

HWÆT! WĒ GĀRDENA in geārdagum,
 þeodcyninga þrym gefrūnon,
 hū ðā æþelingas ellen fremedon!
 Oft Scyld Scēfing sceaþena þrēatum,
 5 monegum mægþum, meodosetla oftēah,
 egsode eorl, syððan ārest wearð
 fēasceaft funden. Hē þæs frōfre gebād,
 wēox under wolcnum, weorðmyndum þāh,
 oðþæt him āghwylc þāra ymbsittendra
 10 ofer hronrāde hýran scolde,
 gomban gyldan. Þæt wæs gōd cyning!
 Ðā m eafera wæs æfter cenned,
 geong in geardum, þone God sende
 folce tō frōfre; fyrenðearfe ongeat
 15 þe hīe ær drugon aldorlēase
 lange hwile. Him þæs Liffreā,
 wuldres Wealdend, woroldāre forgeaf;
 Bēowulf wæs brēme – blād wīde sprang –
 Scyldes eafera Scedelandum in.
 20 Swā sceal geong guma gōde gewyrcean,
 fromum feohgiftum on fæder bearme,
 þæt hine on ylde eft gewunigen
 wilgesīþas, þonne wīg cume,
 lēode gelæsten; lofdādum sceal
 25 in mægþa gehwære man geþeon.
 Him ðā Scyld gewāt tō gescæphwile
 felahrōr fēran on Frēan wære.
 Hī hyne þā ætbæron tō brimes faroðe,
 swāse gesīþas, swā hē selfa bād,
 30 þenden wordum wēold wine Scyldinga;

132^f Listen! We have heard of the glory
 of the Spear-Danes' people-kings in bygone days,
 how then the princes performed deeds of strength!
 Oft Scyld Scefing took mead-benches away
 from troops of enemies, from many tribes;
 the warrior was terrifying, after he was first
 found helpless. He met with consolation for that,
 grew under the clouds; throve in honour,
 until each of the neighbours
 across the whale-road had to obey him,
 pay tribute. That was a good king!
 To him an heir was born afterwards,
 a young child in the courts, whom God sent
 as consolation to the people; he had felt the deep distress
 which they had borne before, without a leader,
 for a long time. The Lord of life,
 glory's Ruler, gave him world-fame for that.
 Beowulf was famous – his fame spread widely –
 Scyld's son, in the Danish realm.
 So a young man ought to ensure by good deeds,
 132^v by liberal gifts, while in his father's care,
 that afterwards, in old age,
 willing companions should stand by him, if war comes,
 people do him service; by glory-deeds
 a man shall thrive in every tribe.
 Then, at destiny-time, Scyld went away,
 most valorous man, to go into the Lord's keeping.
 They carried him away then to the flood of the sea,
 dear companions, as he himself had ordered,
 when the friend of the Scyldings ruled with words;

lēof landfruma lange āhte.
 Þær æt hýðe stōd hringedstefna,
 isig ond ūtfūs, æþelinges fær.
 Ālēdon þā lēofne þēoden,
 35 bēaga bryttan, on bearm scipes,
 mārne be mæste. Þær wæs mādma fela
 of feorwegum, frætwa, gelæded;
 ne hýrde ic cýmlicor cēol gegyrwan
 hildewæpnum ond heaðowædum,
 40 billum ond byrnum; him on bearme læg
 mādma mænigo, þā him mid scoldon
 on flōdes āht feor gewītan.
 Nalæs hī hine læssan lācum tēodan,
 þēodgestrēonum, þon þā dydon
 45 þe hine æt frumscafte forð onsendon
 ænne ofer yðe umborwesende.
 Þā gýt hīe him āsetton segen gyl登enne
 hēah ofer hēafod, lēton holm beran,
 gēafon on gārsecg; him wæs geōmor sefa,
 50 murnende mōd. Men ne cunnon
 secgan tō sōðe, selerædende,
 hæleð under heofenum, hwā þāem hlæste onfēng.

I

Ðā wæs on burgum Bēowulf Scyldinga,
 lēof lēodcýning, longe þrāge
 55 folcum gefræge – fæder ellor hwearf,
 aldor of earde –, oþþæt him eft onwōc
 hēah Healfdene; hēold þenden lifde,

the beloved country-ruler had reigned a long time.
 There, at the landing-place, stood the ring-prowed ship
 ice-covered, outward bound, the prince's vessel.
 Then they laid down the beloved king,
 giver of rings, in the ship's bosom,
 the famous one by the mast. There were many treasures
 brought from far away, many ornaments;
 I have not heard that any ship was more fairly fitted out
 with battle-weapons and battle-garments,
 swords and mailshirts; in his lap lay
 many treasures which were to go with him
 into the power of the flood, far away.
 Not at all did they provide him with lesser gifts,
 king-treasures, than those did
 who, at the beginning, sent him out,
 133^f alone over the waves, when he was a child.
 Then they also set him a golden standard
 high over his head, let the sea carry him,
 gave him to the sea; their heart was sad,
 their spirit mournful. Men cannot
 say truly, hall-counsellors,
 heroes beneath the skies, who received that load.

Then Beowulf of the Scyldings was in the strongholds,
 beloved people-king, for a long time
 famous among the peoples (his father had gone elsewhere,
 the prince from the earth), until then to him was born
 the noble Healfdene, who, while he lived, ruled

gamol ond gūðrēow, glæde Scyldingas.
 Ðām fēower bearn forðgerīmed
 60 in worold wōcun, weoroda rāswan,
 Heorogār ond Hrōðgār ond Hālgā til;
 hȳrde ic þæt * * * elan cwēn,
 Heaðoscilfingas healsgebedda.
 Ðā wæs Hrōðgāre herespēd gyfen,
 65 wīges weorðmynd, þæt him his winemāgas
 georne hȳrdon, oðð þæt sēo geogoð gewēox,
 magodriht micel. Him on mōd bearn
 þæt healreced hātan wolde,
 medoærn micel, men gewyrcean
 70 þone ylðo bearn æfre gefrūnon,
 ond þær on innan eall gedālan
 geongum ond ealdum, swylc him God sealde,
 būton folcscare ond feorum gumena.
 Ðā ic wīde gefrægn weorc gebannan
 75 manigre mægþe geond þisne middangeard,
 folcstede frætwan. Him on fyrste gelomp,
 ædre mid yldum, þæt hit wearð ealgearo,
 healærna mæst; scōp him Heort naman
 sē þe his wordes geweald wīde hæfde.
 80 Hē bēot ne ālēh, bēagas dælde,
 sinc æt symle. Sele hlifade,
 hēah ond horngēap, heaðowylma bād,
 lāðan līges; ne wæs hit lenge þā gēn
 þæt se ecghete āpumswēoran,
 85 æfter wælnīðe wæcnan scolde.
 Ðā se ellengæst earfoðlice
 þrāge geþolode, sē þe in þȳstrum bād,

old and war-fierce, the glad Scyldings.
 To him, in succession, four children,
 were born, to the leader of troops;
 Heorogar and Hrothgar and good Halga;
 I heard that (?) was (?)ela's queen,
 the War-Scylfing's consort.
 Then to Hrothgar war-success was given,
 glory in battle, so that all his friend-kinsmen
 obeyed him gladly, until the young warriors grew up,
 mighty troop of followers. It came into his mind
 that he would order a hall,
 133^v a great mead-hall to be built by men,
 which the children of men should forever hear of,
 and within it, then, share out everything
 to young and old that God gave him,
 apart from public land and the lives of men.
 Then, I heard widely, orders were given for this work,
 to many a tribe around this middle-earth,
 to adorn the people-hall. In due time it happened to him,
 quickly among men, that it was all ready,
 greatest of halls; he created the name Heorot for it,
 who had power by his word far and wide.
 He did not break his promise; he gave rings,
 treasure at the feast. The hall stood high,
 high and wide-gabled, waiting for the war-flames,
 the hostile fire; it was not for a long time yet,
 that the sword-hatred between father-in-law and son-in-law
 should wake after slaughter-enmity.
 Then the fierce creature impatiently
 suffered distress, who lived in darkness,

þæt hē dōgora gehwām drēam gehȳrde
 hlūdne in healle; þær wæs hearpan swēg,
 90 swutol sang scopes. Sægde sē þe cūþe
 frumsceaft fira feorran reccan,
 cwæð þæt se Ælmihtiga eorðan worhte,
 wlitebeorhtne wang, swā wæter bebūgeð,
 gesette sigehrēþig sunnan ond mōnan
 95 lēoman tō lēohte landbūendum
 ond gefræt Wade foldan scēatas
 leomum ond lēafum, lif ēac gesceōp
 cynna gehwylcum þāra ðe cwice hwyrfaþ.
 Swā ðā drihtguman drēamum lifdon
 100 ēadiglice, oððæt ān ongan
 fyrene fremman fēond on helle.
 Wæs se grimma gæst Grendel hāten,
 mære mearcstapa, sē þe mōras hēold,
 fen ond fæsten; fifelcynnes eard
 105 wonsæli wer weardode hwile,
 siþðan him Scyppend forscriften hæfde.
 In Cāines cynne þone cwealm gewræc
 ēce Drihten, þæs þe hē Ābel slōg;
 ne gefeah hē þære fæhðe, ac hē hine feor forwræc,
 110 Metod for þȳ māne, mancynne fram.
 Þanon untȳdras ealle onwōcon,
 eotenas ond ylfe ond orcnēas,
 swylce gīgantas, þā wið Gode wunnon
 lange þrāge; hē him ðæs lēan forgeald.

that every day he heard the noise,
 loud in the hall; there was the harp's sound,
 the scop's clear song. He spoke who could
 recount the beginning of men in the distant past,
 134^f said that the Almighty made the earth,
 a fair and bright plain, as far as the water surrounds it,
 appointed, victory-glorious, sun and moon,
 the lights, as light for the land-dwellers,
 and adorned the earth's regions
 with branches and leaves, also created life
 for all the people who move about alive.
 Thus the followers lived in joy,
 prosperously, until one began
 to commit crimes, an enemy from hell.
 This grim creature was called Grendel,
 well-known border-haunter, who held the moors,
 fen and fastness; the unhappy man
 occupied the the monster-race's home a long time,
 after the Creator had condemned them.
 In Cain's kinship, the eternal lord
 avenged that killing, since he had slain Abel;
 he did not rejoice in that feud, but he drove him far away,
 the Lord, from mankind for this crime.
 From there were born all evil broods,
 giants and elves and monsters,
 134^v also those giants who fought against God
 for a long time; he paid them a reward for that.

