremodii, Heremodius Stermonii, Stermonius Hadrae, Hadra Gualae, Guala Bedwegii, Bedwegius Strefii: Hic, ut dicitur, fuit filius Noe in archa natus. Simeon Dunhelm. Introductory Genealogical and Geographical Chapter, inter X. Scriptores, and Gul. Meld. M. S. Bibl. Publ. Cantabrig. l. i. 2, 3, fol. 63, and F. f. 1, 27, 128. Another M. S. Chronicle in the Cambridge University Library (Bibl. Publ. G. g. 4, 25,) cited by Mr. Kemble, giving the royal Line of England from Adam to Scéf, and thence to Hengest and so on to Edward IV. gives the same story.

² Roe is the Builder of Roskilde, no doubt the Heorot of the Poem.

³ Crighton and Wheaton's Scandinavia, vol. 1, p. 112. Petersen's Danmarks Historie i Hedenold, Kap. 2, p. 126.

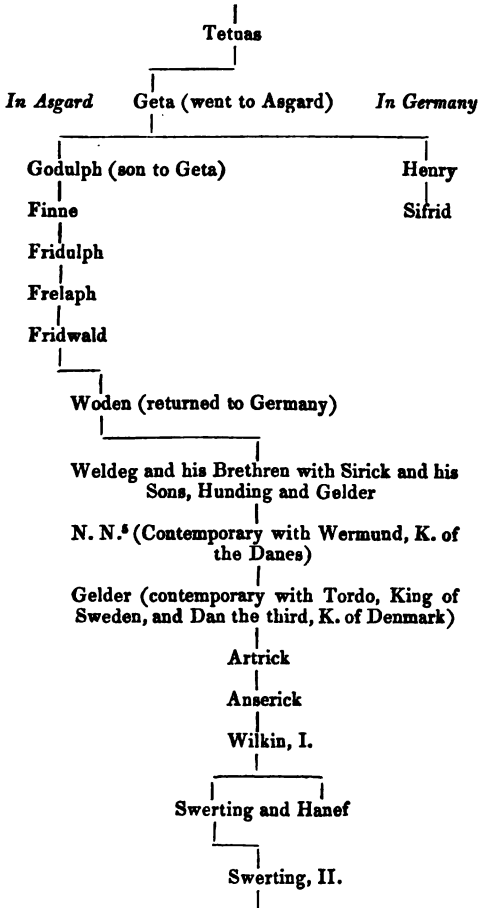
1. Odin (arrived in the North) B. C.	70	9. Olaf (litillate)	190
2. Skjold, died	40	10. Dan (mikillate)	270
3. Lev, or Fridlev, I.	23	11. Frode, III. (mikillate)	310
4. Frode, I. A. C.	35	12. Halfdan, I.	324
5. Fridlev, II.	47	13. Fridlev, III.	348
6. Havard (kin haandramme)	59	14. Frode, IV. (frækne)	407
7. Frode, II.	87	15. Ingild	456
8. Vermund (hin vitre)	140	16. Halfdan, II.	447
		17. Frode, V.	460
		18. Roe and Helge	494

This List places a Distance of 564 Years between Odin's Arrival in the North and the Age of Hróthgár and Halga, whereas the first three Names on the former List are in general found among the Ancestors of Odin. I shall now select three more genealogical Lines of Odin's Pedigree, in two whereof these Names appear. The first I take from Langhorne,⁴ though whence he had it I know not: the second is from the Saxon Chronicle ad. An. 854. They are as follows.

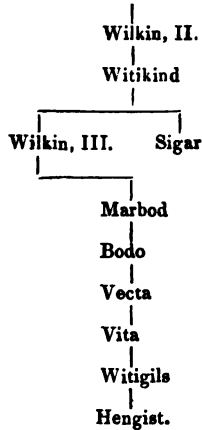
KINGS OF THE SAXONS.

Stræsæus
 |
 Bedwig
 |
 Gualas
 |
 Hadras
 |
 Ittermon
 |
 Heremod
 |
 Skeph (reigned in Sleswick)
 |
 Skeld
 |
 Bevin
 |

⁴ Introduction to the Hist. of Engl. Tables at End, 8vo. London 1676.



⁵ Called Hundingus by Alb. Krantz. Saxonia, Lib. l. c. 2, 3, 4, and called Son of Sifrid, whose name occurs in the right hand Column.



In this List two Genealogies are palpably confounded ; Bodo the last Name but four on the List is a Name of Odin. The Names that precede it are, with little Variation, those which are given as the Ancestors of Odin in a List we shall presently see, and those which succeed it are the Names ordinarily inserted between Odin and Hengest in the Genealogy of the latter Hero. Odin thus twice occurs in this List, a Privilege which must be permitted to his Godship ; Indeed he and his Son Bo reappear long after in Saxo,⁶ and occupy for a Time the Throne of Denmark, and are then finally expelled by the Christian Hero-King. We must not then in Mythological Matters be frightened at any Chronological Discrepancies. They are Things to be expected.

⁶ Saxo, Lib. iii. near the Beginning, Fol. xxv. Edit. Paris, 1514. The Name *Bodo* seems to point out Odin as identical with *Buddha*, who is fabled to have been incarnate on Earth some hundreds of Times.

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The second and third Lists run thus. The latter is taken from Betham's "Genealogical Tables of the Sovereigns of the World," Tab. DXCIII. Whence Betham had it I know not.

Noah Sceáf (born in the Ark) ⁷ Bedwig Hwala Hathra Itermon Heremód Sceldwa Beáw Tætwa Geát Godwulf Finn Fríthuwulf Freáwine Fríthuwald Wóden.	B.C. 90. Harderic, K. of the Saxons A.D. 1 Anseric 8 Wilke 30 Svarticke, Prince of Saxons . 76 Svarticke 80 Sigward 100 Witekind, K. Wilke, II. P. 190 Marbod, K. 256 Bodo or Woden, K. . . . 300 m. Frea, Fria, or Frigga	
---	--	--

Now it would be easy to exhibit very many Tables

⁷ The Saxon Chronicler appears to have mixed up the Tale of Scéf's Exposure with the Noachic Flood.

agreeing more or less with those above given, where in the Name of the Scylding Beówulf appears variously written as Beo, Beu, Beau, Beawa, Beowius, Beowinus, Boerinus, Beowulf, Bedwius, Beaf, Beir, Bevin, Bo. Moreover, in two of the MSS. examined by Mr. Kemble, this Person appears as the Father of the following Sons. Cinrincius, Gothus, Iuthus, Swethedus, Dacus, Wandalus, Gethus, Fresus, Geatte. And in both MSS. is the following marginal Note.

“ Ab istis novem filiis Boerini descenderunt novem gentes Septentrionalem habitantes, qui quondam regnum Britanniae invaserunt et obtinuerunt, viz. Saxones, Angli, Juti, Daci, Norwagenses, Gothi, Wandali, Geati, et Frisi.”

This Beówulf the Scylding is then no less a Person than the Father of the Eponymi of all the great Northern Tribes. Is he not then in all probability identical with the Eddic God, Bældæg, Ballar, or Bo, the Son of Odin? probably even with Bodo or Wóden, i. e. Odin, himself, as again with Bedwíg Odin's Son, with whom the Variation Bedwius of his Name seems to connect him. For these are all most likely one and the same mythical Fiction.

This brings us to the other Beówulf, the Hero of the Poem, wherein he certainly appears as another Person, a Wægmunding, son of Ecgtheów, and Nephew to Hrethel the Geatic King, living full two generations later than his Namesake. Nevertheless I believe, with Mr. Kemble, that he is really the same mythological Personage. Nowhere but in this Poem is he mentioned, and though he is there stated to have holden the Geatic Sceptre half-a-Century, yet in no List of their Kings does his Name occur. The Difference in the Genealogy needs not stand in the Way of this Supposition. The Tables are full of such Discrepancies, witness the different Genealogies of Odin given above, which are all contradicted by the Edda of Snorri and the Heim-

skringla, where Skjöld⁸ is called the Son of Odin, who thus becomes not a Descendant but the Ancestor of the Skjöldungar, or Scyldings of our Poem. The very Nature of Beówulf's Achievements, as I observed above, seems to mark him as a superhuman Being, and if therefore we consider him as the Son of Odin, we may see in his Contest with Grendel the Demon and his Fiend-Mother that Contest and Victory of the Divine Principle over the Evil Power, the Notion whereof the Heathen seem universally to have preserved in dark, varied and disfigured Traditions indeed, but originating no Doubt in the same divine and prophetic Source. Nor should the Fact of a God appearing here as only a Hero surprize us. Such is the usual Course where one Religion supersedes another. The Gods of the abandoned System sink down to the Rank of Demi-Gods or supernatural Heroes, and lastly to ordinary Heroes, in which state they are frequently mixed up with a historical Character. And thus Beówulf the God sinks first to the State of Beówulf the Scylding, Father to the Eponymi of the Northerns, and lastly subsides into Beówulf the Wægmunding, Nephew to Hrethel, and Friend of Hróthgár. Other Instances of this Reduction of a heathen God's Rank I shall have to mention in the Course of this Introduction: but that the Reader may comprehend the Tendency of the human Mind to lower the Rank of, instead of entirely discarding, the Gods of a system it has abandoned, I will refer to one Instance where it is evidenced in a Manner too painful and appalling to dwell upon, but too important and apposite here to be passed over in total Silence. Wherever the holy Faith of the Gospel has been sup-

⁸ Snorri's Edda, by G. W. Dasent. Foreword. p. 110. § 11. Heimskringla. Kap. v. Vol. 1. p. 5. Edit. Peringskiöld. p. 12. of the German Translation by Mohnike. Vol. 1. p. 9 of the Danish Version by Grundtvig.

planted either by Arianism or Mohammedanism, (and fearfully often, even when by the more respectable Forms of Protestantism), our divine Saviour is forthwith degraded from His Godhead, and looked upon as a mere Man, or at best as Issa the Prophet.

Beowulf's divine Character derives some Confirmation from his Name, the integral Portion whereof is Beo; the termination "-wulf" being, like other Terminations in Northern Names, often changeable or omissible. "Now the Old Saxons, and most likely other conterminal Tribes called their Harvest-Month, (probably part of August and September) by this very Name of Beo or Bewod: thus 'beuo,' *segetum*. Hólj. 79. 14. Kilian. 'bouw,' *arvum. messis*. In Bavaria, 'bau,' *seges*; 'bauen,' *seminare*; 'bewod,' *messis*. Hólj. 78. 16. Teutonista. 'bouwt.' *messis*. 'wijnbouwt,' *vindemia*. Beo or Beow is therefore in all Probability a God of Agriculture and Fertility, and gives his Name to a Month as the Goddesses Eostre and Hródhe did to April and March. It strengthens this View of the Case that he is the Grandson of Scéaf, *manipulus frumenti (sheaf of corn)*, with whom he is perhaps identical." Nor does his heroic Character take from the Probability of this Notion, for Wóden and Thór are not only Gods of Battle and Victory but also Rulers of the Weather and Givers of Fertility and Increase. I had once indeed thought of connecting the Name with the Word Buan. A. S. "Buan," *to dwell*; Gothic, "bauan;" Icel. "bua;" Dan. "boe;" Swed. "bo," *to dwell, a house*; and thus to have made Beowulf a God of Architecture, which his Protection of Hródhgár's great Buildings seems to warrant, but the above Account, which is Mr. Kemble's, is I think more probable.

Beowulf is a Geát or Weder, and that these

Names are synonymous with Angle is powerfully maintained by Mr. Kemble, though Ettmüller vehemently asserts the contrary, and would, with Prof. Leo, make the Wægmundings synonymous with the Scylfings, a Tribe of Swedish Gothland. But Beówulf was at seven years old (i. e. before his Marriage with Hrethel's daughter), a near Relation to King Hrethel, the Father of Higelác. Yet it must be owned that while St. Gregory of Tours,⁹ and the author of the Gesta Reg. Franc.,¹⁰ call Chlochilaicus (Higelác) a Dane, the Heimskringla¹¹

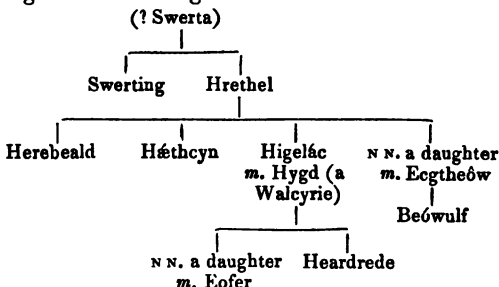
⁹ His ita gestis, Dani cum rege suo, nomine Chlochilaico [Colb. *Hrodolaico*. Beccens. Chochilaico], evectu navali per mare Gallias appetunt, Egressique ad terras, pagum unum de regno Theuderici devastant atque captivant; oneratisque navibus tam de captivis quam de reliquis spoliis, reverti ad patriam cupiunt. Sed rex eorum in litus residebat, donec naves altum mare comprehenderent, ipse deinceps secuturus. Quod cum Theuderico nuntiatum fuisset, quod scilicet regio ejus fuerit ab extraneis devastata, Theudebertum filium suum in illas partes cum magno exercitu ac magno armorum apparatu direxit. Qui interfecto rege, hostes navali praelio superatos opprimit, omnemque rapinam terræ restituit.—Hist. Francorum. iii. 3. Inter Opera. Ed. Ruinart. col. 106.

¹⁰ In illo tempore Dani cum rege suo, nomine, Chochilago, cum navali hoste per altum mari Gallias appetunt, Theuderico pagum *Attoarios* et alios devastantes atque captivantes, plenas naves de captivis habentes, alto mare intrantes, rex eorum ad litus maris resedit: Quod cum Theuderico nuntiatum fuisset, Theudebertum filium suum cum magno exercitu in illis partibus dirigens; qui consequens eos, pugnavit cum eis caede maxima, atque ipsis prostratis regem eorum interfecit, prædam tulit et in terram suam restituit. Gesta reg. Francorum. cap. 19, cited by Leo.

¹¹ Heimskringla, Kap. 25, tom. i. p. 27, Edit. Peringskiöld. Grundtvig Danish Edit. Kap. 14, p. 29. Mohnike's Germ. Trans. p. 29. But this Hugleikr, who appears regularly in the list of Swedish Kings, is said, in the places cited, to have been killed at Tyrravold by King Hake, who had with him twelve Champions and Starkathar (Stærk-Odder)

places the Dominions of its Huggleikr (if he be the same Person) in Sweden. Under the name of Hugletus, Saxo (Lib. iv.) places him 26th on the List of Danish Kings. The matter may I think be set at Rest by comparing the Saxon Chron.¹² with Ælfred's Bede.¹³ In the latter the People of Kent and the Isle of Wight are stated to be descended from the Geáts, in the former from the Jutes, and Anglia is said to be between the Jutes and Saxons. I should therefore place the Geátas north of the Angles in the Peninsula of Denmark, and look on them and the Angles as neighbouring and intimately connected Tribes, and totally distinct from the Scylfings in Sweden.

The Geátic royal Family appears to run according to the following scheme:—



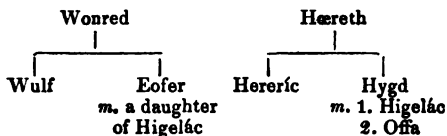
amongst them. This was in 302, whereas the incident in S. Gregory must have been between 511 and 562. Mezeray places it about 517. Abr. Chron. Tom. iii. p. 100. But the Higelác of Beowulf is a mythical Character mixed up with an historical one.

¹² Of lórum comon Gantpape. 7 Wihtrape. (þ 1r geo mæzð ðe nú earpað on Wihtr.) Of Angle comon. ge á riððan rúð þeruz betrix lórum anbð seaxum.

¹³ Of Leáta fruman rýadon Cantpape and Wihtrætan. þ 1r geo ðeóð þe Wihtræt ealond oneariðað. In the Orosius Ælfred mentions the Saxons and Angles, but not the Geátas, whom he probably includes with the latter.

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In Florence of Worcester, and in a Table in Langhorne, we find Swerta among the Ancestors of the Deiran Kings. If this is the Father of the Swerting of our Poem, the Line will run down from Odin thus:—



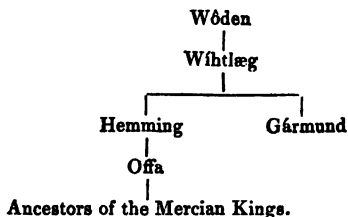
It may however be remarked that the name of Swerting twice occurs in the List of the Ancestors of Hengest in p. xix. And the Ancestors of Hengest would be Geáts. If this is the Line whereto the Family of Higelác is to be affiliated, the Reader must make Swerting and Hrethel the Children either of Wilkin I. or of Swerting II. Alb. Krantz makes Slesvig at that Time in Possession of the Saxons.

The Wife of Higelác is a strange Character, and bears the Name (Hygd) of one of the Wælcyrian,¹⁴

¹⁴ On the Wælcyrian see J. Grimm *Teutsche Mythologie*, p. 235—243. The third Book of Saxo opens with the Reign of a King Hotherus, who is described as meeting these Beings in a Wood.

who attend upon Wóden, and with this mythical Personage she appears to be intimately mixed up. After the Death of Higelác, she marries¹⁵ Offa, King of the Angles, to do which, the Poet, looking for the Angles in England, tells us "she crossed the fallow Flood by her Father's Advice." Who her Father Háreth was, or who Wonrede the Father of her son-in-law was I do not know. Should we suppose the Poet, who was unquestionably a Christian,¹⁶ to be aware of the Lady's Rank as a heathen Goddess it may well account for the malignant Character he assigns to her, the Christian Faith having taught us to assign to the heathen Gods their true Character as Devils. (St. Paul. i. ad Cor. x. 20. and elsewhere.)

Offa is called the Nephew of Gármund and Son of Hemming (nefa Gármunðer & mæg þemminger) so that his Line in Beówulf stands thus:—

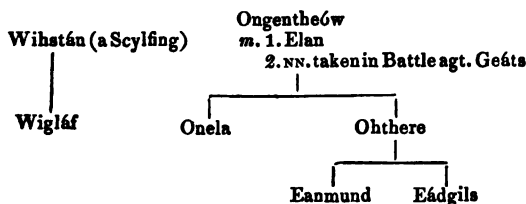


¹⁵ On her Marriage, see *Vita Offæ*, 11. printed at the End of Watts' *Mathew of Paris*: the Biographer having attributed this incident to Offa of Mercia. She is called by the English Writers *Drida* or *Cynedrida* (O. Norse. Þruðr, or Kuena-þruðr), i. e. Thrythr or Woman-Thrythr. Thrythr, though it signifies *Virgin*, being, like Hygd, the Name of a Walcyrrie.

¹⁶ The Poet's Acquaintance with and Belief in the Holy Scripture and the Christian Religion, Dr. Thorkelin, who is determined to make out the Poem to have been written in Denmark in the Third or Fourth Century, stoutly denies,

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We now come to the Race of the Scyflings, certainly a Swedish Tribe. Their Princes are Ongentheów, slain in Battle against Higelác by Wulf and Eofer, in Revenge for which his Sons invade the Geátic Territory, and slay Heardrede, and in their Turn are routed and killed by Beówulf and Wihstán a Scyfling Prince in the Geátic service. The Scheme will stand thus :—



Eádgils may be the Adils of the Ynglinga-Saga and Athislus of Saxo. If so then Ohthere is also the Ottar of the Heimskringla, and possibly Ongentheów may be Aun or *Øn hin Gamle*.¹⁷ But it must be confessed that the Characters do not seem to correspond. This would identify the Scyflings of our Poem with the Ynglingas of Snorri.

and asserts his Author's Theology to be but that of Homer or Cicero. I cannot understand this Assertion. The References to the Scripture and to Christian Doctrine, with evident Assent on the Part of the Poet, appear to me so palpable, that to deny them seems little better than obstinate Wrong-headedness.

¹⁷ In an old Norse and Latin "Catalogus Regum Sueciæ a primordiis regni ad Magnum Erici an. 1333." Fant. Script. rer. Suec. I. p. 2, 3, 5. this name is written *Haquon* and *Aukun*, which is an Approach to the first part of *Ongentheów* or *Angantyr*. Again *Ougentheów* is called in *Beówulf gomela*, i. e. *hin Gamle*, the old. But still the Characters are widely different: One being a Warriour, and dying in Battle, the other a superstitious Driveller dying bed-ridden at the Age of 200 years.

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A Race of Hunláfings is also mentioned in the Poem. Their Heroes seem to be—



Ettmüller makes Ordláf an additional Brother, but he seems to be the same Person as Osláf, one Form being used by the Author of Beówulf the other by the Bard of the Battle of Finnesburh. Ettmüller also makes the Gárluf of the Battle of Finnesburh the Son of Guthláf: on what Authority I know not; certainly the Verse he cites from the B. of Finnesb. does not call him so.

The Frisians and their King Finn next demand our attention. This Personage is considered by Mr. Kemble as another Instance of a Heathen God sinking to an Epic Hero. His Remarks upon the subject are perhaps hardly so satisfactory as could be wished, but as I have nothing more probable to bring forward I shall here present my Readers with the Substance of them. It will be observed that Finn in Beówulf and in the Traveller's Song is called Folcwalding and the Son of Folcwald. Now in the Lists of Odin's Progenitors given above (p. xix, xxi) his name occurs, but he was the son of Godwulf, in others of Godwine, though in Nennius,¹⁸ and Henry of Huntingdon,¹⁹ his Father bears the name of Folcwald, as in our Poem, while Asser,²⁰ and some others make him and his Father into one Person under the Name of Finngodwulf. Whichever of the three names of Finn's Father we take

¹⁸ Gunn's Nennius, p. 61. In Gale's Edit. Folcwald is called Folcpald evidently by mistaking the Old w (p) for a P.

¹⁹ Savile's Scriptorum post Bedam, p. 178. London 1596.

²⁰ Asser, p. 4. Oxford 1722.

for right, neither needs exclude the other. Godwulf and Godwine are little more than God, the first being *Lupus divinus*, the second *Deus amicus*, while Folcwalda is *Rector populi*, all names of Deity, and thus Odin in the *Völu-spá* is called Fólcvadr Goða (line 246 : Bergmann, vol. iii. p. 53. Finn Magnusen's Edda).

But the Name Finn is uncompounded, which is itself Evidence of a divine rather than a heroic Character : and his Position among Woden's Ancestors leads one to suspect that the Fin of the Traveller's Song, Beówulf, and the Battle of Finnesburh, is really a mythical Personage who has grown out of some of the Legends concerning Wóden. " Now," says Mr. Kemble, " though no Teutonic tongue furnishes a family of words from whose etymological relations the signification (of *Fin*) can with positive certainty be discovered, yet perhaps the following attempt may lead to some approximation towards a meaning. The Latin *Penna* (for *Pinna*), the English *Fin* of a fish stand in close etymological connection. *Fin* presupposes a Teutonic verb of the xiiith Conjugation, *finnan*, *fan*, *funnon*, *funnen*. The English *fan* and *fin* denote light moveable shapes closely resembling each other, the word *fun* denotes boisterous merriment. The Old High Dutch *fano*, Ang. Sax. *fana*, pannus, probably *waving* cloth ; *fön*, (Schmellers Wörterb.) the soft south wind : Goth. *funs*, ignis : Goth. *funs*, Ang. Sax. *fús*, *paratus*, *active*. Does not the conception of *motion* lie in the verb *finnan* ? If so, he (Fin) is only another form of Wóden, whose name, derived from the præterite *wód* of *wadan*, (to go), denotes in like manner the moving acting godhead : and this view of the meaning of the name appears to me to be confirmed by the fact that even Wóden's name appears to be only a further derivative from an equivalent

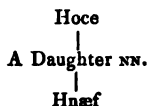
Wôd, the actual præt. of *Wadan*: at least I find him in the Traveller's Song, l. 60., called *Wôd* not *Wôden*, and in the Edda, *Völu-spá*. 23 (l. 125). Freya is called *Oðs mey*, not *Oðinns*. *Finnr* as the name of a God does not occur in the Old Norse Mythology, but a Berserker *Finnr* is found. *Fornald Sög.* 2. 242, and one of the nine very mythic sons of *Wikingr* bears the same name *Fornald. Sög.* 2. 405. In the *Völu-spá* xxi [xiv] (l. 81 : Bergm.) a dwarf *Finnr* appears, as a descendant of *Dwalin*, but this name must be derived from the Old Norse, *finna*; Ang. Sax. *findan, invenire (to find)*. It is, however, not unimportant that in the same Poem 12, another Dwarf *Buri*,²¹ of *Modsökner's* blood, is mentioned, for the *Fornaldar Sög.* 2. 13. 14. giving a Saxon genealogy compared with the Norse mythic descents mentions *Finn han wer köllum Buri*. But here it is quite clear that no dwarf is meant, for the *Völu-spá* accurately distinguishes between *Buri*, *Modsökner's* descendant, and *Finnr*, *Dwalin's* descendant, whose name is not found in some MSS. But what *Buri* is then meant? Obviously the antient mythic *Buri (pariens, generans)* the father of *Bur* or *Börs (natus, generatus)* whose three sons in turn are *Odin*, *Vile*, and *Ve*. If *Finn* then is as *Buri* a progenitor of *Wôden*, he may very safely be looked upon as a mere form of *Wôden* himself."

Having thus glanced at the original Myth of *Finn*, it remains to notice the real or fabulous *Fin*, Hero and King of *Friesland*. He is represented in the

²¹ Mr. Kemble omits to remark that in the Names of the Dwarfs and in the Manner of writing them there is great Discrepancy among the MSS. The whole Line: "*Billingr, Brunni, Bildr, Buri,*" where this Name occurs is in some Instances absent. Prof. Bergmann, in whose Edit. of the *Völu-spá* it would form Line 68, omits it as spurious. Prof. Finn Magnussen and Dr. Dietrich (*Altnordisches Lesebuch*) in close it within Brackets as doubtful.

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Poem as at War with the Danes. The Danish General is Hnæf called a Scylding, whom the Traveller's Song calls King of the Hocings, and of whom we get the following Genealogy in our Poem :—

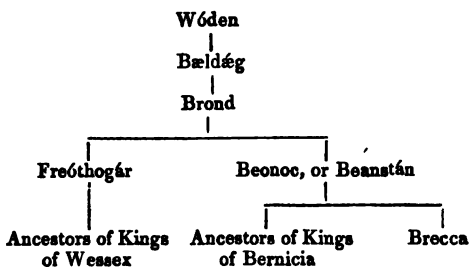


Hnæf is assisted by Hengist, Gúthláf and Osláf (Ordláf of the Batt. Finsb.) and other Heroes. Though himself killed in the Contest, he attacks and conquers Finn, who is deprived of half his Kingdom. Hengist who if, as supposed by Mr. Kemble, not²² I think with much Probability, the Founder of the Monarchy of Kent, is therefore a Geatic Wicing, remains in Friesland, to occupy the "annexed" Portion of Finn's Kingdom. Hildeburh seems to be Finn's Wife. Hengist the next Year is murdered by Finn, but the Danes under Gúthláf and Osláf avenge the Murther, Finn is routed and slain, and his Wife Hildeburh carried Captive to Denmark.

A Race of Brondings, and their King Brecca, son Beanstán, are also mentioned. We find Brand or Brond, for in the Saxon Chronicle²³ it is written both Ways, in the Genealogy of the Kings of Wessex and Northumberland. The Sons of Brond are Freóthogár and Beonoc. It is possible enough the Beonoc may be the Beanstán of Beówulf: and if so, the Line will stand thus :—

²² I am not aware that any Writer states Hengist the first King of Kent to have died in Friesland, whereas Matt. of Westminster (ad an. 489) declares that, being defeated and made Prisoner by Aurelius Ambrosius, he was, at the instance of Eldad, Bishop of Gloucester, beheaded.

²³ Ad ann. 547, 552. 597. 854.



Heatho-ræmis, Brecca's Capital, is probably the Island of Rom (Romesϕ or Rómϕ) on the North-West Coast of Slesvig.

I proceed now to give a short account of the Sigmund and Fitela of Canto XIII. These are the Sigurdr Fafnisbani, and Sinfjötli of the Edda *Sæmundar* and *Volsúnga Saga*, and the former of them is the Sigurdr or Sigfródr of the *Wilkina Saga*, the Sifrid (or Siegfried) of the *Nibelunge Nôt* and the Seyfrit of the *Heldenbuch*. The Poet however has confused Sigurdr Fafnisbani and his Father Sigmundr. Sigmundr was a King in Frankland,²⁴ a Son of Völsungr, who, not recognizing his Sister Signi disguised by the Arts of a Witch,²⁵ begat of her Sinfjötli, who is accordingly called here his Nephew, and is the Brother not Nephew of Sigurdr. But Sigurdr and Sigmundr are in *Beówulf* one Person, the Sigmund of the Poet. Sigmundr and Sinfjötli²⁶ pass on their Adventures together, are changed for a While for their

²⁴ Edd. *Scem.* Sinfjötla Lok. Frankland would at that time be both Banks of the Rhine. Sigmundr's Kingdom is said to be somewhere about the modern Dutchey of Juliers. The *Nibelungen-lied* calls it *Niederland*, the *Wilkina*, S. c. 131. *Jarlunga-land*.

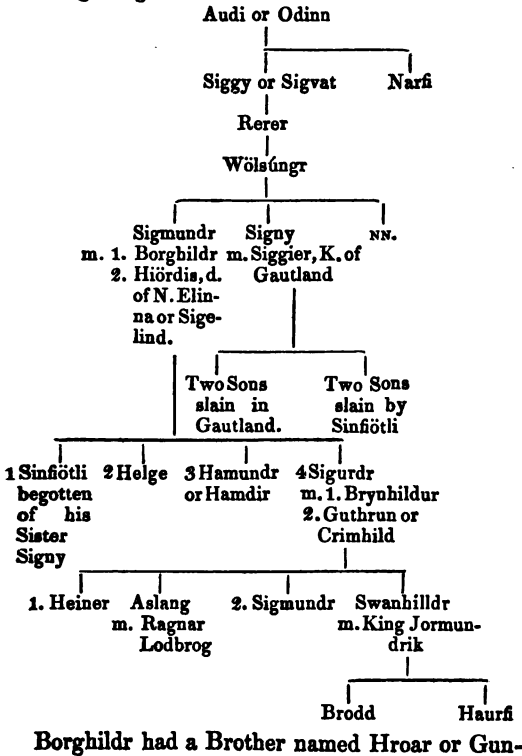
²⁵ *Völsúnga Saga*, c. 11.

²⁶ *Völsúnga Saga*, c. 11. 12. 13. 14. &c.

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Crimes into Werwolves, and burn Signy with her Husband Siggeir. Sigmundr married Borghildr, by whom he had Issue Helge and Hamundr, and afterward, by Hiödis, Sigurdr. The following Genealogy is taken from the Tables given by Peringskjöld at the End of the Wilkina Saga, from the Nibelungen-lied, from the Edda Sœmundar and Völsunga Saga:—



narr;²⁷ but Gunnarr and Sinfjötli both falling in Love with the same Lady, the former was slain by the latter. On this Borghildr determined to drive him into Exile, but, Sigmundr insisting on his being quit on paying the Compensation-money, or "were," she poisoned him.

The Wilkina Saga²⁸ calls the Mother of Sigurdr Sisile (Cœcilia) daughter of Nidung King of Spain, and tells a Tale of his Birth too interesting to be omitted here. The Story is very similar to a most beautiful Legend relative to S. Genevieve, which may be seen in the second Vol. of the Deutsche Sagen of the Brethren Grimm, and was published in English during the Stewart Period in a duodecimo Volume called "Innocence asserted," and which I met with a few Years ago in the Library of J. Eyston, Esq. at Hendred House, Berks. The Saga informs us that during the Absence of Sigmundr, he committed his Queen to the Care of two Noblemen, Artvin and Hermann, who failing to induce her to betray her Husband, on his Return accused her in Malice. Sigmundr ordered them to lead her out into a neighbouring Wood to Execution. On the Way Hermann felt Compunction, and his savage Companion taking Offence at his Protestation of Penitence, they fell to Blows and Artvin was slain. In the mean Time the unhappy Queen was taken with premature Labour, and placed her Infant, Sigurdr, in a glass vessel, which Artvin in the Struggles of Death knocked into the River, at the Sight of which Accident the Queen expired with Grief. The Glass, however, floated

²⁷ The Name is called Hroar in the Brethren Grimm's *Lieder de alten Edda*, but Gunnarr in the great Copenhagen Edit. of the *Edda Sæmundar*, by Prof. Finn Magnusen, in 3 vols. 4to. 1787. 1818. 1828.

²⁸ *Wilk. Sag.* c. 131—149. Grimm *Heldensage*. p. 75.

with the Stream, till coming in Contact with the Bank, it broke asunder, and the Child screamed. Then came a Hind and took the Child in her Mouth, and bare him home to her Lair, where she had two young, together with which she suckled him, so that at the End of a Twelvemonth he was as strong as a Boy of four Years old. There was a Man named Mimer, a marvellously cunning Smith, who took him home and educated him in his Smithey. After a While the Strength of the Boy, displayed in a Quarrel with one of his fellow Handicraft-lads named Eckihard, and by splitting the Anvil with his Blows, and perhaps his Voracity, (for it seems he ate in one Day what was thought enough for nine), caused some Alarm to Mimer, who accordingly asked him to go into the Wood and burn the Charcoal, intending that he should there fall a Sacrifice to his Brother Reginn, who haunted the Wood, and for his Cruelties had been turned into a furious Dragon. Sigurdr assented, took with him a Hatchet, and having cut down a vast number of Trees, arranged them in a Pile for burning, and having lighted them, as it was now Day-time, set himself to his Meal, and ate up all the Meat and drank up all the Wine which Mimer expected would last him nine Days. Presently he saw the Dragon approach, and drawing a flaming Beam from the Fire, strake him on the Head therewith with such Force that he felled him to the Earth, and repeated his Blows till the Dragon was dead, when with his Axe he cut off his Head. In the Evening having filled his Kettle with Water, he cut off with the Hatchet some of the Dragon's Flesh to boil for his Supper. On putting his Finger into the Liquor, and scalding it, he put it into his Mouth, and so bringing a Drop on his Tongue, he immediately understood the Language of Birds, and heard two Birds saying to one another, " If this

Man knew what we know, he would certainly go home and slay Mimer his Foster-father, who has attempted to compass his Death, for this Serpent was Mimer's Brother, and Mimer will avenge his Blood and kill the Youth." Sigurdr then rubbed his Body with the Dragon's Blood, on which his Skin became as impenetrable as Horn, except between the Shoulders where he could not reach to apply it; and having resumed his Clothes, went home carrying the Dragon's Head in his Hand. On his Return Mimer hypocritically bids him welcome, but he answers, "It shall be no Welcome for you, for you shall gnaw this Head like a Dog." "No, no," said Mimer, "you must not do that, I assure you I had rather make you Compensation for having done Ill to you. I'll give you the Helmet and a Shield and Byrnie, those Weapons I made for Hertnid King of Holmgardi, and they are the best of all Weapons. And a Horse will I give you named Grani, which is in the Stud of Brynhildr, and a Sword called Gramr, which is the best of all Swords." Sigurdr having accepted the Conditions, and put on the Armour, Mimer gave him the Sword, which swinging with his utmost Strength, he strake and killed Mimer. He then proceeds to the Borg or Castle of Brynhildr, bursts open the Gates and slays seven Thralls and seven Knights, who oppose him. Brynhildr, who was sitting in her Boudoir (*situr i skemmu sinni*), hearing of the Matter, went down and joyfully welcomed her Visitor, informed him of his Rank and Birth whereof he had hitherto been ignorant, and inquired the Object of his Visit. On learning that he had come for the Horse Grani, she gave him free Permission to take him, and sent some of her Attendants to catch him. They were unable to do so, but Grani delivered himself spontaneously to Sigurdr, who put a Bridle on him, mounted on

his Back, and having thanked Brynhildr for her Hospitality, departed. Thus far the Wilkina Saga.