II

115 Gewāt ðā nēosian, syððan niht becōm,
 hēan hūses, hū hit Hringdene
 æfter bēorþege gebūn hæfdon.
 Fand þā ðær inne æþelinga gedriht
 swefan æfter symble; sorge ne cūðon,
 120 wonsceaft weru. Wiht unhælo,
 grim ond grædig, gearo sōna wæs,
 rēoc ond rēþe, ond on ræste genam
 þrītīg þegna, þanon eft gewāt
 hūðe hrēmīg tō hām faran,
 125 mid þære wælfylle wīca nēosan.
 Ðā wæs on ūhtan mid ærdæge
 Grendles gūðcræft gumum undyrne;
 þā wæs æfter wiste wōp up āhafen,
 micel morgenswēg. Mære þeoden,
 130 æþeling ærgōð, unblīðe sæt,
 þolode ðrȳðswȳð, þegnsorge drēah,
 syððan hīe þæs lāðan lāst scēawedon,
 wergan gāstes; wæs þæt gewin tō strang,
 lāð ond longsum. Næs hit lengra fyrst,
 135 ac ymb āne niht eft gefremede
 morðbeala mære ond nō mearn fore,
 fæhðe ond fyrene; wæs tō fæst on þām.
 Þā wæs ēaðfynde þe him elles hwær
 gerūmlīcor ræste sōhte,
 140 bed æfter būrum, ðā him gebēacnod wæs,
 gesægd sōðlice sweotolan tātne
 healðegnes hete; hēold hyne syððan

So he went to visit, after night came,
 the high house, as the Ring-Danes had
 settled in it after the beer-drinking.
 In there he found a band of princes,
 sleeping after the feast; they did not know sorrow,
 men's misery. Evil's creature,
 grim and greedy, was soon ready,
 fierce and cruel, and took from the beds
 thirty retainers, then went away,
 exulting in plunder, to go to his home,
 to seek out his dwelling-place with the slaughter-fill.
 Then at dawn, before the day,
 Grendel's battle-prowess was manifest to men;
 then weeping arose after feasting,
 great morning-cry. The famous king,
 excellent prince, sat unhappily,
 the mighty one suffered, bore retainer-sorrow,
 when they inspected the enemy's traces,
 the accursed creature's; that struggle was too strong,
 135^f hateful and long-lasting. Nor was there any further respite,
 but one night later he again wrought
 more murder-evil, and did not feel regret for it,
 feuds and crimes; he was too fixed on them.
 Then he was easy to find who elsewhere
 sought himself a more distant resting-place,
 a bed behind the outbuildings, when they were shown,
 truly told, by a clear token,
 the hall-retainer's hatred; he kept himself afterwards

fyr ond fæstor sē þām fēonde ætwand.
 Swā rīxode ond wið rihte wan,
 145 āna wið eallum, oðþæt idel stōd
 hūsa sēlest. Wæs sēo hwīl micel;
 twelf wintra tīd torn geþolode
 wine Scyldinga, wēana gehwelcne,
 sīdra sorga. Forðām secgum wearð,
 150 ylða bearnum, undyrne cūð,
 gyddum geōmore, þætte Grendel wan
 hwīle wið Hrōþgār, hetenīðas wæg,
 fyrene ond fæhðe fela missēra,
 singāle sæce, sibbe ne wolde
 155 wið manna hwone mægenes Deniga,
 feorhbealo feorran, fēa þingian,
 ne þær nānig witena wēnan þorfte
 beorhtre bōte tō banan folmum,
 ac se æglæca ēhtende wæs,
 160 deorc dēaþscūa, duguþe ond geogoþe,
 seomade ond syrede, sinnihte hēold
 mistige mōras; men ne cunnon
 hwyder helrūnan hwyrftum scriþað.
 Swā fela fyrena fēond mancynnes,
 165 atol āngengea, oft gefremede,
 heardra hȳnða. Heorot eardode,
 sincfāge sel sweartum nihtum;
 nō hē þone gifstōl grētan mōste,
 māþðum for Metode, ne his myne wisse.
 170 Þæt wæs wræc micel wine Scyldinga,
 mōdes brecða. Monig oft gesæt
 rīce tō rūne; ræd eahtedon

further away and more secure, who escaped from the enemy.
 So he ruled, and fought against right,
 one against all, until the best of houses
 stood empty. This was a long time;
 for the time of twelve winters the friend of the Scyldings
 suffered grief, every kind of woe,
 of great sorrow. Therefore it became known
 to the children of men, manifestly,
 sadly in songs, that Grendel fought
 for a long time against Hrothgar, waged hatred-wars,
 crimes and feuds, for many half-year,
 strife forever, he did not want peace
 with any of the men of the Danish host,
 make up for life-evil, settle with money,
 none of the counsellors might expect
 splendid compensation at the killer's hands,
 135^v but the monster persecuted them,
 the dark death-shadow, young and experienced warriors,
 remained and ambushed them, held, in the endless night,
 the misty moors; men do not know
 where demons go in their movements.
 So many crimes did mankind's enemy,
 terrible lone walker, often commit,
 severe harm. He dwelt in Heorot,
 treasure-decked hall, in the black nights;
 but he could not approach the gift-throne,
 the treasure, for the Lord's sake, did not know his love.
 It was great sorrow to the friend of the Scyldings,
 heart's breaking. Many a one often sat,
 powerful, in council; considered advice,

hwæt swiðferhðum sēlest wære
 wið fārgryrum tō gefremmanne.
 175 Hwīlum hīe gehēton æt hārgtrafum
 wīgweorþunga, wordum bādon
 þæt him gāstbona gēoce gefremede
 wið þēodþrēaum. Swylc wæs þēaw hyra,
 hāþenra hyht; helle gemundon
 180 in mōdsefan, Metod hīe ne cūþon,
 dāda Dēmend, ne wiston hīe Drihten God,
 ne hīe hūru heofena Helm herian ne cūþon,
 wuldres Waldend. Wā bið þām ðe seal
 þurh slīðne nīð sāwle bescūfan
 185 in fýres fāþm, frōfre ne wēnan,
 wihte gewendan; wēl bið þām þe mōt
 æfter dēaðdæge Drihten sēcean
 ond tō Fæder fāþmum freoðo wilnian.

III

Swā ðā mælceare maga Healfdenes
 190 singāla sēað, ne mihte snotor hælēð
 wēan onwendan; wæs þæt gewin tō swyð,
 lāþ ond longsum, þe on ðā lēode becōm,
 nýdwracu nīþgrim, nihtbealwa mæst.
 Þæt fram hām gefrægn Higelāces þegn,
 195 gōd mid Gēatum, Grendles dāda;
 sē wæs moncynnes mægenes strengest
 on þām dæge þysses lifes,
 æþele ond ēacen. Hēt him yðlidan
 gōdne gegyrwan, cwæð, hē gūðcýning

what would be best for the strong-minded ones
 to do against the sudden terrors.
 Sometimes they promised - at the idol-shrines -
 idol-sacrifices, prayed in words
 that the soul-slayer would give them help
 against the people-distress. Such was their custom,
 the hope of the heathens; they remembered hell
 in their mind-thought, they did not know the Lord,
 Judge of deeds, they did not know the Lord God,
 136' nor, indeed, could they praise the Heavens' Protector,
 glory's Ruler. Woe is him, who is obliged
 through dire affliction to thrust his soul
 into the fire's embrace, to hope for no comfort,
 not to change at all; well it is for him who may
 go to the Lord after his death-day
 and seek peace in the Father's embrace.

So, on this time-sorrow, Healfdene's son
 constantly brooded, nor could any wise hero
 turn away the distress; this fight was too severe,
 hateful and long-lasting, which had come to the people,
 the cruel dire distress, greatest of night-evils.
 This Hygelac's retainer heard at home,
 excellent among the Geats, of Grendel's deeds;
 he was the strongest of mankind in might
 in the day of this life,
 noble and mighty. He ordered a good wave-crosser
 to be prepared for him, said he would visit

200 ofer swanrāde sēcean wolde,
 mārne þēoden, þā him wæs manna þearf.
 Ðone sīðfæt him snotere ceorlas
 lȳthwōn lōgon, þēah hē him lēof wære;
 hwetton higerōfne, hæl scēawedon.
 205 Hæfde se gōda Gēata lēoda
 cempan gecorone þāra þe hē cēnoste
 findan mihte; fiftȳna sum
 sundwudu sōhte; secg wīsade,
 lagucræftig mon, landgemyrcu.
 210 Fyrst forð gewāt. Flota wæs on ȳðum,
 bāt under beorge. Beornas gearwe
 on stefn stigon; strēamas wundon,
 sund wið sande; secgas bāron
 on bearm nacan beorhte frætwe,
 215 gūðsearo geatolic; guman ūt scufon,
 weras on wilsīð, wudu bundenne.
 Gewāt þā ofer wāgholm, winde gefȳsed,
 flota fāmīheals fūgle gelīcost,
 oðþæt ymb āntīd oþres dōgores
 220 wundenstefna gewaden hæfde
 þæt ðā līðende land gesāwon,
 brimclifu blīcan, beorgas stēape,
 sīde sǣnæssas; þā wæs sund liden,
 ēolētes æt ende. Ðanon up hraðe
 225 Wedera lēode on wang stigon,
 sǣwudu sǣldon, syrcan hrysedon,
 gūðgewædo, Gode þancedon
 þæs þe him ȳplāde ēaðe wurdon.
 Ðā of wealle geseah weard Scildinga,

the war-king across the swan-road,
 famous king, as he was in need of men.
 This expedition wise men
 136^v did little blame him for, although he was dear to them;
 they urged the valiant one on, observed the omens.
 The hero had chosen warriors
 from the people of the Geats, the boldest
 he could find; as one of fifteen
 he went to the sea-wood; a man guided them,
 sea-skilled man, to the shore.
 Time passed on. The floater was on the waves,
 the boat under the cliff. The men eagerly
 stepped on to the prow; streams eddied,
 sea against the sand; the men took
 bright treasure into the ship's bosom,
 splendid war-gear; the men pushed out,
 men on a desire-journey, the bound wood.
 Then over the wave-sea, driven by wind,
 the foam-necked floater went, most like a bird,
 until at the appointed time of the second day
 the curved prow had moved on
 so that the travellers saw land,
 sea-cliffs, glisten, steep mountains,
 large sea-headlands; then the sea had been crossed,
 at the end of the voyage. Then quickly
 the people of the Weathers climbed up on the plain,
 fastened the sea-wood, the mailshirts rattled,
 war-garments, they thanked God
 because the wave-paths had become easy for them.
 137^r Then from a wall the guard of the Scyldings

230 sē þe holmclifu healdan scolde,
 beran ofer bolcan beorhte randas,
 fyrdsearu fūslicu; hine fyrwyt bræc
 mōdgehygdum, hwæt þā men wæron.
 Gewāt him þā tō waroðe wicge rīdan
 235 þegn Hrōðgāres, þrymmum cwehte
 mægenwudu mundum, meþelwordum frægn:
 "Hwæt syndon gē searohæbbendra,
 byrnum werede, þe þus brontne cēol
 ofer lagustrāte lādan cwōmon,
 240 hider ofer holmas? Hwæt, ic hwīle wæs
 endesāta, ægwearde hēold,
 þē on land Dena lāðra nānig
 mid scipherge sceðþan ne meahte.
 Nō hēr cūðlicor cuman ongunnon
 245 lindhæbbende; ne gē lēafnesword
 gūðfremmendra gearwe ne wisson,
 māga gemēdu. Nāfre ic mārān geseah
 eorla ofer eorþan ðonne is ēower sum,
 secg on searwum; nis þæt seldguma,
 250 wæpnum geweorðad, – nāfre him his wlite lēoge,
 ænlic ansyn. Nū ic ēower sceal
 frumcyn witan, ær gē fyr heonan,
 lēasscēaweras, on land Dena
 furþur fēran. Nū gē feorbūend,
 255 mereliðende, mīnne gehyrað
 ānfealdne geþoht: Ofost is sēlest
 tō gecyðanne hwanan ēowre cyme syndon."

who was to keep watch over the sea-cliffs
 saw bright shields being carried over the gangway,
 ready war-gear; curiosity tormented him
 in his mind-thoughts, what those men were.
 He then went to ride to the shore on his horse,
 Hrothgar's retainer, mightily he shook
 the strength-spear in his hands, asked in council-words:
 "What kind of armour-owners are you,
 protected by mailshirts, who have thus come
 leading the high ship over the sea-road,
 here over the seas? Listen! For a long time I have been
 a coast-guard, kept watch by the sea,
 so that in the land of the Danes no enemy
 might do harm with a ship-army.
 Never have any shield-bearers begun to come here
 more openly; nor did you know the permission-word
 from the warriors, at all,
 the consent of the kinsmen. I have never seen a greater
 warrior on the earth than is one of you,
 man in war-gear; this is not a hall-man,
 dignified by weapons: may his countenance never belie him,
 his unique appearance! Now I need to know
 137^v your origin, before you go further from here,
 deceitful observers, go further
 into the land of the Danes. Now, you far-dwellers,
 you sea-crossers, listen to my
 plain opinion: Speed is best
 to tell where you have come from."

III

Him se yldesta ondsvarode,
 werodes wīsa, wordhord onlēac:
 260 "Wē synt gumcynnes Gēata lēode
 ond Higelāces heorðgenēatas.
 Wæs mīn fæder folcum gecyþed,
 æþele ordfruma, Ecgþēow hāten.
 Gebād wintra worn, ær hē on weg hwurfe,
 265 gamol of geardum; hine gearwe geman
 witena wēlhwylc wīde geond eorþan.
 Wē þurh holdne hige hlāford þinne,
 sunu Healfdenes, sēcean cwōmon,
 lēodgebyrgean; wes þū ūs lārena gōd.
 270 Habbað wē tō þām mæran micel ærende,
 Deniga frēan, ne sceal þær dyrne sum
 wesan, þæs ic wēne. Þū wāst – gif hit is
 swā wē sōþlice secgan hȳrdon –
 þæt mid Scyldingum sceaðona ic nāt hwylc,
 275 dēogol dādhata, deorcum nihtum
 ēaweð þurh egsan uncūðne nīð,
 hȳnðu ond hrāfyl. Ic þæs Hrōðgār mæg
 þurh rūmne sefan rād gelæran,
 hū hē frōd ond gōd fēond oferswȳðeþ,
 280 gyf him edwenden æfre scolde,
 bealuwa bisigu, bōt eft cuman,
 ond þā cearwylmas cōlran wurðap;
 oððe ā syþðan earfoðþrāge,
 þreanȳd þolað, þenden þær wunað
 285 on hēahstede hūsa sēlest."