The Edda, the Völsunga Saga, and the Nibelungen Lied tell the Tale somewhat differently. According to the last Sigelint is the Name of Sifrit's (Sigurdr's) Mother, according to the first two, Hiördýs: and the Story of Sisile seems to have been unknown to the Authors of them all. In the Edda and Völsunga Saga Reginn or Reigin is the Name of the Smith, not of the Dragon, who is called Fafnir. Indeed the Author of the Völsunga Saga, as Prof. Finn Magnusen observes, appears to have taken his Account from the Edda. Here the Tale is, however, thus told. Hreithmar a Person of the Race of the Dwarfs or Dæmons had three Sons, Reigin, Fafnir, and Otur. The last had the Faculty of transforming himself into an Otter, and in this Form was killed by Loki who in company with Odin and Hæner met and chased him. The same Evening the Æsir (Gods) walked out in human Form, and having accepted the Hospitality of Hreithmar, were by him with the Assistance of Reigin, who was marvellously cunning, cruel, and skilful in magic, made Prisoners. They ransomed themselves by filling the Otter's Skin with Gold. Reigin and Fafnir wished for a Share of this Treasure, and Hreithmar refusing was murdered in his sleep by Fafnir, who appropriated the whole Treasure to himself, and left none for either Reigin or his two Sisters.²⁹ Reginn asked for his Share of the Gold, but Fafnir refused, and being possessed of an Ægis-helmet which strake Terrour into every living Thing, he

²⁹ This Tale is found in the Edda. Quitha Sigurdar Fafnisbana, part I. Compare Völsunga Sag. c. 23. and Skalda l. c. p. 135—7.

constantly lay at Gnítaheithi, watching his Treasure, in the Form of a terrible Dragon.

Sigurdr having consulted his Uncle Grípir, who was a Seer, about his Fate, went to the Stable of Hjalprekr, (Germ. Hilferich, Fr. Chilperic), and thence chose for himself the Horse Gráni, large of stature, and bred from Odin's Charger Sleipner.³⁰ Reginn then joined him and became his Adviser and Companion. He told him the Tale we have just narrated, forged for him the Sword Gramr, and urged him to take Vengeance upon Fafnir. Sigurdr then sets out accompanied by Reginn in some Ships furnished by Hjalprekr, and after a Storm and singular Dialogue with a Nicker, vanquishes and slays Lyngvi Hundings-son and his three Brethren. He then returns home to Hjalprekr, but being again incited by Reginn to the Slaughter of Fafnir, he and Reginn proceed to Gnítaheithi, and find the Path whereby Fafnir was wont to glide to the Water. Here Sigurdr dug a Pit and got into it. As Fafnir passed forth he blew out a Jet of Venom, which however passed over Sigurdr's Head, and as he glided over the Pit Sigurdr pierced him through the Heart with his Sword, and sprang out of the Pit. A curious Dialogue ensues. Fafnir assures Sigurdr that the Treasure will prove his Ruin, and that Reginn will as readily betray him as he had himself.³¹

Sigmundr then took Fafnir's Heart and roasted it on a Wire, and when he thought it was done enough, and the Blood bubbled from the Heart, then he took it with his Fingers and tried whether it were fully roasted. It burnt him, and he put his Finger in his Mouth : but as soon as Fafnir's Heart's Blood had touched his Tongue he under-

³⁰ Völs. Sag. c. 22.

³¹ Compare Völs. Sag. c. 27.

stood the Speech of Birds, and heard the Eagles talking on the Branches. They recommend him to eat Fafnir's Heart, assure him that unless he kills Reginn the latter will certainly by Treachery avenge his Brother, and bid him take undivided Possession of the Treasure. He accordingly takes off Regian's Head, eats the Heart of Fafnir, and drinks both his Blood and that of Reginn.³² The Eagles continue their Conversation, and indicate to him the Spot incircled by Fire where the Walcyrie Sigrdrifr or Brynhildr lay, under her Helm, cast asleep by Odin, who had fastened her Veil with a Thorn. "Hero, thou shalt see the Maid under the Helm, who rode (the Horse) Ving-skornir out of the Battle; a King's Son may not break Sigrdrifr's Slumber ere the Decree of the Nornir." Sigurd then enters Fafnir's Dwelling, loads Grani with the Treasure, mounts and rides the Hindarfiall, the Place pointed out, where he finds the Virgin sleeping in complete Armour. He removes the Helmet, but the Byrnie was so fast to the Body that he cut it through with his Sword Gramr and awoke her. She taught him Runes and many wonderful Things, and gave him valuable Advice.

We now come to where the Icelandic Accounts fall in with the Nibelungen Lied. Sigmundr or Sifrit, goes into the Land of King Gjuka, and marries his Daughter Godrun or Kriemhilde, and effects the Marriage of Brynhildr with Kriemhilde's Brother Gunnarr or Gunthere King of Burgundy, by Arts which I need not stop to explain.³³ According to the Nibelungen Lied however the two Ladies quarrel for Precedence, and Hagene von Troneje, one of Gunthere's chief Knights, considering his Queen insulted, undertook to avenge her, and that

³² Compare Völs. Sag. c. 28.

³³ Nibel. Adv. vii. Sigurdar Quitha Fafn. iii. in Edda.

upon the innocent Sifrit, though the latter had "beaten his Wife black and blue" for her Impertinence to the Queen of Burgundy. A great hunting Party is proposed, and Sifrit attends, but laying aside his Arms and stooping down to drink at a Well, Hagene thrust a Spear into the vulnerable Part of his Back, and so murdered him.³⁴ His Wife Kriemhilde afterwards married Etzel (Attila) and the barbarous and treacherous Revenge she took for her Husband's Death occupies all the latter Part of the Nibelungen Lied.

The Edda and Volsunga Saga tell the Tale somewhat differently from this. Brynhildr, though married to Gunnarr is in Love with Sigurdr, and greatly distressed at his rejecting her for Gudrun, thinks at last of Revenge. By continued Importunities she at length prevails on Gunnarr to consent to the Murder of Sigurdr in his Bed. Gunnarr proposes to Högni (Hagene) to murder Sigurdr and appropriate the Treasure. Högni refuses, and the Deed is assigned to a Youth called Guttormr to perpetrate.

Dælt var at eggja	Facile erat instigare
Obilgiarnan.	Animo ferocem.
Stóþ till hiarta	Penetravit ad cor usque
Hiór Sigurþi.	Ensis Sigurdo.
Rép til hefnda	Tentavit vindictam
Her-giarn i sal,	Bellicosus in cubiculo,
Oc eptir varp	Atque in discedentem misit
Obilgiörnóm.	(Telum) animo ferocem.
Fló til Gottorms	Volavit in corpus Guttormi
Grams ramliga	Regis valide
Kyn-birt jarn	Mire politum ferrum
Or konúngs hendi.	E regis manu. ³⁵

Gudrun awakes, for she is floating in her Hus-

³⁴ Nib. Adv. xvi.

³⁵ Sigurdar Quitha Fafn. xx. Völs. Sag. c. 39.

band's Gore, (flaut í dreyra) Sigurdr attributes the Murther to the Despair of Brynhildr, consoles his Wife, and expires.

Brynhildr then adorned herself magnificently, distributed Treasure to her Attendants, arrayed in a golden Byrnie and reclining on a Bolster, stabbed herself, gave directions as to the burning of her Body with that of Sigmundr and expired. Their Remains were burned on the same Pyre.

I here conclude this Sketch of the Legend of perhaps the most renowned of all Heroes of Antiquity. Lachmann has shown the Probability of his having been once a heathen God, by the subsequent Changes of Religion brought down at length to the Hero Sifrit of the Nibelungen Lied. And though his Name has almost perished from Memory in this Country, yet the Deed which obtained him the Surname of Fafnisbani, has not. In Christian Nurseries the slaying of the Dragon³⁶ has been transferred to St. George of England, who, when suffering Martyrdom for the Gospel in Nicæa, probably little thought of ever having his Brows decorated with the Crown of an old Teutonic heathen God. With the Sifrit of the Nibelungen, Edda, and Volsúnga Saga, there is I think probably some really historical Personage mixed, but I have been quite unable to identify him: but now that much

³⁶ It frequently occurs that the slaying of a Dragon is attributed to a Character who may without Fear be considered as historical, as for instance, Ragnar Lodbrok, of whose historical Existence there would seem to be but little Doubt, however we may discredit his marvellous Achievements. In several Cases of this kind I am not sure that we may not find an historical Explanation for the Feat by transferring the Scene thereof from the Land to the Sea, and supposing the Slaughter of the Dragon to be merely the Destruction or Capture of one of those larger Vessels called by our Northern Ancestors "Dragons."

Attention throughout Europe is turned to the Chronicles of the Middle Ages it is possible that others may be more fortunate.

With regard to the Geographical Notions of my Author, I have endeavoured to embody them in a Map. In this it is probable I may have made sundry Errours, which I trust the Reader will pardon, in Consideration of the Difficulty of identifying Places at this Distance of Time. The principal Authorities consulted have been Mr. Kemble, Ettmüller's Works, Leo, Thorpe's Notes to the Traveller's Song in his Codex Exoniensis, Zeuss, and the Orosius of King Ælfred.

I shall probably be expected by my Readers, before closing this Introduction, to say a few Words on the Age of the Poem. Dr. Thorkelin places it very early, about the third or fourth Century, denies the Authour's being a Christian, and considers it as manufactured in Denmark. This Notion, I think, may be summarily discarded. Dr. Wheaton says it "is probably a Translation or Rifacciamento of some older Lay originally written in the antient Language of Denmark."³⁷ That it is founded on National Legends there can be no Doubt, but why on that Account it should be considered as a Rifacciamento or Translation of an older Work, I am at a Loss to discover. That the Authour was a Christian is evident, and therefore the work must be subsequent to the Arrival of the Missionaries of the Holy See at the latter End of the Sixth Century, (for the Language is pure Anglo-Saxon, and was certainly written in England or by an Anglo-Saxon of this Country), and the Traditions are of heathen Date. But the same Traditions, or at least many of them, were known to, and are given as History by the Christian Writers of the Anglo-

³⁷ Northmen, p. 130.

Saxon Chronicle, as well as by the Christian Latin Writers. The *Beówulf's-Lay*, then, appears to me to have as good a Claim to be considered an original Work in its Present State as the *Æneid* of Virgil or indeed any Epic Poem in Existence. I conceive then that the Author was a Christian of this Country, and from the little Bits of Preaching that one meets with every here and there, and his References to the Sacred Volumes, I think it probable that he may have been an Ecclesiastic. And for that the chief Hero of the Poem is Geatic, and the People and Royal family of Kent were Geatic, it is hardly to be thought improbable that he may have been attached to the Court of the Kentish Kings. And if so, I should be inclined to look for him among the good Monks of S. Augustine's Canterbury. Leo and Ettmüller call our Poem an "Heroic-Poem of the Eighth Century." The historical Higélac whose Death is chronicled between the Years 515 and 520 and who was succeeded by his son Heardred, and afterwards by *Beówulf*, who reigned fifty Years, a Period which the Poet would hardly have introduced, if, in his Time, the Death of Higélac were a recent Event, seem to mark the Work as certainly not earlier than the beginning of the seventh Century. And if as Leo, I think very improbably, supposes, the Legend of St. Genévieve is the Root of the Story of Sigmund in the Poem, then must it be much later, as Sigmund was gone to fight under the Banners of Charles Martel against the Saracens, when he left his Wife Genévieve (Sisile) in the Care of Golo (Artvin or Hermann). If this is so, it would bring it down to the Time of Charlemagne. The Language of the Poem, again, does not appear to me to differ so much from that of King *Ælfred*, or of *Ceadmon*, as to warrant our placing a very long Interval between the Productions : but it appears to forbid our

considering it as belonging to the later Danish Dynasty of Cnut.

All things then considered, I am inclined to believe, 1. That the Poem was originally written in this Country, perhaps in the Kingdom of Kent; 2. That its Author was without Doubt a Christian, and probably an Ecclesiastic of some Kind; 3. That it was founded on legendary Tales brought hither by the Géatic Conquerors of Kent, or else by some of the Angle Races who colonized other Parts of the Island; 4. That it belongs to the seventh, or eighth, or, at latest, to the early Part of the ninth Century.

I now conclude this Introduction, wherein I have endeavoured, as far as within reasonable Limits I might, to render the Perusal of the Poem easy and pleasant to the Reader, and if by awakening these Echos of the long lost Melody of Times gone by, I shall have induced any one to give a Moment's serious Thought to the mighty Changes wrought by Time in its ever-rolling-onward Career, as contrasted with the changeless Perfection of Eternity, then have I done something towards elevating at least one Mind in the Scale of Being, and my Time and Labour have been well spent.

HAMMERSMITH,
Feast of St. Matthias, Apostle,
1847.



Beowulf.

INTRODUCTORY CANTO.

HO! We have learn'd in lofty Lays [1]
The Gár-Danes¹ Deeds in antient Days
And Ages past away,
The Glories of the Theod-Kings,
And how the valiant Æthelings
Bare them in Battle's Day.
Oft Scyld, the son of Scéf, from Bands
Of foemen, drawn from numerous Lands,
The Mead-thrones tare away ;
For Dread he cast on all around
Sith he was first an Out-cast found,²
Thus he abode in easy State,
And 'neath the Welkin waxéd great,
And in his Glories thrive,
Till circling Nations far and wide
Over the Path the Whale doth ride³
Obeyed and Tribute gave.
This was a Monarch good :—and he
Was after bless'd with Progeny,
Young in his Palaces, by Heaven
A Comfort to the People given :
He knew the Ill they had sustain'd.
While chieftainless they long remain'd.
Therefore to him the Lord, whose Sway

Life and Death themselves obey,
 Who Glory gives and takes away,
 Vouchsafed a high Command;
 Illustrious was Beowulf's Name,
 And widely spread the Scylding's Fame
 Through all the scatter'd Land.
 Thus should a Warriour Chieftain bold
 Enhance by prudent Gifts of Gold
 His Father's Dignity,
 That when age-stricken is his Hand,
 And War shall come upon his Land
 A voluntary warrior Band
 May round him marshall'd be.
 He whom his People will sustain,
 In every Land shall Honour gain,
 By Deeds of Chivalry.
 But Scyld, at fated Time, departs
 Ripe, to the Lord's eternal Rest,
 His Comrades dear with aching Hearts,—
 According to his last Behest
 While yet he own'd the Power of Speech,—
 Bare forth his Corpse upon the Beach.
 A ring-prow'd Ship there ready stood
 Prepared to tempt the foaming Flood,
 The Car the noble love to ride
 It shone like Ice upon the Tide.
 Within the goodly Vessel's Hold
 Their Monarch dear they cast.
 Distributer of Rings of Gold,⁴
 The mighty by the Mast.
 And there were Gems and Treasure fair
 From distant Climes collected there.
 And never did I hear Man say
 Of comelier Ship, bedight
 With Weeds of War for Battle's Fray,
 With deadly Bills and Byrnies grey,
 And Weapons of the Fight.
 Rich Treasure in abundant Heap

INTRODUCTORY CANTO. 3

Upon his Bosom lay,
 Into Possession of the Deep
 With him to pass away.
 They would not send their Chief away
 With less Magnificence than they,
 Who sent him forth of yore,
 To wander o'er the Ocean wild
 A lonely and deserted Child.
 They high above his Head unroll'd
 A fluttering Banner's Wings of Gold,
 And bear him let the Waters cold,
 To Ocean gave him o'er.
 His gallant Band of cheer were low,
 And sore dispirited,
 For, sooth to say, no Mortal, though
 He wise may be, can ever know,
 Nor answer how or whereunto
 The pretious Cargo sped.⁵

CANTO I.

THEN o'er the Scylding Cities gain'd [105]
 Beówulf Rule, and long he reign'd;—
 (His Sire, that antient Chief of Worth
 Had pass'd elsewhere from off the Earth,—)
 Till from him haughty Healf-dene rose,
 And while he life retain'd
 Aged and dreadful to his foes,
 Full joyously he reign'd.
 At length unto him numbered o'er
 Awoke on Earth¹ his Children four,
 Leaders of Hosts, Heoro-gár,
 Hróth-gár and Halga good in war,
 And Ladye Elan, o'er the Tide
 Who pass'd, I heard,² the Scylfing's³ Bride.
 Then was vouchsafed to Hróth-gár's Sway
 Success full high in Battle-fray

And martial Honours brave,
 So that his Kinsmen to his Sway
 A free Obedience gave,
 And thus their noble Youth into
 A mighty kindred Nation grew.—
 It came into his princely Mind
 To raise a Palace fair-design'd
 A Banquet-hall of State,
 Such as the Children of Mankind
 Might ever celebrate,
 And there dispense to all his Band,
 Both young and old, his Bounty grand,
 Whatever the All-mighty's Hand
 Had unto him assign'd,
 Except the Right of Odel-land
 And Lives of human Kind.⁴
 Then, as I heard,⁵ both far and wide
 This mighty Work was notified
 Throughout the Earth the Tribes among,
 The adorning of this Castle strong.
 In time it came to pass⁶ at last
 That this of Palaces most vast
 Was to Completion brought,
 And the great Monarch whose Behest
 Both far and wide high Power possess'd
 Yclept it Heorot.⁷
 Nor fail'd he of his Word, but gave
 The costly Rings and Treasures brave,
 At Banquet as he sate:
 Lofty and vaulted rose his Towers,
 But loathly Flame's malignant Powers
 His Palace did await.
 Nor was it longsome Season ere
 The Hero bade the Oaths to swear;
 But afterwards through deadly Hate
 His Power was destined to abate.⁸
 For dread the Enemy and fell,
 A Fiend that did in Darkness dwell,

And ill he brook'd in that fair Hall
 The daily Voice of Festival:
 There was the Harp's melodious Swell
~~To Song of Bard, well learn'd to tell~~
~~Man's first Original and Birth:—~~
~~Who said the Almighty made the Earth~~
 The bright-fac'd wave-incircled Plain,⁹—
 How, triumphing in Victory's Reign,
 He set the Sun and Moon so bright,
 The Dwellers on the Earth to light,—
 How He adorn'd the barren Ground
 With quick'ning Verdure all around,
 And made all living Nature rife
 With the dark Energy of Life.
 Thus gallantly the Comrades fared,
 Till one both stark and fell,
 Dark Deeds to perpetrate prepared,—
 A ghastly Foe from Hell:
 And Grendel hight that demon gaunt;
 The Marches were his lonely Haunt,
 The Moor and Fen and Fastness' Height
 He held subjected to his Might.
 The Dwellings of the Demon-kin¹⁰
 Full long had he been doom'd to guard,
 Sith first of old condemn'd for Sin
 By the Creatour's just Award.
 Th' eternal Lord on Race of Cain¹¹
 Avenged the Death of Abel slain,
 For little was he pleased to see
 That Deed of salvage Enmity,
 But for his Crime th' Creator's Ban
 Out-drove him from the Haunts of Man.
 Therefrom arose the Monster Crew,
 Eótiens, Elves, Orks,¹² and Gyants too;
 And long 'gainst God a War they made,
 He therefore Vengeance due repaid.

Chri.

4

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CANTO II.

[229]

FORTH went the Fiend, when Night o'ercast,
 To visit Hróth-gár's Palace fair,
 And notice how, the Banquet past,
 The Hring-Dane Youth maintain'd them there,
 There in the Hall the Chiefs around,
 The Banquet o'er, asleep he found;
 Nor Woe nor Care their Hearts oppress'd,
 Nor evil Passions in the Breast
 They knew not aught of Pains.
 The Monster, grim and greedy¹ too,
 Soon ready, fell and furious, slew
 While sleeping, thirty Thanes.
 Then homeward, glorying in his Prey,
 Dragging the slaughter'd Forms away,
 His dismal Dwelling gains.
 Then in the Morn, when Day began
 Was Grendel's Deed revealed to man,²
 And after Feast rose Wailing high,
 For bitter was the morning Cry,
 The Prince erst good, the mighty King,
 Sat woe-begone and sorrowing,
 The Thane was grieved when saw the Host
 The Steps of the malignant Ghost.
 That Struggle was, alas! too strong,³
 Too loathsome and withall too long.
 Nor was there longer quietude,
 But when one Night was past,
 His Course of Murder he renewed,
 For Naught he reck'd of Crime or Feud
 In that he was too fast.⁴
 And then was easy to be found⁵
 A Bed among the Bowers round
 Far more commodiously to sleep
 Than there where bidden Watch to keep.

Full truly said, by Token plain,
 The hated Foe of Palace-thane,
 Who scaped the Fiend would afterward
 Keep wider Distance closer Guard.
 Thus did he rule, and constant Fight
 Maintain'd against the Cause of Right,
 Alone 'gainst all, till the most great
 Of Palaces stood desolate.
 The Time was long, twelve Winters' Space
 The lov'd of all the Scylding Race
 Indured his Rage, each woful Case,
 And mighty Wretchedness,
 That 'mongst the Sons of Men 'twas known,
 And in sad Songs of Sorrow shewn,
 How Grendel, while he still renew'd
 Crime, vengeful Hate, and deadly Feud,
 For Years 'gainst Hróthgár War pursued
 With ever fresh Success.
 Nor would the Life-pest⁶ ever take
 A golden Fee, and Treaty make
 With Wight of Danish Land,
 But the Death-spirit dark and strong,
 Foul Monster persecuting long,
 Insnared and sore oppress'd the Young
 And Noble of the Land.
 He held in everlasting Night
 The misty Moors;—no living Wight
 Can e'er describe the penal Place
 Assign'd to Hell's dark wizard Race.⁷
 Such Crimes this Foe of Man had done,
 Such cruel Deeds this Wanderer Lone,
 He dwelt throughout the darksome Night
 In Heorot's fair Hall
 Yet not, for the Creator's Might,
 Could he the Gift-throne's Treasure bright
 Approach nor could he bring to Light
 His Counsels dark at all.
 Right piteous this.—The Scylding great,

Heart-broken and disconsolate,
 The mighty one in Council sate,
 They urged their anxious Rede,
 How it were best 'gainst crafty Hate
 For Heroes to proceed.
 At Times indeed they would ordain
 The solemn Service of the Fane,
 And to the Spirit-slayer,⁸
 Help in the public Woe to gain,
 Would raise their earnest Prayer.
 Such was the heathen's Hope and Course,
 Who Hell in Mind ador'd,
 Nor wist of Judge who gives the Meed
 Of every good and evil Deed,
 They knew not God the Lord,
 Nor how the heavens' Protector high,
 The Glory-king, to magnify.
 Woe be to him whose Malice dire
 Would thrust into th' Imbrace of Fire
 The Soul, where Nought can Hope inspire
 Of Comfort in its Woe ;
 But bless'd who after Death's dread Day
 To seek the Lord departs away
 And in the Father-bosom⁹ may
 Heaven's Peace eternal know.

CANTO III.

THUS then did Healf-dene's valiant Heir [376]
 Seeth¹ with continued Grief oppress'd,
 Nor could the prudent Hero's Care
 Avoid the devastating Pest,
 For that the Struggle was too strong,
 Too loathly and withal too long,
 The People that so sore bested
 With Malice grim and Vengeance dread,
 Of nightly Woes most drear :

Till, from his Home, did Higelác's
 Thane,³ 'mongst the Geáts renown'd, th' Attacks
 Of Grendel's Fury hear.
 Mightiest of all Mankind was he,
 Noble, and full of Dignity,
 In this Life's Daylight³ fair,
 Forth-with a Traveller of the sea⁴
 He bade his Men prepare :
 Athwart the Path of Swans profound
 He said he would proceed,
 And seek the War-king, Prince renown'd
 Sith he of Men had need.
 The prudent, though they loved him, deem'd
 Somewhat unwise the Journey seem'd,
 Sharpen'd their Minds with previous Thought
 And anxiously an Omen sought.
 The good Chief from the Geátic Land
 Had chosen out a valiant Band,
 Whom he could find most keen,
 And to his Ocean-wood he went
 Escorted by an Armament
 Of gallant Youths fifteen.
 Time pass'd, the Ship was on the Wave,
 The Boat beneath the Mountain's Brow,
 And ready were the Warriours brave
 And stepp'd upon the Prow.
 Anon they sent the Waters there
 Sea whirling o'er the Sand,⁵
 The Men their ready War-sears fair
 Into the Vessel's Bosom bear
 Shove off the Bound-wood, and repair
 On perilous Campaign to fare
 A willing warrior Band.
 Then foamy-neck'd across the Tides,
 Driv'n by the Wind, the Vessel glides,
 As Water-fowl doth ride,
 And for an Hour, the second Day,
 The wreathéd Prow had sail'd away,

When Land the Wanderers spied :
 They saw the Sea-cliffs glisten bright,
 And the steep Mountain's dizzy height,
 And ocean Nesses wide,
 And now the Sea is safely past
 Their Toil is at an End at last.
 Without delay the Weder⁶ Band
 Debark'd, and stepp'd upon the Land,
 And tied their Vessel sure,
 Drew forth their Sarks, their War-weeds⁷ brave,
 And God they thank'd that o'er the Wave
 Their Course had been secure,
 Soon from the Wall the Scylding Ward,
 Whose duty was the Cliffs to guard,
 Beheld them from the Vessel draw
 Bright Shields, and Instruments of War,
 His Curiosity brake⁸ through
 In ponderings of his Mind to view
 What Men they e'en might be,
 Therefore on horseback rode he to
 The Margin of the Sea.
 The Thane of Hróth-gár brandish'd in
 Strong Hands, his mighty Javelin
 And thus in Words he spake :
 " Who are ye, that, in Armour dight,
 And guarded well with Byrnies bright,
 Your foaming Keel have hither led
 Athwart the Holm, and traverséd
 The Passage of the Lake ?⁹
 I, as the Border-warden, keep
 My Watch upon the Ocean deep,
 Lest with a pirate Band
 Some of the Foemen to our State
 Should harry, rob, and depredate,
 Upon the Danish Land.
 Yet ne'er did shielded Warriours here
 More openly before appear,
 The Pass-word of our warlike Crew

CANTO III.

11

Unknown, and Rites to Kindred due.
 Throughout the Earth I ne'er did see
 'Mongst Earls, a Chief in Panoply
 Of nobler Form to view
 Than one of you appears, and he
 In Arms must not unfrequently,
 Unless his Countenance's grace
 Belie him, and his matchless Face,¹⁰
 High Deeds of Worship do.
 Now I, ere o'er the Danish Land
 From hence you farther go,
 Like leasing Spies in traitor Band,
 Your Origin must know.
 Now Dwellers of a far Countrey,
 Ye, Wanderers o'er the mighty Sea,
 My simple Thought ye know,
 And Speed were wisest,¹¹ whence may be
 Your Coming here to shew.

CANTO IV.

THE Band's chief Captain in Reply [513]
 Unlock'd his Speech's Treasury,¹
 " Home-thanes of Higelác are we,
 Of Geátic Race and Pedigree,
 My Sire, whom Nations well did know
 As noble Prince, hight Ecg-theów,
 And many Winters o'er him fled
 Ere on his Way from Earth he sped,
 Through Earth the wise among Mankind
 Can well his Memory call to Mind.
 And we, with faithful Hearts, thy Lord,
 Healfdene's great Son, the People's Guard,
 To visit hither come,—do thou
 To us propitious Counsel show.
 We to the mighty Danish King
 An Errand of high Import bring,

Nor, if right Hope I entertain,
 A Secret shall it long remain.
 For, sooth, we have heard tell, (and thou
 Canst say if true the Tale I trow,)

 Some Fiend, I wot not who,
 The secret Foe of Valour bright,
 Doth, in the Darkness of the Night,
 In form of Terrour stark appear,³
 And uncouth Malice, Death, and Dere,
 Upon the Scyldings do.

Now I, with Counsel great and bold,³
 To Hróth-gár would my Rede unfold,
 How, wise and good, his demon Foe
 He may avail to overthrow,
 If e'er he scape, and of his pain
 The busy⁴ Retribution gain,
 And thus his whelming Woe shall fain

 Relax its boiling powers,
 Or else the noble Chief must reign,
 A troublous Time, in harrowing Pain,
 While on High-stead there shall remain

 The best of Royal Towers."
 To him the Warder quick replied,
 A Man of Heart untterrified,

 As on his Horse he sate :
 " Full well the shielded Man of might,
 He who has learned to think aright,⁵
 Twixt Words and Deeds by Judgement's Light
 Had need discriminate.

Now that I hear and understand
 Your Cohort is a faithful Band,
 To Scylding Prince allied,
 Proceed, unhinder'd, forth to bear
 Your Arms and Weeds-of-battle fair,
 And I will be your guide.

My Comrades too I will command
 To guard your Vessel on the Sand,
 Your new-pitch'd Bark, from foemen Band

Whoe'er they be, secure.
Till th' wreath-neck'd Wood,⁶ athwart the Main,
Loved men, shall bear you back again
 Unto the Weder Shore.
Such Heroes be it giv'n unto
The Deeds of Battle's-rush to do,
 Unscathed by Wound or Sore."
When motionless at Anchor stood
The hollow-bosom'd Vessel good,
Secure beneath the Cable's hold,
Proceeded forth the Warriours bold.
Defences on their Cheeks they wore
Wrought with the Image of the Boar,
In twisted Gold, and Sheen, made hard
In Fire, the Life's Defence to guard.⁷
With salvage Mind, and grim, in Haste
The Men together downward pac'd,
Till they the Mansion strange behold,
Well furnished, and adorn'd with Gold,
Of Palaces 'neath Heaven's Ray,
 The Dwellers of the Earth before,
Most famous, where the Monarch lay,
 Whose Light shone many Countries o'er.
The Beast-of-war⁸ the proud one's court
 To them did plainly show,
So that they might unto the Fort
 Immediately go.
One of the Warriours turn'd his Steed,
And said: "'Tis time I should recede:
You may th' All-mighty Father keep
 Safe in your dangerous Course,
Nearth His protection:—to the Deep
I must away, my Guard to keep
 'Gainst any hostile Force."

CANTO V.

THE Street with shining Stone bespread [637]
 The men their Course together led.
 Hand-lock'd and hard¹ shone Byrnies bright,
 Sang² iron Rings in Hawberk grey,
 As, in their Dress-of-terror³ dight,
 On to the Hall they made their Way.
 Their Bucklers broad with Margin strong
 The weary Seamen rang'd along
 The Wall in Order bright,
 And bowed them on the Benches round,
 While their ringed Hawberks hoarsely sound,⁴
 The Heroes' Weeds-of-fight.
 Their Lances piled together stood,
 The seamen's Arms, of ashen Wood
 Grey tipp'd above, the iron Threat⁵
 Was bright upon the Weapons set.
 Soon ask'd the Sons-of-battle then
 A Hero proud, of th' valiant Men :⁶
 " Whence bring ye solid Shields away,
 And Helmets grim, and Hawberks grey,
 And Sheaf of spears ? I pray explain,—
 I Hróth-gár's Herald am and Thane :—
 And Strangers have I never seen
 So many of so noble Mien.
 For glory 't is, I undertake,
 Not Exile, but for Valour's sake,
 Ye Hróth-gár's Dwelling seek."
 The Weder Chieftain proud and brave,
 Hard 'neath his Helm,⁷ this Answer gave
 And thus his Word did speak.⁸
 " My Name 's Beó-wulf : Board-thanes we
 Unto the Geátic Monarch be.
 And I would e'en my message bring
 Unto thy Lord, the mighty King,
 Healf-dene's illustrious Son, if he

Permit, and think it meet
 To be allow'd to us, that we
 So good a Prince may greet."
 Then spake the Vandal Chief Wulf-gár,
 For War and Wisdom fam'd afar :
 " I therefore to the gracious Dane,
 Giver of Rings, the Scylding King,
 The mighty Chieftain, will right fain
 As thou desirest me,⁹ explain
 Thy journey and forthwith will bring
 What Answer the good Prince through me
 Shall deem it fit to send to thee."
 Then forth he sped where bald and old
 The royal Hróth-gár sate
 Surrounded by his Barons bold
 In venerable State.
 Then forward stepp'd the Warriour good
 Until he at the Shoulder stood
 Of Denmark's Monarch ;—well knew he
 The Customs of Nobility.
 Wulf-gár address'd his Sovereign dear :
 " The People of the Geáts are here,
 From far o'er Ocean's Road¹⁰ they came
 Their Chief the Sons-of-battle name
 Beó-wulf :—Suppliants are they,
 My Sovereign, that with thee they may
 In Words hold Converse high,
 And thou, O! Hróth-gár, say not nay,
 But frame a kind Reply.
 For they, in warlike Harness dight,
 Full worthy do appear
 Of Earl's possessions, and the Knight
 At least must be a Prince of Might,
 Who leads his Warriours here.

CANTO VI.