The chief answered him,
 leader of the troop, unlocked the word-hoard:
 "We are people of the nation of the Geats
 and Hygelac's hearth-companions.
 My father was well-known among the nations,
 noble leader, he was called Ecgtheow.
 He waited a large number of winters, before he went away,
 an old man, from the courts; he was readily remembered
 by all the wise men far and wide over all the earth.
 We come with friendly thought to visit
 your lord, Healfdene's son,
 the people-protector; be to us good of advice.
 We have a great errand to the famous
 lord of the Danes, nothing shall there
 be secret, as I expect. You know – if it is
 138' as we heard it truly said –
 that among the Scyldings some enemy – I don't know which –
 a mysterious deed-hater, during the dark nights
 through terror shows untold hostility,
 harm and slaughter. About this I can give Hrothgar
 counsel, with generous mind,
 how he, wise and good, may overcome the enemy,
 if for him a change was ever to come
 of the evil distress, a relief,
 and the sorrow-surges should become cooler;
 or else he must ever hence suffer distress-time,
 sore misery, as long as the best of houses
 stands there in this high place."

Weard maþelode, ðær on wicge sæt,
 ombeht unforht: "Æghwæþres sceal
 scearp scyldwiga gescād witan,
 worda ond worca, sē þe wēl þenceð.
 290 Ic þæt gehyre, þæt þis is hold weorod
 frēan Scyldinga. Gewītaþ forð beran
 wæpen ond gewædu; ic ēow wīsigē.
 Swylce ic maguþegnas mīne hāte
 wið fēonda gehwone flotan ēowerne,
 295 nīwtyrwydne nacan on sande
 ārum healdan, oþðæt eft byreð
 ofer lagustrēamas lēofne mannan
 wudu wundenhals tō Wedermearce;
 gōdfremmendra swylcum gifeþe bið
 300 þæt þone hilderæs hāl gedigeð."
 Gewiton him þā fēran. Flota stille bād,
 seomode on sāle sīdfæþmed scip,
 on ancre fæst. Eoforlīc scionon
 ofer hlēorbergan gehroden golde,
 305 fāh ond fyrheard; ferhwearde hēold
 gūþmōd grimmon. Guman ōnetton,
 sigon ætsomne, oþþæt hī sæl timbred,
 geatolic ond goldfāh, ongyton mihton;
 þæt wæs foremærost foldbūendum
 310 receda under roderum, on þæm se rīca bād;
 līxte se lēoma ofer landa fela.
 Him þā hildedēor hof mōdigra
 torht getæhte, þæt hīe him tō mihton
 gegnum gangan; gūðbeorna sum
 315 wicg gewende, word æfter cwæð:

The guard spoke, sitting on his horse,
 fearless retainer: "The distinction between the two
 the bold shield-warrior must know,
 words and deeds, he who judges well.
 I hear that this is a troop loyal
 to the Scyldings' lord. Go then, carry forth
 weapons and armour; I will guide you.
 I will also order my young retainers
 to keep watch against any enemy over your ship,
 your newly-tarred boat on the sand,
 in honour, until afterwards
 138^v the curved-prowed wood shall carry the beloved man
 over the sea-streams to the borders of the Weathers;
 to one who does such noble deeds it will be granted
 that he shall come safely through the battle-rush."
 Then they set out to go. The floater stayed still,
 the broad-bosomed ship remained on the rope,
 fast at anchor. The boar-images shone
 above the cheek-guards, adorned with gold,
 decorated and fire-hardened; the war-hearted one
 kept life-guard over the grim ones. The men hurried on,
 marched together, until they could perceive
 the timbered hall, splendid and gold-adorned;
 this was, for earth-dwellers, the most famous
 of halls under the heavens, where the ruler lived;
 its light shone over many lands.
 Then the battle-brave one showed them
 the bright hall of courageous men, so they could
 go straight towards it; the war-hero
 turned his horse, then spoke those words:

"Mæl is mē tō feran; Fæder Alwalda
mid ārstafum ēowic gehealde
sīða gesunde. Ic tō sǣ wille
wið wrāð werod wearde healdan."

V

- 320 Stræt wæs stānfāh, stīg wīode
gumum ætgædere. Gūðbyrne scān
heard hondlocen, hringīren scīr
song in searwum, þā hīe tō sele furðum
in hyra gryregeatwum gangan cwōmon.
- 325 Setton sǣmēþe sīde scyldas,
rondas regnhearde, wið þæs recedes weal,
bugon þā tō bence. Byrnan hringdon,
gūðsearo gumena; gāras stōdon,
sǣmanna searo, samod ætgædere,
- 330 æscholt ufan græg; wæs se īrenþrēat
wǣpnum gewurþad. Þā ðær wlonc hæleð
ōretmecgas æfter æþelum frægn:
"Hwanon ferigeað gē fætte scyldas,
græge syrcan ond grīmhelmas,
- 335 heresceafta hēap? Ic eom Hrōðgāres
ār ond ombiht. Ne seah ic elþeodige
þus manige men mōdiglicran.
Wēn ic þæt gē for wlenco, nalles for wræcsīðum,
ac for higeþrymmum Hrōðgār sōhton."
- 340 Him þā ellenrōf andswarode,
wlanc Wedera lēod, word æfter spræc,
heard under helme: "Wē synt Higelāces

"It is time for me to go; may the All-ruling Father
by his grace keep you
safe in your journey. I will go to the sea,
to keep guard against hostile troops."

139^f

The road was stone-paved, the path guided
the men together. The mailshirt shone,
the hard hand-linked one, the shiny ring-iron
sang in the armour, when they first came walking
to the hall, in their terror-armour.
The sea-weary ones put their broad shields,
wondrously hard shields, against the hall's wall,
then sat down on the bench. The mailshirts rang out,
war-gear of the men; the spears stood,
armour of the sea-men, all together,
ash-wood, grey at the tip; the iron-troop was
well furnished with weapons. There, then, a proud hero
asked the warriors about their descent:
"From where have you brought the plated shields,
grey mailshirts and mask-helmets,
the pile of battle-shafts? I am Hrothgar's
herald and retainer. I have never seen so many
foreign men more bold.
I expect that you have come to Hrothgar for daring,
not at all for exile, but for mind-greatness."
The strength-famous one answered him then,
proud leader of the Weathers, then spoke the words,
the hard one under the helmet: "We are Hygelac's

139^v

bēodgenēatas; Bēowulf is mīn nama.
 Wille ic āsecgan sunu Healfdenes,
 345 mǣrum þeodne, mīn ārende,
 aldre þīnum, gif hē ūs geunnan wile
 þæt wē hine swā gōdne grētan mōton."
 Wulfgār maþelode – þæt wæs Wendla lēod;
 wæs his mōdsefa manegum gecyðed,
 350 wīg ond wīsdōm –: "Ic þæs wine Deniga,
 frēan Scildinga, frīnan wille,
 bēaga bryttan, swā þū bēna eart,
 þeoden mǣrne, ymb þīnne sīð,
 ond þe þā ondsware ædre gecyðan
 355 ðe mē se gōda āgīfan þenceð."
 Hwearf þā hrædlice þær Hrōðgār sæt
 eald ond unhār mid his eorla gedriht;
 ēode ellenrōf, þæt hē for eaxlum gestōd
 Deniga frēan; cūpe hē duguðe þēaw.
 360 Wulfgār maðelode tō his winedrihtne:
 "Hēr syndon geferede, feorran cumene
 ofer geofenes begang Gēata lēode;
 þone yldestan ðretmecgas
 Bēowulf nemnað. Hȳ bēnan synt
 365 þæt hīe, þeoden mīn, wið þe mōton
 wordum wrixlan. Nō ðū him wearne getēoh
 ðīnra gegncwida, glædman Hrōðgār.
 Hȳ on wīggetawum wyrðe þinceað
 eorla geæhtlan; hūru se aldor dēah,
 370 sē þæm heaðorincum hider wīsade."

table-companions; Beowulf is my name.
 I wish to tell my errand
 to Healfdene's son, famous king,
 your leader, if he will grant us
 that we may greet him, the good one."
 Wulfgar said – he was the leader of the Wendlas;
 his mind-thought was known to many,
 his valour and his wisdom –: "I will ask
 the Danes' friend, the Scyldings' lord,
 giver of rings, as you request,
 the famous king, about your expedition,
 and quickly announce to you the answer
 which the noble one wishes me to give."
 He then returned quickly to where Hrothgar sat,
 old and very grey with the company of his warriors;
 the strength-famous one went until he stood before the shoulders
 of the Danes' lord; he knew the custom of tried retainers.
 140^r Wulfgar spoke to his friend-lord:
 "People of the Geats, come from far
 over the ocean's compass, have arrived here;
 the warriors call their chief
 Beowulf. They request
 that they, my king, may
 exchange words with you. Do not give them refusal
 of your reply, gracious Hrothgar.
 In their war-equipment they seem worthy
 of the esteem of nobles; indeed, strong is their chief,
 who guided the battle-warriors here."

VI

Hrōðgār maþelode, helm Scyldinga:
 "Ic hine cūðe cnihtwesende.
 Wæs his ealdfæder Ecgþeo hāten,
 ðæm tō hām forgeaf Hrēþel Gēata
 375 āngan dohtor; is his eafora nū
 heard hēr cumen, sōhte holdne wine.
 Donne sægdon þæt sālīþende,
 þā ðe gifsceattas Gēata fyredon
 þyder tō þance, þæt hē þrītiges
 380 manna mægenicræft on his mundgripe
 heaþorōf hæbbe. Hine hālig God
 for ārstafum ūs onsende,
 tō Westdenum, þæs ic wēn hæbbe,
 wið Grendles gryre. Ic þæm gōðan sceal
 385 for his mōdþræce mādmas bēodan.
 Bēo ðū on ofeste, hāt in gān
 sēon sibbegedriht samod ætgædere;
 gesaga him ēac wordum þæt hīe sint wilcuman
 Deniga lēodum." [þā wið duru healle
 390 Wulfgār ēode], word inne ābēad:
 "Ēow hēt secgan sigedrihten mīn,
 aldor Ēastdena, þæt hē ēower æþelu can,
 ond gē him syndon ofer sǣwylmas
 heardhicgende hider wilcuman.
 395 Nū gē mōton gangan in ēowrum gūðgetāwum
 under heregrīman Hrōðgār gesēon;
 lǣtað hildebord hēr onbīdan,
 wudu, wǣlsceaftas, worda geþinges."

Hrothgar said, the Scyldings' protector:
 "I knew him when he was a boy.
 His father was called Ecgtheow,
 to him in marriage Hrethel of the Geats
 gave his only daughter; his son has now,
 the bold one, come here and visited a loyal friend.
 Moreover, the seafarers said,
 who carried the Geats' gift-treasures
 140^v there for gratitude, that he had thirty
 men's strength in his hand-grip,
 battle-famous one. Holy God
 in mercy has sent him to us,
 to the West-Danes, I have hope of this,
 against Grendel's terror. I shall offer the noble one
 treasures for his courage-urge.
 Be in haste, tell him to come in
 to see the kindred-troop all together;
 also tell him in words that they are welcome
 to the people of the Danes." [Then Wulfgar
 went to the door of the hall], brought word from inside:
 "My victory-lord commands to tell you,
 lord of the East-Danes, that he knows your origin,
 and you, brave-thinking men
 from over the sea-surges, are welcome to him here.
 Now you may go in your war-gear,
 under your war-masks, to see Hrothgar;
 let the battle-shields wait here,
 the wood, the battle-shafts, for the outcome of the words."