[937]

HROTH-GÁR the Scylding Chief began,
 " Well as a Child I knew the Man,
 Ecg-theów his sire, to whom the brave
 Hrethel his only Daughter gave :
 And here hath come his Off-spring bold,
 A faithful Friend hath sought ;
 For Geátic Mariners hath told,
 Who hither Presents brought,
 His single Arm, renown'd in Fight,¹
 Doth wield full thirty Warriours' Might.
 And him for Honour's high Intent
 The holy God hath hither sent,
 To Western Danes :—I therefore hope
 With Grendel's Terrours well to cope,
 With Treasures fair the good Chief I
 Shall guerdon for his Gallantry,
 Haste bid them enter, see they be
 Received together joyously,
 And also tell the friendly Band
 They're welcome to the Danish land."
 [Wulfar returning]² thus brought Word,
 " My royal and victorious Lord
 The East-Dane Chief hath bid'n me tell
 He knows your Race and Lineage well,
 And o'er the Ocean's whelming Wave³
 As Men of Counsels high and brave⁴
 He bids you welcome here.
 Then, Comrades, ye may forward now
 In Mail bedight, and Helm on Brow,
 Before him to appear ;
 But leave your Shields and Lances too,
 And eke your Arrows deadly true,
 The ending of your Interview
 To bide in Safety here."

Uprose the mighty Chieftain good
 And many a Thane around him stood
 A gallant Band array'd,
 While some remain'd behind, and there
 The warlike Armour held in care
 E'en as the Hero bade.
 Then on in Haste the Warriours sped,
 Which Way the gallant Wulf-gár led,
 'Neath Heorot's extensive Arch,
 Till on the Dais was his March,
 Mighty 'neath polish'd Aventayle,
 And on him gleam'd his Sark of Mail,
 The cunning Work of Iron net
 By Craft of Smith together set,
 As thus yspoke the Geátic Thane :
 " To Hróth-gár hail ! the royal Dane,
 Of Higelác, that Monarch high,
 The Kinsman and the Thane am I,
 And in my earlier Youth have wrought
 Full many Deeds with Glory fraught,
 And I have learn'd in Father-land
 The Ravage wrought by Grendel's Hand.
 For Trav'lers say this Noble hall
 The stateliest of Dwellings all,
 Soon as the evening Light has been
 Concealed beneath the Heaven serene,
 Is left to Emptiness consigned
 A useless Thing to all Mankind,
 My Countrymen then call'd on me,
 Men prudent and of high Degree,
 To thee, O King ! to go ;
 For they have often known my Might,
 Seen me returning from the Fight
 Bestain'd with Blood of Foe :
 For five of them I bound full tight,
 And quell'd the Eoten Clan,
 And on the Waves of Ocean bright
 I slew the Nickers of the Night,—

A narrow-risk⁵ I ran.
 The Weders Feud I did requite,—
 They sought their Ill,—with dire Despite
 I ground them in the Fray;
 And now against foul Grendel's Might,
 Against that Monster vile, the Fight
 Alone I would essay.
 High Prince of Scyldings, Lord of Danes,
 One Boon have I to crave of thee,
 Free Lord of men, Defence of Thanes,
 Deny not my Request to me,
 Now I so far have got,
 Alone with these my Earls, that I,
 Amid this Hero-company,
 May lustrate Heorot.
 I hear the Monster doth not feel
 On his wan Hide the Dint of Steel,
 I therefore, (so may my good Lord
 Be gentle-minded me toward,)
 Forego the Warriour's Sword to draw,
 And broad Shield yellow Orb of War,
 To grasp the Fiend in deadly Strife
 And Foe to Foe contend for Life.⁶
 And thus in dire Suspense must he
 Await the Lord's supreme Decree,
 Whichever Death shall take:
 If he prevail and I should fall,
 Of Geátic Blood within the Hall
 A Feast I ween he'll make,
 As oft the Monster did withall
 When th' Hrethmen's Power he brake.
 Thou needest not my Helm to hide,
 But he will have me blood-be-died.
 Bear forth my Corpse, if I should fall
 And grant a Warriour's Burial,
 And let the lonely Traveller
 Unmourning eat and see,
 And the Fen-barrow register,⁷—

Ye need not make more lasting Stir
 For Like-wake unto me.
 But send I pray you safely back,
 If War take me, to Higelác⁸
 The Battle-shroud that guards my Breast,
 Of all Habergeons the best,
 'Twas Hrædla's Legacy,
 And Weland's⁹ Work that iron Vest.
 What Fate decrees must be."

CANTO VII.

[906]
HROTH-GAR replied, the Scylding Prince ;
 " My noble Friend, for our Defence
 And Aid thou seek'st our Land.
 The mightiest of Feuds of old
 Was ended by thy Father bold,
 Amongst the Wylfing Band
 When Heatho-láf, whom Javelin Race¹
 Might ne'er for Battle-terrors face,
 Fell 'neath his slaughtering Hand.
 Then Envoy to the Scylding Court
 The South-Danes o'er the Waves he sought,
 When o'er the Danish Heritage
 And Heroes' Treasure-town,²
 (A mighty Sway in early Age,)
 I first assum'd the Crown.
 My elder Brother had pass'd away,
 Great Healf-dene's Son Heoro-gár
 No more enjoy'd the Light of Day:
 Better than I was he by far,
 For I with Gold appeas'd the War,
 And sent unto the Wylfings, o'er
 The Back of mighty Sea,³
 My antient Treasures.—Then he swore
 The Oaths of Peace to me.
 But woe is me, within my Mind,

To tell to any of Mankind
 What sore Reproach and sudden Hurt
 Grendel in Heorot hath wrought

By his Designs of Ire,
 My Castle's Guard, my War-array,
 Has wan'd, as swept by Fate away,
 In Grendel's Horrors dire.

(Yet God the raging Reprobate
 From all his Crimes could separate,⁴)
 The Sons-of-war, elate with Beer,⁵

Oft o'er the Ale-cup Vows have made,
 In Hall, with Terrours of the Sear,
 To bide the Wrath of Grendel's Raid.

Then when Day dawn'd at Morning-tide
 The Banquet-room was blood-be-died,
 And the whole Mead-hall, Bench and Floor,
 Reeking with Blood and sword-shed Gore.⁶

And my dear faithful Youths were left
 More few by those whom Death had reft.
 Now sit thee down, and eat, my Friend,

Among my Warriours true,
 And as thy Mind shall Counsel lend
 With joyous Freedom do."

Then for the valiant Band of Geáts
 Were quickly clear'd the banquet Seats,
 And bold and friendly, gay and free
 They sat them down for Revelry.
 The Thane whose Office was to bear
 The twisted Horn performed his Care,
 Sweet Mead he pour'd that sparkled fair,

The while the Poet sung :
 Serene in Heorot's fair Hall
 Arose the Heroes Festival,
 And not a little Pomp withall,
 The Geáts and Danes among.

CANTO VIII.

BUT haughty Hunferth, Ecg-láf's Son [906]
 Who sat at royal Hróth-gár's Feet,
 To bind up Words of Strife¹ begun,
 And to address the noble Geat.
 The proud Sea-farer's Enterprize
 Was a vast Grievance in his Eyes :
 For ill could bear that jealous Man
 That any other gallant Thane
 On Earth, beneath the Heavens' Span,
 Worship beyond his own should gain.
 " Art thou Beó-wulf," then he cry'd,
 " With Brecca on the Ocean wide
 That didst in Swimming erst contend,
 Where ye explored the Fords for Pride,
 And risk'd your Lives upon the Tide
 All for vain Glory's empty End ?
 And no Man, whether Foe or Friend,
 Your sorry Match can reprehend.
 O'er Seas ye rowed, your Arms o'erspread
 The Waves, and Sea-paths² measuréd,
 The Spray ye with your Hands did urge,
 And glided o'er the Ocean's Surge.
 The Waves with Winter's Fury boil'd
 While on the watery Realm ye toil'd,
 Thus seven Nights were told,
 Till thee at last he overcame,
 The stronger in the noble Game.
 Then him at Morn the billowy Streams
 In Triumph bare to Heatho-ræmes,
 From whence he sought his Fatherland,
 And his own Brondings' faithful Band,
 Where o'er the Folk he held Command,
 A City, Rings, and Gold.
 His Promise well and faithfully

Did Beanstán's Son perform to thee,
 And ill I ween, though prov'd thy Might
 In Onslaught dire and deadly Fight,
 Twill go with thee, if thou this Night
 Dar'st wait for Grendel bold."

Beó-wulf spake; " My Friend, I feel
 Good Ale hath made thy Brain to reel,
 So long thou dost of Brecca's tell,
 So long upon his Journey dwell;—
 I tell thee sooth, no other Wight

Can be compar'd with me,
 For Labours on the Waves, and Might
 Upon the stormy Sea.

But he and I in early Youth,
 Had each to other plighted Troth
 Our Lives to risk on Ocean's Flood,
 And thus we made our Promise good,
 Our naked Swords in hand had we,
 What time we rowed upon the Sea,
 Against the Whale³ Defence to bide.
 Away from me he could not glide
 More swiftly o'er the Ocean's Flow,
 And far from him I would not go :

Five Nights we thus were cast,
 Till chilling Storms and darkling Night,
 And Floods, and Wind from northern Site,
 Stirr'd up the boiling Torrent's Might,
 And sunder'd us at last,

Fiercely the Sea's mad Billows rav'd,
 The dark Sea-monster's Pride was chaf'd,
 Then, hard and hand-lock'd,⁴ did my mail
 For Help against my Foes avail,
 My interwoven battle Vest
 Lay wrought in Gold upon my Breast.
 The many-colour'd Foe did me
 Drag to the Bottom of the Sea
 Fast in his grim Embrace comprest,
 But there 'twas granted me the Pest

CANTO VIII.

23

To reach with Edge of Brand ;—
 The Mighty monster of the Main
 Fell, in the Rush-of-battle slain,
 By my victorious Hand.

CANTO IX.

“**F**ULL oft on me my hated Foes [1112]
 With threatful Violence arose,
 With my dear Sword,¹ I did oppose,
 As fitting was to do,
 When near the Bottom of the Sea
 They all together set on me,
 The Workers of Iniquity
 No Satisfaction drew ;
 For they at Morn, with Daggers bor'd,
 And put to sleep beneath the Sword,
 On the Waves'-leavings² lay ;
 That never since that cursed Horde
 Have hinder'd on the boiling Ford
 The Ocean Traveller's Way.
 At length, when eastward broke the Light,
 God's beauteous Beacon gleaming bright³
 More calm the Ocean lay,
 I saw the rocky Nesses plain,
 The windy Walls that gird the Main.⁴
 While yet his Courage lasteth good
 Fate⁵ oft preserves a Warriour true,
 Thus with my Sword in Onslaught rude
 It fortun'd I nine Nickers slew.
 Ne'er 'neath the Arch of Heaven wide
 Heard I of harder Battle sped,
 Nor e'er upon the Ocean's Tide
 Of Champion more sore bested,
 I yet endured, and bare away
 My Life, though weary of the Fray :
 Then me the Sea to Finland bore,

Flood, boiling Fords, on sandy Shore,
 Such Deeds of Arms I ne'er have heard
 Of thine, or Terrours of the Sword,⁶
 Nor e'er did Brecca's Might,
 Nor any one among you all
 So dearly Worship win withall
 By bloody Sword in Fight,
 I speak not this in boastful Tone,
 Though thou thy brethren, yea thine own
 Most near of Kin didst slay,
 For which in Hell's eternal Lair
 Damnation's Curses thou shalt bear,
 Be thy Wit what it may,⁷
 And here I tell thee, Ecg-láf's Son,
 The foul Wretch Grendel ne'er had done
 Thy Lord the Scathe and Dere,
 That now in Heorot is seen,
 Had but thy craven Spirit been
 What thou wouldst make appear.
 But he has learned to hold in slight
 Your people's Feud, and fearful Might,
 The Scyldings' victor Bands,
 To force th' unwilling Pledge, and dare
 To war at Will, nor Dane to spare,
 To put to sleep in Death, and slay,⁸
 Nor ever weens heroic Fray
 To meet at Gár-Dane Hands.
 But I, a Geát, with him shall hold
 A Fight unlook'd for, stern, and bold,
 And when next Day in Morning's Light,
 The sun the Heaven's Guardian bright,
 O'er Sons of men below,
 Comes shining forth with southern Ray,
 Then justly proud let him who may
 Unto the Mead-bowl go."
 Hoary and bold, the treasure-Chief,
 With Joy anticipates Relief,
 The bright Prince of the Danes,

The People's Shepherd with Delight
 Lists, while the valiant Geátic Knight
 His high Resolve explains.
 The Heroes' Laugh rose loud and clear
 With winsome Words and fair to hear
 And Mirth and Joy resound.
 While Wal-theów, great Hróth-gár's Queen
 Went forth adorn'd in golden Sheen,
 And greeted, mindful of their Kin,
 The Chiefs the Hall around.
 But first the Lady free and fair
 Unto the East-Dane Monarch bare
 The Goblet she had crown'd,
 And bade him joyously to fare
 With the brave Warriours round.
 The conquering King in joyous Haste
 Received th' o'erflowing Gold,
 And round the Helmings' Lady pac'd
 Unto both young and old,
 In every Part as on she sped
 Rich Vessels she distributed,
 Until the Time arrived when she,
 A Queen, with Mind of Dignity,
 Bedecked with Rings and Jewels fair
 The Mead-cup to Beó-wulf bare,
 The noble Geát she greeted fair,
 And God she thank'd with Wisdom rare,
 Her wish He had vouchsaf'd, a Chief
 Whom she could trust to for Relief.
 The flowing Cup from Waltheów
 The formidable Geát
 Receiveth, ever ready Foe
 In Battle's Rage to meet.
 Beó-wulf Son of Ecg-theów, spake:
 " E'en this did I my Object make,
 To do your People's call,
 When first I started o'er the Main

And enter'd with my hero Train
 My Ocean-boat withall,
 Or, fast ygraspt in hostile Strain,
 In murth'rous Struggle fall;
 My Worship, as an Earl, I'll raise,
 Or bide the Ending of my Days
 Within the banquet Hall."

Well lik'd the Dame the boastful Word,
 As down she sat beside her Lord,⁹
 Free-born, and deck'd with golden Sheen,
 A mighty Nation's honour'd Queen.
 Then fresh, as erst, within the Hall,
 Proud Words and gay were echoed round,
 It was the People's Festival,
 A Nation's high triumphant Sound;¹⁰
 Till Healf-dene's Son at length arose
 To seek his Evening Repose;
 He knew in Hall what rancorous Hate
 His hapless Vassals did await,
 When Sun-light was withdrawn,
 And night, in Darksomeness arrayed,
 Came forth the Form of whelming Shade¹¹
 Beneath the Welkin wan.

Arose each Warriour from his Seat,
 And each did other kindly greet;
 Hróthgár Beówulf did address,
 He wish'd him Fortune and Success,
 His Wine-hall to his Keeping gave,
 And thus address'd the Warriour brave.

" To other Mortal ne'er did I
 Commit my Mead-hall's Custody,
 Sith first the Sword I learned to wield,
 And Strength acquired to lift the Shield,
 Now therefore have and hold possess'd
 This House, of Palaces the best;
 Be mindful of thy martial Fame,
 Shew forth the Valour of thy Name,
 'Gainst Foes keep wakeful Guard;

CANTO IX.

27

For, canst thou do the glorious Deed,
 Thy largest Wish shall not exceed
 Thy Honours and Reward."¹²

CANTO X.

FORTH from the Hall, with Hero-train, [1317]
 Departed then the royal Dane,
 The Scylding Chief, to seek Repose,
 The War-king to his gentle Spouse.
 Now had the King of Glory bright
 Appointed against Grendel's Might,
 (So men relate the Tale aright)
 A Palace-warden great ;
 He to the Chieftain of the Danes
 His Duty wrought, and 'mongst his Thanes
 The Eóten did await.
 The Geat Prince trusted readily
 His proud Strength and his Courage high,
 Which the Creator gave,¹
 And from his sinewey Form off-drew
 His iron Mail, his Helmet too
 He doff'd, and gave his Sabre true,
 The costliest of Blades,² into
 The Keeping of his Slave.
 His Instruments of Fight he told
 Him under Charge to take,
 Beówulf then, the Warriour bold,
 The Geátic Chieftain spake,
 And e'er he stepp'd on Bed to rest
 His Daring high in Words express'd
 " It is not that myself I feel
 Weaker in Strength for Deeds of Fray³
 Than he, that I forego with Steel
 Grendel to put to sleep and slay.
 This might I do, (for God to know⁴
 His fiendish Soul hath never sought)

Though rude and roughly he might do
 And my good Shield in Pieces hew
 With Pride by Works of Malice wrought,
 Yet shall we 'tend to War this Night,
 If he unarm'd will dare the Fight,
 And God, the wise and holy Lord,
 Shall Glory as he will award."

The War-beast laid him down to rest,
 His Cheek the downy Cushion press'd,
 And round him many a Seaman gay
 Reclin'd upon the Benches lay.
 None thought his Country more to see,
 The People, and the City free,

 Where he had erst been bred :
 For, as they heard, so many a Dane
 A Death of Slaughter had o'erta'en
 Within that Wine-hall dread.

But Heaven's eternal Lord decreed
 The Woof of Victory,⁵ good speed
 Unto the Geáts, and Help in Need,
 That all should through the Might of one
 O'ercome their Demon Foe,

In His own Strength—and thus 'tis shown
 The Lord All-mighty rules alone
 The Race of Men below.

But the bold Ghost, shade-stalking Sprite,⁶
 Came in the Wanness of the Night ;
 The Warriours on the Couches slept,
 The pinnacled Hall that should have kept,
 Save one,—for the Creator's Will,
 (Twas known to men,) forbade
 The Sin-scathe foul their Blood to spill
 Beneath the Evening Shade.

The wakeful Chief, on Couch reclin'd,
 In rage and fell Despite
 Against the Foe, with wrathful Mind,
 Awaits the coming Fight.

CANTO XI.

CAME Grendel from his marshy Lair, [1413]
 When misty Shadows fall,¹
 God's Wrath upon his Brow he bare,
 And thought some Mortal to ensnare
 Within the lofty Hall.
 He 'neath the Welkin went till he
 The Banquet-palace wide,
 The Treasure-hall of Men, could see,
 With Vessels beautified.
 Not for the first Time now his Road
 He bent to Hróth-gár's fair Abode,
 Nor in his Life in Castle-ward
 Before or since found starker Guard.
 Before the mourning House he halts,
 The iron-bound Gates he quick assaults
 Confin'd with strong fire-harden'd Bands,
 He seiz'd the Portals in his Hands,
 In rage the Hall's mouth² open tore,
 And stalks along the marble Floor.
 In Wrath he mov'd and Flame-like bright,
 Stood in his eyes a horrid³ Light,
 For many a Chief he there describes,
 A kindred Band in peaceful wise
 Of Warriours sleeping round him lies
 Together in the Hall.
 Then laugh'd the Monster, as ere Day
 He thought each Hero there to slay,
 And on him Hope did fall
 Of full Repast :—but never more,
 After that awful Night was o'er,
 Of Human-kind to taste the Gore
 Was for his Fate decreed.
 The valiant Thane of Higelác
 Saw how in sudden-made Attack

The Man-scathe would proceed ;
 Recks no Delay the Demon curst,
 But quick one slumbering Thane at first
 He seizes on his Seat,
 Rends, bites asunder Joints,⁴ drains
 The Life's Blood from the throbbing Veins,
 And doth in Cursed-morsels⁵ draw
 Adown his darksome hollow Maw,
 And soon from off the dead Remains
 Devours the Hands and Feet. .
 Then forth where, stretched in calm Repose,
 The Chieftain of the Geátic Band
 Full wakeful lay, the Monster goes,
 And laid on him his baleful Hand.
 The Chief stretched out his Arm, in Thought
 Of Vengeance, and the Demon caught
 With sudden Grasp, on Elbow set,
 And soon the Monster found,
 That 'mongst the Sons of Men as yet
 So dread a Grasp he ne'er had met
 The World's wide Regions round.
 His craven Soul with Terrours caught,
 (Though 'Scape mote not be found,)
 Would fain in Flight have Safety sought,
 And hidd'n him in his lurking Place
 Midst Tumults of the Demon Race,⁶
 For never in his Life as yet
 So stern Reception had he met
 But Higelác's courageous Knight
 His Recollection cast
 On his Night's Boast, and stood upright,
 And held the Demon fast.
 Till sudden from his Fingers burst
 And outward fled the Eóten curst.
 Forth stepp'd the Earl, for that foul Fiend
 At large had meant to flee,
 And would his marshy Lair have gain'd :
 His Fingers' Strength knew he

'Neath the fierce Warriour's Grasp of Might,
 And felt himself o'ermatch'd in Fight
 When the foul Wretch came back within
 Fair Heorot's Domains,
 The Mead-hall thundered with the Din,
 And for the valiant Danes,
 Their Ale was overturn'd, and rang
 The Palace with the salvage Clang,
 For both were strong, and both in Rage;
 And while the Beasts-of-war⁷ engage,
 So fierce the Tumult in the Hall
 Great Marvel 'twas it did not fall,
 The Castle to the Ground,
 But deftly had the Builder's Hands
 Secured it fast with iron Bands⁸
 Inward and outward bound.
 But, as I heard, where fierce they fought,
 The Gold-chaced Benches bent athwart,
 Though Scylding Artificers thought
 That none of human Race could e'er,
 Though Murther-stain'd and Fury-fraught,
 Break down or loosen them from there,
 Save the resistless Flame's Embrace⁹
 Should e'en devour them in their Place.
 Novel and strange a Sound doth swell,¹⁰
 Base Terrour on the North-Danes fell,
 Who from the Walls heard plain
 The godless Recreant shriek, and sing
 His song of Rout untriumphing,¹¹
 His Lay¹² of sore discomfiting,
 And howl for Wound and Pain.
 He who of all Mankind possess'd
 Most Strength in this Life's Day¹³ compressed
 The Fiend in Death's¹⁴ stern Strain.

CANTO XII.

[1575]

THE Earl's Protector thought not meet
 The Murderer should alive retreat,
 His caitiff Life to no one he
 Suppos'd could ever useful be.¹
 Then quick Beówulf's Liegeman true
 Great Weland's antient Relic drew
 For of his Lord, that princely Wight,
 The Life he sought, (as there they might,)²
 From Danger to protect.
 Bold Sons of Battle little thought,
 While thus laboriously they wrought,
 His Life on all sides as they sought,
 And hew'd, no Steel of costly Sort,
 Nor Sword that e'er on Earth was wrought,³
 Against the loathsome Sin-scathe brought
 On him would take Effect.
 But the proud Warriour would forego
 Victorious Brand and Sword,
 The hateful Spirit of the Foe,
 In this Life's Days,⁴ by Death of Woe,
 Was doom'd into the Power to go
 Of the dread Demon Horde.
 The Foe of God, whose fell Despite
 'Gainst Man had oft wrought sinful Deed,
 Then found that 'gainst the Hero's Might
 His harden'd Hide was little speed.
 But Higelác's bold kindred Thane
 Doth him within his Grasp detain,—
 In Life was each to other Foe,—
 The foul Wretch waits the mortal Blow,
 His Shoulder wrench'd a Fissure shows,
 The Sinews crack, the Joints unclose,
 Success attends the Geát :
 Grendel must flee the Scene of Strife

To his fen Fastness, sick of Life,
 And seek his sad Retreat.
 He feels that now his earthly Race
 Is drawing to its End apace.
 The Battle o'er, the Danes perceived
 Their Object gain'd, their Will, achieved,
 The Chieftain come from distant Land,
 Prudent of Mind and bold of Hand,
 Had purified great Hróth-gár's Hall,
 And made it free from Evil's Thrall.
 In the Achievements of the Night,
 And in the Glory of his Might
 He joys right gallantly,
 For to the Eastern Danes his Plight
 Full well perform'd had he.
 The Woe they erst had rued forlorn
 Throughout their Land he had appeas'd,
 And from the Wrath they must have borne
 For long to come he them had eas'd.
 And this to all was clearly shown,
 When the victorious Chief laid down
 The Hand, and Arm, and Shoulder rent
 From the huge Fiend whom he had shent,
 The Grasp [they all had feared,⁵]
 And 'neath the Arch's Soffitment
 On high the Trophy reared,

CANTO XIII.

NOW, as I heard,¹ at Morning Tide, [1667]
 Full many to the Gift Hall hied,
 And Leaders, far and near,
 In Wonder went around the Place
 The Footsteps of the Foe to trace;
 Nor yet did any there
 Think hardly of his Life's Divorce,²
 Surveying his inglorious Course,

How, weary and in Flight, away
 His Life-steps³ faint he bare,
 O'ercome in Deeds of hostile Fray,
 To the dark Nickers' lair.
 The Wave was bubbling hot with Blood,
 And Poison mantled in the Flood
 With Dye of Death discoloured o'er,
 And boiling up with hostile Gore,⁴
 When in his silent Fen the Fiend,
 Of every Joy bereaved,
 His Life, his heathen Soul resign'd,
 And Hell⁵ him there received.
 Old Comrades thence depart again,
 And many a one proceeds
 On Horseback in the pleasant Plain,
 High Warriours on their Steeds ;
 And, as about the Lake they ride,
 Beowulf's Fame they magnified ;
 " From Sea to Sea, from South to North,
 Beneath the Sun, o'er all the Earth,
 They knew no Warriour bearing Shield
 A Kingdom's Fate more fit to wield "

And blameless held with one Accord
 Hróth-gár their dear and happy Lord,—
 A Monarch good was he.—
 Sometimes the Chiefs their Coursers strong
 Would run in Race the Plains along,
 Where fit the Ground might be.
 Sometimes the Monarch's Bard discreet,
 His Mind with lofty Themes replete,
 Who antient Tales unnumber'd knew
 And modern joinéd thereunto,
 Began in Song to harmonize
 Beowulf's Deeds of high Emprize
 And in due Order to relate
 Successively the Story true,
 Then change his Theme and all narrate
 That he of Sigmund's⁶ Valour knew,

The Wælsing's Battles to record,
 Feud, Crimes, and Wanderings too,
 Which Fitela, who with him warr'd
 Alone of all Men knew,
 Uncle and Nephew ever true
 Each Contest's Dangers share
 And passing many Eótiens' slew
 With Swords ygleaming fair,
 Full glorious Sigmund's Name hath grown
 Sith he in Death hath slept,
 For he, a Prince's Son, alone,
 Valiant, beneath the hoary Stone,⁸
 Hath the gigantic Dragon slone,
 The Treasure Hoarde that kept.
 Alone the Dread of Deeds he dar'd,
 Not Fitela the Danger shar'd :
 To him was giv'n with Weapon true
 To pierce the scaly Dragon through
 That midst the Boiling of the Blood⁹
 The lordly Iron¹⁰ reeking stood,
 The Dragon sank and died,
 The wretched Chieftain by his Sword,
 Injoyment gain'd of that Ring-board
 E'en as his Will might guide.
 His Boat the Wælsing Prince did store,
 And Treasure to his Vessel bore,¹¹
 The Serpent melted at his Feet,
 Consum'd by its internal Heat.
 Throughout the World in every Place
 Renown'd of Wanderers is his Name,
 The Refuge of the warrior Race,
 Through valiant Deeds ;—such first his
 Fame.—
 But after, when the War and Might
 Of Here-mód became more light
 Unto his Foes he was betray'd,
 And Prisoner 'mongst the Eótiens made,
 Sent forth an Out-cast lorn,

Long toss'd on Sorrow's Billows vast,
 Upon his People he at last
 And on his Æthelings was cast,
 A deadly Care and Scorn.¹²
 Thus many a prudent Man griev'd o'er¹³
 The Chief's Exploit in Days of yore,
 Who deem'd him a secure Defence
 Against Misfortune's Influence,
 And thought the Prince's Off-spring bold
 His Father's Heritage should hold,—
 That to the People he
 To Treasure, and to fencéd Town,
 The Realm of Men of War's-Renown,
 The Heritage of Scylding Crown
 A firm Defence should be.
 By all the Friends to Humankind
 There was a more illustrious Fame
 To Hige-lác's good Thane assign'd ;
 For Crime had sullied Sigmund's name.¹⁴
 Sometimes upon their Horses fleet
 The Heroes rac'd the fallow Street,
 And many a Chief of sturdy Soul,
 When Morning's Rays o'erspread the Pole,
 Went forth the lofty Hall to see,
 The Wonder of Arts' Ministry.
 The King who own'd the Treasure Tower,
 Stept glorious from his nuptial Bower,¹⁵
 Surrounded by his martial Power
 For Splendour far renown'd ;
 And Waltheów, the lovely Queen,
 Upon the Mead-hall Stairs is seen,
 Her Maidens following round.

CANTO XIV.

[1843]

MOUNTED the Prince the lofty Stairs,
 And to his Hall ascended,
 Where high 'neath gilded Roof appears
 Foul Grendel's Hand suspended.
 "Thanks for this Sight;" great Hróthgár cries
 "Forthwith to the All-mighty rise:
 Full dread the Scathe and Ravage sore
 That I from Grendel's Malice bore,
 (May God, the King of Glory high,
 Wonders on Wonders multiply,)
 And little did I deem,
 While dreary thus my Palace stood,
 Oppress'd by War, and stain'd with Blood,
 That in my Life-time ever would
 The Day of Vengeance beam.
 My Chiefs, o'erwhelm'd with Grief and Pain,
 Small Hope erewhile could entertain,
 Though noble-spirited,
 The Nations' Land-work to maintain
 'Gainst Fiends and Phantoms dread.
 Now, through God's might,¹ one Chief hath wrought
 What overpass'd our deepest Thought.
 Throughout the Regions of the Earth,
 Whatever be the Matron's name,
 Who gave this noble Hero birth,
 (If yet alive to know his Fame,)
 Well may she say that Heaven hath smil'd
 On her in granting such a Child.
 And, best of Men, my Heart on thee,
 As mine own Son, shall fix'd be;
 Preserve the Peace thou'st won for me;
 Thy earthly Wishes' end
 Shall ne'er be left a goad to thee,²
 Far as my Pow'rs extend:

For Deeds of far less lofty Name
 My royal Bounty often claim.
 Unfading Honours and Renown
 Thy conquering Sword hath gain'd.—
 May God thy Life with Blessings crown
 As He as yet hath deign'd.”
 Then spake Beówulf, Ecgtheów's Son ;
 “ The Work of Valour we have done
 With Joy, and dar'd with stalworth Might
 The uncouth Monster's dangerous Fight,
 And would thou couldst the Fiend have seen
 Fainting amid thy Treasures sheen ;
 I thought the Monster to have bound
 With Fetters on the Battle-ground
 His Death-bed where he lay,
 Thus had he lain beneath my Arm,
 In caitiff Fear and stark Alarm,
 Had he not slipp'd away,
 But since it was not Heaven's Will,
 My Object I could not fulfill,
 I could not keep the Prey.
 I did not rashly on him fall,
 The Life-destroyer, carelessly,
 For far too strong was he withal,
 The Fiend in his Activity.
 Yet hath he here behind him left
 His Arm and Shoulder from him reft,
 As bond of Life and Flight ;
 But nought of Comfort can he gain
 Thus in his present Plight,
 Nor yet the longer shall remain
 For this on Earth, the loathsome Bane,
 O'erwhelm'd with Sin's infernal Stain,
 Whose Wound in Bonds of deadly Pain
 Grasps him already tight,³
 Awaiting, stain'd with Crimes and Ills
 The Doom the pure Creator wills.”
 A silent Man was Ecglaíf's Son,

CANTO XIV.

39

His boastfull Speeches all were done,
 Now, through the Hero's might,
 That on the Roof the Nobles saw
 The Monster's Hand and sturdy Claw,
 Each Nail like Steel, erect and long,
 The Heathen's Hand-spur⁴ sharp and strong
 The Terrour of the Bold.
 Each said the Demon's bloody Hand
 Not e'en the hardest mortal Brand
 Would 'vail to touch or to withstand
 Or Weapon good of old.

CANTO XV.

THEN soon, as royal Hróthgár bade, [1975]
 The festal Hall was ready made,
 Wrought Man and Maiden to prepare
 The Hall of Guests the Wine-house fair,
 The richly pictur'd Web-work falls
 In gold Devices o'er the Walls,
 A wondrous Work to every Man,
 Who will its varied Beauties scan.
 But that fair Hall, though iron bound,
 Sore injur'd by the Fray they found,
 The Hinges were in Pieces torn,
 The Roof alone was sound.
 As the foul sin-stain'd Wretch had gone,
 Hopeless of Life, in Flight forlorn ;
 No easy Task whoe'er he be
 Who tries from such a Hall to flee.
 But each one of the Sons of Sin,¹
 With Soul be-tenanted,
 Who lives the Earth's wide Bounds within,
 Perforce compell'd shall enter in
 To seek the ready Stead,
 Where his huge Body lies reclin'd,
 The feasting o'er, to Sleep resign'd,

Upon his dying Bed.
 'Tis Time and Season Healfdene's Son
 Should to his Hall repair,
 The King himself his Will makes known
 To join the Banquet there.
 More numerous Tribes were never found,
 I heard, their Chieftain gather'd round,
 And glorious on the Benches lie,
 With plenteous Feast elate,
 Hróthgár and Hróthwulf,² and they ply
 Full many a Mead-cup joyously,
 As Kinsman good, of Daring high,
 In that high Hall of State.
 All throng'd with Friends was Heorot
 And 'mongst the Scyldings there was not
 A Deed of treacherous Hate.
 But now the Prince's liberal Hand
 Presents Beówulf Healfdene's Brand,
 A golden Banner fair to see,
 The Guerdon of his Victory,
 On twisted Shaft so gaily streaming,
 A Helmet and a Byrnie gleaming.
 That pretious Weapon saw the Danes
 Before the Warriour borne,
 While he with Joy receives and drains
 In Hall the flowing Horn.
 Nor needs the aged Chieftain bold
 His royal Bounty small to hold
 Before his Warriour Band
 For ne'er in friendlier wise, I'm told,
 At Feast, four Gifts adorn'd with Gold
 Gave generous Monarch's Hand.
 The Helm, the Head's Defence, inlet,
 Contain'd, in wiry Chasing set,
 About the Crest, an Amulet,
 That ne'er old hard-scour'd³ Sword may wound
 The Brow that Spell is cast around,⁴
 When 'gainst the Raging of his Foes,

CANTO XV.

41

With Shield bedight, the Warriour goes.
 Next bade the Earls' Defence prepare
 Eight noble Steeds, adornéd fair
 On Cheek, within th' Inclosure there
 Before the Hall to bring.
 On one a Saddle rich was dight,
 Gleaming with Gold and Treasures bright,
 Whene'er he entered in the Fight
 The War Seat of the King.—
 In War the wide-renown'd one's Might⁵,
 When fell the dead Men in the Fight,
 Was never slumbering.
 The Chieftain of the Ingwins' Band
 Then gave into Beówulf's Hand
 The Horse and Armory's⁶ Command,
 And hop'd that long the Chieftain bold
 The honourable Post might hold.
 Thus manly did the Monarch true,
 The Treasure-guard of Heroes, do,
 With Horses thus and Treasures due
 War's Onslaught guerdon well:
 And thus shall none e'er censure those,
 Who, as unerring Justice shews,
 The Truth will ever tell.

CANTO XVI.

ON ev'ry Youth that o'er the Main [2093]
 Had wander'd with the Geátic Thane,
 While yet th' enlivening Mead-bowl flow'd,
 High Gifts the Lord of Earls bestow'd;
 And bade with Gold to compensate¹
 The Warriour's deadly Bane,
 That in his Sin and savage Hate
 The Monster Fiend had slain;
 As many more the Reprobate,
 But for the wise Decrees of Fate²

And Courage of the valiant Geat,
 To Slaughter was full fain.
 The great Creator of the Earth
 Rul'd and still ruleth all Mankind,
 And His high Gift of boundless Worth
 The Wisdom of a thoughtful Mind.
 Much both of Love and Loathing strong
 He bears, on Earth who struggles long.
 Now Healfdene's warrior Chiefs among
 Arose the gladsome Voice of Song.
 The Harp pour'd forth its Measure gay,
 And oft repeated was the Lay,
 And Hróthgár's Poet would relate
 The Wreck of Finn's unhappy State,
 And how on Friesland's Battle plain
 The Scylding Hero Hnæf was slain ;
 When Hildeburh, unhappy Fair,
 Could ill applaud the Eótiens'³ Troth,
 For she hath seen her Brethren dear
 And Children, wounded with the spear,
 One after other fall in Youth :—
 That was a Dame of Fate full drear.
 Hoce's Daughter proud did not in vain⁴
 Lament at Morn her Kinsman slain,
 When she beheld his deadly Foe
 Where most he joyed on Earth below.
 The Thanes that Finn's Command obey'd
 The Fate of War full few had made,
 That ne'er on Battle Plain he might
 With Hengest's Legions dare the Fight,
 Nor yet the Remnant of his Band
 Defend against the Warriour's Hand.
 To him they Terms of Peace assign,
 A Palace for him to resign,
 A Hall and lofty Throne,
 That o'er the Frisian Chief's Domains
 With Eótiens' Sons conjoin'd, the Danes
 Should half the Power own.

That Folcwald's Son, when high in State
 At Treasure-gifts he daily sate,
 Should honour Hengest's Danes with Rings,
 And solid Gold and pretious Things,
 As largely as to Frisian kin
 He gave his Banquet-hall within
 Thus was the Treaty ratified,
 And Oaths were ta'en on either Side,
 Finn unto Hengest swore to guide
 The remnant of his Realm and State,
 E'en as his Witan should decide

In Wisdom all deliberate :

That none by Word or Deed should break
 The Peace, nor of the Quarrel speak.
 Though chieftainless and forc'd to bow
 Beneath their Prince's Slaughterer now,
 If Frisian e'er in Language rude
 Should make Allusion to the Feud,
 Th' uncourteous Words should be redress't
 And with the Sword be set at rest.
 The Oath is sworn, and Gold is poured
 From out the warlike Scyldings' Hoard ;
 The Chief is laid upon his Bier,
 And near him on the Pile appear,
 And Boar in harden'd iron stark ;
 The golden Swine,⁶ the blood-stain'd Sark
 And Æthelings a number great
 By wounds awarded unto Fate

Some fell the Corpse upon

Then Hildeburh, that princely Dame,
 Bade them commit unto the Flame

The Body of her Son ;⁷

To set it on the Death-pyre there
 And on the Shoulder sadly bear.
 The Lady mourn'd her noble Child
 In Songs of Lamentation wild.
 The Warriour mounted⁸ on the Pyre,
 Then quick arose the Sheet of Fire,

And thro' the Welkin wound,
 Death's blazing Beacon, dread and dire,
 Crackling before the Mound :—
 The Helmets melted round,
 And the Wounds' Portals⁹ burst afresh,
 The loathsome Sword-bites of the Flesh,
 To give the Blood its Way :
 That all who fell in War's dread Game
 The greediest of Spirits, Flame,¹⁰
 Devour'd without delay.
 The Flower of either Nation's Name
 Thus sadly pass'd away.

CANTO XVII.

THEN reft of many a cherish't Friend [2243]
 Again the Warriours homeward wend,
 And Friesland seek, their natal Halls,
 Their City's high embattled Walls.
 Hengest with Finn in Friendship true
 Abode the deadly Winter thro',
 And to his Land Attention gave,
 Altho' he might have dared the Wave.
 In boiling Fury rose the Main
 And battled with the Wind,
 When Winter in an icy Chain
 Its Billows fierce did bind,
 Until the circling Year once more
 Rose o'er the Land in Light ;
 So yet doth He who ruleth o'er
 The Weather glory-bright.
 When Winter now was past away
 And Earth had don'd her Mantle gay,
 Forth on his Way the Wand'rer speeds,
 His Spirit set on vengefull Deeds,
 No Dangers of the Sea he heeds,
 But War he seeks and fell Despite

For Memory of the Eóten Might.
 Nor did he thus avoid the Blow
 That lays all earthly Creatures low,
 The dark Hunláfing's lawless Hand
 Thrust thro' his Heart the warlike Brand :¹
 That thus the Eóten's keenly knew
 What Warriours Finn around him drew,
 And bale of the remorseless Sword,
 Which down upon his Dwelling pour'd.
 Gúthláf and Osláf o'er the Sea
 In Sorrow mourn'd the Treachery,
 And part avenged their Woes.
 Nor could the crafty Chief withal
 His Breast controul to see his Hall
 Beleagur'd by his Foes.
 The Prince amongst his Troops were slain,
 His wretched Queen was captive ta'en.
 The Prince's Household, and whate'er
 Of Gold and Gems were foun den there
 They quickly to their Vessels bare,
 And o'er the Ocean's bed,
 Together with the lordly Fair,
 Unto the Danes they led.
 So ceas'd the Gleemen's tuneful Sound
 And Mirth arose the Benches round,
 And Wine was round the Table sent
 In Cups of marvellous Ornament.
 Then forth proceeded Waltheów,
 A golden Crown upon her Brow,
 Where, true as yet and free from Hate,
 The two fair Cousins peaceful sate :
 There Hunferth also had his Seat
 At aged Hróthgár's royal Feet,
 And each one deem'd his Courage high,
 Albeit in the Days gone by
 In War's dread Game he false had been
 To those who were his nearest Kin.
 Thus spake the Queen : " Receive," said she,

“ This cup, my Lord, and happy be,
 Gold-prince of Men,² do thou address,
 Our Geatic Friend with Gentleness,

As fits thee well to do.

Be joyous now, and far and near
 With Gifts their friendly Spirit cheer,
 And Amity renew.

'Tis said this Hero will be stiled
 Henceforth as Thine adopted Child,
 Now Heorot, the Heroes' hall,

Once more is free from Stain,

Injoy then now the Festival
 While yet thou may'st,—thy People all
 And this thy fair domain,

Leave to thy Kin when Heav'n shall call
 Thee hence to wend again.

I know my winsome Hróthwulf will
 With honourable Zeal fulfill

Tow'rd the young Scions of our Race,
 Shouldst thou first die, the Guardian's Place.

I ween that to our Offspring he
 Will bear him passing tenderly,
 If he will on his memory press

What Favour we have shewn,

What in the Day of his Distress³

To raise his Fame and Happiness
 Our friendly Care hath done.”

She said, and turn'd where 'mongst the Throng
 Of Heroes' Children, fair and young,

Sat the Crown Princes twain,

Hróthric and Hróthmund, and beside

The royal Brethren in his Pride

The gallant Geatic Thane.

CANTO XVIII.

OFT to the Warriour proud was borne [2384]
 With friendly Words the flowing Horn,
 Where Gold in strange Devices sheen
 Gleaming in twisted Art was seen ;
 Rings and a Robe he now receives
 All ruby red upon the Sleeves,
 The noblest Collar too that I
 Have ever known beneath the Sky,
 To Herebyrht sith Háma bare
 Away the Brósings' Collar¹ fair,
 The Gems and Treasure Chest,
 Then in Hermanaric's Meshes wound,
 The fatal Counsel took and found
 Death's everlasting rest.
 That Ring had Swerting's Nephew good,
 When 'neath the Banners last he stood,
 The Treasure to defend,
 Amidst the Din of Death and Blood,
 And there he met his End.
 For Pride he had unjustly fought
 And feud against the Frisians sought.
 The pretious Freight the Victor bore
 The Waves' broad Chalice² swiftly o'er ;
 The Chief beneath his Buckler sunk,
 The lance his royal Blood had drunk,
 And with his Life for aye resign'd
 The Ring and Mail he left behind :
 While Warriours of less lofty Grade
 The Treasures of the slain invade,
 And Geátic Heroes tenanted
 The darksome Dwellings of the Dead.
 Hark thro' the Hall what Accent breaks,
 Again the royal Lady speaks
 " Receive this Ring, Beówulf dear,

And long enjoy this Vestment fair,
 And flourish gallantly ;
 Increase thy Might with skilfull Mind,
 And to these gentle Youths full kind
 Let all thy Counsel be.
 And I thy Deeds of high Emprize
 Will recompense in lofty-wise,
 For loud thy noble Exploits call
 On every generous Name,
 Both far and near, and great and small,
 Far as the Ocean Tide withall
 Surrounds its earthly windy Wall,³
 To own thy Praise and Fame.
 Live thou a happy Chief, and I
 Grant thee a copious Treasury ;
 A worthy Son to me be found,
 Valiant in Arms, and gay in Hall,
 For every Youth thou see'st around
 Is faithful to his Brethren all.
 Sound in his Duty, every Thane
 Is courteous, gentle, and humane,
 The People all are true ;
 E'en with the lively Mead Cup flowing,
 The Warriours, tho' with Spirits glowing,⁴
 As I command them do."

She said and to her Seat she went.—
 The Feast was passing excellent,
 The generous Wine-cup flow'd uncheck'd ;
 None of that antient Creature reck'd
 Grim Fate,⁵ how it was on its Way,
 When, at the closing of the Day,
 His Couch great Hróthgár should have sought,
 Against full many of his Court.
 Within a Troop of gallant Thanes
 To ward the festal Hall remains,
 The tables clear'd, they strewed the Ground
 With Beds and Bolsters all around,
 And readily, with Labour spent,

In peaceful Rest the Menial bent.
 Close at their Heads in Order stood
 Their warlike Shields of polish'd Wood,
 And o'er the valiant Æthelings
 Gleam'd their bright Helms, their Hawberk Rings,
 And Spears of weary Weight withall :—
 Such was the Custom of the Hall.
 Whether at Home or on Campaign,
 Ready for War they aye remain,
 Whene'er their Lord their Aid may need.—
 A faithful People they indeed.

CANTO XIX.

THEY sank to sleep.—One Hero there [2502]
 For that Night's Rest full sorely paid ;
 As oft befell, when Grendel made ;
 His Visits to that Palace fair :
 Evil that Monster wrought, till Death
 Depriv'd him of his loathsome Breath,
 That all Mankind might recognize
 Th' Avenger of Impieties.
 But Grendel's Mother, Wretch impure,
 Broods o'er her Son's Discomfiture,
 A female Demon doomed to dwell
 In Terrours midst the Water's swell,
 Sith first the lawless Hand of Cain¹
 Became his only Brother's Bane,
 Then forth with Murder stain'd he sped,
 Of favour'd Man the Pleasures fled,
 To seek the dreary Wold,
 And there he gave unhallow'd Birth
 To Creatures grim that haunt the Earth,
 Goblins and Demons old.
 Of these was Grendel foul begot,
 The hateful Wolf² of Heorot
 Whom yet a bold and wakeful Wight

Dar'd to embrace in deadly Fight ;
 For well he knew his Courage high
 Th' All-mighty did bestow,
 And in His Favour ever nigh
 For Comfort would and Aid rely,
 And thus subdued the Foe,
 Who thence in Shame and Misery
 To Death's dark Realm did go.
 The mother Fiend, a Soul had she
 Blood-greedy like the Gallows-tree,³
 And she for deadly Vengeance' Sake
 Will now the Battle undertake.
 Then quick to Hróthgár's princely Hall
 She bent her baleful Way ;
 The Hring-Dane Youth in Slumbers all
 Around the Benches lay.
 Quick woke the Earls the sudden Din
 When Grendel's Mother enter'd in.
 Less Terrour paralyz'd the Crew
 At the foul female Monster's View,
 As Woman's Battle-rage less fraught
 With Fear than Man's is ever thought,
 When hammer'd Sword all stain'd with Gore
 Hews with its doughty Edge the Boar
 That nods the Warriour's Helmet o'er.
 Throughout the Hall each hastes to wield
 His Sword, and lifts his ample Shield,
 Nor stays with Helm his Brow to brace,
 Nor Byrnie o'er his Breast to place,
 When first arose th' Alarm :
 The hateful Fiend, discover'd, would
 In Flight have made her Safety good,
 And left the Palace calm,
 But ere her fenny Lair she sought,
 One valiant Noble she had caught,
 (By the good Chief to all preferr'd
 Twixt the two Seas his Realm that gird,
 Sworn Comrade of the royal Dane,)

And in his Sleep remorseless slain.
 The valiant Geat was then away,
 He in another Chamber lay,
 After his Guerdon high.
 The well known Hand the Fiend hath got :—
 Then thro' the Vaults of Heorot
 Arose a doleful Cry ;
 Deep Sorrow was renew'd, for, troth,
 Full dismal the Exchange, which both,
 On either Side, however loth,
 With Comrades' Lives must buy.
 The prudent King dejected stood,
 A hoary Warriour sad in Mood,
 When list'ning how the princely Thane,
 His dearest Comrade, had been slain
 Soon the victorious Geat they call,
 Who, with his following, to the Hall
 At early Dawn repairs,
 Where th' aged Chieftain sought to know
 If, after this sad Tale of Woe,
 The Lord would grant him here below
 Relief from Sighs and Cares.
 As o'er the Floor the Warriour hied,
 His faithful Followers by his Side,
 The Hall resounded to his Stride,
 Then the wise Chief the Ingwines' Lord,
 The Geat address with gentle Word,
 And of his Summons sought
 What urgent Cause could be inferr'd,—
 What Fortune Night had brought?

CANTO XX.

[2642]

THEN quick the Scylding Chief replies :—
 “ Talk not of happy Destinies,
 For Sorrow's heart-corroding Pains
 Again are fall'n upon the Danes :

Æschere is ta'en from off the Earth,
 The Brother by an elder Birth
 Of Yrmenláf, who ever knew
 My Secrets and my Counsels drew,
 My constant Comrade true and good
 Whene'er we in the Battle stood,
 When Warriours rush'd, together dashing,
 The Boars above their Helmets clashing,—
 O ! would that ev'ry Hero were
 As chivalrous as bold Æschere.
 And him within my own Domain
 The cunning Murther-fiend¹ has slain :
 I wot not if he yet be fled
 Begluttet with the Blood he 's shed ;
 Her² Talons have aveng'd the Feud,
 That thou last Night in Grendel's Blood
 Didst quench the Scathe and murderous Wrong
 He wrought my Warriours all too long.
 His forfeit Life he justly paid ;
 But now another Wretch of Sin
 Assault upon my Hall has made,
 And would avenge her cursed Kin.
 Sad is the Feud may Thanes declare
 While they their Breasts with Anguish tear
 In Sorrow for this Warriour fair,
 Now lowly lies the Hand,
 That oft accomplished whate'er
 Your Pleasure might demand.
 This Couple gaunt have oft been known,
 'Tis said, to stalk the Marshes lone ;
 One Wretch (as far as Eye could scan)
 A female Figure bore,
 While the Similitude of Man
 The other Monster wore,
 But larger than the human Race
 This Denizen of th' Exiles' Place,
 And him of old Men Grendel nam'd ;—
 No Father's Care they ever claim'd,

And whether any Off-spring they
 Have e'er begotten none can say.
 They dwell upon the lonely Moor,
 The windy Nesses of the Shore,
 The Wolf's dark Lair, the fenny Tract,
 Near where a Mountain Cataract
 Its Course from Cloudy Headlands wends,
 Then sullen 'neath the Earth descends.
 It is not far,—a Mile from here,
 Where stands the Monster's sluggish Meer,
 The rinded Groves close Circle make,
 And overhang the dismal Lake;
 And there upon the Water sheen
 A wondrous Flame at Night is seen.
 No Man the World's wide Regions round
 Doth know that dark mysterious Ground;
 For when the Hart with Antlers high
 Before the Hounds is forced to fly
 And seeks the Wood's Obscurity,
 All weary with the Chase,
 He sooner will resign his Blood
 Than Safety seek in such a Flood:—
 It is no gentle Place,³
 And thence at times the blended Wave
 Will wan against the Welkin rave,
 When Storms go blustering o'er,
 And loathsome Tempests bickering rise
 Till Tears bedew the mournful Skies,⁴
 And Heaven's high Thunders roar.
 But now again our Hopes are stay'd
 On thee for Counsel and for Aid:—
 As yet to thee has not been shown
 The sinful Monster's Dwelling lone,
 Still, if thou darest, seek his Fold,
 And I will thee repay,
 As heretofore, with Treasures old,
 With Riches and with twisted Gold,
 If e'er thou com'st away.

CANTO XXI.

THUS Ecg-theow's bold Son replies, [2765]
 " Restrain thy Grief, my Chieftain wise ;
 'Tis better to avenge a Friend
 Than weep for his untimely End,
 Each waits the End of Life's brief Span,—
 Then, while he may, let every Man
 Win Worship—thus in Death to rest,
 As ever for a Warriour best.
 Rise, Guardian of the Realm, and see
 The Path where Grendel's Mate doth flee.
 I pledge my Gage he shall not take
 His Flight into the dreary Lake,
 Or Mountain Wood, or earthy Cave,
 Or Caverns of the Ocean Wave,
 Wherever he may flee ;
 But thou this Day thy Sorrows brave
 As I expect of thee."
 The aged Monarch at the Word
 Sprang up and thank'd Heaven's mighty Lord,
 A Horse with curl'd and flowing Mane
 Caparison'd with Bit and Rein
 The sage Chief mounts, and with him bright,
 Each with his pondrous Shield bedight,
 A Troop of Heroes wend :
 Wide are their Foot-prints seen, as o'er
 The spreading Wold and murky Moor
 Their Steps the Warriours bend.
 And of their kindred Thane Æschere,
 Who Hróthgár's Castle strong
 Had erst most nobly holden, bare
 The lifeless Form along.
 Athwart the stony Nesses grey
 The princely Youths repair,
 Their strange and solitary Way

By headlong Precipices lay,
 By many a Nicker's Lair.
 The Chief proceeds before the Train,
 With few wise Men to view the Plain,
 Till soon he found the Mountain Bough
 O'erhang the dark Rock's hoary Brow,
 A gloomy joyless Wood,
 While dreary and disturb'd below
 Mysterious Water stood.
 The Sight, it was a Sight of Pain
 And Grief to every valiant Dane,
 And wearisome to bear
 To Thanes who loved the Scylding's Throne,
 For there to every Earl well known
 They saw upon the Sea-cliff lone
 The Helmet of Æschere.
 Hot raged beneath the poisonous Flood,
 All boiling with invenom'd Blood,
 While sad at times the Trumpet rang,
 With dreary Note, and heavy Clang.
 The Youth, around the Lake reclin'd,
 Cast o'er its Waves their Eye,
 Where Monsters of the Serpent Kind
 Their Ways with huge Sea-dragons wind
 In Wonder they descry,
 While on the circling Cliffs they find
 The savage Nickers lie;
 (Which oft a Journey sad portend
 To those who dare attempt to wend
 At Morn across the Ocean dread,
 With Sail before the Breezes spread.)
 In Wrath the Warriours onward sped
 To where the Horn's loud Echo led;
 But first the Chieftain with his Bow
 Had laid one savage Monster low,
 For, wetted in his Life's best Blood,
 The barbed Missile quivering stood,
 That slow he moves along the Main,

Nor e'er shall battle there again;
 For Death has clos'd his Eyes :
 Of all his Power to injure shorn,
 Close press'd, his Flesh with Bear-sprits torn,
 Cruelly hook'd, hard press'd and worn,
 Upon the Nesses' Margin drawn,
 The wondrous Monster lies.
 Beówulf now, his Armour dight
 Reckless of Life, prepares for Fight :
 His iron Vest of ample Size,
 In Colours wrought of fair Device,
 That well knew how from hostile Sword
 The Flesh that beds the Bones¹ to ward,
 That War's dire Clutch nor Grasp of Wrath
 The Wearer's Life might ever scathe,
 Beneath the Waves must wend :—
 The Mail-hood the white Helm that strains,
 With Treasure rich, and wrought with Chains,
 Must go beneath the watery Plains,
 Where the dark Billows blend.
 'Twas marvellous Work of Days of Yore,
 Set with the Image of the Boar,
 That neither Brand nor warlike Knife
 Might bite² to hurt the Hero's Life,
 Nor was the Aid of small Extent
 Which Hróthgár's Orator had lent ;
 A hilted Blade of ancient Fame,
 And Hrunting was that Treasure's Name,
 Harden'd with Blood, the Steel-edge keen
 With poison'd Twigs had stainéd been :—
 It ne'er deceiv'd, that goodly Brand,
 The Chief who wielded it in Hand,
 And dared to seek in bold Emprize
 The Station of his Enemies ;
 And this was not its first Essay
 At Deeds of Arms and Battle's Play.
 But Ecgláf's crafty Son forgat
 What Boasts, when drunk'n in Hall he sat,

CANTO XXI.

57

He made, and gave his trusty Brand
 Into a nobler Warriour's Hand.
 Himself he dared not Battle brave,
 Nor Worship win beneath the Wave,
 Risk Life, and lordly Deed achieve.
 To Honour thus and martial Fame
 For aye he forfeited his Claim :—
 Not so the other when bedight
 To dare the Dangers of the Fight.

CANTO XXII.

[2945.]

THEN Ecgtheów's Son, the Geátic Thane,
 Addressed : " Brave Kinsman of Healfdene,
 Gold Prince of Men, of Counsel deep,
 Bethink thee and thy Promise keep.
 As I, to aid thee in thy Need,
 Go forth to dare a venturous Deed ;
 And, if in thy Defence I die,
 Do thou a Father's Place supply,
 Protect my Followers brave.
 But send I pray thee safely back
 Unto my Lord great Higelác
 The Gifts thy Bounty gave.
 That Hrethel's Son thereby may see
 A liberal Chief I met in thee,
 Lavish of Rings and Treasure good,
 And used thy Bounty while I could.
 And see to Hunferth's Hand restored
 The Relic old his waved Sword
 So hard of Edge withall ;¹
 And by the Blade of Hrunting. I
 Will Worship win and Honour high
 Or else in Battle fall."
 He said, nor would an Answer bide,
 But fearless plung'd into the Tide,
 And for a Day's-While* struggled he,

Before the Bottom he mote see.
 The greedy Fiend beneath that dwelt
 The Stirring of the Waters felt,
 And knew that of the Sons of Man
 Some daring Stranger sought to gain
 The Spot, that for a Century's Span
 Had own'd her grim and greedy Reign.
 Quick towards the Chief the Monster draws,
 And grasps him in her loathsome Claws,
 Yet can she not prevail
 The noble Warriour's Flesh to tear,
 For round him in his Hawberk fair
 In Iron lockt of charmed Ware,³
 Nor can her loathsome Nail
 Avail to gain an Entrance there
 Or penetrate the Mail.
 When to the lowest Depths they drew,
 The She-wolf bare the Warriour true
 Unto her drear Abode :
 And, tho' full wrathfull was his Mood,
 He might not wield his Weapon good
 Upon his wat'ry Road :
 For many a Monster him opprest
 And, as he swam, full sore distrest,
 The Ocean-fiends the Chief assail,
 And with their War-tusks brake his Mail,
 And press'd him sore ;—the Warriour good
 Perceiv'd at length that safe he stood
 I wot not in what Hall of Bale,⁴
 Where Water might not him assail,
 Nor, for the Covering of the Place,
 Involve him in the Flood's embrace
 With sudden Whelm : a Fire-light there
 Cast round a blank and paly Glare ;
 The mighty She-wolf⁵ of the Place
 He soon perceived, and rush'd apace,
 His Weapon in his Hand,
 With stalworth Arm his Sword he swang,

That round her Head the Mail-hood rang,
 And loud its greedy War-lay sang⁶
 Beneath the Chieftain's Brand.
 'Tis vain;—his Weapon cannot bite
 To slaughter the accurs'd Sprite,
 The Sabre's Edge the Prince deceiv'd,
 And fail'd him at his utmost Need,
 Tho oft erewhile it had achieved
 Full many a good and gallant Deed,
 Oft shear'd the Helm and Hawberk grey
 Of those who fell beneath its Sway,
 And ne'er before did it betide
 Its Virtue to be vainly tried.
 The Prince's Rage now kindles high,
 Yet slacks he not his Hand,
 But, mindful of his Dignity,
 Flung forth the twisted Brand,
 On Earth to lie its steely Length,
 And trusted to his Sinews' Strength.
 Such Courage must a Man display,
 Who seeks to win in Battle's Day
 A lasting Name in dangerous Strife,
 Nor cares about the Risk of Life.
 Then, reckless of her savage Feud,
 Fast by her Shoulder hent
 The Geatic Chief the Monster rude,
 And, sorely chaf'd in wrathful Mood,
 With Wrench so stern the Strife renewed,
 That on the Floor she bent.
 But soon full roughly she repaid
 The stout Attack that he had made,
 So grimly grappling and so well,
 That the strong Warriour reel'd and fell.
 Then sorely she beset his Life,
 And drew her broad and brown-edg'd⁷ Knife
 To avenge her hatefull Son,
 But o'er Beowulf's Shoulders lay
 The braided Net, the Hawberk grey,

'Gainst Point and Edge to close the Way,
 And Life to guard in Battle's Day,
 That Entrance found she none.
 And now the Geatic Champion brave
 Had perish'd 'neath the stormy Wave,
 But that his iron Corselet good
 His temper'd battle Net,⁸ withstood ;
 And holy GOD, who rules on high,
 Awards at will the Victory,
 GOD infinitely wise.
 The King of Heav'n beheld the Fight,
 And gave Decision for the right ;—
 With easy Spring and Movement light
 The Chief doth therefore rise.⁹

CANTO XXIII.

[3113]

THEN saw he 'midst the treasure Hoard
 An old victorious Eóten Sword,
 Doughty of Edge, the Warriour's Pride,
 All other Weapons it outvied ;
 But weightier far than human Hand
 Of other Mortal might command ;
 By giant Forge of old 'twas wrought
 Good, and well fit for War's dread Sport.
 The Scylding Hero in Despair
 Seized by the Hilt that Weapon fair,
 And brandish'd it around,
 And therewithall so angry strake,
 The Bones around her Neck it brake,
 And thro' the Flesh its Way did make ;—
 She sank upon the Ground.
 The Soldier joy'd his Work to see,
 The bloody Sword gleam'd gallantly,
 And round there shone a Light,
 As when serene upon the Sky
 Shines Heaven's Candle¹ bright.

Then round the House the Hero sought,
 Along the wall in Fury pass'd,
 His Weapon in his Hand he caught,
 And by the Hilt ygrasped fast ;
 Its Edge was true ;—O ! could his Hate
 Foul Grendel meet, and compensate
 The Ills that he in rude Onslaught
 Against the Danish Youth had wrought,
 In more than one Affray,
 When he of Hróthgár's Vassals true
 Fifteen in peaceful Slumber slew,
 And in their Sleep devoured too,
 And after him as Captives drew,
 (A loathly Deed and foul to do),
 As many more away.
 For this the Chieftain, when he found
 The Monster lifeless on the Ground,
 At rest for ever laid,
 His hatefull Carcase widely rent
 As when, his weary Powers spent,
 From Heorot disgrac'd he went,
 A Vengeance full repaid ;—
 For this he smote the lifeless Foe,
 Swung round his Sword, and, with the Blow,
 Sever'd the Monster's Head.
 Eftsoons those aged Men and grave,
 That watch'd with Hróthgár by the Wave,
 Perceived the Tumult of the Flood
 And the dark crimson Hue of Blood ;
 Then spake the hoary Troop their Pain,
 That they ne'er ween'd to see again
 Their Chief return from out the Main
 Elate with Victory.
 For the sad Signs were all too plain
 That the grim Sea-wolf him had slain
 Beneath the stormy Sea.
 At Noon-day from their cliffy Stand
 Retired the vallant Scylding Band,

And, sick at Heart, the King of Men
 Departed to his Guests again
 And left them by the Meer;
 With Eyes intent upon the Main
 They wish'd but little hop'd again
 To see their Chieftain dear.
 Now, passing marvellous to say,
 The gory Brand to wane away
 In Battle-drops² began,
 Like solving Ice, it melted, when
 The Father looseth Winter's Chain,
 The true Creator, who doth reign
 O'er Times and Seasons, doth again
 Unwind the Wave-ropes³ that the Main
 Confine within their Span.
 The Chieftain of the Geáts, tho' there
 Were many Treasures rich and fair,
 From out the salvage Monster's Hoarde
 Nought save the Helmet bare away
 And Pommel of the mighty Sword
 Bedecked with Gems and Treasures gay:
 The Blade, of twisted Iron good,
 Already had liquified;
 So hot the poisonous Demon's Blood⁴
 That 'neath its Edge had died.
 The Chief, the War-fall⁵ of his Foes,
 Now soon upon the Waters rose;
 All purified the blending Wave,
 'Neath whose wide-cavern'd Space
 Her Life the salvage Demon gave
 That Creature foul and base.
 Then swimming strong, his Prize in Hand,
 The Seamen's Chieftain comes to Land,
 Abundantly rejoicing o'er
 The mighty Burthen that he bore.
 Quick ran the Thanes the Youth to meet,
 And joyously the Hero greet,
 Thankful to God that they him found

From Strife returning safe and sound,
And haste to give the weary Chief
From Helm and pondrous Mail Relief;
While soon beneath the Welkin's Sphere
Subsides the murther-stainéd Meer.

Then forth the kingly Heroes went,
Full light of Cheer their Steps they bent
Along the well known Way,
And from the Cliffs that guard the Shore
With Pain the pondrous Mail-hood⁶ bore
A Trophy of the Day,
While raised upon a Halbert, four
Fell Grendel's Head with Labour sore
Unto the Hall convey.

Thus to the Hall the Chieftain hied,
Fourteen brave Weders at his Side,
And 'mongst them full of Joy and Pride
He trod the Mead-plains' Way.
The Beast of War, the Prince of Thanes,
The Hero of renownéd Plains,
Soon came within the Palace where,
The Scylding Chief he greeted fair,
While o'er the Mead-hall Floor they bare
Where Men carouséd free from Care
The Head of Grendel by the Hair,
A Sight of Fear and Dread
To each bold Rev'ller there to view,
And therewithall they also drew
The Mother-demon's Head;
A Visage strange and monstrous too
Men there contemplated.

CANTO XXIV.

THEN spake the Son of Ecgtheów ; [3300]
 “ Healfdene’s bold Son, the Scyldings’ King,
 A Token of Rejoicing now
 This Trophy of the Seas we bring.
 I scarce with Life beneath the Sea
 Achieved that Deed of Chivalry,
 Yet did I dare the arduous Fight,
 And made avail the Cause of Right,
 For God my Shield has been,
 Yet not with Edge of Hrunting bright
 Prevail I in the Battle might,
 Tho’ good that Weapon keen.
 But Mankind’s Ruler granted me
 Hanging upon the Wall to see
 A vast and ancient Brand ;
 (Full oft when desperate, hath He
 Lent me a guiding Hand,)
 And with that goodly Weapon I
 Have gain’d a happy Victory,
 And slain, as Time Occasion gave¹
 The Keepers of the deadly Cave.
 Then quick the twisted Blade up brent,
 So hot the Blood upon it sprent ;
 But from my slaughter’d Foes I’ve rent
 This Hilt and bring to you
 Their Crimes have met their Punishment,
 The Death-plague of the Danes is shent,
 As was both just and due.
 And now thou mayest, I promise thee,
 Sleep scatheless in thy goodly Hall,
 With all thy Heroes’ Company,
 With young and old thy People all ;
 Nor need’st thou fear, as hitherto,
 O ! Chieftain of the Scyldings true,

That from that Quarter deadly Pest
 Again will break thy Warriours' Rest."
 Then in the hoary Warriour's Hand
 Was plac'd that Hilt of antient Brand,
 Erewhile by Giants fashionéd ;
 The Fiends who held it being dead,
 This Work by Wonder-smiths² y-cast
 Unto the Danish Chieftain pass'd ;—
 When the grim-hearted Murder-fiend
 And his foul Dam their life resign'd,
 It came at length to be possess'd
 By him, of this World's Kings the best,
 Who liberal of his Wealth did reign
 In Sceden-ig twixt Oceans twain.
 The aged Warriour bent his Eye
 Upon that Work of Times gone by,
 Whereon of old were storied
 The Sources of that Contest dread,
 When the deep Ocean's whelming Flood
 Swept from the Earth the giant Brood.³
 Boldly they warr'd—that salvage Horde
 Of Aliens from th' eternal Lord,
 Who e'en repaid the Vengeance due,
 And in the whelming Waters slew.
 'Twas also on the Surface⁴ told,
 Well chas'd upon the virgin Gold,
 In Runic Letters taught,
 For whom this goodly Sword, array'd
 With wreathed Hilt and waving Blade,
 Had thus at first been wrought.
 Then thus the Son of Healfdene spake,
 While none around the Silence brake,
 " Now may the Chief of many Years,
 Who Truth and Right administers,
 And well remembers Days gone by,
 His Country's Guardian, testify,
 That this good Earl was born to be⁵
 The Flower of Worth and Chivalry.