400 *Ārās þā se rīca, ymb hine rinc manig,
 þrýðlic þegna hēap; sume þær bidon,
 heaðorēaf hēoldon, swā him se hearda bebēad.
 Snyredon ætsomne, þā secg wīsode,
 under Heorotes hrōf heaþorinc ēode,
 heard under helme, þæt hē on heorðe gestōd.
 405 Bēowulf maðelode – on him byrne scān,
 searonet seowed smiþes orþancum –:
 "Wæs þū, Hrōðgār, hāl! Ic eom Higelāces
 mæg ond magoðegn; hæbbe ic mārða fela
 ongunnen on geogoþe. Mē wearð Grendles þing
 410 on mīnre ēþeltyrf undyrne cūð;
 secgað sǣliðend þæt þæs sele stande,
 reced sēlesta, rinca gehwylcum
 īdel ond unnyt, siððan æfenlēoht
 under heofenes haðor beholen weorþeð.
 415 Þā mē þæt gelærdon lēode mīne
 þā sēlestan, snotere ceorlas,
 þēoden Hrōðgār, þæt ic þē sōhte,
 forþan hīe mægenes cræft mīnne cūþon,
 selfe ofersāwon, ðā ic of searwum cwōm,
 420 fāh from fēondum. Þær ic fife geband,
 yðde eotena cyn ond on yðum slōg
 niceras nihtes, nearoþearfe drēah,
 wræc Wedera nīð – wēan ahsodon –,
 forgrand gramum, ond nū wið Grendel sceal,
 425 wið þām āglæcan, āna gehēgan
 ðing wið þyrse. Ic þē nū ðā,
 brego Beorhtdena, biddan wille,
 eodor Scyldinga, ānre bēne,*

Then the mighty one arose, and around him many a warrior,
 splendid group of retainers; some waited there,
 141^r guarded the battle-equipment, as the brave one had ordered them.
 They hastened together, when the man was guiding them,
 under Heorot's roof, the warrior went,
 hardy under the helmet, until he stood by the fireplace.
 Beowulf said – the mailshirt shone on him,
 the battle-net put together by the smith's skills –:
 "Hail to you, Hrothgar! I am Hygelac's
 kinsman and retainer; I have undertaken many glorious deeds
 in my youth. Grendel's doing has become
 openly known to me in my native country;
 seafarers say that this hall,
 best building, stands empty and useless
 to any man, after the evening-light
 becomes hidden under the heaven's vault.
 Then my people advised me thus,
 the best, wise men,
 King Hrothgar, that I should visit you,
 because they knew the strength of my might,
 had seen themselves when I came from battle,
 bloodstained from the enemies; there I bound five,
 destroyed a brood of giants and slew by night
 water-monsters in the waves; I suffered severe distress,
 141^v avenged the Weathers' affliction (they asked for woe),
 crushed the enemies, I now I intend to decide
 the matter alone against Grendel, against the monster,
 against the giant. I now, then, want to
 ask you, chief of the Bright-Danes,
 the Scyldings' protector, for one favour,

þæt ðū mē ne forwyne, wīgendra hlēo,
 430 frēowine folca, nū ic þus feorran cōm,
 þæt ic mōte āna ond mīnra eorla gedryht,
 þes hearda hēap, Heorot fālsian.
 Hæbbe ic ēac geāhsod þæt se æglāca
 for his wonhȳdum wāpna ne recceð.
 435 Ic þæt þonne forhicge swā mē Higelāc sīe,
 mīn mondrihten, mōdes blīðe,
 þæt ic sweord bere oþðe sīdne scyld,
 geolorand tō gūpe, ac ic mid grāpe sceal
 fōn wið fēonde ond ymb feorh sacan,
 440 lāð wið lāpum; ðær gelyfan sceal
 Dryhtnes dōme sē þe hine dēað nimeð.
 Wēn ic þæt hē wille, gif hē wealdan mōt,
 in þām gūðsele Gēotena lēode
 etan unforhte, swā hē oft dyde,
 445 mægen Hrēðmanna. Nā þū mīnne þearft
 hafalan hȳdan, ac hē mē habban wile
 drēore fāhne, gif mec dēað nimeð.
 Byreð blōdig wæl, byrgean þenceð,
 eteð āngenga unmurnlice,
 450 mearcað mōrhōpu; nō ðū ymb mīnes ne þearft
 līces feorme leng sorgian.
 Onsend Higelāce, gif mec hild nime,
 beaduscrūda betst; þæt mīne brēost wereð,
 hræglā sēlest; þæt is Hræðlan lāf,
 455 Wēlandes geweorc. Gæð ā wyrd swā hīo scel."

that you should not refuse me, protector of warriors,
 beloved friend of the people, now that I have come this far,
 that I on my own and the band of my warriors,
 the troop of those brave men, may cleanse Heorot.
 I have also learned that the monster
 in his recklessness does not care for weapons.
 I then renounce – so that Hygelac,
 my man-lord, may be glad in his mind about me –
 that I should bear a sword, or a broad shield,
 a yellow-shield to battle, but I shall
 fight with the enemy with my grip and contend for life,
 enemy against enemy; there he shall resign himself
 to the Lord's judgement, whom death takes away.
 I expect that he wants, if he may prevail,
 to eat the people of the Geats in the battle-hall
 142^f fearlessly, as he has often done before,
 the strength of the Hreth-men. You need not
 hide my head, but he will have me
 covered with blood, if death takes me.
 He will take the bloody corpse, intend to taste it,
 the lonely one will eat unmournfully,
 stain the moor-retreat; you will not need to
 care about the disposal of my corpse for long.
 Send to Hygelac, if battle take me,
 this best of battle-garments; it protects my breast,
 best of corslets; it is Hrethel's heirloom,
 Weland's work. Fate ever goes as it must."

VII

Hrōðgār maþelode, helm Scyldinga:
 "For gewyrhtum þū, wine mīn Bēowulf,
 ond for ārstafum ūs ic sōhtest.
 Geslōh þīn fæder fāhðe mǣste;
 460 wearþ hē Heaþolāfe tō handbonan
 mid Wilfingum; ðā hine Wedera cyn
 for herebrōgan habban ne mihte.
 Ðanon hē gesōhte Sūðdena folc
 ofer yða gewearc, Ārscyldinga.
 465 Ðā ic furþum wēold folce Deniga
 ond on geogoðe hēold ginne rice,
 hordburh hæleþa; ðā wæs Heregār dēad,
 mīn yldra mæg unlifigende,
 bearn Healfdenes; sē wæs betera ðonne ic.
 470 Siððan þā fāhðe fēo þingode;
 sende ic Wylfingum ofer wæteres hrycg
 ealde mādmas; hē mē āþas swōr.
 Sorh is mē tō secganne on sefan mīnum
 gūmena ængum hwæt mē Grendel hafað
 475 hȳnðo on Heorote mid his hetepancum,
 færnīða gefremed. Is mīn fletwerod,
 wīghēap gewanod; hīe wyrd forswēop
 on Grendles gryre. God ēaþe mæg
 þone dolsceaðan dāda getwāfan.
 480 Ful oft gebēotedon bēore druncne
 ofer ealowæge ðretmecgas
 þæt hīe in bēorsele bīdan woldon
 Grendles gūþe mid gryrum ecga.

Hrothgar said, the Scyldings' protector:
 "For past deeds have you, my friend Beowulf,
 and for kindness, visited us.
 Your father caused by fighting the greatest of feuds;
 he became the hand-slayer of Heatholaf
 among the Wilfings; then the people of the Weathers
 could not keep him for war-fear.
 From there he went to the people of the South-Danes,
 142^v over the surge of the waves, of the Honour-Scyldings.
 Then I first ruled over the people of the Danes
 and held the spacious kingdom in my youth,
 hoard-stronghold of heroes; Heorogar was dead then,
 my elder kinsman, lifeless
 Healfdene's son; he was better than I.
 Then I settled the feud with money;
 I sent to the Wilfings, over the water's back,
 old treasures; he swore me oaths.
 It is a grief to me in my heart to tell
 any man what humiliation Grendel has
 created for me in Heorot with his hate-thoughts,
 what sudden affliction. My hall-troop,
 my war-troop is diminished; fate swept them off
 into Grendel's terror. God may easily
 restrain the mad ravager from his deeds.
 Very often, drunk with beer,
 warriors vowed over the ale-cup
 that in the beer-hall they would await
 Grendel's war with terror of swords.

Donne wæs þeos medoheal on morgentīd,
 485 drihtsele drēorfāh, þonne dæg līxte,
 eal bençpelu blōde bestȳmed,
 heall heorudrēore; āhte ic holdra þȳ lās,
 dēorre duguðe, þē þā deað fornam.
 Site nū tō symle ond onsāl meoto,
 490 sigehrēð secgum, swā þīn sefa hwette."
 Þā wæs Gēatmæcgum geador ætsomne
 on bēorsele benc gerȳmed;
 þær swiðferhþe sittan ēodon,
 þrȳðum dealle. Þegn nytte behēold,
 495 sē þe on handa bær hroden ealowāge,
 scencte scīr wered. Scop hwīlum sang
 hādor on Heorote. Þær wæs hāleða drēam,
 duguð unlȳtel Dena ond Wedera.

VIII

Unferð maþelode, Ecglāfes bearn,
 500 þe æt fōtum sæt frēan Scyldinga,
 onband beadurūne; wæs him Bēowulfes sið,
 mōdges merefaran, micel æþþunca,
 forþon þe hē ne ūþe þæt ænig oðer man
 æfre mārða þon mā middangeardes
 505 gehēdde under heofenum þonne hē sylfa:
 "Eart þū se Bēowulf, sē þe wið Breca wunne,
 on sidne sē ymb sund flite,
 ðær git for wlence wada cunnedon
 ond for dolgilpe on dēop wæter
 510 aldrum nēþdon? Ne inc ænig mon,

Then at morning-time this mead-hall,
 this retainer-hall, was covered in blood, when the day shone,
 143^f every bench-plank wetted with blood,
 the hall with sword-blood; I had the fewer loyal ones,
 dear retainers, by those whom death had taken away.
 Sit now at the banquet and disclose your thoughts,
 victory-triumph to the men, as your mind prompts you."
 Then for the Geat-men, all together,
 a bench was cleared in the beer-hall;
 there the strong-hearted ones went to sit,
 proud in strength. A servant carried out his office,
 who bore in his hands a decorated ale-cup,
 poured out the shiny sweet drink. Sometimes the scop sang,
 clear-voiced, in Heorot. There was joy of the heroes,
 no small company of Danes and Weathers.

Unferth spoke, Ecglaf's son,
 who sat at the feet of the Scyldings' lord,
 loosened a battle-rune; Beowulf's journey,
 the brave-seafarer's, was great vexation to him,
 since he did not wish that any other man
 143^v in middle-earth should ever care more about glory
 under the heavens than he himself:
 "Are you that Beowulf who competed with Breca,
 contended at swimming in the wide sea,
 where the two of you tempted the sea out of pride,
 and for foolish boast risked your lives
 in deep water? Nor could anybody,

ne lēof ne lāð, belēan mihte
 sorhfullne sīð, þā git on sund rēon.
 Þær git ēagorstrēam earmum þehton
 māton merestrāta, mundum brugdon,
 515 glidon ofer gārsecg; geofon yþum wēol,
 wintrys wylmum. Git on wāteres āht
 seofon niht swuncon; hē þē æt sunde oferflāt,
 hæfde mære mægen. Þā hine on morgentīd
 on Heaþorāmes holm up ætbær;
 520 ðonon hē gesōhte swāsne ēþel,
 lēof his lēodum, lond Brondinga,
 freoðoburh fægere, þær hē folc āhte
 burh ond bēagas. Bēot eal wið þē
 sunu Bēanstānes sōðe gelæste.
 525 Ðonne wēne ic tō þē wyrsan geþingea,
 ðēah þū heaðorāsa gehwær dohte,
 grimre gūðe, gif þū Grendles dearest
 nihtlongne fyrst nēan bīdan."
 Bēowulf maþelode, bearn Ecgþēowes:
 530 "Hwæt! Þū worn fela, wine mīn Unferð,
 bēore druncen ymb Breca sprāce,
 sægdest from his sīðe. Sōð ic talige,
 þæt ic merestrenge mārān āhte,
 earfeþo on yþum, ðonne ānig oþer man.
 535 Wit þæt gecwædon cnihtwesende
 ond gebēotedon – wāron bēgen þā git
 on geogoðfēore – þæt wit on gārsecg ūt
 aldrum nēðdon, ond þæt geæfndon swā.
 Hæfdon swurd nacod, þā wit on sund rēon,
 540 heard on handa; wit unc wið hronfixas