Thy Glory high, my noble Friend,
 Doth now thro' every Land extend ;
 In Wisdom grave and patient Might
 Thou bearest all thy Fame aright,
 And now shall well performed be
 The Promise that I plighted thee,
 And long propitious shalt thou reign,
 The Solace of thy People's Pain,
 Thy Warriours' Aid in Battles' Plain :
 Full other to Ecgwela's Kin⁶
 Fierce Heremód became,
 Not as 'twas wish'd that he had been
 An Honour to the Scyldings' Name :
 But on the Danes he sorely press'd,
 A slaughtering Plague, a Murther-pest,
 The ruthless Chief in salvage Mood,
 Shed e'en his Household Comrades' Blood,
 Until from human Joys at last
 Alone and friendless forth he pass'd,
 Though him had GOD all good and great
 With Power's Blessings grac'd,
 And by Achieves of arduous Weight
 On high 'mid Mortals plac'd,
 Yet grew there still his Breast within
 A savage Soul of Blood and Sin ;
 Nor did he Rings unto the Dane
 In royal Bounty give,
 But, while grim Battle rag'd amain,
 His People's weary Curse and Bane,
 Unmov'd and joyless live.
 From him do thou a Warning take ;—
 This Song of thee in Age I make ;—⁷
 'Tis passing wondrous to record,
 How mighty GOD in Counsel broad⁸
 Doth to the Sons of Men assign
 Lordship, or Land, or Thought divine :
 Awhile he letteth wander free
 A high-born Man's ambitious Powers,

And grants him Earth's best Gaity,
 And eke to hold Men's Refuge-towers,
 And under his extensive Sway
 Doth so the World's wide Regions bend,
 That ne'er in listlessness he may
 Bethink him of his latter End.
 His Feasts he lengthens, nor his Joy
 Doth Age or Sickness e'er alloy;
 No Sorrow o'er his Spirit throws
 Sudden its darkling Curse,
 Nor Enmity its Malice shews,
 The World e'en as he wills it goes,—
 He knoweth not the worse,—

CANTO XXV.

“**T**ILL Pride within the Heart assumes [3477]
 A Place, and waxeth there and blooms,
 When Wisdom, who her ward should keep
 Around the Soul, is drown'd in Sleep,
 Sleep bound too fast in Labours drear,
 When the Destroyer's Hand is near,
 Whose fiery Bow, with bitter Dart,
 Smites 'neath his Helm and wounds his Heart;
 Nor can the wonder-working Charm
 Of cursed Fiend avert the Harm.
 But all too little deeming his
 Already too long hoarded Store,
 Grim-soul'd and greedy, practises
 To gain for ever more and more;
 Nor does his Pride distribute free
 The Rings of solid Jewell'ry,
 And, for that GOD, who Glory gives,
 Hath mighty Worship granted him,
 Forgetful and neglectful lives
 Of Death, that salvage Fiend and grim.
 Then oft at last the Body ails,

And wasted sinks, and dying fails,
 Another then succeeds,
 And all unmourning deals abroad
 His Predecessor's ancient Hoard,
 Nor Fear's Remonstrance heeds.
 O! dear Beowulf keep from thee
 That baleful Sin, Cupidity;
 Great Chief, thy Choice in Wisdom make,
 And everlasting Counsel take:
 Care not for Pride:—tho' now thy Might
 Awhile in Glory blows,
 Sickness or Sword in fell Despite,
 Eftsoons thy Toils must close,
 Devouring Flame, or Dagger's smart,
 Or whelming Flood, or flying Dart,
 Or Age of Aspect foul to see,
 Or the false Glance of Treachery
 Shall darken and beleaguer thee: }
 Death in an unexpected Hour,
 Great Warriour, shall thy Might o'er-power.
 Thus had I rul'd 'neath Heav'n's broad Space
 For many Years the Hring-Dane Race,
 And, by my Wars with Sword and Spear,
 Caus'd them no Tribe on Earth to fear,
 That 'neath the Sun's broad Circuit I
 Reck'd not of any Enemy:
 So therefore on my Heritage
 Reverses came and Fortune's Rage,
 To Joy succeeded bitter Woe,
 When Grendel came, the ancient Foe,
 My Country to invade;
 And for this Visitation's Bane
 Full sore Distress and harrowing Pain
 Upon my Spirit prey'd.
 Then Thanks to the Eternal Lord
 That I have liv'd to see
 The Head with Battle-drops begor'd
 Of my old Enemy.

Now therefore to thy Seat depart,
 And Feast thee with a joyful Heart,
 High dignified in War,
 And Wealth a Store full rich and vast
 Shall to our common Hoard be cast
 When Morn shall o'er us draw."

In gladsome Mood the valiant Geát
 Right soon resum'd his Banquet-seat,
 E'en as the wise Chief bade, and then
 Around was quickly heard again
 Among the Palace-guests renown'd
 The Voice of Friendship's gentle Sound.
 The Night-helm o'er them dusky grows;—
 The goodly Company arose,
 The grey-hair'd Chief, with Labour tired,
 To seek his Couch's Rest desired.
 The Geát his Wish for him express'd
 Of measurelessly happy Rest,¹
 And soon the Thane whose busy Care
 Provided all things fit and fair,
 That serve a gallant Sailor's Needs,
 Forth from the Hall respectful leads
 The far-come Angle Chief away
 Tir'd with the Labours of the Day.
 'Neath high-arch'd Roof adorn'd with Gold
 The noble Chief doth slumbering lie,
 Until the palid Raven told
 In boding Cry both blithe and bold
 That Heaven's pride the Sun was high
 The salvage Warriours haste amain,
 The Chieftains seek their Bands again :
 The Geátic Chief of daring² Mind
 Would far away his Vessel bind.
 Then Ecgláf's Son the Hero bade
 Hrunting receive, his lovely³ Blade ;
 He thanked him for the Loan, quoth he,
 His Warrionr-friend he took to be
 Well skill'd in War and valiant too :

And, as a generous Thane would do,
 He spake not one complaining Word
 Against the Temper of the Sword.
 When ready arm'd for journeying
 The Warriours were, the Ætheling
 Unto the worthy Danes retreats,
 Where royal Hróthgár sate,
 And thus the noble War-beast⁴ greets
 The Danish Monarch great.

CANTO XXVI. .

[3630]

BEOWULF spake: " At length would we,
 The far-come Wanderers of the Sea,
 Propose to make our Voyage back,
 And seek our Lord, great Higelác.
 Well hast thou Hostship's Laws observ'd,
 E'en as we would have we been serv'd ;
 And if while yet on Earth I may,
 Great Lord of Men, in any way,
 By Deeds of War thy sovereign Will,
 More than as yet I have, fulfill,
 And should I hear across the Sea
 That Neighbours threat and harass thee,
 As whilome have thy Haters dar'd,
 Then quickly will I be prepar'd,
 And bring of Thanes in Arms array'd
 A thousand Heroes to thine Aid.
 Well wot I, Higelác, whose Sway
 The Geátic Clansmen all obey,
 Tho' young his People's Shepherd be,
 In Word and Deed will furnish me,
 That well I may thine Honour fair
 Maintain, and to thy Succour bear
 My Lance the Sceptre of my Might,
 When Men thou needest for the Fight.
 And Hréth rinc, if his Steps he e'er

To Geátic Halls should bend,
 The royal Youth may meet with there
 Right many a trusty Friend.
 He who of Valour is possess'd
 May visit distant Strangers best."
 Thus did the Scylding Prince reply ;
 " The all-wise Lord appears
 Thy Words to give, for ne'er did I
 Hear Man advise more prudently
 At thy yet early Years.
 Strong is thy Arm, mature thy Mind,
 Thy Words in Wisdom are design'd,
 And should it ever be,
 That the dread Lance, or bloody Fight,
 Or Sickness, or the Faulchion bright
 Should Hrethel's Son, that princely Wight,
 His People's Shepherd reave of Light,
 And Death have yet spar'd thee,
 I deem the Sea-Geáts ne'er will have
 A King to choose more good and brave,
 Their Treasure's-Lord to be :
 If thou would'st e'en consent to hold
 The Kingdom of thy Kinsman bold.
 For still the more I see of thee,
 The more, dear Youth, thou pleasest me :
 For thou hast caused twixt Geát and Dane
 That War shall rest and Peace shall reign,
 The Enmity that erst they bore
 Shall now disturb their Rest no more,
 While I my wide Command shall bear,
 Our Treasures we in common share.
 Our ring'd Ships oft shall bend their Path
 For Greeting o'er the Ganet's Bath,¹
 From one to other Land o'er Sea
 To carry Signs of Amity.
 I know my People, that with Foe
 Or Friend to break they never know ;
 And in all other Things their Ways

Are spotless, as in ancient Days."
 The Prince of Earls yet furthermore,
 The Kinsmen of Healfdene,
 Twelve Treasures on his Guest did pour,
 Then bade them speed them on their Way,
 In Peace their Friends a Visit pay
 And quick return again.
 The Scylding Chief, the Monarch high,
 Good in his fair Nobility,
 Then kiss'd the worthy Thane,
 His Neck in Warmth he did embrace,
 While on the grey-hair'd Hero's Face
 The Tears of Grief are seen.
 Aught was more likely than, (since he
 Was now infirm and old,)
 That they should more each other see,
 And Conferences hold.
 So well he lov'd the gentle Thane
 That he in no wise might restrain
 The tender Bosom-flood ;²
 But long'd in secret for his Guest
 Fast in his Spirits-bonds³ possess'd
 Who warr'd with Men of Blood.⁴
 Beowulf thence with Gold full proud,
 Glad with his Treasure-Hoard,
 Along the grassy Meadows trod
 To where his Sea-bound Ship abode,
 And safely still at Anchor rode,
 As waiting for her Lord.
 And, as along their Course they fly,
 Great Hróthgár's Liberality
 With Praises oft go o'er ;
 A King was he of blameless Reign,
 Till lengthen'd Age had from him ta'en
 The Joys of Power, to many a Thane
 As it hath done before.

CANTO XXVII.

THEN came there to the ocean Shore [3772]
 Full many a valiant Bachelour,
 And ev'ry Hero onward pac'd
 In chain-lock'd iron Limb-sark¹ cas'd ;
 The Earls' Return the Land-ward spied,
 As oft he had before,
 And from the Ness's Ridges wide
 With no uncourteous Greeting plied,
 But forth to meet the Guests did ride,
 And bade them welcome o'er the Tide,
 Unto the Geátic Shore.
 Then on the Heroes bent their Way
 To where the sea-arch'd² Vessel lay,
 The ring'd Prow on the Strand,
 With goodly Weeds-of-war on Board,
 With Horses and a Treasure-hoard,
 Her lofty Mast in Glory soar'd
 O'er Hróthgár's Bounty grand,
 Who to the Vessel's sturdy Lord
 Had giv'n a rich-gold-bounden Sword,
 That ever after then,
 At the gay Mead-bench when he sat,
 A noble Relic such as that
 Might Worship for him gain.
 Then homeward in his Vessel he
 Urg'd the deep Billows of the Sea,
 And left the Danish Land,
 While the Sea-curtain,³ round the Mast,
 The Sail so gaily floated, fast
 Upon its corded Band.
 The thundering Sea-wood⁴ onward goes,
 Nor do the Winds its Course oppose ;
 Onward the swift Sea-trv'ller goes
 With foamy Neck and bounden Prow,

Until the Cliffs in view arose
 The Nesses Geát-land that inclose
 May well be recognizéd now,
 Urg'd by the Wind the Vessel good
 Sprang forward, and on Land it stood.
 Then quickly to the Shore drew near
 The Hythe-ward, his Companions dear
 Who long had watch'd, and on the Strand
 Awaited the returning Band.
 Then firmly by the Cable true
 The Vessel on the Sand he drew,
 Lest Might of Wave, with raging Flood
 Might chance to wreck the winsome Wood,⁵
 Then bade of th' Æthelings up-bear
 The solid Gold and Trappings fair.
 Nor need their Way far distant wind,
 Their Treasure-giving Prince to find,
 For Hrethel's royal Progeny
 Dwelt with his Hero court,
 Full nigh the Cliffs that wall the Sea,
 A princely noble King was he,
 And goodly was the Fort.
 The youthful Hygd in lofty Hall
 Wise and high dignified
 Remain'd, tho' Winters few in all,
 Within her City's Battl'd Wall,
 As yet had o'er her hied.
 And she was Hæreth's haughty Child,
 No gentle Dame of Bearing mild,
 Nor one that Gifts too freely pour'd
 From out the Treasure's ample Hoard,
 Th' fierce Queen her salvage Soul within
 Indulg'd her Rage in awful Sin;
 Not one of all the Heroes there
 That Monster to approach would dare,⁶
 And e'en her Lord she scarce would brook
 Once in the Day on her to look,
 But wreathed Bonds of Death did she

Devise and to her Lord decree.
 Scarce had she pledg'd to him her Hand,
 Than with the Dagger's Edge she plann'd
 Full short to cut his destin'd Day,
 And Death's dread Message to convey ;
 Unqueenlike deely, unseemly too *1d*
 For Dame however fair to do,
 That she who 's wont to settle Strife
 And Peace's Web to weave,
 Should seek a gentle Thane of Life
 In Fury to bereave.
 For this great Hemming's Kinsman's Breast
 Disgust in sooth full sore possess'd.
 Yet many drinking Ale would say
 Her Deeds were less by Malice driven,
 Sith first she was in Gold-array
 Unto the youthful Warriour given.
 But after, by her Father taught,
 Across the fallow-Flood⁷ she hied,
 And Offa's Halls in Journey sought,
 And there the Throne she occupied,
 Where high in Glory unalloy'd,
 She Life's-creations⁸ well enjoy'd,
 And with a Prince held Love's Embrace
 Of all the Men of human Race,
 Of Heroes, as I ascertain,⁹
 The best betwixt the Oceans twain :
 For far rever'd was Offa's Name
 For War and Bounty high in Fame.
 Serene in Wisdom did he hold
 His goodly Heritage,
 And from his Lineage was told
 That sorrowing Help of Heroes bold
 Mighty in Battle's Rage,
 The royal Gármund's Nephew good,
 Kinsman of Hemming's noble Blood.

CANTO XXVIII.

[3921]

FORTH march'd the Chieftain and his band,
 The Sea-plain wide,¹ the Ocean's Sand
 He trod, while Gem-like shone on high
 The World's-lamp² in the southern Sky.
 Onward they press'd their March amain,
 Till they the youthful Warriour King,
 The Chief who Ongentheów had slain,
 The Earl's Protector, ascertain,
 Within his fortified Domain
 Was jewel'd Rings distributing.
 Now soon to royal Higelác
 Was known Beówulf's Journey back,
 That o'er the Way he came
 Unto his Court, the Warriours' Shield,
 His dear Companion in the Field,
 Safe from the Battle's Game.
 In Hall then, as the Chieftain bade,
 Room for the Guests was quickly made:
 Upon the Seat his own that fac'd,
 From Conflict's Terrours sav'd,
 Kinsman in Front of Kinsman plac'd,
 Sat he who War had brav'd.
 And Hæreth's beauteous Daughter, when
 With lofty Speech the King of Men
 His faithful Thane had greeted fair,
 With noble Words and brave to hear,
 Beneath the Hall-roof's wide Extent,
 Forth with the flowing Mead-skink went.
 The People to her Heart were dear
 That own'd her Lord's Command,
 And she the brimming Cup would bear
 To each proud Warriour's Hand.
 Now e'er the Hall they can forsake
 Young Higelác is led

Inquiry of his Friend to make,
 (His Curiosity out-brake)
 Of how the Geáts had sped.
 " I pray you, dear Beówulf, say
 How it befell you by the Way,
 When suddenly thou didst decide
 To cross the Ócean's foaming Tide,
 And seek beyond the briny Main
 The War that rag'd on Heorot's Plain?
 Didst thou to noble Hróthgár 'vail
 To rid him of his well-known Bale?
 My Soul, with bitter Anguish fraught,
 In Sorrow seeth'd³ for thee
 Of my lov'd Thane's Attempt, I thought,
 Full little Good would be.
 And pray'd thee not to dare in Fight
 The Murther-demon's⁴ salvage Might,
 But for himself to let the Dane
 In War with Grendel Worship gain.
 But Thanks to GOD, that now I see
 Thee safe and sound return to me."
 Beówulf, Ecgtheów's great Son,
 Replies: " My Liege, to many a one
 'Tis known what Sort of Eventide
 Grendel and I together plied
 Upon that fatal Plain,
 Where to the valiant Scyldings he
 Had often wrought sore Misery,
 And to their Chieftain Pain.
 That I aveng'd, nor shall be found
 One of his cursed Host,
 In all the World's wide Regions round,
 Unto the last that there is found
 'Mid dismal Fens his Den that bound
 Of that Night's Fray, to boast.
 Then forth unto the high Ring-hall
 I went, the King to greet withal:
 Heafdene's great Son full soon did see

My Mind, and order'd straight for me
 Beside his Son a Seat ;
 The Troop was joyous, ne'er did I
 Beneath the Vault of Heav'n on high
 Throughout my Life more Revelry
 Among Carousers meet.
 Awhile the noble Queen would move,
 The Gage of Nations' Peace and Love,
 Around the spacious Hall, address
 Her youthful Sons with Tenderness,
 And e'er she sate her down, oft bring
 To Warriour's Hand the gold-wreath'd Ring,
 Awhile great Hróthgár's Daughter fair,
 Whom Freáware the Guests did call,
 The foaming Cup of Ale would bear
 To the bold Earls throughout the Hall.
 And often to the Heroes brave
 The red Gold gleed-like Treasure gave.
 And she, in Youth and Gold bedight,
 To Fróda's happy Son is plight ;
 Thus hath the Scylding Chief serene
 Full well his People's Shepherd been,
 For by that gentle Maid.
 He hath, (for so the Tale is told),
 Full many a murtherous Feud and old
 At Peace for ever laid.
 But well-a-day, 'tis sorely rare
 Tho' noble be the Bride and fair,
 The Death-lance, when a People fall,
 Long rests⁵ in Peace upon the Wall.
 Well may the Heatho-beardan Chief
 And ev'ry Thane feel Wrath and Grief,
 When Hope of Heroes,⁶ with his Bride,
 The young Dane through their Hall shall stride,
 And glorying in the Relic, bear
 The temper'd ring-mail Weapon fair,
 The Heathobearidan's Treasure good
 While they their Arms might wield,

CANTO XXIX.¹

UN**TIL** they lost in deadly Feud [4073]
 Their Comrades dear and their own Blood
 Upon the Shield-play-field.
 Then while they sit the Banquet o'er
 Some aged grim soul'd Warriour,
 The Ring who sees and fully all
 The Battle-pest to Mind can call,
 Will 'gin with deep and deadly Art
 In Words like these to ascertain
 The youthful Champion's Mind and Heart,
 And War's dread Bale to wake again.
 ' Know'st thou, my Friend, that goodly Sear,
 That in the Fight thy Father bare
 In crested War-array,
 When last he wielded th' Iron dear,²
 And him the Danes did slay ?
 And since the Fall of Withergyld,
 'Tis wielded by the Sons of Scyld.
 And now behold the haughty Son
 Of some one of his murtherous Foes,
 Exulting in the Booty won
 Here through our Palace proudly goes.
 He boasts the Deed and dares to wear
 The Treasure thou of right should'st bear.'
 With Words of Malice thus he still
 Reminds the Youth and spurs to ill
 Till the dark Hour arise,
 When the Queen's Thane³ in Sleep of Death,
 Besmear'd with Blood, deprived of Breath,
 Beneath the Bill's-Bite⁴ lies.
 The other Chief full soon is gone,
 For well to him the Land is known,
 The Oaths of Earls on either Side
 Now broken are and nullified,

And Ingeld's Spirit bold
 With Thoughts of Slaughterous-vengeance rife,
 The Love that erst he bare his Wife
 'Mid whelming Care's unhallowed Strife
 Now waxeth chilly cold.
 Thus Heathobeardan Amity
 Full lowly I esteem
 Nor will their kingly Quiet be
 Firm Peace devoid of Treachery
 Unto the Danes I deem.
 But now must I return, and shew
 The Deeds that I 'gainst Grendel wrought,
 That thou, O! Treasure-lord, may'st know
 The Fate of Heroes' dire Onslaught.
 Heaven's Gem had glided to her Rest
 Beneath the Ocean deep,
 When the foul Demon wrath-possess'd
 Sought us, the loathsome Even-pest,
 As we our Watch did keep;
 And his fell Gauntlet⁵ sway'd its Swoop,
 A Life-bale to the fated Troop.
 The girded Hero next that lay
 From Grendel's Teeth in that dread Fray
 Met the sad Fate of War;
 Soon the voracious Monster drew
 The lovely Youth's whole Body through
 His darksome hollow Maw.
 Not still the Blood-tooth'd⁶ Wretch withall
 Would empty handed leave the Hall.
 Proud of his Might he me essay'd
 His ready Palm upon me laid,
 While huge and strange upon his Hand
 His Gauntlet hung from mystic Band,
 With dark Devices overwrought
 On Dragon's Hide, by Devils' Art,
 And me therewith he would have slain
 Guiltless and free from Evil's Stain,
 The evil Beast on Evil bent,⁷

As many he before had shent
 Yet this to do o'erpass'd his Might,
 When in my Wrath I stood upright,

CANTO XXX.

“**T**OO long it were the Tale to spell, [4181]
 How I this Nation's-curse so fell
 For all his Ills repay'd,
 And how thy People's Name full well
 I worshipful have made :
 He fled from the unequal Strife,
 And thus awhile preserv'd his Life :
 But yet did his right Hand remain
 On Heorot's insanguin'd Plain,
 Whence downcast and dispirited
 Beneath the Meer's dark Depths he fled,
 The Scylding Chief my Labours bold
 Rewarded well with solid Gold,
 And Treasure, when 'neath Morning's Ray
 We sat at Banquet Table gay.
 And there was Mirth and Song and Glee :
 And th' aged Scylding Monarch bold,
 (A deeply-searching Man is he)
 Related Tales of Days of old.
 And whilome would the Warriour gay
 Pour forth the Harp's enlivening Lay,
 And greet the joyous Wood,¹
 Awhile select a mournful Muse,
 Awhile a Tale of Wonder choose,
 After the Banquet good.
 At times the high-soul'd Monarch old,
 Bound in the Chains of Age,
 Harang'd the youthful Heroes bold,
 The Strength of Battle-rage.
 His Bosom's boiling Flood would rise,
 As, with right many Winters wise,

He told the Deeds of Yore :
 E'en thus the livelong Day was pass'd
 In Mirthfulness, until at last
 The second Night drew o'er,
 And Grendel's Dam, soon ready, cast
 To wreak a Vengeance sore :
 For ill her sorrow brook'd, that Death
 And Weder Hate her Son of Breath
 Had e'en depriv'd :—she ruthless went,
 And in her Rage a Hero shent,
 * For him in vengeful Hate,
 And thus the aged Chief Æschere,
 Renown'd for Wisdom far and near,
 Departed to his Fate.
 Nor could they bear, the Danish Band,
 At the Return of Day,
 The death-spent² Form to flaming Brand,
 Nor on the Pyre with friendly Hand
 Their lov'd Champion lay.
 His Corse the fiendish Mother-hag
 Beneath the Mountain-stream did drag.
 This was to princely Hróthgár's Heart
 Of all his Griefs the keenest Smart.
 Then by thy Life he pray'd of me
 Beneath the Tumult of the Sea
 My Prowess to essay,
 In Glory's Work to risk my Fall,
 And promis'd high Reward withall,
 If e'er I came away.
 Then, as 'tis known, beneath the Wave,
 The Keepers of the Ocean-cave
 I found, right grim and dread in Might,
 And hard awhile twixt us the Fight.
 The Flood it boil'd with Poison's Strength,
 But with the Sabre's Edge at length,
 Down in the Ocean's lowest Stead,
 I shear'd³ the Monster of her Head,
 And thence her salvage Spirit fled ;

Death was not yet my Fate :
 But the good Earls' illustrious Lord,
 Healfdene's great Kinsman, high Reward
 Gave me and Treasure great.

CANTO XXXI.

“ **T**HUS liv'd the Monarch, nor did I [4283]
 Lose the fair Meed of Chivalry,
 For Healfdene's Son did give to me
 My Heart's Content of Treasures rare,
 Which I, O! Warriours' King, to thee
 To bring will willingly prepare ;
 And Higelác, to thee is due
 My Heart's Affection all,
 For now, except thyself, but few
 My Kinsmen can I call.”
 Then in he bade the Menials bear
 The lofty War-helm crested fair
 With Boar-device, the Hawberk grey,
 The ready Sword, and thus did say :
 “ This Robe of War the Prince sedate,
 Great Hróthgár gave to me,
 And bade me first expatiate
 Concerning it to thee.
 Heorogár the Scyldings' Lord
 The Relic long possess'd,
 Yet ne'er to bold Heorowearð
 His well-loved Son would he accord
 That goodly Bosom-vest :—
 Do thou enjoy these pretious Weeds.”
 Forthwith four apple-fallow¹ Steeds,
 Alike in beauty, as I'm told,
 Followed his Step ;—both Steeds and Gold
 An Offering to his Monarch due ;—
 Thus nobly should a Kinsman do,
 Nor for his Hand-work's-mate² prepare
 With secret Craft the deadly Snare.

To Higelác in Vengeance bold
 His Nephew's Heart did firmly hold,
 Each was to other kind.
 The rich-chased Wonder Treasure³ too,
 The Collar fair, that Waltheów,
 Daughter of Princes, did bestow
 He unto Hygd resign'd :
 And therewithall three Steeds of slight
 And graceful Form, with Saddle bright,
 And Breast with Ring-work fair bedight,

This may be considered as the Conclusion of the first Portion of the Poem, as the Author, without even beginning a new Canto, or giving any other Notice to his Reader, passes immediately to the Events of his Hero's last Conflict and Death.

E'en thus did Ecgtheów's Offspring bold
 Famous in Deeds of Worth grow old,
 He ever rul'd with Judgment right,
 Nor drunken would his Comrades smite,
 His Heart joyed not in Blood :
 Still held the noble Beast-of-fight⁴
 Of all Mankind the greatest Might,
 That Gift that GOD bestow'd.
 And long a Pity it should seem
 The Geats did not his Worth esteem,
 Nor, though so worthy of their Praise,
 Would to the royal Mead-seat raise
 As Chieftain of their Band ;
 Full oft they said that he was slack,
 A Prince who Spirit high did lack,
 Until Reverses' dire Attack,
 With Wrath of all kinds came to rack
 The glory'd of their Land.⁵
 'Twas then the War-ennobl'd King.⁶
 The Earls' Protector call'd to bring
 Great Hrethel's Relic fair,
 For 'mongst the Geátic Treasure-ward

No Relic than that goodly Sword
 More glorious was there.
 The Chieftain of the Geatic Race
 This on Beowulf's Breast did place,
 And gave into his Hand
 A royal Castle, kingly Throne
 And seven thousand Vills⁷ to own
 His Lordship and Command.
 Both Chiefs indeed had natal Right
 Unto the Suit of Man,
 But in the Prince of lesser Might,
 In what concern'd the landed Right,
 The Line of Heirship ran.
 In after Days, that pass'd away,
 When Higelac all lifeless lay,
 On Heared when the Battle Sword
 Bale 'neath the Shield Defences pour'd,
 And him the Warriour-Scylfings sought
 With victor Troops, with Fury fraught,
 And Hereric's bold Nephew fam'd
 Of all his hostile Malice tam'd.⁸
 Then the wide Kingdom's high Command
 Devolv'd upon Beowulf's Hand,
 And fifty Years the Monarch sage
 Preserv'd full well his Heritage,
 Till one began, a Dragon stark
 To tyrannize in Midnight dark,
 And Treasure watchfully to keep⁹
 Disposed into a secret Heap
 Beneath a frowning Mound of Stone,
 Its nether Paths to Men unknown.
 Some daring Wight, I wot not who,
 Entered.¹⁰* [and stealthily withdrew,]
 But took from out the heathen Lair
 [A golden Vase] in Colours fair,
 But soon the sinful Monster [found
 That, while in scaly Circles wound
 He'd closed his] sleeping [Eyes,

His Treasure-ward had rifled been]
 By thievish Craft, [and then 'twas seen
 How dread] his Wrath did rise.

CANTO XXXII.

TWAS not in Violence and Pride [4438]
 Nor by a way-ward Will impell'd
 The wandering Exile had defied
 The Might the Dragon's Hoard that held,
 A valiant Thane oppress'd by Fate,
 What Hero's Son I may not say,
 Who fled the vengeful Blow of Hate,
 But, urg'd by Need's resistless Sway,
 An unoffending Man he went
 Within th' Enclosure's dark Extent,¹
 [The Mound] the Stranger [dread possess'd.]
 Terror arose [within his Breast.]
 However the unhappy Man

Obtain'd [the golden] Vessel [gay,]²
 The Treasure Vase, [and fled away.]*
 Within the Cave were many more
 Old Treasures, as, in Days of yore,
 I know not who of human Kin
 Hid the dear Wealth³ the Mound within,
 Expecting Thankfulness and Grace,
 Vast Legacy of a noble Race,
 All whom dark Death in Ages past
 Had swept away, till he at last
 The People's Chief was likewise ta'en
 Who longest did on Earth remain.
 For mourning and bereav'd the Chief
 Sought not to reach a lengthen'd Age,
 He could not long, 'twas his Belief,
 Enjoy his precious Heritage.
 The Mound was ready on the Plain

Beside the Billows of the Main,
 Headlong above the Cliff it frown'd
 Fast by the Art of Craftsmen bound;
 The Lord of Rings then hither bore
 And here deposited
 His Wealth of many an Earl the Store,
 And solid Gold Fire-harden'd o'er :
 And thus he briefly said :
 " Hold thou, O ! Earth, this princely Store,
 Now Heroes may it hold no more ;
 Lo ! it from thee good Men and true
 Erewhile laboriously drew,
 Whom now a cruel Death hath ta'en,
 A Life-bale savagely⁴ hath slain.
 My People one and all,
 Who from this Life for aye have past
 And seen of festal Joys their last
 Within the Banquet Hall.
 Not one remains to swing the Sword,
 Or Cup receive at festive Board,
 The drinking Vessel rich and grand—
 Death-sick are all my noble Band.⁵
 The Warriour-helm with Gold array'd
 Shall now beside the Cup be laid
 For they now slumber all forlorn
 Who should the Warriour-helm adorn ;
 The Hawberk, that in Battle-fields,
 Amid the thundering Crash of Shields,
 Withstood in many a raging Fight
 The pondrous Iron's loathly Bite,
 To moulder shall be laid,
 After the Warriour that it bore,
 And the ring'd Byrnie shall no more
 Go forth, the Hero's Aid.
 No Harp's gay Voice is heard around,
 Nor Glee-wood⁶ echoing Music's Sound,
 No good Hawk swingeth from his String,⁷
 Nor tramping Horse swift traversing

The City's Barrier-pale :
 For all my living-Race is shent,
 The Host of kindred Souls forth sent
 By the Death-dealing Bale."⁸
 Thus sad of Mind the Chief of old
 By Day and Night his Mourning kept,
 Who, reft of all his Kinsmen bold,
 Forlorn and solitary wept,
 Till the Death-flood's relentless Strength
 Reach'd his distracted Heart at length.
 The joyous Hoard⁹ was open found
 By the old twilight Pest,¹⁰
 Who burning seeks each Barrow's Mound,
 Fell Dragon fire-encompass'd round,
 His Night-flight as he press'd.
 The dwellers of the Land of old
 Him [fearfully observ'd]¹¹
 Where, wise with many Winters told
 He the vast Hoard of Heathen Gold
 Useless to him¹² preserved.
 Three-hundred Years the mighty Pest
 In the Earth's Bosom there possess'd,
 Now great and mighty grown withall,
 A certain¹³ spacious Treasure-hall,
 Till one his Anger nerv'd :
 For to his own liege Lord he brought
 The solid Cup of golden Ware,
 And Covenant of Pardon sought ;
 His Lord the wretched Exile's Prayer
 Granted, when marv'ling he beheld
 The wondrous Work of Men of Eld.
 Soon as the Dragon was awake
 His furious Wrath anew out-brake,
 Around the Rock the Scent he plied,¹⁴
 And soon the Stranger's Steps descried,
 Who forth by secret Art had fled,
 Passing beside the Monster's Head.
 Thus then may one not doom'd to die

Scape Woe and Danger easily
 If he God's Grace obtain,
 Around the Land the Hoard-ward swept
 To find the Man who, while he slept,
 Had wrought him grievous Bane.
 With raging Mind and fierce Intent,
 Around about his Heaps he went,
 The outward Space examin'd round,
 And no Man in the Desert found,
 But, loving War and Hours of Fight,
 Betook him to the Barrow's Height
 His Wealth-cup to explore,
 But found that some one of Mankind
 His hidden Gold had chanc'd to find,
 His lofty Treasure Store.¹⁵
 Scarce would the Keeper of the Hoard
 Await till Even came,
 High the Mound-watcher's¹⁶ Anger soar'd,
 His precious Vessel's Loss he scor'd
 To pay with raging Flame.
 When Day, as he desired,¹⁷ was gone,
 Not long he stay'd the Mound upon,
 But, furnish'd with a Breath of Fire,
 He wended forth in flaming Ire.
 Full dread at first the Onslaught bore
 Upon the People brave,
 Even as ere the War was o'er
 Upon their Prince it ended sore
 Who Treasure to them gave.

CANTO XXXIII.

THEN soon the Demon foul began [4618]
 To spit forth raging Fire,
 To burn the Dwellings bright of Man,
 Forth stood the flaming Torch's Ban
 Abomination dire.

The loathsome Flyer of the Air¹
 Would e'en no living Creature spare;
 The Dragon's War was seen full clear,
 His savage Malice far and near,
 How the War-scathe² the Geatic State
 Oppress'd with War and furious Hate.
 Back to his Hoard ere Dawn of Day
 And secret Hall he bent his Way,
 When he the People of the Land
 In Flame had wrapt with Fire and Brand;
 He trusted in his Mound,
 His battled Walls, his Might of Hand,—
 Full false his Hopes he found.
 Anon to Beowulf was known
 What Deeds of Terrour had been done,
 His home, the Weders' high Gift-Throne
 Of Palaces most fair array'd
 'Midst Waves of Flame in Ashes laid:
 And this the good Man's angry Breast
 Of all War-Sorrows most oppress'd,
 E'en the wise Monarch ween'd that he
 His bitter Wrath indulg'd too free,
 Beyond what antient Laws accord,
 'Gainst Providence,³ the Eternal Lord,
 With dark and murmuring Thoughts within
 His Bosom boil'd,—such Thoughts were sin.
 The fiery Dragon had o'erthrown
 And cast his People's Castle down,
 The Country's Fort with flaming Brand
 Had clean destroyed from out the Land.
 For this the Weders' warlike King
 Taught him what Woes Revenge can bring.
 The Lord of Earls' the Warriours' Aid
 Had then a Shield all Iron made
 In Blazon beautified,
 For well he knew that wooden Shield
 No Help in such a Fight might yield,
 Wood may not Flame abide.

The Ætheling aye good and great
 Must now his coming End await
 His Life's few Days'⁴ career,
 And such is eke the Dragon's Fate
 Who held the Treasures dear.
 Unworthy him the Ring-prince⁵ ween'd
 To seek the widely flying⁶ Fiend
 Girt with a gallant Host's Array;
 He never fear'd the Battle's Day,
 He held at nought the Dragon's Fight
 Unwearied Diligence and Might;
 For many a Deed of Daring dread
 He had erewhile accomplished
 In Fight, since Hróthgár's fair Domain
 Triumphantly he freed from Stain,
 And grappling slew in Wars' Embrace
 Foul Grendel's Kin of loathly Race:
 Nor was it his most light Campaign
 When Higelác his King was slain,
 When Hrethel's Son, on Friesland's Soil,
 Lov'd Prince of Men, in War's Turmoil,
 Amid the Flow of War's red Drink,⁷
 Beaten to Earth with Bills did sink.
 Then came Beówulf in his Might,
 For swimming Power had he,⁸
 And on his nervous Arm were dight
 Full thirty⁹ Instruments of Fight
 When plunging in the Sea.
 Nor needed then the hostile Host,
 Though active in the War, to boast,
 That they before him to the Field
 Had gone, and borne the pondrous Shield;
 Few from the angry Warriour fled
 And their dear Homes revisited.
 O'er the Seal's Passage¹⁰ homeward now
 Swam the bold Son of Ecgtheów,
 In Loneliness Distress and Pain,
 Unto his Countrymen again,

Where Hygd unto him did propone
 Rings, Treasures, Royalty, and Throne,
 She thought not 'gainst Outlanders bold
 Her Son his Father's Throne could hold.
 But now, though Higelác was gone,

The Remnant of his People could
 In no one Thing prevail upon

The Chieftain generous and good,
 Himself o'er Heardred Lord to make
 Or for his own the Kingdom take.
 But by his friendly Counsel he
 Maintain'd his Honour joyously,
 Till he maturer Age attain'd
 And o'er the Weder-Geáts he reign'd.
 For him o'er Sea the Sons of Wrath
 The Children of Ohtere went forth,
 They had the Scylfing Prince oppress'd,
 Of all the Ocean-kings the best,
 Who in the Swío-land his Gold
 Divided, as a Chieftain bold:—

This was a Sign of Fear :
 And Higelác's bold Son receiv'd
 A Wound that him of Life bereav'd,
 'Mid Swingings of the Sear.¹¹
 Then home the Son of Ongentheów
 Return'd, now Heardred lay full low ;
 The Throne and regal State
 He left Beówulf to maintain,
 And o'er the Geátic Realm to reign.
 That was a Monarch great.

CANTO XXXIV.

HE of the People's Ruin fell
 The sad Results remember'd well,
 And afterwards did Friendship show
 To Eadgills in Distress and Woe.

[4777]

O'er the wide Sea with Cohort fair
With War and Armament,
Stept¹ forth the Offspring of Ohtere,
Forc'd him the Journey cold of Care,²
His royal Spirit spent,
The Son of Ecgtheow at last
Had every Evil safely past
Of slippery Battle's valiant Deeds,
Till 'gainst the Dragon he proceeds
One luckless Day. In Anger dread,
By twelve brave Youths accompanied
The monster Dragon's Rage to meet
Departed then the royal Geat.
For he had heard how rose the Feud,
The War-curse that his Heroes rued :
Had come unto his Bosom bland
The Treasure Vessel sheen,
Through that unhappy Traitor's Hand,
Who form'd the thirteenth of the Band,
And of the Turmoil in the Land
The Origin had been ;
Who, Woe-begone in captive Chain,
Must, downcast, lead them o'er the Plain.
Against his Will he went, till he
The lonely Hall-of-earth might see,
Subterranean Barrow near the Shore,
Which the wild Billows battle o'er,
And which within was richly stored
With wire-chas'd ornamental Hoard
The salvage Warder, fierce and old,
Held 'neath the Earth his treasur'd Gold,
And no Man at an easy Fate
That Treasure mote appropriate.
The War-hard³ Prince, the Geatic Thane,
Did seated on the Ness remain,
And to his Hearth-companions⁴ true
Full tenderly bade adieu,
His Mind in sad and wandering State

And ready Death to meet ;⁵
 Now measurelessly near was Fate⁶
 That must the old Man greet,
 His Spirit-treasure⁷ penetrate
 And Life from Body separate :
 The Prince not long his Life shall hold
 Inclosed within the Flesh's Fold.⁸
 Thus spake Beówulf, Ecgtheów's Son :
 " I, in my Youth, full oft have known,
 In troublous Times, the Battle's Swell :—
 All this I can remember well.
 For seven Winters old was I
 When the dear Chieftain of the Land,
 Lord of the Geátic Treasury,
 Receiv'd me from my Father's Hand.
 King Hrethel me maintain'd, and gave
 Me Treasures rich and Banquets brave.
 For he respected Kindred's Tye,
 Nor less beloved of him was I,
 (A Warriour in his Castles fair,)
 Than even his own Children were,
 Than Hæthcyn, Herebald, or e'en
 My own dear Higelác has been.
 For th' eldest was the Murther-bed
 By Kinsman's Deed unseemly spread,
 Since Hæthcyn his beloved Lord
 With Arrow from the Bow-horn⁹ gor'd,
 Missing his Mark, one luckless Brother
 With bloody Arrow shot the other.
 A Feud thus criminally made
 With Money could not be allay'd.
 Right sad was Hrethel's weary Heart ;
 Still must the Prince from Life depart
 All unaveng'd,—so sad and dire
 A Sight it is to aged Sire
 To bear, his-youthful Son to see
 Riding upon the Gallows-tree :¹⁰
 And he must sing his Sorrows' Lay

CANTO XXXIV.

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While hangs his noble Child,
 A Prize unto the Bird of prey,
 But aged and infirm he may
 No Aid unto him yield :
 And Memory aye with Morning's Breath
 Reminds him of his Offspring's Death.
 Nor careth he within his Towers
 For other Heir to stay,
 Sith one by Death's malignant Powers
 Hath sadly past away,
 His Son's Abode he looks about
 In Care and Grief¹¹ to find
 The Wine-hall desolate, without
 Its once gay festive Wassail-rout
 The resting Place of Wind.¹²
 The Hero lies in Darkness'¹³ Thrall,
 The Knight he sleepeth sore,
 No Harp resoundeth in the Hall
 Nor Joy within the Castle-wall,
 As ever heretofore.

CANTO XXXV.

" THEN forth departeth he in Lays, [4915]
 And sings his Song of Pain,
 One after other every Place
 Seems to him but an empty Space
 Be it Abode or Plain.
 Thus boiling Sorrow of the Breast
 The Geáts' Protector sore oppress'd
 For Herebald, nor could he ere
 Upon the Murtherer wreak the Feud,
 He could not hate the Warriour fair
 Though sore the loathsome Deed he rued.
 For Grief at this sad Hap he then
 Resign'd for aye the Joys of Men,
 He chose¹ at length God's blessed Light,

And left, (like those who Fortune sway,)
 His Sons his Town and Kingdom's Might,
 When from his Life he pass'd away.
 And then the Sweed's and Geáts between
 Was Evil and Contention seen,
 And common Woe on Water wide,
 The Curse of War, when Hrethel died,
 Till Ogentheów's Offspring² . . . bold,
 In Battle fierce, no Peace would hold
 Upon the Deep, but oft would pour
 The Ambush dread round Hreosna-burh.
 This may my Friend in sooth relate
 Of Feud and Crime, as Rumours state:
 For though the hostile Chieftain gain'd
 His Life, a Bargain dear,
 Hæthcyn, the Angle King, sustain'd
 Mischief and Scathe severe.
 With Bill, I heard at Break of Day
 Kinsman did Kinsman cast to slay,
 When Ogentheów met Eofer bold;
 But Helm gave way 'neath Buffet rude,
 Pale fell to Earth the Scylfing old,
 But well enough the deadly Feud
 Remember'd his ferocious Hand
 Nor curb'd the Life-swing of the Brand.
 And I to him in full restor'd
 In Battle's Day what Treasures he
 To me had giv'n, with my light Sword,
 E'en as the Power was granted me ;
 And I receiv'd at Hrethel's Hand
 A joyous Heritage and Land.
 Nor had the valiant Monarch need
 Inferiour Warriours to gain,
 Either Gár-dane of Gyfth or Sweed,
 And at a higher Charge maintain.
 Before him thus I ever would
 In Fight with Edge of Weapon good
 Alone maintain his Wars,

And thus till Death to do I cast,
 As long as this good Sword shall last,
 Which, time before and time since past,

Has often serv'd my Cause :
 Since I, 'fore Nobles of the Land,
 That foul Day-raven,³ with my Hand,
 The Hugan's Champion shent,
 Nor could he to the Frisian King
 At all the fair wrought Treasure bring.

The Bosom's Ornament.

But sank, his Banner's Guard, in Fight,
 A Prince succumbing in his Might.
 Nor was my Sword's keen Edge his Bane,
 I grasp'd him on the battle Plain,
 And crush'd and shatter'd in th' Embrace
 His Heart's Waves' bony Dwelling-place:⁴
 But now must Edge of Bill, and Hand
 For Treasure war, and harden'd Brand."

The Geatic Prince continued yet,
 These were his latest Words of Threat :
 " I, who in Days of youthful Might
 Full oft have dared the dangerous Fight,
 Now seek, my People's Guardian old,
 In Feud my Glory to uphold,
 If this foul Sin-scathe⁵ dares withall
 To meet me from his earthy Hall.'
 Then did the helm-clad Warriour fleet
 Each of his lov'd Companions greet
 For the last Time :—" Nor Brand nor Sear
 Against the Dragon would I bear,
 If with the Monster I descried
 How else to grapple in my Pride,
 As I with Grendel did of old ;
 But of this Battle-flame I hold
 'Tis hot, and fierce, and poisonéd,
 I therefore Byrnie don and Shield,
 Nor to the Barrow's Guardian dread
 A single Footstep will I yield ;

But it shall be unto us twain
 As Fate, Man's Maker, shall ordain,
 Beside these Walls. My Mind is set
 Worship and high Renown to get
 By this War-flying⁶ Pest. Do ye,
 As Men at Arms in Panoply,
 Abide upon the Hill, to see
 Which of us two the War-rush o'er
 Shall of his Wound recover more.
 No Quarrel here have ye and none
 Have other Men, 'tis mine alone
 Hard fight with this foul Wretch to share,
 Earlship achieve and Honours fair.
 I'll make this golden-treasure Hoarde
 My stalworth Valour's prey,
 Or War's Life-bale⁷ your aged Lord
 Shall fiercely sweep away."
 Forthwith beside his Buckler fair
 Uprose the lofty Chief, and bare
 Beneath the towering Cliffs of Stone
 His Helm and his Habergeon.
 His single Strength he trusted to,
 As Coward ne'er would dare to do.⁸
 Then by the Wall perceived the Prince,—
 (Who, good in his Munificence,
 Had oft o'ercome in Battle's Crash,⁹
 When hostile Troops together dash,)—
 While standing on a freestone Bridge,—
 A Stream break from the Mountain's Ridge;
 The wave with Battle-flame¹⁰ was hot,
 So that unburnt the Prince could not
 Attain the Depths where lay the Hoard,
 So high the Dragon's Fury soar'd.
 The Geatic Monarch then in Wrath
 Let from his Bosom Words go forth:
 Now storm'd the Chief of Spirit stark,
 His Voice in loud and hostile Tone,
 That kindled Hatred deep and dark,

Enter'd beneath the hoary Stone.
 Full soon the Keeper of the Hoards
 Of human Tongue perceived the Words.
 The Warriour now may rest no more,
 His Season of Repose is o'er,
 Forth from the gloomy Rock at first
 The Monster's fiery Breath,
 War's boiling Torrent,¹¹ reeking burst,—
 Earth thunder'd underneath.
 Fenc'd by his Shield-rim's Covering,
 Forthwith the Geatic Hero-king
 Swift glided onward o'er the Plain
 The Stranger fell to meet;
 The ring-bow'd¹² Monster's Heart was fain
 With Battle him to greet.
 His pondrous Sword, that Relic old
 Reckless of Edge¹³ the War-king bold
 Already brandished,
 And either of the hostile twain,
 With Thoughts of Hate and deadly Bane,
 Look'd on his Foe with Dread.
 Firm by his lofty Buckler stood
 The Ruler of Companions good,
 With Movement quick the Dragon wound
 His Length in tortuous Circles round,
 Together coil'd midst flaming Glead
 He to the Conflict doth proceed.
 Less Time unto the Warriour brave
 His pondrous Shield Protection gave
 For Life and Body in the Fray
 Than his Design requir'd that Day,
 When he, the Day's first Part, must wield
 High Exultation in the Field
 As Fate did not permit.
 Uprais'd the Geatic Lord his Hand
 And with his mighty Relic Brand
 The colour'd Monster hit,
 That brown upon the Bone its Might

Of Edge relax'd and 't would not bite
 So sharply as the Theod-king
 Had Need, oppress'd and labouring.
 Then was the Mountain's-guardian wrath
 After that Buffet dire,
 And in a Mood full salvage forth
 He cast the murtherous Fire,
 And gleamed in Terrour wide and far
 The dreadful Meteour¹⁴ of War.
 The Gold-prince of the Geatic Host
 The Joy of Victory could not boast,
 For naked at the Strife, his Sword
 Had treacherously fail'd its Lord,
 As ne'er should Iron good of old :
 For 't was no Deed of light Achieve,
 When Ecgtheow's Son, the Chieftain bold,
 Was doom'd the earthly Plain to leave,
 And his Desire to raise,
 For other Dwelling-place to cast,
 As each Man must resign at last
 His few poor earthly Days.
 Ere long the Wretches met again,
 The Hoarde's Guard fresh in Fury came,
 His stormy Bosom boil'd amain
 With a new Voice, his Breath of Flame.
 Right sorely was he now bested,
 Who erst did o'er the People reign,
 With raging Flame encompassed :
 Nor did his Hand-companions'¹⁵ Train,
 Of Heroes' Sons a gallant-Band
 In Battle-splendour¹⁶ round him stand,
 But sped them to the Forest's lairs
 To save those dastard Lives of theirs.
 Yet boil'd one faithful Heart of them
 With Grief's indignant Might,—
 The Force of Kindred nought can stem
 In him who thinks aright.

CANTO XXXVI.

[5200]

WIGLAF that lovely¹ Youth was styl'd,
 A Scyfling Prince, and Wihstán's Child,
 And Kinsman of Ælfhere ;
 He saw his Lord beneath his Crest
 By fiery Heat full sore oppress'd,
 And in Remembrance bare
 How Honour high he had bestow'd
 Upon him, and the rich Abode
 Of the Wægmondings, and moreo'er,
 The Rights his Father held before.
 He could not then refrain his Hand,
 But seiz'd his yellow linden Shield,
 And forth out-drew his antient Brand,
 The relic Ean-mund used to wield,
 Oht-ere's bold Son, all friendless slain
 By Wihstán's Sword on Battle Plain,
 Who from his Kinsman bare away
 Brown Helm and ringéd Hawberk grey,
 His antient Eóten Scimeter,
 To him that Onela resign'd,
 His valiant Comrade's Weeds-of-war,
 Harness for Battle's Fray design'd.²
 About the Feud, tho' he the Child
 Of his own Brother had exil'd,
 He ne'er would speak, but Years laid by
 The ornamented Panoply,
 Both Bill and Byrnie, till his Son
 Might Worship win and Honour high,
 E'en as his Sire before had done.
 But 'mongst the Geáts he handed o'er
 Of Arms to him unnumber'd Store,
 When old, infirm, and failing fast,
 At length away from Life he pass'd.
 This was the first Occasion for

The youthful Hero to assay,
 With his free Lord the Rush of War,
 Nor did his Courage melt³ that day ;
 Nor did his Kinsman's Relic true
 In Battle's Turmoil weaker grow,
 And this when they together drew
 The Dragon soon had cause to know.
 Wig-láf his Comrades then address'd
 In righteous Words from grieving Breast.
 " Well has my Memory preserv'd
 What we, whene'er the Mead was serv'd,
 Within the Banquet-hall,
 Did promise to our Lord ;—that we,
 In any such Necessity,
 Would Service do and Fealty yield
 For these rich Trappings of the Field,
 For Helms and Swords withall ;
 And in this Fray, when freely he
 Chose us his Following to be,
 He bade us Glory mind, and gave
 Into my Hands these Treasures brave :
 Good Warriours he suppos'd we were
 And valiant Men the Helm to bear :
 And though our Lord did e'en believe
 Alone this Action to achieve,
 For he of all Men 'neath the Sun
 Most Deeds of Daring wild⁴ hath done,
 Yet now the Day is come at length
 When our great Monarch needs the Strength
 Of Warriours good.—Come let us speed
 To aid our Chieftain at his Need,
 God wot—to me 't were far more leif
 That with my gold-bestowing Chief
 My Flesh were bosom'd in the Gleed,⁵—
 For base to me it seems indeed
 With Bucklers home to go,
 Unless we first have in the Strife
 Preserv'd the Weder-Chieftain's Life,

And fell'd to Earth the Foe.
 For well I know 't will not agree
 With antient Right at all,
 Of all the Geatic Chiefs that he
 Alone should Toil and Hardship dree
 And in the Battle fall.
 To us the Sword and Aventayle
 Byrnie and pondrous Shroud-of-mail
 Shall be in common all."
 Then Helm on Brow he quickly sped
 Unto the Slaughter-reek⁶
 To aid his Lord so sore bested,
 And thus did briefly speak.
 " Belov'd Beowulf now do thou
 Full well perform that all,
 That thou in early Youth didst vow,—
 That while thou lived'st thou 'ld'st ne'er allow
 Justice and Earth to fall.
 And now shalt thou, renown'd in Fight,
 A single-minded Ætheling,
 Defend thy Life with all thy Might
 And I will aid unto thee bring."
 He said : the Dragon raging came,
 The odious crafty-Fiend again,⁷
 Illumin'd in his boiling Flame,
 Upon his Foes, the hated Men.
 Soon the young Warriour's Shield of Wood
 In Flames around the Bordure stood,
 Nor did his pondrous Shirt of Mail
 To aid him in the Fight avail,
 And 'neath his Kinsman's Shield he came,
 When his was pulverized⁸ by Flame.
 The War-king call'd to Mind at length
 His Glory and his mighty Strength,
 And with his War-bill smote so rude,
 That driv'n into the Head it stood,
 Nægling⁹ old Sword and gray of Hue,
 False in the Fray, in Splinters flew.

It was not given him in that Raid
 That Edge of Steel should be his aid;
 Too mighty, I have heard, that Hand,
 Too great it's Swing for any Brand,
 That when he bare to Battle Sword
 Wound-harden'd¹⁰ 't would no Aid afford.
 Full fierce the fiery Pest again
 Rush'd on the war-renowned Thane,
 And soon repaid his Wrath amain,
 For round his Neck he coil'd,
 All hot and grim, with Bane full sore,
 That he was cover'd with his Gore,
 In Waves his Heart's Blood boil'd.

CANTO XXXVII.

THEN, in his Monarch's dire Distress, [5384]
 The youthful Thane, I wiss,
 Display'd a Courage wearyless
 And stalworth Might and Skilfulness:
 (A Nature bold was his,¹)
 Heedless of Helm, his Hand did glow²
 To give his Kinsman Aid,
 Downward he smote the Demon Foe
 Full stark in Stowre so sturdy Blow
 That blood-discolour'd deep and low
 Div'd³ in the solid Blade,
 And the dread Flame, less fierce and slow,
 With failing Fury play'd.
 Again the Monarch in that Hour
 Resum'd his Concioussness and Power,
 And quick his Slaughter-dagger true,
 His Byrnie's Belt that hung unto,
 Bitter and sharp, the Geát Prince hent,
 And therewith up the Middle rent⁴
 The Monster-dragon's Hide;
 Thus fell'd the kindred Thanes the Foe,

And both together laid him low
 And quell'd his reckless Pride,
 (Thus good at Need should be a Thane,)
 So that the Prince did Vic'try gain
 By his earthly Deeds⁵ of Might and Main,
 When he the Danger tried.
 But now the Wound the Dragon fell
 Had wrought him, gan to burn and swell,
 And soon he found the baleful Pest
 Of Poison boiling in his Breast.
 Approach'd him then the Ætheling,
 For by the Wall the wounded King
 Sat musing on a Stone,
 On Gyants' Work he wond'ring gaz'd ;
 Stone Vaults on massy Columns rais'd
 The everlasting Cave embrac'd
 Within its Circuit lone.
 The Thane immeasurably good⁶
 His well-lov'd Lord bestain'd with Blood,
 The famous Chief, of Battle tir'd,
 Did wash, and of his Health inquired.
 Beówulf spake, and of his Wound,
 The deadly-slaughterous Wound,⁷ he said,
 His Days'-while's Ending he had found,
 His earthly Pleasures now were fled,
 The Number of his Days gone by,
 And Death immeasurably nigh.⁸
 " And now would I to Son of mine
 These goodly Weeds of War resign,
 If to succeed me any Heir
 My Body's Offspring granted were.
 'Tis now full fifty Winters long
 This People have I rul'd among,
 Nor has there any neighbour King
 Dar'd me to greet in Fight,
 Surrounded by his Following,
 Or Terrour to excite.⁹
 In Patience have I waited for

Whatever Time has brought,¹⁰
 And well mine own have holden, nor
 Deceit have ever sought,
 Nor sworn unnumber'd Oaths have I
 In Leasing and in Perjury.
 For this I may expect to see,
 Now sick with mortal Pain,
 Eternal Joy, nor needs to me
 Man's ruler Punishment decree,
 When Life shall forth of Body flee,
 For Kinsman's Murther-bane.
 To see, dear Wig-láf quickly go
 The hoarde the hoary Stone beneath,
 Now reft of all his Wealth, the Foe
 Lies wounded in the Sleep of Death.
 Haste thou, that I the Treasure old
 May know, and the Amount of Gold,
 And that I speedily may see
 The star-bespangled Jewell'ry¹¹
 And Gems of cunning Art,
 That with my Life and Nation bold,
 That I so long have joy'd to hold,
 More softly I may part."

CANTO XXXVIII.

[5500]

RIGHT quickly at his Chieftain's Word,
 As I have heard, did Wihstán's Son
 Obey his wounded war-sick Lord,
 And bare his ring'd Habergeon,
 His richly-broider'd Battle-sark
 Beneath the Cavern's Arches dark;
 And as the Kindred-hero bold,
 Exulting in his Victory,
 Went round the Rock, full plenteous Gold
 And Gems he glittering there did see,
 All heavy strewn upon the Ground,

A Marvel all the Wall around,
The Den where did the Dragon rest,
That antient twy-light-flying Pest,—
Of antient Men the Goblets fair
Well chac'd, with none to own them there,
And many a rusty Helm and old,
With Bracelets deftly wrought in Gold,
 Within the Cave doth bide ;
(Full easily may Man despise
The Wealth, in Earth that buried lies,
 Let him who will it hide).
And high among the Treasures brave
He saw a golden Banner wave,
Most wondrous of the Things he found,
By magic Charms together bound,
 That Light around it threw,
That he might scan the Cave around
 The Den of Exile view.
The Dragon there was nowhere seen,
He with the Sword had slaughter'd been.
Then, as I heard, that Barrow dread,
 By gyants wrought in Days of old,
Was by one Hero plunderéd
 Of all its mighty Hoarde of Gold,
So that he loaded on his Breast,
Dishes, and Cups, what lik'd him best,
The Standard too away he bore
All other Banners bright before,—
A brass Bill edg'd with Iron keen,
 Erewhile that long'd to antient Lord,
To whom it had a long Time been
 Protector of his Treasure Hoarde,
Before his Store who bore full stark
 The raging Flame's terrific breath,
Hot boiling in the Midnight dark,
 Until at length he died the Death.
The Messenger with anxious Haste
His Steps full speedily retrac'd,

To give his yearning Soul Relief,
 And know if th' daring-hearted¹ Chief,
 Now sick and wounded sore,
 The Weder Prince upon the Plane
 He yet alive should find again,
 As he had left before.

Then quickly with his Treasure-store
 His Lord he found hard by,
 The mighty Chieftain, bleeding sore,
 The End of Life full nigh,
 And gan to sprinkle him about
 With Water, as at first,

Till Words, his Bosom's Hoarde² from out
 His failing Spirit burst.

Beówulf spake, as from his Seat³
 Look'd on the Gold the aged Geát
 "Most hearty Thanks in Words I bring
 The Lord of all, the Glory King,
 The eternal Lord for all the Gold
 And Treasure that I here behold,
 That for my well-lov'd People I
 Such Wealth have gain'd before I die,
 Now have I bought this Treasure Hoarde,
 At my Life's Price right prudently,
 At the State's Need 'twill Aid afford,
 And longer here I may not be.

Command to raise the great in Fight
 A Mound upon the Clifty Height,
 Bright after the funereal Fire,
 That high on Hronesnæss may aspire
 And to the People of my Land
 A lasting Monument may stand,
 That the vast Ocean's Sailors brave
 May call Beówulf's Mound,
 When o'er the Darkness of the Wave
 Afar the Brentings⁴ bound."
 Then from his Neck the warrior King
 Forthwith unclasp'd the golden Ring

And to the youthful Thane,
Resigned his Helm of golden Hue,
His royal Ring and Byrnie too.

In Gladness to retain.

“Thou art the last remaining Stay
Of our Wœgmunding Stem,
My Sons hath Fate swept all away,
Earls in their Might, to Death's dark Sway;—
And I must after them.”

This ere the Pyre the old Man chose,⁵
The Battle-wave that furious glows,
His Bosom's latest Word
And from his Breast his Spirit goes,
To seek the blessed Doom of those,
Who ne'er from Truth have err'd.

CANTO XXXIX.

THEN, to the youthful Hero's Grief, [5637]
He saw his most beloved Chief,
As on the Earth destroyed he lay,
With Life departing fast away.
There also lay upon the Plain
The Dragon dread that him had slain;
Bereft of Life, and quell'd by Force,
Th' ill-coiling¹ Monster can maintain
No longer now his treasure Stores:
But hard-wrought Shields and Sword-edge bright,
The Trophies of the Hammers Might,²
Have swept him forth away,
So that the widely-flying Pest
Sank wounded to his deadly Rest
Near where the Treasures lay.
Nor can he in exulting Power
Flit through the Lyft at midnight Hour,
Nor, proud of his Possessions, range
Exhibiting Appearance strange,

But he is fall'n to Earth in Death
 The War-chief's Handy-work beneath.³
 Scarce is the Man, as I am told,⁴
 The Man of Might, in Action bold,
 Has prospered when he rushing came
 'Gainst Poison-pest with Breath of Flame,
 If with rash Hand he sought to make
 A Stir in that ring Hall, and found
 The Guardian of the Stores awake,
 Abiding on his treasure Mound.
 Even the great Beówulf won
 Only with Death that lordly Store ;
 For either mighty Champion
 This poor Life's End was hanging o'er.
 Meanwhile that false⁵ and traitour Crew
 Of Laggard-warriours⁶ onward drew ;
 Forth from the Forest's gloomy Shade
 The dastard ten career,
 Who, when their Lord had Need of Aid
 Dar'd not to wield the Spear.
 Asham'd their Shields and War-weeds⁷ where
 The aged Chieftain lay they bare,
 On Wigláf look'd in humbled State ;—
 The active Champion weary sate
 Beside the Shoulders of his Lord,
 And gently o'er him Water pour'd.
 Yet can he nought avail, (though all
 He would have barter'd that to gain),
 His warrior Monarch to recall
 And Life on Earth to him detain ;
 Nor would the Doom of God's high Will
 Turn, but rule all, as it doth still.
 Ready on the young Hero's Part
 Was Answer grim to each whose Heart
 Had fail'd him in the Fight ;
 And thus then Wigláf, Wikstán's Son,
 Disconsolate of Heart begun,
 And Look unloving⁸ dight.

"Lo! well may he, whose constant Care
 It is to speak the Truth declare,
 Of our good Lord, whose Bounty gave
 Those Treasures and those Trappings brave
 That on your Limbs ye bear,
 When at the Ale-bench as he sate,
 Byrnie and Helm the Monarch great
 Unto his Thanes would share,
 Whome'er he found or near or far
 Most valiant in the Fray,
 That he his goodly Weeds of War,
 Cast hastily away.
 For when War superven'd, our King
 Could little boast his Following;
 But GOD, of Victory the Lord,
 Did grant him to achieve in Fight
 High Vengeance with his single Sword
 When he had Need of stalworth Might.
 But small Defence could I supply,
 To guard his Life, but still have I
 Attempt, beyond my Measure,⁹ made
 My Kinsman at his Need to aid.
 And when with my good Sword I strake
 The Life-pest, I more weak became,
 But he on Purpose more out-brake,
 And boil'd the more with raging Flame.
 Too few Defenders throng'd were found
 At Time of Need their Prince around.
 Now costly Service, gift of Sword,
 Delights that Heirship doth afford,
 And all support, must fail your Clan :—
 Stript of his Land-right every Man
 Of all your Family must go,
 When far the Æthelings shall know
 Of this your dastard Flight in War,
 Deed with Dishonour rife :—
 Death to an Earl were better far
 Than ignominious Life."¹⁰

CANTO XL.

THE noble Work forthwith he bade [5779]
 Known to the warrior Band be made,
 Where on the Sea-cliff's beetling Height
 Distress'd in Mind, with Bucklers dight,
 The livelong Day from Morning sate
 The Company of Earls, and they
 The Close of that eventful Day
 And their lov'd Lord's Return await.
 And he who rode along the Ness,
 Would not the novel Tale suppress,
 But detail'd all in Faithfulness.
 "The Chieftain of the Geatic Host,
 The Weder Nation's Joy and Boast,
 Dwells, by the Dragon's Prowess cast,
 In fatal Rest, on Death-bed fast.
 And opposite to him doth lye,
 With Sword-wounds sick¹ th' old Enemy.
 His Sword of none Avail he found
 The scaly Monster's Hide to wound;
 And Wihstán's Son, brave Wig-láf, o'er
 Beówulf sits in Grief full sore,
 Earl over Earl that lifeless sleeps
 Head-ward of Love and Loathing keeps.²
 Now may the Land expect, I ween,
 The Turmoil of the Battle-scene,
 When 'mongst the Franks 'tis widely spread
 And Frisians, that our King is dead.
 Full sternly with the Hukan erst
 The deadly Feud was form'd at first,
 When Higelác to Friesland went
 Girt with a naval Armament:
 And him his Foes³ in War o'erthrew,
 For boldly to the Fight
 In overwhelming Force they drew,

So that the Warriour bold and true
 Must bow beneath their Might.
 Thus fell he in the battle Feud,
 And to his Heroes brave
 No longer Time the Chieftain good
 The beauteous Treasure gave.
 Since then 'twixt Mere-Wioing Race
 And us no Peace has taken place,
 Nor from the Sweeds a Whit can I
 Expect of Truth or Amity:
 For wide 'tis known of Ongentheów
 By Hæthcyn Hrethel's Son laid low,
 At Hrefna-wood when in their Pride
 The Scylfings first to Geát-land hyed.
 To him the Father of Oht-here
 Dread, wise, and aged gave
 Full soon a Blow of Hand,⁴ and tare
 From out his Troop of Virgins fair
 The Ocean-captain brave.
 The antient Man the Mother old
 Of Onela and Oht-here bold,
 Robb'd of her Gold, with him did take,
 And for the Murtherers did make
 A hot Pursuit, untill that they,
 Reft of their Lord in that Affray,
 To Hrefnes-holt scarce made their Way.
 Then whom the Sword had left as yet,
 Weary with Wounds, he sore beset,
 And all Night long full oft did he
 Woe to the hapless Race decree:
 He said that he at Break of Day
 Some with the Dagger's Edge would slay,
 And others, for his Sport,⁵ that he
 Would hang upon the Gallows-tree.
 But Comfort rose with early Day
 To the sore-hearted Troop, when they
 Heard swell the Trumpets' Echo bright
 And Horn of Higelác;

The good Chief, with his People's Might,
Was coming on their Track.

CANTO XLI.