friend or enemy, dissuade you two
 from the sorrowful journey, when you two went on the sea.
 There you two covered the sea-stream with your arms,
 traversed the sea-roads, moved quickly with your hands,
 glided over the sea; the sea surged with waves,
 with winter's surges. In the water's power you two
 laboured seven nights; he overcame you at swimming,
 had greater strength. Then, at morning-time,
 the sea carried him up to the Heathorāmas;
 from there he, beloved to his people,
 went to his own dear homeland, the Brondings' country,
 the fair refuge-stronghold, where he had people,
 144 stronghold and rings. All the promise against you
 Beanstan's son truly carried out.
 Therefore I expect the outcome will be worse for you,
 even if you had prevailed in every battle-rush,
 grim war, if you dare wait for Grendel
 nearby for a night-long time."
 Beowulf said, Ecgtheow's son:
 "Listen! A great many things, my friend Unferth,
 have you told, drunk with beer, about Breca,
 said about his journey. I claim as truth
 that I had more sea-strength,
 difficulty in the waves, than any other man.
 We said it, when we were boys,
 and vowed – both of us were then still
 in youth-life – that the two of us would risk
 our lives out in the sea, and carried it out, too.
 We had a naked sword, when we went to swim,
 strong in our hands; the two of us intended

werian þōhton. Nō hē wiht fram mē
 flōdþum feor flēotan meahte,
 hraþor on holme; nō ic fram him wolde.
 Ðā wit ætsomne on sǣ wǣron
 545 fīf nihta fyrst, oþþæt unc flōd tōdrāf,
 wado weallende, wedera cealdost,
 nīpende niht, ond norþanwind
 heaðogrim ondhwearf; hrēo wǣron yþa.
 Wæs merefixa mōd onhrēred;
 550 þær mē wið lāðum līcsyrce mīn,
 heard, hondlocen, helpe gefremede,
 beadohrægl brōden on brēostum læg
 golde gegyrwed. Mē tō grunde tēah
 fāh fēondscaða, fæste hæfde
 555 grim on grāpe; hwæþre mē gyfeþe wearð
 þæt ic āglācan orde gerǣhte,
 hildebille; heaþorǣs fornam
 mihtig meredēor þurh mīne hand.

VIII

Swā mec gelōme lāðgetēonan
 560 þrēatedon þearle. Ic him þēnode
 dēoran sweorde, swā hit gedēfe wæs.
 Næs hīe ðære fylle gefēan hæfdon,
 mǣnfordǣdlan, þæt hīe mē þēgon,
 symbel ymbsæton sǣgrunde nēah;
 565 ac on mergenne mēcum wunde
 be yðlāfe uppe lægon,
 sweordum āswefede, þæt syðþan nā

to defend ourselves against whale-fish. By no means could he
 swim far from me in the flood-waves,
 swifter in the sea; nor did I want to swim away from him.
 144^v Then we two had been together in the sea
 for the time of five nights, until the flood drove us apart,
 surging waves, coldest of weathers,
 darkening night, and the north wind,
 battle-grim, turned against us; the waves were rough.
 The courage of the sea-fish was stirred up;
 there, against the enemies, my body-shirt,
 hard, hand-linked, brought me help,
 the woven war-shirt lay on my breast,
 adorned with gold. A hostile deadly enemy
 dragged me to the bottom, the grim one
 had me fast in its grip; still, it was granted to me
 that I should reach the monster with the sword-point,
 with the battle-sword; battle-rush took
 the mighty sea-beast away by my hand.

Thus frequently evil-workers
 threatened me severely. I served them
 with my noble sword, as it was fitting.
 They did not have the joy of that feast,
 evil-doers, that they might eat me,
 sit round the banquet near the sea-bottom;
 145^f but in the morning, wounded by swords,
 they lay up by the shore,
 killed by swords, that never again

ymb brontne ford brimliðende
 lāde ne letton. Lēoht ēastan cōm,
 570 beorht bēacen Godes; brimu swaþredon,
 þæt ic sǣnæssas gesēon mihte,
 windige weallas. Wyrð oft nereð
 unfǣgne eorl, þonne his ellen dēah.
 Hwæþere mē gesælde þæt ic mid sweorde ofslōh
 575 niceras nigene. Nō ic on niht gefrægn
 under heofones hwealf heardran feohtan,
 ne on ēgstrēamum earmran mannon;
 hwæþere ic fāra feng fēore gedīgde,
 sīþes wērig. Ðā mec sǣ oþbær,
 580 flōd æfter faroðe on Finna land,
 wadu weallendu. Nō ic wiht fram þē
 swylcra searonīða secgan hȳrde,
 billa brōgan. Breca nǣfre gīt
 æt heaðolāce, ne gehwæþer incer,
 585 swā dēorlice dæd gefremede
 fāgum sweordum – nō ic þæs fela gylpe –,
 þēah ðū þīnum brōðrum tō banan wurde,
 hēafodmægum; þæs þū in helle scealt
 werhðo drēogan, þēah þīn wit duge.
 590 Secge ic þē tō soðe, sunu Ecglāfes,
 þæt nǣfre Grendel swā fela gryra gefremede,
 atol æglāca, ealdre þīnum,
 hȳnðo on Heorote, gif þīn hige wære,
 sefa swā searogrim, swā þū self talast.
 595 Ac hē hafað onfunden þæt hē þā fāhðe ne þearf,
 atole ecgþræce ēower lēode
 swiðe onsittan, Sigescyldinga;

over the deep water-ways, could they hinder
 seafarers in their passage. Light came from the east,
 God's bright beacon; the waters subsided
 that I might see the sea-headlands,
 the windy walls. Fate often saves
 the undoomed warrior, if his strength is good.
 Still, it happened to me that with the sword I killed
 nine sea-monsters. I have never heard of harder struggles
 during the night under heaven's vault,
 nor of a man more wretched in sea-streams;
 still, I escaped the grip of the monsters with my life,
 weary of the journey. Then the sea carried me away,
 the flood on the current, to the Finn's land,
 the surging sea. Nothing have I ever heard
 said about you of such battles,
 of terror of swords. Breca has never yet,
 at battle play, nor either of you two,
 performed such a bold deed
 with shining swords (I do not boast much of that),
 although you became the slayer of your brothers,
 145^v near relatives; for this in hell you shall
 suffer damnation, although your skill may be good.
 I tell you truly, Ecglaf's son,
 that Grendel would never have committed so many horrors,
 terrible monster, against your lord,
 humiliation in Heorot, if your spirit,
 your heart were as battle-grim as you yourself claim.
 But he has found out that he need not dread strongly
 the feud, terrible sword-storm
 of your people, Victory-Scyldings;

nymeð nýdbāde, nānegum ārað
 lēode Deniga, ac hē lust wigeð,
 600 swefeð ond sendeþ, secce ne wēneþ
 tō Gārdenum. Ac ic him Gēata sceal
 eafoð ond ellen ungeāra nū,
 gūþe gebēodan. Gæþ eft sē þe mōt
 tō medo mōdig, siþþan morgenlēoht
 605 ofer ylða bearn oþres dōgores,
 sunne sweglwered sūþan scīneð."
 Þā wæs on sālum sinces brytta,
 gamolfeax ond gūðrōf; gēoce gelyfde
 brego Beorhtdena, gehyrde on Bēowulfe
 610 folces hyrde fæstrædne gebōht.
 Ðær wæs hæleþa hleahtor, hlyn swynsode,
 word wæron wynsume. Eode Wealhþeow forð,
 cwēn Hrōðgāres, cynna gemyndig,
 grētte goldhroden guman on healle,
 615 ond þā frēolic wif ful gesealde
 ærest Eāstdena ēpelwearde,
 bæd hine blīðne æt þære bēorþege,
 lēodum lēofne. Hē on lust geþeah
 symbel ond seful, sigerōf kyning.
 620 Ymbēode þā ides Helminga
 duguþe ond geogoþe dæl æghwylcne,
 sincfato sealde, oþþæt sæl ālamp
 þæt hīo Bēowulfe, bēaghroden cwēn
 mōde geþungen, medoful ætbær;
 625 grētte Gēata lēod, Gode þancode
 wīsfæst wordum þæs ðe hire se willa gelamp
 þæt hēo on ænigne eorl gelyfde

takes toll by force, spares none
 of the people of the Danes, but he feels joy,
 kills and puts to death, does not expect war
 from the Spear-Danes. But I will quickly now
 offer him the Geats' strength and power
 in battle. Then he who may
 shall courageously go to mead, after the morning-light,
 of another day, the radiance-wearing sun,
 shines from the south over the children of men."
 Then the giver of treasure was joyful,
 grey-haired and war-famous; he believed in help,
 146' prince of the Bright-Danes, heard from Beowulf,
 people's shepherd, the firmly-resolved thought.
 There was heroes' laughter, noise sounded forth,
 words were joyful. Wealhtheow came forward,
 Hrothgar's queen, mindful of proper behaviour,
 greeted, gold-adorned, the men in the hall,
 and the noble woman gave the cup
 first to the East-Danes' homeland-guardian,
 bade him be joyful at the beer-drinking,
 beloved to his people. He enjoyed gladly
 the feast and the hall-cup, victory-famous king.
 Then the Helmings' lady went around
 to every part of the hall, old and young warriors,
 offered the treasure-vessel, until the time came
 that she brought Beowulf, ring-adorned queen,
 determined in her heart, the mead-cup;
 she greeted the leader of the Geats, thanked God,
 wise, in words because her desire had been fulfilled,
 that she might believe in a hero

fyrena frōfre. Hē þæt ful geþeah,
 wælrēow wiga, æt Wealhþēon,
 630 ond þā gyddode gūþe gefýsed;
 Bēowulf maþelode, bearn Ecgþēowes:
 "Ic þæt hogode, þā ic on holm gestāh,
 sǣbāt gesæt mid mīnra secga gedriht,
 þæt ic ānunga ēowra lēoda
 635 willan geworhte oþðe on wæl crunge,
 fēondgrāpum fæst. Ic gefremman sceal
 eorlic ellen, oþðe endedæg
 on þisse meoduhealle mīnne gebīdan."
 Dām wīfe þā word wēl līcodon,
 640 gilpcwide Gēates; ēode goldhroden
 frēolicu folccwēn tō hire frēan sittan.
 Þā wæs eft swā ær inne on healle
 þrýðword sprecen, ðēod on sǣlum,
 sigefolca swēg, oþþæt semninga
 645 sunu Healfdenes sēcean wolde
 æfenræste; wiste þām āhlǣcan
 tō þām hēahsele hilde geþinged,
 siððan hīe sunnan lēoht gesēon meahton,
 oþþe nīpende niht ofer ealle,
 650 scaduhelma gesceapu scriðan cwōman,
 wan under wolcnum. Werod eall ārās.
 Gegrētte þā guma oþerne,
 Hrōðgār Bēowulf, ond him hæl ābēad,
 wīnarnes gewæld, ond þæt word ācwæð:
 655 "Nǣfre ic ānegum men ær ālyfde,
 siþðan ic hond ond rond hebban mihte,
 ðrýþærn Dena būton þē nū ðā.

as help against the crimes. He received the cup,
 146^v the battle-fierce warrior, from Wealhtheow,
 and then spoke, ready for battle;
 Beowulf said, Ecgtheow's son:
 "I intended, when I went to sea,
 went into the sea-boat with my men's company,
 that I would certainly carry out your people's
 will or die in battle
 fast in enemy-grips. I will show
 a warrior's might, or await
 my end-day in this mead-hall."
 Those words pleased the woman well,
 the Geat's boast-speech; gold-adorned she went,
 noble people-queen, to sit with her lord.
 Then again, as before, bravery-words were spoken
 within the hall, people were glad,
 the noise of the victory-people, until presently
 Healfdene's son wanted to seek
 his evening-rest; he knew that against the monster
 battle in the high-hall had been planned,
 from the time they could see the light of the sun
 until darkening night was over everything,
 when the creatures came walking under shadow-protections,
 dark under the clouds. All the troop got up.
 One man greeted then the other,
 Hrothgar Beowulf, and wished him success,
 147^f power over the wine-hall, and spoke that word:
 "Never before have I entrusted to any man,
 since I could lift hand and shield,
 the strength-hall of the Danes, except now to you.