[5887]

THEN valiant Sweeds and Geáts between
The bloody Sward was widely seen,
The Rush of men to Slaughter rude,
And how the Folk did whet the Feud.
Earl Ongen-theów, the good Chief, then
Turn'd with his Comrades back again,
Aged and sorrowful, to reach
A Fastness on the Ocean's Beach:
He'd heard of all the Hrethling's Might
And the proud Chieftain's Skill in Fight,
Nor trusted that he could withstand
His Foeman's warlike Sailor Band,
And 'gainst their desperate Onslaught hold
His Child, his Bride, and Hoarde of Gold:
So the old Chief retreated thence
Beneath his Earth-incampment's Fence.
Then did the Sweeds unto our King
Possessions tender, and to bring
A Banner's Tribute due,
Forth went they o'er the peaceful Plain;—
Then Hrethling Warriours thronged amain
Around the fated crew.
The grey-hair'd Ongen-theów's Delay
Was with the Sword aveng'd that day,
So that the Theód-king must own
The Sway of Eofer's will alone.
And him did Wulf, great Wonred's Child,
With Weapon reach in Anger wild,
That for that Souse the Blood amain
Sprang 'neath his Hair from out the Vein.
Yet not a Whit of craven Fear
The Scylfing old betray'd,

But with a Buffet more severe
 The Battle-thrust repaid.
 For when the Theód-monarch round
 Did thither turn, no single Wound
 Could the swift Blade of Woured's Son
 Inflict the aged Man upon,
 Who smote through th' Helm upon his Crown
 So that blood-stained he bowed him down.
 To Earth he fell, not yet in Death,
 Though scath'd by Wound, he 'scap'd with Breath.
 With broad Blade Higelác's bold Thane,
 Where lay his Brother on the Plain,
 Let the old Eóten Sword o'erwhelm
 O'er the Shield-wall the Entish Helm.
 To Earth the People's Shepherd bent,
 The aged King—his Life was shent.
 But many round his Kinsman wound¹
 And raised him quickly from the Ground,
 Sith all the Slaughter-plain
 Room to command was for them found,²
 While Thane did plunder Thane.
 From Ongentheów they took away
 His hard Hilt-sword and iron Vest,
 The Trappings of the Warriour grey
 Were thence by Higelác possess'd,
 Who promis'd for them Guerdon high,
 And kept his Promise gallantly.
 The War-rush did the Geátic Lord,
 Great Hrethel's Offspring, from his Hoard,
 When home return'd, right well reward
 To Wulf and Eofer bold,
 For he, beside the Treasures brave,
 To each a hundred thousand gave,
 Land and lock'd Rings of Gold.
 And no Man on the wide Earth may
 Reproach them with the Gifts, for they
 Fought for their Honours high.³
 To Eofer too he gave withall

His Daughter, Glory of his Hall,
 Dear Gage of Amity.
 This is the Enmity and Feud,
 The Murtherous-hate⁴ of Men of Blood,
 The Reason which, I ween, will pour
 The Sweón Race upon our Shore,
 When they shall hear that our great Lord
 Lies lifeless, who both Realm and Hoard
 Of Scyldings brave 'gainst Foes did hold
 After the Fall of Heroes bold,
 The Rede his People had conceiv'd
 Fulfilling gallantly,⁵
 And even farther yet achiev'd
 Exploits of Earlship high.
 The sooner now the better far
 To look upon our Theód-king,
 And him who gave us Rings to bring
 Aloft on the funeral Car.
 And at the noble Monarch's Pyre
 No Hero's Gold shall melt in Fire,
 For here are Treasures all untold,
 A grimly purchas'd Hoard of Gold
 And now with his own Life at last
 He bought the Rings, which shall be cast
 To greedy Fire-brand to devour
 And for the Flame to cover o'er.
 No Earl shall for Memorial bear
 This Treasure fair to see,
 Nor Maiden on her Neck shall wear
 The ringéd Jewell'ry.
 But stript of Gold and sorrowing
 Not once, but oft, shall all
 Tread foreign Lands, since now our King,
 Hath laid aside his Revelling,
 His Wit, and Song withall.
 The Lance at Morn shall cold be found,
 Heav'd in the Hands, in Hands whirl'd round,
 Nor shall the Harp with Morning's gale

The Warriour wake, but Raven pale⁶
 Soaring all greedy o'er the Dead
 Shall tell the Eagle how he sped
 When with the Wolf upon the Plain
 At even Meal he stript the Slain,"
 Thus spake the active Wight,
 A Speech full dreary to be heard,
 But be it Weird or be it Word,
 He was not far from right.
 Rose the whole Troop dispirited,
 Whom boiling Tears bedew,
 And 'neath the Eagle's Nest they sped
 The Wonder dread to view.
 There, lifeless on the sandy Ground,
 Stretch'd on the Bed of Death, they found
 The Chief who gave them Rings before;—
 The good Man's ending Day was o'er.
 The warrior-King, the Weders' Pride
 A Death full marvellous had died.⁷
 And, yet more wondrous to behold,
 They also saw the Dragon old,
 As opposite upon the Plain
 He lay, a loathly Object slain,
 Bescorch'd with Glead, and grim to view,
 And fifty Feet in Measure too
 As there outstretch'd at length he lay.
 He had maintain'd the Joys of Flight
 Through the dark Atmosphere of Night,
 And down had wended in his Might,
 A Visit to his Den to pay.
 But he was now in Death-bonds fast,
 His Earth-cave's Joys for ever past.
 And near him Cups and Vases, Hoardes
 Of Dishes lay, and pretious Swords,
 Rusty and eaten through, as they
 Beneath the Bosom of the Earth
 A thousand⁸ Winters dwelling lay,
 Sith that Heir-loom of mighty Worth,

Of antient Men the Treasure sheen,
 By Spells incompass'd round had been,
 So that no Man might e'er approach
 That antient Hall of Rings to touch,
 Had not great GOD himself on high,
 The very King of Victory,

Giv'n it to whom He would,
 (Since Man He looks with favour on,)
 To ope the Hoarde, e'en such a one
 As unto him seem'd good.

CANTO XLII.

THE Strife, it then was clearly seen, [6111]
 To him had unpropitious been,
 Who in Unrighteousness and Sin
 Had hidden Ill his Mound within.
 The Keeper of the Hill had slain
 Some one among the Sons of Men,
 Then Vengeance sore the Feud did bring:—
 And where is Cause for Wondering?
 The Earl, of high Renown in Strife,
 Had fared unto the End of Life,
 For with his Children no Man may
 Long occupy the Mead-bench gay.
 So it befell Beowulf, when
 He sought the Mountain-warder's Den,
 The crafty Demon, nor wherethrough
 Should be his World's-off-cutting¹ knew.
 Till Doomsday thus the Rulers' dread
 What's done have deeply treasured,
 So that the Man with Sin bestain'd
 May fast in Hell-bonds be detain'd,
 Punish'd for aye with Sights of Dread
 Who wasted Earths' fair Plain,
 Better he ne'er had compassed
 His sateless Greed of Gain.

Wiglaf, the Son of Wihstán, spake :
 " Oft many an Earl, I ween,
 Shall suffer for one Hero's sake,
 As unto us hath been.
 The People's Shepherd, our lov'd King,
 We ne'er could to our Counsel bring,
 That he should not to Fight defy
 The Treasure-guard, but let him lye
 Where he had lain before,
 Inhabiting his Dwelling steep,
 Holding his high imbattl'd Keep
 Till the World's Days are o'er.
 The grim-gain'd Hoarde is giv'n to view,
 Too strong the Grant him thither drew :^a
 I therein made me Room to see
 The House's Treasures all,
 Hard Journey was permitted me
 Under the earthy Wall.
 A vast main Burthen quick I caught
 In Hand, and to my Monarch brought.
 As yet he lived, and not a few
 On me his last Commands he laid,
 Aged, and wise, and keen,—and you
 Kindly to greet for him he bade :
 And o'er the Spot, whereon shall blaze
 His funeral Pile, he bids you raise,
 Lofty and vast the Mound of Fame,
 According to his Deeds of Worth,
 E'en as most worshipful his Name
 Of Warriours widely o'er the Earth,
 What Time he could enjoy in Health
 His City's Opulence and Wealth.
 Now let us haste and seek once more
 To see the insidious Treasure Store,
 The Wonder 'neath the Wall,
 For scarce enough as I declare
 Can ye admire those Treasures fair
 Rings and broad Gold withall.

Now let them haste, the Bier prepare,
 'Gainst we come back again,
 And we will then our Monarch bear,
 The most belov'd of Men, to where
 In God's bless'd Covenant³ and Care
 Long time he shall remain"
 The War-beast,⁴ Wihstán's Son, then bade
 Both wide and far Command be made
 To Chiefs o'er Houses bearing Sway,
 That Wood to build the funeral Pyre
 They should from far Estates convey,
 To meet the good Prince at the Fire.
 " Now shall the wan Flame wax amain,
 Now shall the Glead devour
 The Heroes' King, who did sustain
 Full oft the Iron Shower,
 When Storms of Darts propell'd with Might
 Over the Shield-wall took their Flight,
 Withstood the Arrow's Cast
 With Feathers wing'd, and onward right
 With Arrows cover'd pass'd."
 Now Wiglaf's Care from out the Crew
 Of royal Thanes the noblest drew,
 And 'neath the treacherous Roof went he,
 Eight Heroes for his Company,
 While one bold Youth, a Torch in Hand
 Proceeded foremost⁵ of the Band.
 And no one then was present there
 'Mongst them by lot that Hoarde to share,
 For keeperless some Part they view'd
 Uncar'd for in the Hall lye strew'd,
 And little any one did care
 Quick the dear Treasures⁶ forth to bear.
 Then cast they from the Ness's Brow
 The Dragon to the Waves below,
 And let the Floods imbosom deep
 The Wretch who did the Treasure keep.
 Then was the Hoarde of twisted Gold,

Of every Kind a Store untold,
 Laden upon a Wain,
 And thus the valiant Ætheling
 The hoary-headed warrior King,
 Was unto Hrones-ness ta'en.

CANTO XLIII.

THE People of the Geáts then made [6268]
 A mighty¹ Pile and broad
 With Helms bedeck'd and Shields array'd
 And Byrnies bright, as he them bade,
 And in the Midst the Heroes layd,
 Weeping, their Prince of lofty Grade,
 Their well belovéd Lord.
 Then gan the Warriours on the Mound
 The mightiest of funereal Fires
 To wake, black Wood-smoke circling round
 From Matter's-enemy² aspires.
 Its Roar with Weeping mingled pass'd,
 And Wind urg'd blending, till at last,
 Hot on the Breast, it open rent
 The Bosom's bony Tenement.³
 With grieving Mind the Chiefs deplor'd
 The Death of their belovéd Lord,
 And such a Song of Mourning loud
 [They⁴ sang, the while] the winding Crowd
 [Of] Virgin[s all in weeping sore
 Grievous] enough their Sorrows pour,
 [That they their Prince, their Cities'] Head,
 [The Troop's Defence,] the Battle's Dread,
 [Saw the] wan [Flame infold,]
 The Warriour-helm upon his Head,
 While Smoke through Heaven [roll'd.]
 Then rais'd the Geátic People o'er
 The Billows of the Ocean's Shore
 A mighty Mound, both broad and high,

That far the Sailors might espy.
 Ten Days they laboured at the Mound,
 The Beacon of the War-renown'd,
 Of Funeral Pyres the best,
 And with a Wall they fenced it round,
 As antient Men in Art profound
 Most worthy did suggest.
 Then on the Pile the golden Rings,
 And Jewels bright, and Gems they pour'd,
 Whate'er the valiant Æthelings
 Had taken from the Dragon's Hoarde.
 The Prince's mighty Treasure then
 To Earth was left to hold again,
 Upon the Sand a golden Store,
 Where still it lyeth, unto Men
 As useless as it was before.
 The Troop of Princes rode around,
 The Beasts-of-war⁵ about the Mound,
 In Number twelve, and they would sing,
 And call to Mind their valiant King,
 Themselves would speak, pour forth their Lays,
 His Earlship laud, his Valour praise,
 With Praise they judg'd him, as 'tis good
 A Man his well-lov'd Sovereign should
 Extol in Words and love in Heart,
 When from the Body he must part,
 A useless Thing henceforth to be.
 Their Sorrow for their well-lov'd Lord
 The Geatic People thus out-poured,
 His Comrades dear, and said that he,
 Of Kings throughout the Earth,
 Was e'en the gentlest to Mankind,
 The Man of most benignant Mind
 The Prince most to his People kind,
 Most earnest after Worth.⁶



NOTES.

INTRODUCTORY CANTO.

† **G**AR-DANES. The Anglo-Saxons often compounded even the Names of Nations with Words relative to War or some Attribute of the People, as e. g. Gár-Danes, from *gár* a *dart*, as indicative of warlike Greatness, Hring-Danes, i. e. rich, having many Rings, Heatho-Scyflings *Wur-Scyflings*.

² Feá-rcæft funden. It was Scéf and not Scyld who was so founden according to the Chroniclers. See Introduction p. xvi.

³ Ofen hron-ráde.

⁴ Beáza hryttan. The Distributer of Rings. I imagine that Rings were the circulating Medium of the Time referred to, and used as Coin. Abundance of this Sort of Coin, and Scales for weighing it, as well as many Bracelets and other ancient Ornaments may be seen in the Copenhagen Museum, which the extensive Learning and attentive Diligence of Professor Thomsen have rendered the most perfect and best arranged Collection of Northern Antiquities in the World. Still undoubtedly Rings and Bracelets of great Value and elaborate Workmanship were worn by both Sexes, and were frequently presented to Victors and Heroes as the Guerdens of their Achievements.

⁵ This Method of disposing of the Dead, though not usual, was not unknown in the North. In the Edda of Sæmund, vol. ii. p. 120, when Sigmundur's Son, Sinfiötli is murdered by his Mother Borghildr, then "Sigmundur bar hann lán-gar leidir í fangi ser. ok kom at firþi einom mióvóm ok löngom. ok var þar skip eitt litit ok maðr einn á. Han bauþ Sigmundi far of fiörþinn. En er Sigmundur bar líkit út á ski-

pit. þá var bátinn hláðinn. Karl mælti at Sigmundur skyldi fara far inn á fiörðinn. Karl hratt út skipino ok hvarf þegar." *Sigmundur bore him a long Way in his Bosom and came to a narrow and long Ford, and there was a little Vessel and one man in it. He promised Sigmundur to go over the Ford. Sigmundur put the Body into the Vessel, and then was the Boat laden. The Churl told Sigmundur that he would go first into the Ford. He thrust off the Ship and vanished.*

CANTO I.

¹ Forð-ge-rímed

On þorub þócon.

² Þýrðe ic.

³ Ongentheow. The Words here supplied from Mr. Kemble's Conjecture, are "o'er the Tide who passed, of þer rá rohte.

⁴ Buzon folc-rcape

And feorum zumena.

⁵ Ðá ic ríðe ze-ƿnæga.

⁶ On ƿýrte ze-lomp.

⁷ Heorot is probably Roakilde, said to have been built by Roe, the Hróthgár of our Poem. Old H. D. Hruod-gér, Ruédeger, Rudeger; Engl. Roger.

⁸ Wæcnan ƿcolbe. Was destined to grow weak. The meaning of this and the preceding Lines, 164-170, is rather obscure. In the Original they stand thus,

þeabo ƿýlma bád	It awaited the hostile Whelm
Láðan lízer.	Of loathly Flame.
Nor ƿær hit lenge þá zen	Nor was it long moreover be- fore

Ðæt ze ƿecz hete	That the hero bade [his Fol- lowers]
------------------	---

ƿðum ƿƿerian.	Swear with Oaths [of Fealty].
ƿfter ƿæl-níðe	Afterwards through deadly Malice

Wæcnan ƿcolbe.	He should [i. e. was fated to] become weak
----------------	---

This seems a difficult and unconnected Construction; and whether Hróthgár's Palace ever were destroyed by Fire I know not. Perhaps we may suppose an Attempt on the Part of the Enemy to burn it during the Progress of the Work: then, by reading the last line ƿwæcan ƿcýlbe, the construction becomes simpler, and translates "Nor was it long more-

overafter the [Act of] deadly Malice that the Hero bade [his Followers] swear with Oaths to avenge the Guilt." This was too bold an Alteration to admit into the Text, but if the Reader prefer it he may instead of the two Lines "But afterwards abate" substitute the following:

The Hero bade his Followers swear
For insult on his Palace fair
The Wrong to compensate.

⁹ White-beoþhtne pang

Spá pæter be-búgeð.

¹⁰ Fífel-cynner eaht.

¹¹ The Notion of evil Monsters being bred from the Race of Cain seems to have arisen from Gen. vi. 4. The latter verse states:

הַנְּפִלִים הָיוּ בְּאַרְצָא בְּיַמֵּי הַהֵם וְגַם אֲחֵרֵי-הֵם
אֲשֶׁר יָבֵאוּ בְּגֵי הָאֱלֹהִים אֶל-בָּנוֹת הָאָדָם וַיֵּלְדוּ
לָהֶם הַנְּפִלִים הַנְּפָרִים אֲשֶׁר מְעֹלָם אֲנָשֵׁי הַשָּׁמַיִם :

There were Abortive (or Monstrous) Births (Vulg. Gigantes) in the Earth in those days, and also after that the sons of Elohim went in unto the daughters of Men and generated of them: There were the Heroes of old, men of name: and it was no doubt from the Traditions relative to the meaning of this obscure Verse, that Abulfarag (Edit. Kirsch and Le Brun. pp. 4, 5) took his account, which runs thus:

חַכְיִים בְּמִיָּא . חַי אֱלֹהִים חַטָּאת חַטָּא
לְמַטְלָא בְּחַיִּימָא . חַיִּים לְהַטָּא בְּיַמֵּי חַיִּים .
סָאִי חַיִּים חַיִּים חַיִּים חַיִּים חַיִּים חַיִּים חַיִּים
חַיִּים חַיִּים חַיִּים חַיִּים חַיִּים חַיִּים חַיִּים חַיִּים
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صِيحًا وَصَمَهُ هُتًا مَجَّ هَتُمًا وَكَحَبَ بِمَهَا .
 حَبَ إِذْ نَزِيهَهُ كَيْمًا يَمَتًا . مَلَهُ إِثْرَ أَسْتَسْتَه
 حَبَ مِيهَ إِثْرَهُ . هَاسِرَ وَكَحَبَ خَلَا صَعْبًا .
 أَمِيهَ وَيَلَكَّهُ حَسْتَه حَقْلَسْتَه . هَخَلَا تُرِي إِرْلَه
 حَهْ حَبَ مَلِيهَ . هَسْحَه نِيًا . هَاسِرَه رِيحًا
 بِمَعْتَسَلًا دَاخِلًا مَفْعَعِيًا حِيَالًا هَحْرَه أُمًا .
 هَاسِيهَ حَسْتَه مَلَكًا مَرْمُكًا إِثْمًا بِمِيهَ
 هَاسِرًا هَه

In the Time of Shith (Seth) when his Sons remembered the good Lives that (they led) in Paradise, they went up to the Mount of Chermon (Hermon), and lived in pure and holy Conversations, abstaining from Matrimony, and from this they were called Angels and Sons of Elohim. In the thousandth Year of the World, the Sons of Elohim descended from the Mountain of Chermon, about two hundred Souls, because they had cast away the Hope of a Return to Paradise; and when they asked Women in Marriage, their Brethren the Sons of Shith and Enosh despised them, and, as Transgressors against their Covenant, agreed to withhold from them their Daughters. On this they departed to the Sons of Cain, and took Wives, and begat Gyants of name, chiefly celebrated for Murther and Plunder. They set up for themselves the first King, a Man whose Name was Samiazus. The Arabic Chronicle published by Pococke p. 8, agrees almost Word for Word.

Without doubt the ⁷ حَبَّ of the Jacobite Primate

are the גִּבְרִיִּם of Moses: whether Gyants or Heroes, but certainly generally considered as Gyants, and this most likely gives the old Eastern Legend on the Subject, whence the Rest has grown. This Theory of the Origin of Orks,

Elves, Gyants, &c. appears to have been unknown to Cædman, who gives the Progeny of Cain as it appears in Moses. See also Canto XXIV. note 3.*

CANTO II.

¹ Grim and ghrædig.

² Gumum un-dýrne.

³ Wær þ ge-rin tó rtranð

Láð 7 long-rum.

⁴ Wær tó færτ on ðam.

⁵ This and the following lines are to me very obscure, in the Original they stand thus,

Ðá þær eáð-fynðe Then was easily found [by any one]

Ðe him ellef-hþær Who would himself elsewhere
Ge-rúmlicor þærte More comfortably Rest,
Bed ærter búrnum A Bed in the Bowers (Chambers) [than there]

Þá him ge-beácnoð þær. Where he was called [to keep guard]

i. e. in the Hall. The substance of which is, that it was easy to find a safer Place to sleep than the Castle-hall. Mr. Kemble translates the Passage thus: "Since there was easily to be found, (that which elsewhere rested too much at large for him) beds throughout the bowers, there, whither he was beckoned:" which I do not understand. Dr. Ettmuller renders it:

"Leicht war auffindbar dem, der anderswo
Geräumlicher rastete, der Recken jedem
Bett in dem Bauten, wenn ihm geboten ward."

and adds as a note, "Die Dänen nahmen nur ungeru ihr

* For farther Information on the subject of the Gyants and Semyaza, see the ግጥሙ: ሄኖ ስፍራ or Book of Enoch the Prophet, capp. vii. viii. ix. and x. i. e. pp. 5—11, of the Ethiopic Text edited by Abp. Lawrence, and prefixed to the Abp.'s English Version of this Work, which he published the same year (1838), there is an Introduction, in which the learned Editor and Translator expresses his Opinion that the Traditions of the Book of Enoch originated in the Jewish Zohar and other Cabbalistic Works. The Passages are however too long to extract.

Nachtlager in Heorot, wenn sie die Burg zu bewachen dahin enboten wurden, da sie an jedem anderen Orte mit grosserer Bequemlichkeit (geräumlicher) ruhten." Dr. Grundtvig appears not to notice the passage.

⁶ Feorh-bealo.

⁷ Wæn ne cunnon

þryðer hel-ránan

þryrctum rcrifað.

⁸ Græt-bona. i. e. Odin.

⁹ Fæðer-fæþum. Surely the latter Portion of this Canto bears the stamp of Christian Authorship, too palpably to be mistaken.

CANTO III.

¹ Seáð. Similar is the Expression in the Lines quoted by Cicero at the Opening of the De Senectute.

O Tite, si quid ego adiuero curamve levasso,

Quæ nunc te coquit et versat in pectore fixa.

² Beówulf the Hero of the Poem.

³ On þæm ðæge

Þýrre lîfer.

⁴ Yþ-liban, i. e. the Ship. The same is the meaning of Sunð-ruðu, Wudu-bunðenne and many other expressions that we shall meet with. Span-ráðe. Swans-path, i. e. Sea.

⁵ Stræámar punbou

Sunð rîþ ranbe.

⁶ Weders are the same as Geáts.

⁷ Gráð-ge-ræbo.

⁸ Þine fyr-rýt bræc. His Curiosity brake him down, i. e. overcame every other Feeling.

⁹ Laðu-reræte.

¹⁰ Neþne him hîr plíte leoge

Æn-líc an-rýn.

¹¹ Ofort is feleert.

CANTO IV.

¹ Worn-born on-leac.

² Eápeð þurh egrán.

³ Þurh rámnne reran.

⁴ Birga.

⁷ Ɔearcað Ɔen-hóru.

⁸ A warrior's Heriot, i. e. his Horse and Arms, were on his Death the Property of his Lord.

⁹ The Account of the celebrated Weland, or Völundr, may be found in the Völundar Quída of the Edda Sæmundar, and in the Wilkina Saga c. xxi. et seq. Weland and his two Brethren lived in Sweeden. One day beside a Lake they met three Ladies whom they took home and married. The Ladies, being Wælcyrian, flew away one Morning. The two Brethren set out in search of their Wives, but Weland staid at home and practised his Art. Nidung a King in Sweeden had him seized, the Sinews of his Legs cut (so as to render him unable to take active Revenge), and confined him on an Island there to labour for his Oppressor. He however murdered the King's Sons, and seduced his Daughter Bódvildr. There was at that Time a celebrated Smith, Amilias, who challenged Weland to a Trial of Skill. Amilias forged a Suit of Mail, and Weland fabricated the Sword Miming, wherewith he cut a thread of Wool lying on the Water; but not satisfied with it, he reformed it, and it then cut through the whole Ball of floating Wool. Being still dissatisfied, he again committed it to the Flames, and at the End of seven Weeks produced so excellent a Weapon, that it cut through a whole Bundle of Wool floating in Water. Amilias, trusting to his Armour, sat down on a Stool, and bade Weland strike him. Weland did so, and there being no apparent Effect, asked Amilias what the Sensation was. Amilias said it was as though cold Water had passed through his Bowels, on which Weland bade him shake himself. On doing so the Effect of the blow was apparent; he fell dead in two pieces. The Fame of Weland is not yet extinct, he yet lives in the Superstitutions relative to Wayland Smith. See also Grimm. Heldensage, p. 14, 20. and Teut. Mythol. 221.

CANTO VII.

¹ Ɖá hine Ɔána cýn

Fon heƆe-brióƆan

Ɖabban ne mihte.

² Ɖonb-burh hæleƉa.

³ ƉƆen ƉæteƆeƆ hƆýcƆ. This is exactly analogous to the Homeric Expression 'Επ' εϋρεα νῶτα θαλασσοῆς.

⁴ Ɖone Ɖol-ƆaƉan ƉáƉa Ɔe-ƉáƆan, i. e. take his Life.

⁵ Ɖnet-mecƆar beone Ɖrunone. The Anglo Saxon

Word *druncen* does not seem always to have the opprobrious Meaning of the English Word *Drunken*, but merely implies the Notion of social Gaiety at Table. A parallel case is the Hebrew word *שכר*. Thus when in Gen. xliii. 33. it

is said concerning Joseph's brethren : *וישתו וישקו עמו*

it can hardly mean that "they drank and were drunken with him," but simply drank and made merry with him.

⁶ *ῥεοιο-ἰνεόηε.*

CANTO VIII.

¹ *On-báno beádo-rune.*

² *ᾠάτον μερε-ῤεράτα.*

³ The Words *ῥηόν-ῤῥῥ the Whale fish*, *ᾠερε-ῤῥῥ Sea-fish*, or *ᾠερε-ἰεόη Sea-beast*, &c. are often used. "These Creatures in *Beówulf* are more like the Seals of our popular Superstitions. They are the Enemies of Man, and looked upon as possessing Intellect and Manners which bear a Resemblance to our own." Kemble Glos. in v. *ῤῥῥ*.

⁴ *ῥεαηο honð-loçen.*

CANTO IX.

¹ *ἰεόηαν ῤεοηε.*

² *ῤεοηοῦα ἰ-ῤερεἰε be ýb-láre.* *On the wave-leaving*, i. e. on the Shore where the Wave leaves what it casts up, as Seaweed, Sheels, &c.

³ In the Edda *Sæm*. (*Brynhildar-quida*, l. xv. In Grimm's Edit. 16.) the Sun is called the Shield that stendr fur *skin-anda goði*, that stands before the shining God.

⁴ *ᾠῥῥῥῥῥ ῤεαῥῥ.*

⁵ The Intervention of a *personal Fate*, *ᾠýηð*, was still evidently Matter of Belief. In a Note upon Saxo (p. 15) in Stephanus. *Notæ uberiorés* p. 52, Bishop Brynholm says: "*Fatum universus Septentrio et Stoicam de necessitate opinionem, magno affirmavit consensu; contra quam nec res, nec consilium, nec humana virtus ulla, quicquam posset. Hinc adeo omnium heroum in extremis vitæ periculis, unanimis vox erat, quæ presentem statum solaretur. Ei ma feigum forða, nie ófeigun í hel koma; i. e. nec qui morti*

destinatus est fugere, nec non destinatus morti adduci potest." See many Expressions of a like Tendency in Olaf Tryggvesson's Saga and other Places, and again Canto xxx. p. 83, and xxxii. p. 88, and other Passages of this Poem.

⁶ Billa bñógan.

⁷ Déah éín pír buge.

⁸ Spereð, ond-rendeð.

⁹ These Lines, Mr. Kemble thinks, go to confirm the View we have taken of the Poem, as not of Saxon but Angle or Geátic Origin, as Ethelwulf was the first West Saxon King, (and the other Saxon Tribes he thinks would in all Probability have the same Custom) who allowed his Queen Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, to sit beside him on the Throne, and that was in the ninth Century. Asser tells the Tale thus. "Sed ille Juditham Karoli regis filiam, quam a patre suo acceperat, juxta se in regali solio suo, sine aliqua suorum nobilium controversia et odio, usque ad obitum vitæ suæ, contra perversam illius gentis consuetudinem, sedere imperavit." Asser. p. 9. 10. 11. But when we consider the Origin of the Custom alluded to, and that it dated no farther back than the Reign of Beohtric Ethelwulf's Grandfather, who died A. D. 800, it will not seem probable that it was the Custom of all the Saxon Tribes. The Custom originated in the Hatred of the West Saxons to the wicked Queen Eadburh, wife of Beorhtric, as Asser states on the Authority of Ælfred himself. The Crime which caused her to be driven out of England, was the Murder of her Husband. She had prepared Poison for a young Nobleman, to whom the King was much attached, (and who in the Saxon Chronicle is called Worr) and against whom she could get no Grounds for an Accusation. The King, as well as the Youth, drinking of the poisoned Fluid, both fell Victims; the indignant People drove Eadbuhr from the Country, and determined that no one thenceforth should either bear the Name of Queen, or occupy a Royal Throne by the Side of their King. See Asser as cited above. Spelman's Ælfred, p. 7. Turner's Anglo Saxons, ii. 241, 497. Add to this that Asser expressly says the Custom was contrary to that of the other Teutonic Nations, *ultra morem omnium, id est, gentium Theotiscarum*. Still, though Mr. K's View does not receive any Confirmation from this, yet I think, as I said in the introduction, there can be little doubt of its Accuracy.

¹⁰ Síge-polca rþéz.

¹¹ Scabu-helma ze-rceafu, the form of Shadow coverings.

Form seems here to be used in its scholastic Sense, of, "that which constitutes anything what it is."

¹² Ne b1d þe w1lna gáð. *There shall be to thee no Goad of Desires, i. e. no Desire unsatisfied to give you Uneasiness.*

CANTO X.

¹ Mετοβεγ hýbo. *The Creator's Grace, or Gift of Grace,* rather the Greek χάρισμα than χάρις.

² Irena cýr.

³ Γύβ-ζε-ρεονca.

⁴ Nát he þána zóða. The Text appears here, as Mr. Kemble observes, very corrupt and unintelligible. I have therefore ventured to read þone Γόð. Ettmüller renders it, "Nicht kennt er der Guten Brauch," the Custom of the Good ones, i. e. of Heroes. But there is no Word for "Custom" in the Text, and moreover, if there were, this would require the definite form of the Adjective þána zóðena. Dr. Grundtvig omits the Clause entirely.

⁵ Wíx-γρέða γε-ρίófu. A singular Expression, and analogous to the Classical Notion of the Thread of Fate. It looks much as if the Wælcyrían were in the Writer's Mind. See Grimm. Teut. Mythol. p. 229 et seq.

⁶ Scaðu-zeuzá.

CANTO XI.

¹ Unðer m1rτ bleóðum. *Under Cover of Mist.*

² Recedeγ máþan.

³ Un-γæzeγ.

⁴ Bán-locan. Compare the Manner of disposing of Human Prey employed by the Witch in St. Olaf's Saga, Chapter 137.

⁵ Sýn-γnáðum.

⁶ Sécan deófla γε-ðræz.

⁷ Þeabo-deónum. Deór is a *wild Beast*, whence the Eng. *Deer*. Þeabo-deór, þilbe-deór, and similar Expressions are constantly found in Anglo Saxon Poetry for "a Warriour." Similarly in Hebrew is used the Word פֶּלֶא "a Lyon."

⁸ The Iron-bands may perhaps have been to secure the Vaulting, for the Building was hojn-zeáp, Vaulted and

Pinnacled, whence we may see that the Poem is not anterior to the Introduction into this Country of the Knowledge of constructing the Arch and loading the Points of Thrust with Pinnacles. And again in Canto xxv. p. 69, it would seem the System of vaulting Chambers, and gilding the Bosses of the Ribs was in Vogue.

⁹ Nýmpe lizef ræðm
Spulge on rpaþule.

¹⁰ Spéz úp á-rtáz
Nipe ze-neáhhhe.

¹¹ Galan rize-leárvue rang.

¹² Grýne-leóð

¹³ On þæm bæge
Difref lifer.

¹⁴ Þelle-hæft on-heólð. Mr. Kemble considers that in a Poem of the Age of this one *hel* may be rendered *Death*, as the Icelandic “*hel, helia*.” He also proposes to read *helle-hæftum* which undoubtedly construes more naturally, but perhaps the double Accusation “*held him a Death-hold*” is admissible.

CANTO XII.

¹ Ne hif lif-bazar
Leóða émgum
Nytte tealde.

² Ðæn hie meáhton rpa.

³ The Gyants of Romance are often invulnerable by and seldom use the Sword. Grimm says (Teut. Mythol. 306.) *Steine und Felsen sind des Riesengeschlechts Waffen; es gebraucht nur Steinkeulen, Steinschilde, keine Schwerter. Hringnis Waffe heisst Hein; als sie geworfen in der Luft mit Thors Hammer zusammenfuhr, brach sie und ein Theil fiel zu Boden: davon kommen alle “Heinberg” (Schleifsteinfelsen) her. Sn. 108, 109. Spätere Sagen legen den Riesen Stahlstangen, von 24 Ellen, zu. Roth. 687, 1662, hürn. Sifr. 62, 2. 68, 2. Sigenót (Lassb.) 14. (Hag.) 69, 75. Iwein 5022 (Ruote 5058. Kolbe 6682, 6726.) Trist. 15980, 16146: Isenstange Nib. 460, i. dem Pandurus und Bitias (Aen. 9, 672) verleiht Veldek Riesennatur und iserni Kolben (En. 7089); Kolben Stähelin fuhr das riesige Heer König Gorhands. Wh. 35, 21, 395, 24, 396, 13: eine Stalstang Riese Langben (danske viser 1, 29.) Wahrscheinlich aber wird unter dem “*eald sword eotensic*.” *Beow. 5953* ein steinernes verstanden; auch der “*entisc helm*” *Beow.**

5955 mag ein solcher sein. Vielleicht hängt damit zusammen, dasz kein Eisenschwert auf die Riesen einschneidet: bloss mit dem Schwertknopf mögen sie erschlagen werden. (Ecke 178). The Gyant Slaves of Palmund however in Book ii. of the Heldenbuch had Swords as well as iron Poles: and Wolfdietrich generally employs his Sword against Gyants as well as other Opponents. Weapons were made of Stone in the very earliest Ages previous to the Discovery of working in Metal. A large Collection of Stone Weapons and Tools may be seen in the Museum at Christianborg Slot in Copenhagen.

⁴ On þæm dæge

Ðurfer lifer.

⁵ Although in the Original Text the Alliteration is perfect, so that the Prosody betrays no Lacuna, yet the Sense being incomplete indicates the Loss of two or more Lines. I have merely filled up the Lacuna as the Tale seemed to warrant, without Regard to any critical Conjecture as to what may be the lost Words, which there is nothing to guide us in determining.

CANTO XIII.

¹ Míne ze-feræge.

² Lif-ze-bál.

³ Feorh-larzar.

⁴ þeorn-þneóne þeól.

⁵ þel. Here again as at Note 14, Canto xi. *Hell* would seem to mean *Death* or *the Condition of the Dead*. Parallel are the Hebrew הַלְלוּ and the Greek Ἄιδης .

⁶ I have used this Orthography, which is consonant with the Icelandic, in preference to the Anglo-Saxon Form Sigemund, in order that People may not mispronounce the Name, as if it sounded Sigh-jeé-mund. For the Legends relative to Sigmund see the Introduction.

⁷ It is possible that "Eotens" here may mean Frisians, but I think the ordinary meaning of the Word, as those fearful fabulous Beings, in which sense we have it so frequently in this Poem, is more probable. "The dark and shadowy beings," says Mr. Kemble, "of the under-world, (Nifúngar, contrasted so ably by Lachmann, in his remarks upon the Nibelungen Lied, with the Völsúngar or race of Splendour), would be very well represented by the Name Eotenas.

- ⁸ Undeſ hárne rʽán. So the Nibelungen Lied, 842, 2.
Dó er den lintdrachen an den berge sluoc.
- ⁹ On pealle. As this makes no sense, I have ventured to read peale.
- ¹⁰ Driht-lic ſpen.
- ¹¹ According to the Edda and Vols. Sag. he carried away the Treasure on his Horse Grani.
- ¹² I have no Idea to what Events Reference is here made by the Poet. According to every Account that I know of, Siegfried was murdered in the very fullest Bloom of Glory and Fortune. But possibly in the Poet's Mind Sigmund may have been identified with the unfortunate Sigmund King of Burgundy whose Death is related by S. Greg. Tur. iii. 6.
- ¹³ This is a very obscure Passage, I cannot explain it.
- ¹⁴ W. Grimm. (Heldensage, p. 16) considers the Crimes here referred to are those of Sigmundr and Sinfjötli in their Character as Werewolves, noticed in the Introduction. Beó-wulf's Achievements being as great as those of Sigmund, and his Character as a true and gentle Knight quite unsullied, his Fame was of a higher grade than even Sigmund's.
- ¹⁵ Of bryð-búre. It may perhaps be necessary to remind some Readers, that *Bower*, in the Poetry and Romance of the Middle Ages, means a *Chamber*, so that a "Ladies Bower," is what we should call a "Boudoir."

CANTO XIV.

- ¹ Ðurh Drihtnes milt.
- ² Ne bið ðe ániġna záb
Worulde wína. See Canto ix. n. 12.
- ³ This is a very singular Metaphor.
Ac hýne rár hafað
In mið-ġripe
ġearpe be-ƿonġen
Bealp on bendum.
- ⁴ Style ġe-licorġ
þáþenes hond-ġronu.

CANTO XV.

- ¹ Ac ġe-ġecean ġceal
Sápl-beƿenþna (ġum).
Nýbe ġe-nýved
Níþða [I read níþa] beapna.

Γρúνδ-buenδρα,
 Γεαρρε γρόρε,
 Δαρ ηιγ ήc-homa.
 Λεζερ-βεδδε ρέγρε,
 Σπερεδ αρτερ γύμλε.

"But each of the soul-bearers (i. e. each man) of the sons of Wickedness, inhabiting the Earth, shall, forced by necessity, seek the ready Place (i. e. Hell), where his Body, on Death-bed fast, sleepeth after Banquet." This is so incoherent and unintelligible, that I believe the Passage to be very corrupt. Mr. Kemble considers it an Interpolation. Dr. Grundtvig renders it thus :

Mærke hver, at skjøndt i Slag
 Times let Ulæmpe,
 Det dog er en tvungen Sag,
 For hver ærlig Kæmpe.
 Naar han gaaer fra Mjød og Vün,
 Krogen, trods al Fare,
 Hvor han hviler Kroppen sin
 Mandig at forsvare ! p. 93.

But can this by any possibility be extracted from the Anglo-Saxon Words? And, if it could, is it much more intelligible? Etmüller's Version gives a close Translation of the Original, with all its Obscurity. He however states in his note that the Passage is evidently interpolated. Prof. Leo does not mention it in his Uebersicht. Schaldemose is not more intelligible.

² Dr. Thorkelin supposes Hróthwulf to be Beówulf. But this is quite inadmissible. In all Probability he is Rólf Kraki, Nephew to Hróthgar, and Son of Halga til (Halga or Helgi the good) mentioned in Canto I. (v. 122. K.) It is true Halga and Hróthwulf do not seem to correspond very well with Helgi and Hrólfr except in the Names: but the Legends in Langbek are irreconcilably contradictory.

³ Fela-láf γcúr-hearδ.

⁴ See Canto IV. note 7.

⁵ Wít-cúþer píγ.

⁶ Wiczá anδ pæpna.

CANTO XVI.

¹ Paid the γερε or sum at which the Hero's Life was reckoned. Among the old Teutonic Nations, (and still in some of the German States,) every man was valued at a

certain Sum, according to his Rank, called in Anglo Saxon his *Were* (wære), and whoever took his Life was punished by having to pay this *Were*. Hróthgar orders the *Were* of the Hero who had been slain in his Service to be paid to his Companions.

² Wítiz Góð pyrd. The wise God, Fate.

³ The *Eótens* here must I think mean the Frisians.

⁴ The Saxon Word *þolunza* some Critics have manufactured into a Lady, and joined to Hnæf by the Sacrament of Marriage; but it means in vain. Kem. p. 256.

⁵ See Canto IV. n. 7.

⁷ Every Commentator seems to consider this as the Sacrifice of a living Son of Hildeburh: but I cannot but think the youth was dead already, as Hildeburh's Brethren and Children fell in the Battle, and that it was only his dead Body that was burned on Hnæf's funeral Pyre. Whether the *Æthelings*, mentioned a few lines before, had been, "awarded by wounds to Fate" in the Battle, or were so treated in honour of the Dead, is more than I can say, but the latter supposition seems best borne out by the Fact of their falling on the Corse.

⁸ Mounted, i. e. was carried, unless the Warriour mentioned be the Person who bare the Youth's Corse on his Shoulder.

⁹ Ben-geato, láð-bíte líceþ.

¹⁰ Gárta zifforþ.

CANTO XVII.

¹ Þilðe-leóman.

² Góð-þine zumena.

³ Umbor-þerendum éþ. I am unable to inform the Reader to what Events the Poet alludes.

CANTO XVIII.

¹ The Brósings' Collar. This is the Brísinga-men of the Edda (*Thryms-quida* xiii, xv.) the famous Necklace of Freya, which was stolen by Loki and thrown into the Sea, but recovered by Heimdallr. Professor Finn Magnusen in the *Lexicon Mythologicum*, gives an Account of it whence I extract the following Particulars. See also *Kröningfvärd's Sago-Bibliothek*, Vol. i. p. 67. No second Volume was

published. The Æsir lived in the Asiatic Cities of Asgard, with Odin for their King. Freya the Daughter of Niordr followed Odin and was his Concubine. Four Dwarfs, who were very cunning Artificers in Metals resided not far from the Palace, and the Dwarfs then mixed much more with the human Race (to which Race the Author of the Saga Olafs Tryggv., whence this is taken, considered Odin and the Æsir as belonging) than latterly. Freya one Day entering their Cave saw them making a most splendid Necklace, and wished to purchase it. But at no other Price would they part with it than her Company to each of them for one Night. On these Terms she had it. The names of the four Dwarfs were Alfríkr (the Elberich of the Heldenbach and Nibelungen Lied), Grér, Berlingr, and Dvalinn. See the Explanation of the Fable in *Lex. Mythol.* See also Grimm. *Teut. Mythol.* p. 194-5. How it came into Hermanaric's Hands I do not know. The Háma of the Passage, is the Heime of the Middle Age German Poems, always associated with Wittich. (Wudga or Vidga and Háma). The story of Hermanaric's Death is given by Jornandes, who says, "Ermanaricus rex Gothorum, licet multarum gentium extiterit triumphator, Roxolanorum gens infida, quæ tunc inter alias illi famulatum exhibebat, tali eum nanciscitur occasione decipere. Dum enim quandum mulierem Sanielh nomine ex gente memorata, pro marito fraudulento discessu, rex furore commotus equis ferocibus illigatam, incitatisque cursibus, per diversa divelli præcepisset, fratres ejus Sarus et Ammius, germanæ obitum vindicantes, Ermanarici latus ferro petierunt, &c. c. 24. (Muratori vol. i.) Gibbon, who in c. xxvi. gives the Tale from Ammianus, says the Gothic King languished a considerable Time after his Wound, while the Wilkina Saga c. cclxxiv. represents him as dying from an unskilful Operation for what seems to have been a kind of Rupture.

² Opep ýpa ful.

³ Windige eapd-peállar.

⁴ Dpuncæ. Vid. Canto vii. note 5.

⁵ Fate again personified.

CANTO XIX.

¹ The MS. reads camp, but Mr. Kemble's Conjecture *Grain* is doubtless right.

² þeoro-pearh.

³ Eirne and galga-móð.

CANTO XX.

¹ *Wæl-gæŕt pæfne.* I have not scrupled in several Instances to accent *gæŕt* *Guest stranger* where Mr. Kemble has left it unaccented, and so to make it *gæŕt* (= *gáŕt*) *Ghost or Spirit*, (this Orthography being used in the Codex Exon. and other Places,) as I think it renders a stronger and better sense than the unaccented Word.

² In the Change of Gender here I have followed the Original.

³ The popular Superstitions relative to the Lake on Monte Pilato near Luzern will probably occur to the Reader's Mind. Vid. Beattie's *Switzerland Illust.* Another is described in Leibnitz *Script. Br. i. 982.* It is on a Mountain in Catalonia, in *cujus summitate lacus est, aquam continens subnigram, et in fundo imperscrutabilem: Illic mansio fertur esse dæmonum, ad modum palatii dilatata, et janua clausa: facies tamen ipsius mansionis, sicut ipsorum dæmonum, vulgaribus est incognita et invisibilis.* In lacum si quis aliquam lapideam, aut aliam solidam projecerit materiem, statim, tanquam offensis dæmonibus, tempestat, erumpit. Cited by Kemble.

⁴ *Oð ðæt lýŕt ðŕýŕmað.*

CANTO XXI.

¹ *Bán-cóŕan.*

² *Bítan.* Vid. Canto iv. n. 7.

CANTO XXII.

¹ *Ealbe láfe Wŕæt-líc pæg-ŕpeoŕb . . . þeapŕb ecŕ.* At what Period the waved or flaming-bladed Swords first came into use I am unable to say, but perhaps the Decision of that Question might somewhat help us in assigning a Date to this Poem. The earliest Weapon of the Sort that I have seen is in the Museum at Copenhagen, but its date is not earlier than the Age of Canute the Great.

² *þŕŕŕ-ðæŕeŕ.*

³ *Leóð-ŕŕŕncan.* A Hawberk forged to magical Chaunts.

⁴ *þæt he níð-ŕele*

- Nát hylcum pær.
 6 Γρύνο-γύρηεννε.
 6 Þring-mæl á-zól
 Γράειζ γύδ-λεόδ.
 7 Βράδ βρύν-εεζ.
 8 Þere-net hearþe.
 9 Υδε-lice δýδδαν he eft á-γετό.

CANTO XXIII.

- 1 Rodonez candel.
 2 Þilbe zicelum.
 3 On-rínδεδ ζάεζ-πάραρ.
 4 Wær þæt blóð to ðær hát
 Ætten ellen-zéret.
 5 Wíz hrýne rþáþna.
 6 With, it seems, the Female-Dæmon's Head in it.

CANTO XXIV.

- 1 Ðá me ræl á-zeal'd.
 2 Wundor-rmíða ze-þeorc.
 3 Here the Poet seems in all probability to have confounded some Heathen Myth about the Wars of the Gods and the Gyants with the Notice of the □יבןיג in the Holy Scriptures. The passage no doubt in his Mind is that in the Book of Wisdom, xiv. 6. *Και αρχής γάρ, ἀπολλυμένων υπερχάνων γιγάντων, ή ελπής του κόσμου επί σχεδίας καταφυγούσα, απέλιπεν αιώνη σπέρμα γενέσεως τῆ σῆ κυβερνηθεῖσα χειρί.* Probably the Bible was known to him only in the Vulgate, which, like the Greek, wherethrough alone unfortunately this Book is known to us, has "Gigantes," (though the Original probably was □יבןיג) and thus he came to consider the Heathen Myth as an historical Illustration of the inspired Text.
 4 On þam rcenne.
 5 Ðæt ðer eorl þerne
 Ge-bonen be terna.
 6 "Dieser Heremód, Ecgwela's Sohn (Ich lese eapora statt eaporan, weil sonst die Skildinge Ecgwela's Nachkommen genannt wären) herrschte grausam über einen Theil der Dänen." Etmüller. In spite of this however I have

ventured to preserve the old Reading: for I think without Doubt the Descendants of Ecgwela are the Scyldings, and that Ecgwela is but the Hwala of the Genealogy given in the Introduction p. xxi, and is thus not Heremód's Father, but Great-Grandfather.

- ⁷ Ic þiŕ ȝib be ðe
 A'-ŕræc ƿintŕum ƿrób.
⁸ Ðurh ƿíðne ƿeƿan.

CANTO XXV.

- ¹ Geát un-ȝe-meter ƿel
 Róŕne nanð-ƿíȝan
 Reŕtan lýŕte.
² Collea-ŕeŕhð.
³ Leóŕ-lic íŕea.

CANTO XXVI.

- ¹ Oŕeŕ ȝanoteŕ bæþ, i. e. the Sea.
² Bŕeóŕt-ŕým.
³ Þȝȝe-benðum ƿæŕt.
⁴ Beóŕn ƿið blóðe.

CANTO XXVII.

- ¹ Leóðo-ŕŕncan.
² ðá-ȝeáp.
³ Weŕe- bŕæȝla ŕum.
⁴ Ðúnð-ŕúðu and ƿá-ȝenȝa, next line but one, both mean *Ship*.
⁵ Wáðu-ŕinȝuman.
⁶ Næniȝ bæŕ ðorȝte
 Deóŕ ȝe-neþan.
⁷ Oŕeŕ ƿealone ƿlób.
⁸ Líŕ ȝe-ŕceafŕa.
⁹ Wíne ȝe-ŕŕæȝe.

CANTO XXVIII.

- ¹ Sæ-ponȝ.
² Wopulð-candæl.
³ Sorh-pýlimum ƿeáþ.
⁴ Wæl-ȝæƿt.
⁵ Bon-ȝár búȝeð.
⁶ Duzuða bi-ƿeneðe. ? Read bi-ƿeneðe, and render:
 "Girt with Heroes."

CANTO XXIX.

¹ Cantos XXVIII, XXIX and XXX, are not separated in the MS. the Separation here is as in Mr. Kemble's Edition.

² Dýne ƿren.

³ Fœmnan þeȝn, The Regent for the Time being with the Queen, as it seems, a Son of Hróthgár. Ettmüller in loco. I imagine however it is merely *the Lady's Husband*, a Youth no doubt of Hróthgár's Family, probably a Son.

⁴ Æƿt billeƿ bite.

⁵ Þonð-ƿeio. Thorpe and Grundtvig look upon Hondscioð as the Name of a Hero slain by Grendel: and Thorpe therefore reads ou-ƿæȝð *sacrificed*. I quite agree with Mr. Kemble in the Opinion that it is Grendel's Gauntlet and not any Person that is spoken of. Dr. Grundtvig renders the Passage thus:

Handske her den lede Troid
 Nærmest laas for Haanden;
 I hans Kløer den Kæmpe bold
 Faldt og opgav Aanden. P. 185-6.

Ettmüller renders the Word rightly "die Gaufe."

⁶ Blóðig-ƿóð.

⁷ Deón ðæb-ƿnuma.

CANTO XXX.

¹ Grómen-ƿudu ȝreƿte.

² Deáþ-ƿeƿnigne.

³ And ic heafðe be-ceapƿ. And I abridged, shortened or cropped of her Head.

CANTO XXXI.

¹ Eppel-ƿealupe, apple-grey. Motherw. Minstrelsy, 237, Dapple-grey.

² Þonb-ge-ƿtellan.

³ Wundur-maþm.

⁴ Þilbe-beón.

⁵ Týn-eáðizum men

Torua ge-hƿýlceƿ.

⁶ Þeaðo-þór cýning.

⁷ Seoƿon þurendo. Seven Thousands. Among the Anglo-Saxons ten túnaƿ (Vills) made on teóðing (Tything), ten teóðinge one hundreð (Hundred) and a certain Number of hundreðu a ƿcýne (Shire). Probably the Thousands þurendo here spoken of mean each ten such Hundreds hundreðu; and I have therefore added the Word "Vills" to make it intelligible to the ordinary Reader.

⁸ Níða ge-hnæghdon.

⁹ The old Teutonic Dragons were generally Treasure-keepers.

¹⁰ The two-dozen Lines from here to the other mark (*) cannot be called Translation. The Manuscript is there so ruined that only a few Words here and there can be deciphered. Putting together these few Words, and connecting them by means of Allusions occurring in the subsequent Part of the Poem, I have woven together the Fragments, so as to conceal, so far as the Thread of the Story is concerned, the Appearance of a Lacuna, though to attempt by critical Conjecture to supply what is lost of the Anglo-Saxon Text would of course be mere childish Vanity. But for the Convenience of those who wish to know, without consulting the Original, what is really legible in the Manuscript, and what is merely put in by me as "Ripieno," I have distinguished the latter by inclosing it in Brackets thus [].

CANTO XXXII.

¹ Tuo ðær-inne peal Perhaps Tuo þær inne pealle.

² A Lacuna of three Verses, without a Letter to guide one.

³ Deón maþmar.

⁴ Feorh-bealo ƿnecne.

- ⁴ Dúgúð bið ellor-geóc.
⁵ Gomen gleó-beámer. Harp.
⁷ Sál. I have ventured to read Sál.
⁸ Bealo-cpealm haraþ
 Fela feorh-cýnna
 Feorð on-geudeo.
⁹ Þoro-pýnne.
¹⁰ Ealð uht-geaða.
¹¹ A Lacuna of two-and-a-half Verses.
¹² Ne bið him rihte þe gel.
¹³ Sum.
¹⁴ Stonc ðá æfter geáne.
¹⁵ Þeáh-ge-geþreóna.
¹⁶ Beorger hýrde.
¹⁷ Wýrme on pillan.

CANTO XXXIII.

¹ Lýft-floza. At the Beginning of the 2nd Book of Saxo, (fol. 11. b. Edit. Paris 1514) is the following Description of a Dragon, and Recipe for tackling him.

Insula non longe est præmollibus edita clivis,
 Collibus æra tegens, et opimæ conscia prædæ,
 Hic tenet eximium montis possessor acervum,
 Implicitus gyris serpens, crebrisque reflexus
 Orbibus, et caudæ sinuosa volumina ducens,
 Multiplicesque agitans spiras, virusque profundens.
 Quem superare volens, clypeo, quo convenit uti,
 Taurinas intende cutes, corpusque bovinis
 Tergoribus tegito, nec amaro nuda veneno
 Membra patere sinas; sanies, quod conspuit, urit.
 Lingua trisulca micans patulo licet ore resultet,
 Tristiaque horrifico minitetur vulnera rictu,
 Intrepidum mentis habitum retinere memento,
 Nec te permoveat spinosi dentis acumen,
 Nec rigor aut rapida jactatum fauce venenum.
 Tela licet temnat vis squamea, ventre sub imo
 Esse locum scito, quo ferrum mergere fas est;
 Hunc mucrone petens medium rimaberis anguem,
 Hinc montem securus adi, pressoque ligone,
 Perfossos scrutare cavos, mox aere crumenas
 Imbue, completamque reduc ad littora puppim.

By following this Recipe Frotho kills the Dragon, as also in Book vi. (fol. 54. b.) Fridlev does another Dragon by the

same Process *perforata inguinis parte*. The Dragon Schadesan, slain by Wolfdietrich (Heldenbuch Book ii. pt. 2. Adv. viii. See Weber *Illust. North. Antiq.* p. 121), had a Head of a horny Consistence, his Shoulders were two Ells in Width, and he had also four-and-twenty Legs.

² Γύβ-γρεαβ.

³ Wealwente.

⁴ Læn-daga. Mr. Kemble's Reading.

⁵ Þringa-fengel.

⁶ Wíð-flozan.

⁷ Þiono-ðrincum fpealt.

⁸ Súnb-nytte ðreáh.

⁹ There is a small Lacuna, and the Text is probably corrupt.

¹⁰ Sióleða bi-zonꝯ, i. e. the Sea.

¹¹ Speorþer fpeazum.

CANTO XXXIV.

¹ Stepte.

² Ceálbum ceár-fíþum, i. e. Death. "Him" refers to Eadgila.

³ Níð-hearþ.

⁴ Þeorð-ge-neátum.

⁵ Wæl-fúr.

⁶ Wýrþ un-ge-mete neáh.

⁷ Sáple-horþ.

⁸ Flærce be-rúnden.

⁹ Þorn-bozan.

¹⁰ Ðæt hir býne ríðe

Lióꝯ on galzan.

The Death of a Relation, even if accidental, must be avenged or atoned for by a Compensation. Hence the Ang. Sax. legal Phrase; *Let him buy or bear the Spear*, i. e. Let him indure or buy off the Feud. This was the Case throughout the Teutonic Nations even in the Time of Tacitus, and the old Teutonic Law rests on it as a Principle. Hrethel as the *Mundbora* or legal Guardian of his Son was bounden to exact Satisfaction. Why a Satisfaction in Money could not be accepted I do not understand, since all that we know of the old Teutonic Law seems to indicate the Reverse. A bloody Satisfaction however Hrethel's fatherly Love for his Son would not allow him to take.

¹¹ Soph-ceáriz.

- ¹² Winb-ge-nerre.
¹³ In hoðman. Hades the Region of the Dead. Darkness.
 See the Address to Our Lord in the Codex. Exon. p. 3.
 l. 32.

CANTO XXXV.

¹ The Anglo-Saxons used the verb *céóran* in a singular Manner in Phrases denoting Death, thus *céóran écne ráð* to choose the everlasting Counsel, *céóran bæl* to choose the Pyre &c. signify to die.

² There seems to be here a Lacuna of some Extent, but as there is no Indication of it in the MS. nor does the Metre betray it, I have only marked it by a few dots.

³ Dæg-hræfne.

⁴ *Ac him hilde gnráp
 þeorran pylmar,
 Bán-húr ge-bræc.*

⁵ Wán-geaða.

⁶ Gúb-flogan.

⁷ Feorh-bealu.

⁸ *Strængo ge-trúpode*

Aner mannes,

Ne bið gpylc earger ríð.

⁹ I read *þilbe-hlemman.*

¹⁰ *þeaðo-fýnum.*

¹¹ *þát hilde-rrát.*

¹² *þring-bozan.*

¹³ *Eczum un-gleáp.*

¹⁴ *þilbe-leóma.*

¹⁵ *þaunð-ge-rtellan.*

¹⁶ *þilbe-cýrtum.*

CANTO XXXVI.

¹ *Leóf-líc.*

² *Gúð-ge-þæðu*

Fýnð-geano fúr-líc.

³ *Ge-mealt.*

⁴ *Dæða dol-lícra.*

⁵ *Dæt mínne líc-háman*

Wíð mínne gold-xyfan

Gléð fæþmie.

⁶ *Wæl-næc.*

⁷ *Ætol in-pit-zæft.*

⁸ *Fon-zrunðen.*

⁹ *Nægling.* I cannot help thinking that an *r* has dropped out of this Word, and that *Nægling* is really no other than *Naghringr* the celebrated Sword which the Dwarf *Alpris* obtained for *Dietrich of Bern*, as related in the *Wilkina Saga. c. xvi.*

¹⁰ *Wúnðum hearn.*

CANTO XXXVII.

¹ *Spá him ze-cýnðe pæf.*

² *Ge-barn.*

³ *Ge-deaf.*

⁴ *Fon-ppát on mýððan.*

⁵ *Wornulðe ze-peorcef.*

⁶ *Ðezn un-ze-mete till.*

⁷ *Wúnðe pæl-bleáte.*

⁸ *Deáf un-ze-mete neáf.*

⁹ *Ezeran ðeón MS.* which is certainly corrupt. I have ventured to read *ezeran ðón.*

¹⁰ *Wæl-ze-rcæfta.*

¹¹ *Spezle.* Firmament of Jewellery.

CANTO XXXVIII.

¹ *Collen-ferhð.*

² *Bpæðft-horn.*

³ *On ziwóðe, MS.* On *ze-liðo, Kemb.* I have read *On zihþe.*

⁴ *Brentings, Mr. Kemble suggests, may probably be a term for Ships in general. But there certainly was a People of that Name, as in Paulus Diaconus 2, 3, we read; "Habuit Narses certamen adversus Sindvald, Brentorum regem, qui adhuc de Herulorum stirpe remanserat; quem secum, in Italiam veniens, simul Odoacer adduxerat."* Cited by *Ettmüller p. 35.* However, in the Text of *Paulus Diaconus* printed in the "*Gothicarum et Langobardicarum rerum Scriptores aliquot veteres,*" *Lug. Bat. 1617,* the Word is not *Brentorum,* but *Brehtorum.*

⁵ See *Canto XXXV. note 1.*

CANTO XXXIX.

¹ *Wóh-bogen.*

² *þomepa-láfe.*

³ For ðær hild-feruman

þonð-ge-þeorce.

⁴ Wīne ge-feræge.

⁵ Tneóp-lozan.

⁶ Þilb-latan.

⁷ Gráð-ge-þæbu.

⁸ Seah on un-leófe.

⁹ Ofær mín ge-met.

¹⁰ I extract Mr. Kemble's Note on the ten latter Lines of this Canto. "It is not improbable that the whole of this denunciation of Wiglaf is a judicial formulary: such, we know, early existed, and in a regular rhythmical measure: the classical reader need not be reminded of Aristotle's νόμοι. Chlodowich seems to make use of a similar formulary to his Kinsman Ragnachari, who had suffered himself to be taken and bound. Here is the passage from the Gesta Regum Francorum. (Script. Rer. Gall. and Francic. vol. ii. 555.) Cui dixit Chlodovens, cur humiliasti gentem nostram, ut te vinciri permitteres? Nonne melius tibi fuerit mori? Et elevata bipenni in caput ejus defixit, et mortuus est. Conversusque ad fratrem ejus, ait. Si tu solatium fratri tuo præbuissea, illi ligatus non fuisset. Similiter et ipsum in capite percussam interfecit, et mortuus est. Thus certainly by adhering to an old Teutonic custom, and acting upon an old Teutonic principle, Chlodowich got rid of two very dangerous rivals. *Gens nostra* is the máeg-burh of our text and deáþ biþ sélla is precisely *melius tibi fuerit mori*. The gentile bond was, as Tacitus assures us, the foundation of the military organization: the cowardice of one man disgraced his *gens, family*, or máeg-burh. Tacitus says (Germ. vi.) *nec sacris adesse aut concilium inire ignominioso fas, (ignominiosus war der feige, der in kampf sein schild weg-geworfen hatte. Grimm. Deut. Rechtsalterthümer, 731:)* multi superstites bellorum infamiam laqueo finierunt. The following apocryphal legend respecting Frothi confirms Tacitus; præterea si quis in acie primus fugam capeaceret, a *communi jure alienus existeret*. Saxo. lib. 5. p. 85. Grimm reads line 5767" [in the passage before us] "leofen álicgan: he remarks, Ich übersetze: jam opum largitio, ensium dona omnisque patriæ lætitia, et victus generi vestro cessabunt; quilibet vestræ cognationis alienus erit a jure communi, postquam homines compererint fugam vestram, ignominiosam secessionem a domino vestro; (secessio for dáilð, which Thorkelin had given as the reading of the MS. The MS. however has dáeld, the l being expuncted.) Mors enim vero generoso præstantior est, quam vita probrosa. Lufen nehme

ich für leofen victus, und dann entspricht *wyn and lufen* ganz unserer rechts formel *wonne und weide* D. Rechtsalt, 46, 521. But we know from Tacitus, Germ. xii. in addition to what we have above cited, that death was sometimes inflicted upon cowards, and that, by burying alive in a marsh with symbolical ceremonies; *ignavos et imbelles et corpore infames cæno ac palude, injecta insuper crate, mergunt*. This punishment appears to have been chosen because it was inflicted upon female slaves; *vid.* Atla-mál. Upon it Grimm remarks, D. Rechts Alt. 695, that the tradition remained in the poems of the middle ages, and cites Bonac. 32, 27. and Fischart, Flohbatz. 36, a. he quotes also the following interesting passage; *novo genere lethi, dejectus ad caput aquæ Ferentinæ, crate superne injecta, saxisque congestis, mergetur.* Tit. Livius i. 51. But it is my belief that the old tradition got into the poems from the proverbs: in those of many nations it still survives, a matter deserving of remark because many proverbs owe their origin to the customary law, as on the other hand, many spring from religious observances and the superstitions of a people. The Proverbs to which I allude will be found, Grüter Flor. p. 136. Ray. p. 21. Gärtn. Dict. Prov. 68, b. Howel, p. 5, &c."

CANTO XL.

¹ Seax-bennum ꝛeóć.

² þealbeð

þeáꝛoð-pearðe

Leóꝛeꝛ and láþeꝛ.

³ þet-pape. Leo and Etmüller take this Word as a proper-name. The People called Het-ware or Chattuarii lay between the Franks and Frisians. I have preferred, with Mr. Kemble, to consider the Word simply as an ordinary Substantive, for it was the Franks who slew Higelác.

⁴ þonð-ꝛlyht.

⁵ Tó ꝥamene. The savage Warriours of the North very generally put their Prisoners to Death, frequently sacrificing them to Odin. (Procop. Bel. Van. 1, 2. Bel. Got. ii. 14, 15.) Indeed this was done by almost all Nations before the Influence of the Christian Church had succeeded to some Extent in softening the cruel Spirit of Man. Thus the Jews are often represented in Holy Scripture as executing their Prisoners. It were needless to quote Instances from Oriental History. The Greeks more usually butchered only the

Chiefs, reducing the Rest to the terrible Condition of Slavery, while the bloody Scenes of a Roman Triumph are well known. In the Edda. Sæm. Sigurdar-quida Fafn. 2. xxv. we find Sigurdar Fafnisbani putting his Prisoner Lýngui the Son of Hunding to the cruel Death called örn rísta (to cut the Eagle)

Nú er blóþugr örn	Now is the bloody Eagle
Bíström hiörvi	With the biting Sword
Bana Sigmundar	On the slayer of Sigmundr's
A baki ristinn.	Back cut.

Edd. Sæm. Vol. ii. p. 165.

and the same cruelty was perpetrated upon Ælla of Northumberland by the Sons of Ragnar. Even the Influence of Holy Church has been unable to restrain the Ferocity of many. Charlemagne butchered his Saxon Prisoners by Thousands, but he took care to call them *Rebels* or *Traitors* first. Dagobert murdered all his Prisoners who were taller than his Sword. Mezeray, Abregé Chron. tom. iii. p. 222, but Mezeray does not believe the Tale, though why not he does not tell us, except that it sounds romantic. The Portuguese and English after the Battle of Aljubarota (Froissart B. iii. c. 13, Vol. ii. p. 122, Edit. London, 1844), and the English after the Battle of Agincourt, (Monstrelet. B. 1. c. cxlvi, Vol. 1, p. 342, Edit. London, 1846-7) massacred their Prisoners: and even lately the French at Algiers suffocated eight Hundred Arab Prisoners with Smoke.

CANTO XLI.

¹ Wriðon.

² Dæt hie pæl-rtópe
Wealðan mórton.

³ Gyððan hie ðá mæriða ze-riðon.

⁴ Wæl-níð.

⁵ Folc-ræð fræmede. Query. Does folc-ræð, the *People's Counsel*, mean the Decision of any deliberative Body of the People?

⁶ Wonna.

⁷ Wundor-deáðe fréalte.

⁸ A Thousand simply means *many*.

CANTO XLII.

- ¹ Worulbe ge-bál, *Separation from the World*, i. e. Death.
² Wær þ̅ ȝifeþe eó ȝríp
 þe ðone ðýðer on-tyhte.
³ On þær Wælbenðer pæne. Menol. Ang. Sax. Fox.
 432.
⁴ þilbe-ðeórn.
⁵ On onðe.
⁶ Dýne máþmar.

CANTO XLIII.

- ¹ Un-pác-lícne.
² Spíc-þól. *The Destroyer of Wood or Matter*, i. e. Fire. Exactly synonymous is the Icelandic "Lindar-vapi." (Sigurdar-quida Fafn. II. B. xliii) and "Muspill." The Word is compounded of Spíc, *Destructive*, and Þól *Wood* or *the Thole of a Rowlock*. In these Compounds one must suppose the Ang. Sax. Word Þól and the Icelandic Words "Lindi" and "Mud or Mu" to mean like the Greek ὕλη *Matter* rather than exclusively *Wood*. Confer. Kemb. in loco. Grimm. Deut. Mythol. 467, 540, and the Glossary to Bergmann's Poëmes de l'Edda.
³ Oð ðær he þa bán-húf
 Ge-þnocen hæfðe.
⁴ The eight Lines between the two Marks (*) cannot be called Translation, the MS. in that Part being too much injured to be read. I have treated the few legible Words exactly as I did those in Cantos XXXI and XXXII, and so filled up so as not to inconvenience the Reader.
⁵ Cpáðon þær he pæne,
 Wýrnolb-cýninga,
 Wanna milduŕt,
 And mon-þpæruŕt,
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 And lóŕ-ȝeórnoroŕt.

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ERRATA.

- Page xviii, line 7, *for* kin, *read* hin.
- Page xxvii, line 1, *for* Hæreth, *read* Hæreth.
- Page xxxi, line 6, *for* Bergmann, vol. iii. *read* Bergmann.—Vol. iii.
- Page xi, line 18, *for* the Hindarfiall, *read* to Hindarfiall.
- Page 5, line 20, *for* Marshes, } *read* Marches.
- Page 52, line 30, *for* Marshes, }
- Page 69, line 23, *for* Angle, *read* Geátic.
- Page 82, line 19, *for* Champion, *read* Companion.
- Page 87, line 14, Efface the Full-stop.
- Page 93, line 2 from foot, *for* tenderly bade, *read* tenderly he bade.
- Page 96, line 16, *for* Angle, *read* Geátic.
- Page 103, line 18, *for* and, *read* to.
- Page 110, line 3 from foot, *for* Wikstán *read* Wihstán.
- Page 134, line 19, *for* Accusation, *read* Accusative.



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