Hafa nū ond geheald hūsa sēlest,
 gemyne mǣrþo, mægenellen cȳð,
 660 waca wið wrāþum. Ne bið þē wilna gād,
 gif þū þæt ellenweorc aldre gedigest."

X

Ðā him Hrōþgār gewāt mid his hæleþa gedryht,
 eodur Scyldinga, ūt of healle;
 wolde wīgfruma Wealhþēo sēcan,
 665 cwēn tō gebeddan. Hæfde Kyningwuldor
 Grendle tōgēanes, swā guman gefrungon,
 seleweard āseted; sundornytte behēold
 ymb aldor Dena, eotonweard ābēad.
 Hūru Gēata lēod georne truwode
 670 mōdgan mægnes, Metodes hylde.
 Ðā hē him of dyde isernbyrnan,
 helm of hafelan, sealde his hyrsted sweord,
 irena cyst, ombihtþegne,
 ond gehealdan hēt hildegeatwe.
 675 Gespræc þā se gōda gylpworda sum,
 Bēowulf Gēata, ār hē on bed stige:
 "Nō ic me an herewæsmun hnāgran talige,
 gūþgeweorca, þonne Grendel hine;
 forþan ic hine sweorde swebban nelle,
 680 aldre benēotan, þēah ic eal mæge.
 Nāt hē þāra gōda þæt hē mē ongēan slēa,
 rand gehēawe, þēah ðe hē rōf sīe
 nīþgeweorca; ac wit on niht sculon
 secge ofersittan, gif hē gesēcean dear

Take now and guard the best of houses,
 be mindful of glory, show the mighty strength,
 keep watch against the enemy. You will not lack what you want,
 if you come through this courage-deed with your life."

Then Hrothgar went, with his warriors' company,
 the Scylding's protector, out of the hall;
 the war-chief wanted to go to Wealhtheow,
 the queen, his consort. Glory's King had
 set a hall-guard against Grendel,
 as people had heard; he fulfilled special office
 for the Dane's lord, kept giant-watch.
 Indeed, the Geats' leader firmly trusted
 in his bold strength, the Lord's grace.
 He then took off his iron-mailshirt,
 the helmet off his head, gave his decorated sword,
 best of irons, to a servant-retainer,
 and ordered him to guard the war-gear.
 Then the brave one spoke some boast-words,
 147^v Beowulf of the Geats, before he climbed on his bed:
 "I do not consider myself meaner in respect of war-vigour,
 of war-deeds, than Grendel does himself;
 therefore I will not kill him with the sword,
 deprive him of life, although I could.
 He does not know those arts, that he might strike against me,
 hit my shield, although he may be strong
 in violence-deeds; but at night the two of us shall
 renounce the sword, if he dare seek

685 wīg ofer wāpen, ond siþðan wītig God
 on swā hwæþere hond, hālig Dryhten,
 mæ̃rðo dēme, swā him gemet þince."
 Hylde hine þā heaþodēor, hlēorbolster onfēng
 eorles andwlitan, ond hine ymb monig
 690 snellic sārinc selereste gebēah.
 Nænig heora þohte þæt hē þanon scolde
 eft eardlufan æfre gesēcean,
 folc oþðe frēoburh, þær hē afēded wæs;
 ac hīe hæfdon gefrūnen þæt hīe ær tō fela micles
 695 in þām wīnsele wældēað fornam,
 Denigea lēode. Ac him Dryhten forgeaf
 wīgspēda gewiofu, Wedera lēodum,
 frōfor ond fultum, þæt hīe fēond heora
 ðurh ānes cræft ealle ofercōmon,
 700 selfes mihtum. Sōð is gecyþed
 þæt mihtig God manna cynnes
 wēold wīdeferhð. Cōm on wanre niht
 scriðan sceadugenga. Scēotend swāfon,
 þā þæt hornreced healdan scoldon,
 705 ealle būton ānum. Þæt wæs yldum cūþ
 þæt hīe ne mōste, þā Metod nolde,
 se scynscaþa under sceadu bregdan;
 ac hē wæccende wrāþum on andan
 bād bolgenmōd beadwa geþinges.

XI

710 Ðā cōm of mōre under misthleoþum
 Grendel gongan, Godes yrre bær;

a fight without weapons, and then wise God,
 holy Lord, may adjudge glory
 to whichever hand seems fit to him."
 The battle-brave one then lay down, the cheek-pillow received
 the hero's face, and around him many
 a brave sea-warrior sank on the hall-bed.
 None of them thought that from there he should
 afterwards ever return to his home-love,
 to people or refuge-stronghold, where he was brought up;
 but they had learnt that battle-death had earlier,
 in the wine-hall, taken off too many
 of the Danish people. But the Lord granted them
 148' the web of war-success, to the people of the Weathers,
 consolation and support, that they might all overcome
 their enemy by the power of one,
 his own strength. It is known as truth
 that mighty God has ruled
 mankind forever. In the dark night
 the shadow-walker came striding. The warriors slept,
 who should guard the gable-hall,
 all except one. That was known to men
 that the demon-enemy could not
 drag them under the shades, if the Lord did not permit it;
 but he, watching fiercely for the foe,
 awaited angrily the fight's outcome.

Then from the moor, under the mist-slopes,
 Grendel came walking, bore God's anger;

mynte se mānscaða manna cynnes
 sumne besyrwan in sele þām hēan.
 Wōd under wolcnum tō þæs þe hē wīnreced,
 715 goldsele gumena, gearwost wisse,
 fættum fāhne. Ne wæs þæt forma sīð
 þæt hē Hrōþgāres hām gesōhte;
 nāfre hē on aldordagum ær ne siþðan
 heardran hāle, healðegnas fand.
 720 Cōm þā tō recede rinc sīðian,
 drēamum bedæled. Duru sōna onarn,
 fȳrbendum fæst, syþðan hē hire folmum æthrān;
 onbrād þā bealohȳdig, ðā hē gebolgen wæs,
 recedes mūþan. Raþe æfter þon
 725 on fāgne flōr fēond treddode,
 ēode yrremōd; him of ēagum stōd
 ligge gelīcost lēoht unfæger.
 Geseah hē in recede rinca manige,
 swefan sibbegedriht samod ætgædere,
 730 magorinca hēap. Þā his mōd ahlōg;
 mynte þæt hē gedælde, ærþon dæg cwōme,
 atol āglāca, ānra gehwylces
 lif wið lice, þā him alumpen wæs
 wistfylle wēn. Ne wæs þæt wyrd þā gēn
 735 þæt hē mā mōste manna cynnes
 ðicgean ofer þā niht. Þrȳðswȳð behēold
 mæg Higelāces, hū se mānscaða
 under færgripum gefaran wolde.
 Ne þæt se āglāca yldan þohte,
 740 ac hē gefēng hraðe forman sīðe
 slāpendne rinc, slāt unwearnum,

the evil-enemy intended to trap some
 of mankind in that high hall.
 He strode under the clouds to where he knew the wine-hall
 gold-hall of men, to be most ready,
 adorned with gold-plates. It was not the first time
 that he visited Hrothgar's home;
 148^v never in his life-days, before or after,
 did he with worse fortune find hall-retainers.
 Then to the hall the creature came travelling,
 deprived of joy. The door soon gave way,
 fastened by fire-bands, when he touched it with his hands;
 then, since he was angry, the evil-minded one
 swung open the hall's mouth. Soon afterwards
 the enemy stepped on the decorated floor,
 the angry-minded one went; from his eyes there came,
 most similar to fire, an ugly light.
 In the hall he saw many warriors,
 a kindred-company, sleep all together,
 a troop of young warriors. Then his spirit laughed out;
 he thought he could sever, before the day should come,
 terrible monster, each one's
 life from his body, then came to him
 hope of a feast. Then it was no longer fated
 that he might devour more of mankind
 after that night. The mighty one beheld,
 Hygelac's kinsman, how the evil-enemy
 would proceed with his sudden attacks.
 The monster did not intend to delay that,
 149^f but he quickly snatched, as a beginning,
 a sleeping warrior, tore him greedily,

bāt bānlocan, blōd ēdrum dranc,
 synsnāðum swealh; sōna hæfde
 unlyfigendes eal gefeormod,
 745 fēt ond folma. Forð nēar ætstōp,
 nam þā mid handa higeþihtigne
 rinc on ræste, ræhte ongēan
 fēond mid folme; hē onfēng hraþe
 inwitþancum ond wið earm gesæt.
 750 Sōna þæt onfunde fyrena hyrde
 þæt hē ne mētte middangeardes,
 eorþan scēata, on elran men
 mundgripe mārān. Hē on mōde wearð
 forht on ferhðe; nō þȳ ær fram meahte.
 755 Hyge wæs him hinfūs, wolde on heolster flēon,
 sēcan dēofla gedræg; ne wæs his drohtoð þær
 swylce hē on ealderdagum ær gemētte.
 Gemunde þā se gōda, mæg Higelāces,
 æfenspræce, uplang āstōd
 760 ond him fæste wiðfēng; fingras burston.
 Eoten wæs ūtweard; eorl furþur stōp.
 Mynte se mæra, þær hē meahte swā,
 wīdre gewindan ond on weg þanon
 flēon on fenhōpu; wiste his fingra gewēald
 765 on grames grāpum. Þæt wæs gēocor sið
 þæt se hearmscaþa tō Heorute ātēah.
 Dryhtsele dynede; Denum eallum wearð,
 ceasterbūendum, cēnra gehwylcum,
 eorlum ealuscerwen. Yrre wæron bēgen,
 770 rēþe renweardas. Reced hlynsode.
 Þā wæs wundor micel þæt se wīnsele

bit the bone-locker, drank the blood from his veins,
 swallowed in huge bites; soon he had
 eaten up all of the unliving man,
 feet and hands. He stepped forward, nearer,
 then he took with his hand the mind-strong
 warrior on the bed, the enemy reached
 towards him with his hand; he quickly received
 him with hostile thoughts, and supported himself on his arm.
 Soon the shepherd of crimes found out
 that he had never met another man
 of middle-earth, in the regions of the earth,
 with a stronger hand-grip. In his heart he became
 afraid for his life; could not get away faster for that.
 His mind was eager to get away, wished to flee into darkness,
 seek the devils' company; his course there was
 unlike any he had earlier met in his life-days.
 Then the brave one, Hygelac's kinsman, remembered
 his evening-speech, he stood erect
 and grasped him tight; fingers burst.
 The giant was moving out; the warrior stepped forward.
 149^v The monster intended. wherever he could,
 to get further away, and to flee away from there
 into his fen-retreat; he knew his fingers' power
 in the grip of the enemy. That was a grievous journey
 which the harm-enemy had made to Heorot.
 The company-hall resounded; all the Danes,
 the stronghold-dwellers, each of the bold ones,
 the warriors got ale-distribution-expectation (?). Both were angry,
 the fierce house-guardians. The hall rang out.
 Then it was a great wonder that the wine-hall

wiðhæfde heaðodēorum, þæt hē on hrūsan ne fēol,
 fāger foldbold; ac hē þæs fæste wæs
 innan ond ūtan īrenbendum
 775 searoþoncum besmiþod. Þær fram sylle ābēag
 medubenc monig, mīne gefræge,
 golde geregnad, þær þā graman wunnon.
 Þæs ne wēndon ær witan Scyldinga
 þæt hit ā mid gemete manna ānig,
 780 betlic ond bānfāg, tōbreca meahte,
 listum tōlūcan, nymþe līges fāþm
 swulge on swaþule. Swēg up āstāg
 nīwe geneahhe; Norðdenum stōd
 atelic egesa, ānra gehwylcum
 785 þāra þe of wealle wōp gehyrdon,
 gryrelēoð galan Godes ondsacan,
 sigelēasne sang, sār wānigean
 helle hæfton. Hēold hine fæste
 sē þe manna wæs mægene strengest
 790 on þām dæge þysses līfes.

XII

Nolde eorla hlēo ānige þinga
 þone cwealmcuman cwicne forlātan,
 ne his līfdagas lēoda ānigum
 nytte tealde. Þær genehost brægd
 795 eorl Bēowulfes ealde lāfe,
 wolde frēadrihtnes feorh ealgian,
 mæres þeodnes, ðær hīe meahton swā.
 Hīe þæt ne wiston, þā hīe gewin drugon,

withstood the battle-brave ones, that it did not fall to the ground,
 the fair earth-building; but it was so firm,
 inside and out, with iron-bands
 fastened with ingenuity. There many mead-benches
 started away from the floor, as I heard,
 decked with gold, where the enemies fought.
 The Scyldings' wise men had not thought before
 that any man might ever, in any way,
 destroy it, excellent and bone-adorned,
 destroy it by cunning, unless the embrace of fire
 150' should swallow it in flame. Noise rose up,
 very startling, to the North-Danes came
 a horrible fear, to each one
 of those who heard the shrieking from the wall,
 God's enemy sing his terror-song,
 his victory-less song, the captive of hell
 bewail his wound. He held him fast
 who was strongest of men in might
 in that day of this life.

The protector of nobles did not by any means want to
 let the murder-visitor get away alive,
 did not consider his life-days of use
 to any people. There many a one
 of Beowulf's warriors quickly drew the old heirloom,
 wished to protect the lord's life,
 the famous prince's, such as they could.
 They did not know that, when they engaged in the fight,

heardhicgende hildemecgas,
 800 ond on healfa gehwone hēawan þōhton,
 sāwle sēcan, þone synscaðan
 ænig ofer eorþan irenna cyst,
 gūðbilla nān, grētan nolde,
 ac hē sigewāpnum forsworen hæfde,
 805 ecga gehwylcre. Scolde his aldorgedāl
 on ðām dāge þysses lifes
 earmlic wurðan, ond se ellorgāst
 on fēonda geweald feor sīðian.
 Ðā þæt onfunde sē þe fela æror
 810 mōdes myrðe manna cynne,
 fyrene gefremede – hē wæs fāg wið God –,
 þæt him se līchoma lāstan nolde,
 ac hine se mōdega mæg Hygelāces
 hæfde be honda; wæs gehwæþer oðrum
 815 lifigende lād. Līcsār gebād
 atol æglāca; him on eaxle wearð
 syndolh sweotol, seonowe onsprungon,
 burston bānlocan. Bēowulfe wearð
 gūðhrēð gyfeþe; scolde Grendel þonan
 820 feorhsēoc flēon under fenhleoðu,
 sēcean wynlēas wīc; wiste þē geornor
 þæt his aldres wæs ende gegongen,
 dōgera dāgrīm. Denum eallum wearð
 æfter þām wælrāse willa gelumpen.
 825 Hæfde þā gefælsod sē þe ær feorran cōm,
 snotor ond swyðferhð, sele Hrōðgāres,
 genered wið nīðe; nihtweorce gefeh,
 ellenmærpum. Hæfde Eāstdenum

brave-minded warriors,
 and they thought they would hit him from every side,
 seek out his soul, that no battle-sword,
 choicest of irons on all the earth
 could touch the sin-enemy,
 150^v but he had cast a spell on victory-weapons,
 every sword. His life-departure
 on the day of this life
 was to become miserable, and the alien-demon
 was to travel far into the power of the fiends.
 Then he found out who earlier had committed
 many crimes against mankind,
 afflictions of the heart – he was feuding against God –,
 that his body would not serve him,
 but Hygelac's courageous kinsman
 held him by his hand; each of the two was
 hateful to the other, while he lived. The horrible monster
 experienced a body-wound; on his shoulder a huge wound
 became manifest, sinews sprang apart,
 bone-locks burst. Beowulf was
 granted war-glory; Grendel had to
 flee away, life-sick, under the fen-slopes,
 seek out his joyless dwelling; he knew too sadly
 that the end of his life had come,
 day-count of his days. The desire of all Danes
 had come to pass after that slaughter-rush.
 He who had earlier come from far had then cleansed,
 wise and strong-minded, Hrothgar's hall,
 151^f saved it against attack; rejoiced in his night-work,
 courage-deeds. To the East-Danes,

Gēatmecga lēod gilp gelæsted,
 830 swylce oncyþðe ealle gebētte,
 inwidsorge, þe hīe ær drugon
 ond for þrēanȳdum þolian scoldon,
 torn unlȳtel. Þæt wæs tācen sweotol,
 syþðan hildedēor hond ālegde,
 835 earm ond eaxle – þær wæs eal geador
 Grendles grāpe – under gēapne hrōf.

XIII

Ðā wæs on morgen mīne gefræge
 ymb þā gifhealle gūðrinc monig;
 fērdon folctogan feorran ond nēan
 840 geond wīdwegas wundor scēawian,
 lāþes lāstas. Nō his lifgedāl
 sārlic þūhte secga ænegum
 þāra þe tirlēases trode scēawode,
 hū hē wērigmōd on weg þanon,
 845 nīða ofercumen, on nicera mere
 fæge ond geflȳmed feorhlāstas bær.
 Ðær wæs on blōde brim weallende,
 atol ȳða geswing eal gemenged
 hāton heolfre, heorodrēore wēol.
 850 Dēaðfæge dēog, siððan drēama lēas
 in fenfreoðo feorh ālegde,
 hæþene sāwle; þær him hel onfēng.
 Þanon eft gewiton ealdgesīðas,
 swylce geong manig of gomenwāþe,
 855 fram mere mōdge mēarum rīdan,

the Geat-men's leader had fulfilled his boast,
 and remedied all the distress,
 the evil-sorrow which they bore before
 and had to suffer out of dire necessity,
 mighty grief. There was a clear sign,
 when the battle-brave one placed the hand,
 arm and shoulder – there was all
 of Grendel's grasp complete – under the spacious roof.

Then in the morning, according to what I heard,
 there was many a warrior around the gift-hall;
 The people-leaders came from far and near,
 along the wide-ways, to look at the wonder,
 the enemy's traces. His life-parting did not at all
 seem sorrowful to any man
 of those who looked at the glory-less one's trail,
 how he, weary-minded, away from there,
 overcome in the fight, doomed and put to flight,
 made life-tracks to the water-monsters' mere.
 There the water was boiling with blood,
 terrible surge of the waves, all mixed
 151^v with hot gore, welled up with sword-blood.
 The death-doomed one had hidden there, when he without joys
 laid down his life in the fen-refuge,
 his heathen soul; hell received him there.
 From there the old retainers turned back,
 and many young men from the joy-journey,
 the bold ones riding back from the mere on their horses,

beornas on blancum. Ðær wæs Bēowulfes
 mārðo mæned; monig oft gecwæð
 þætte sūð ne norð be sām twēonum
 ofer eormengrund oþer nānig
 860 under swegles begong sēlra nāre
 rondhæbbendra, rīces wyrðra.
 Ne hīe hūru winedrihten wiht ne lōgon,
 glædne Hrōðgār, ac þæt wæs gōd cyning.
 Hwīlum heaþorōfe hlēapan lēton,
 865 on geflit faran fealwe mēaras
 ðær him foldwegas fægere þūhton,
 cystum cūðe. Hwīlum cyninges þegn,
 guma gilphlæden, gidda gemyndig,
 sē ðe ealfela ealdgesegenas
 870 worn gemunde, word oþer fand
 sōðe gebunden; secg eft ongan
 sīð Bēowulfes snyttrum styrian
 ond on spēd wrecan spel gerāde,
 wordum wrixlan. Wēlhwylc gecwæð
 875 þæt hē fram Sigemundes secgan hȳrde
 ellendædum, uncūþes fela,
 Wælsinges gewin, wīde sīðas,
 þāra þe gumena bearn gearwe ne wiston,
 fāhðe ond fyrena, būton Fitela mid hine,
 880 þonne hē swulces hwæt secgan wolde,
 ēam his nefan, swā hīe ā wæron
 æt niða gehwām nȳdgesteallan;
 hæfdon ealfela eotena cynnes
 sweordum gesæged. Sigemunde gesprong
 885 æfter dēaðdæge dōm unlȳtel,

men on horses. There Beowulf's
 glorious deed was spoken of; many a one often said
 that south or north, between the seas,
 over the spacious earth, there was no other man
 under heaven's compass more excellent
 among shield-bearers, more worthy of kingship.
 But indeed they did not descry their friend-lord in any way,
 gracious Hrothgar, but he was a good king.
 Sometimes the battle-famous ones let their bay horses
 leap, run a race,
 where the earth-ways seemed good to them,
 well-known in excellence. Sometimes a retainer of the king
 a proud man, mindful of songs,
 who remembered a lot of old tales,
 a large number, found new words,
 bound in truth; the man then began
 152^f skilfully to recite Beowulf's deed,
 successfully to utter a skilful tale,
 to exchange words. He told everything
 he had heard told about Sigemund's
 valour-deeds, many things unknown,
 the Wælsing's struggle, his far wanderings,
 of which the children of men did not know much,
 feuds and crimes, except Fitela who was with him
 since he would tell something of that,
 uncle to his nephew, as they were always
 need-companions, in every struggle;
 they had killed a lot of the giants' race
 with their swords. To Sigemund arose
 no little fame after death-day,

syþðan wīges heard wŷrm ācwealde,
 hordes hyrde. Hē under hārne stān,
 æþelinges bearn, āna genēðde
 frēcne dāde, ne wæs him Fitela mid.
 890 Hwæpre him gesælde ðæt þæt swurd þurhwōd
 wrætlicne wŷrm, þæt hit on wealle ætstōd,
 dryhtlic īren; draca morðre swealt.
 Hæfde āglæca elne gegongen
 þæt hē bēahhordes brūcan mōste
 895 selfes dōme; sǣbāt gehlēod,
 bær on bearm scipes beorhte frætwa,
 Wælses eafera. Wŷrm hāt gemealt.
 Sē wæs wreccena wīde mǣrost
 ofer werþēode, wigendra hlēo,
 900 ellendǣdum – hē þæs ær onðāh –,
 siððan Heremōdes hild sweðrode,
 eafoð ond ellen. Hē mid Ēotenum wearð
 on fēonda geweald forð forlācen,
 snūde forsended. Hine sorhwylmas
 905 lemede tō lange; hē his lēodum wearð,
 eallum æþellingum tō aldorceare;
 swylce oft bemearn ærran mǣlum
 swiðferhþes sið snotor ceorl monig,
 sē þe him bealwa tō bōte gelyfde,
 910 þæt þæt ðeodnes bearn geþēon scolde,
 fæderæþelum onfōn, folc gehealdan,
 hord ond hlēoburh, hǣleþa rīce,
 ēþel Scyldinga. Hē þær eallum wearð,
 mǣg Higelāces, manna cynne,
 915 frēondum gefægra; hine fyren onwōd.

since he, hard in battle, killed a dragon,
 hoard's guardian. Under grey stone
 he, son of a prince, alone carried out
 the dangerous deed, Fitela was not with him.
 Still he succeeded in that the sword pierced
 the wondrous dragon, so that it stuck in the wall,
 lordly iron; the dragon died by violence.
 The warrior had achieved by his valour
 that he might enjoy the ring-hoard
 152^v at his own judgement; loaded the sea-boat,
 carried bright treasures into the ship's bosom,
 Wæls' son. The dragon was consumed in its heat.
 Of exiles, he was far and near the most famous
 among the peoples, protector of warriors,
 in valour-deeds – he had prospered for that –,
 since Heremod's battle-spirit had ceased,
 might and daring. Among the giants he was
 delivered into the enemies' power,
 quickly killed. Sorrow-surges
 paralyzed him too long; to his people he became,
 to all the princes, a heavy burden;
 also, in earlier times many a wise man
 had often mourned the brave one's departure,
 who had thought he would be his help in affliction,
 that that king's son should prosper,
 attain his father's rank, rule the people,
 hoard and stronghold, the heroes' kingdom,
 the Scyldings' home. He, Hygelac's kinsman,
 became dearer to all of mankind,
 to his friends; crime entered Heremod.

Hwīlum flitende fealwe strāte
 mēarum mǣton. Ðā wæs morgenlēoht
 scofen ond scynded. Ēode scealc monig
 swiðhicgende tō sele þām hēan
 920 searowundor sēon; swylce self cyning
 of brýdbūre, bēahhorda weard,
 tryddode tīrfæst getrume micle,
 cystum gecýþed, ond his cwēn mid him
 medostigge mæt mægþa hōse.

XIII

925 Hrōðgār maþelode – he tō healle gēong,
 stōd on stapole, geseah stēapne hrōf,
 golde fāhne, ond Grendles hond –:
 "Ðisse ansýne Alwealdan þanc
 lungre gelimpe! Fela ic lāþes gebād,
 930 grynna æt Grendle; ā mæg God wyrcan
 wunder æfter wundre, wuldres Hyrde.
 Ðæt wæs ungeāra þæt ic ænigra mē
 wēana ne wēnde tō wīdan feore
 bōte gebīdan, þonne blōde fāh
 935 hūsa sēlest heorodrēorig stōd,
 wēa wīdscofen witena gehwylcum
 ðāra þe ne wēndon þæt hīe wīdeferhð
 lēoda landgeweorc lāþum beweredon
 scuccum ond scinum. Nū scealc hafað
 940 þurh Drihtnes miht dæd gefremede
 ðe wē ealle ær ne meahton
 snyttrum besyrwan. Hwæt, þæt secgan mæg

Sometimes they covered the fallow roads
 with their horses. Then the morning-light
 153^f was pushed and speeded on. Many servants went,
 bold in mind, to the high hall,
 to see the curious wonder; the king himself, too,
 came from his bed-chamber, ring-hoards' keeper,
 glorious, with a great company
 known for their excellence; and with him, his queen
 traversed the mead-path with a group of women.

Hrothgar said – he went to the hall,
 stood on the steps, saw the high roof,
 adorned with gold, and Grendel's hand –:
 "For this sight may the Almighty
 quickly be thanked! I suffered much
 hateful grief through Grendel; God can always work
 wonder after wonder, glory's Shepherd
 It was not long ago that I did not
 expect ever to experience help
 against the woes, when the best of houses
 stood covered in blood, sword-bloody,
 far-reaching woe to each of the counsellors,
 of those who did not think that they might ever
 guard the people's stronghold against the enemies,
 153^v evil spirits and demons. Now a warrior has,
 through the Lord's might, done a deed
 which earlier we all could not
 achieve by our skills. Listen, the very woman

efne swā hwylc mægþa swā ðone magan cende
 æfter gumcynnum, gyf hēo gýt lyfað,
 945 þæt hyre Ealdmetod ēste wære
 bearngebyrdo. Nu ic, Bēowulf, þec,
 secg betsta, mē for sunu wylle
 frēogan on ferhþe; heald forð tela
 nīwe sibbe. Ne bið þe nānigra gād
 950 worolde wilna, þe ic geweald hæbbe.
 Ful oft ic for læssan lēan teohhode,
 hordweorþunge hnāhran rince,
 sāmran æt sæcce. Ðū þe self hafast
 dædum gefremed þæt þin dōm lyfað
 955 āwā tō aldre. Alwalda þec
 gōde forgyld, swā hē nū gýt dyde!"
 Bēowulf maþelode, bearn Ecþēowes:
 "Wē þæt ellenweorc ēstum miclum,
 feohtan fremedon, frēcne genēðdon
 960 eafoð uncūþes. Ūþe ic swīþor
 þæt ðū hine selfne gesēon mōste,
 fēond on frætewum fylwērigne.
 Ic hine hrædlīce heardan clammum
 on wælbedde wriþan þōhte,
 965 þæt hē for mundgripe mīnum scolde
 licgean lifbysig, būtan his lic swice.
 Ic hine ne mihte, þā Metod nolde,
 ganges getwæman, nō ic him þæs georne ætfealh,
 feorhgeniðlan; wæs tō foremihtig
 970 fēond on fēþe. Hwæþere hē his folme forlēt
 tō lifwraþe lāst weardian,
 earm ond eaxle. Nō þær ænige swā þeah

who bore that son among the tribes of men
 may well say, if she is still alive,
 that the eternal Lord had been gracious to her
 in childbirth. Now I, Beowulf,
 most excellent man, will love you in my heart
 like a son; henceforth keep well
 this new kinship. You will have lack of none
 of desirable things in the world, over which I have power.
 Often have I given a reward for less,
 hoard-honouring to a lesser man,
 weaker in battle. You yourself have
 achieved by deeds that your fame will live
 for ever and ever. The Almighty may
 reward you with good, as he did just now!"
 Beowulf said, Ecgtheow's son:
 "With great good will we performed this valour-deed,
 the fight, ventured daringly
 against the strength of the unknown. I had rather
 that you could see himself,
 the enemy in his trappings, fall-weary.
 154 I intended to bind him down quickly
 to the slaughter-bed by hard grips,
 that he should, because of my hand-grip,
 lie struggling for life, but his body escaped.
 As the Lord did not will it, I could not keep him
 from going, I did not hold him firm enough for that,
 the life-enemy; too powerful was
 the enemy in his going. However, he let his hand,
 remain behind to save his life,
 arm and shoulder. However, there the wretched man

fēasceaft guma frōfre gebohte;
 nō þȳ leng leofað lāðgetēona,
 975 synnum geswenced, ac hyne sār hafað
 in nīdgripe nearwe befangen,
 balwon bendum. Ðær ābīdan sceal
 maga māne fāh miclan dōmes,
 hū him scīr Metod scrīfan wille."
 980 Ðā wæs swīgra secg, sunu Ecglāfes,
 on gylpsprāce gūðgeweorca,
 siþðan æþelingas eorles cræfte
 ofer hēanne hrōf hand scēawedon,
 fēondes fingras. Foran æghwylc wæs,
 985 steda nægla gehwylc, stȳle gelīcost,
 hǣþenes handsporu hilderinces,
 egl, unhēoru. Æghwylc gecwæð
 þæt him heardra nān hrīnan wolde
 iren ærgōd, þæt ðæs āhlācan
 990 blōdige beadufolme onberan wolde.

XV

Ðā wæs hāten hreþe Heort innanweard
 folmum gefrætwood. Fela þāra wæs,
 wera ond wīfa, þe þæt wīnreced,
 gestsele gyredon. Goldfāg scinon
 995 web æfter wāgum, wundorsīona fela
 secga gehwylcum þāra þe on swylc starað.
 Wæs þæt beorhte bold tōbrocen swīðe,
 eal inneweard irenbendum fæst,
 heorras tōhlidene. Hrōf āna genæs,

did not buy any consolation thus;
 the evil-doer will not live longer by that,
 afflicted with sins, but his wound has
 seized him tightly in its forceful grip,
 with deadly bonds. There he shall wait,
 creature decked with crimes, for the great judgement,
 how the glorious Lord will judge him."
 Then a warrior, Ecglaf's son, was more silent
 in boast-speech of war-deeds,
 after the princes had, through the hero's might,
 looked on the hand on the high roof,
 the enemy's fingers. In front of each of them,
 each of the nails' places, there was, most like steel,
 the heathen warrior's hand-spur,
 154^v monstrous claw. Each one said
 that no hard thing could touch them,
 old iron, that could harm
 the monster's bloody battle-hand.

Then Heorot was quickly ordered to be
 adorned within by hands. There were many of those,
 men and women, who prepared the wine-hall,
 the guest-hall. Gold-decorated shone
 the tapestries along the walls, many wonder-sights
 to each of the men who gaze on such things.
 The bright building had been very much damaged
 all fast within with iron-bands,
 the hinges cracked. Only the roof remained whole,

1000 ealles ansund, þe se āglæca,
 fyrendædum fāg, on flēam gewand,
 aldres orwēna. Nō þæt yðe byð
 tō beflēonne, fremme sē þe wille,
 ac gesēcan sceal sāwlberendra,
 1005 nýde genýdde, niþða bearna,
 grundbūendra gearwe stōwe,
 þær his lichoma legerbedde fæst
 swefeþ æfter symle. Þā wæs sæl ond mæl
 þæt tō healle gang Healfdenes sunu;
 1010 wolde self cyning symbol þicgan.
 Ne gefrægen ic þā mægþe māran weorode
 ymb hyra sincgyfan sēl gebāran.
 Bugon þā tō bence blādāgande,
 fylle gefægon; fægere geþægon
 1015 medoful manig māgas þāra
 swiðhicgende on sele þām hēan,
 Hrōðgār ond Hrōþulf. Heorot innan wæs
 frēondum āfylled; nalles fācenstafas
 Þēodscyldingas þenden fremedon.
 1020 Forgeaf þā Bēowulfe brand Healfdenes,
 segen gyldenne sigores tō lēane,
 hroden hildecumbor, helm ond byrnan,
 mære mādþumsweord manige gesāwon
 beforan beorn beran. Bēowulf geþah
 1025 ful on flette; nō hē þære feohgyfte
 for scēotendum scamigan ðorfte.
 Ne gefrægn ic frēondlicor fēower mādmas
 golde gegyrede gummanna fela
 in ealobence oðrum gesellan.

entirely sound, when the monster,
 covered with crime-deeds turned to flight,
 despairing of life. This is not easy
 to escape from, whoever may try,
 but he must seek, forced by necessity,
 the place prepared for the soul-bearers,
 for children of men, for earth-dwellers,
 where his body, fast in its bed of rest,
 shall sleep after the feast. Then it was the proper time
 that Healfdene's son went to the hall;
 155' the king himself wanted to take part in the feast.
 I have not heard of a troop, a greater company,
 bear themselves better around their treasure-giver.
 The glory-holders then sat down on the bench,
 rejoiced in the feast; fittingly,
 their strong-minded kinsmen
 drank many a mead-cup in the high hall,
 Hrothgar and Hrothulf. Inside, Heorot was
 filled with friends; then the People-Scyldings
 had not at all committed treachery.
 He gave then to Beowulf Healfdene's sword;
 a gilded standard as a reward for victory;
 a decorated battle-banner, helmet and mailshirt,
 the famous treasure-sword many saw
 carried before the hero. Beowulf drank
 of the cup in the hall; he had no need to be ashamed
 of the costly gifts before the warriors.
 I have not heard of many men more heartily
 giving to others on the ale-bench
 four treasures decked in gold.

1030 Ymb þæs helmes hrōf hēafodbeorge
 wīrum bewunden walu ūtan hēold,
 þæt him fēla lāf frēcne ne meahton
 scūrheard sceþðan, þonne scyldfreca
 ongēan gramum gangan scolde.
 1035 Heht ðā eorla hlēo eahta mēaras
 fætedhlēore on flet tēon,
 in under eoderas. Þāra ānum stōd
 sadol searwum fāh, since gewurþad;
 þæt wæs hildesetl hēahcyninges,
 1040 ðonne sweorda gelāc sunu Healfdenes
 efnan wolde. Nāfre on ōre læg
 wīdcūþes wīg, ðonne walu fēollon.
 Ond ðā Bēowulfe bēga gehwæþres
 eodor Ingwina onweald getēah,
 1045 wicga ond wæpna, hēt hine wēl brūcan.
 Swā manlice mære þēoden,
 hordweard hæleþa, heaþoræsas geald
 mēarum ond mādum, swā hī nāfre man lyhð,
 sē þe secgan wile sōð æfter rihte.

XVI

1050 Ðā gýt æghwylcum eorla drihten
 þāra þe mid Bēowulfe brimlāde tēah
 on þære medubence mǣþðum gesealde,
 yrfelāfe, ond þone ænne heht
 golde forgyldan, þone ðe Grendel ær
 1055 mǣne ācwealde, swā hē hyra mā wolde,
 nefne him wītig God wyrd forstōde

Around the helmet's top a rim, surrounded with bands,
 kept head-guard above,
 155^v so that the remnant of files might not severely damage it,
 hard in battle, when the shield-warrior
 must go forth against enemies.
 Then the protector of nobles ordered eight mares
 with plated headgear to be brought into the hall,
 inside the building. On one of them there was
 a saddle, adorned with jewels, skilfully covered,
 that was the battle-seat of the high-king,
 when Healfdene's son wanted to perform
 the play of swords. Valour never failed
 the far-famed one in battle, when men fell dead.
 And then the lord of Ing's friends gave them both
 in Beowulf's possession,
 horses and weapons, told him to make good use.
 In such manly way the famous king,
 hoard-guardian of heroes, paid for the battle-rushes
 with horses and treasures, so that never a man shall blame them
 who wants to speak truth as is right.

Then the nobles' lord also gave all to each
 who had gone on the sea-voyage with Beowulf
 some treasure on the mead-bench,
 156^f heirloom, and he commanded the one
 to be paid for in gold whom Grendel had earlier
 killed by wickedness, as he wanted to do to more of them,
 if wise God had not forestalled that fate

ond ðæs mannes mōd. Metod eallum wēold
 gumena cynnes, swā hē nū git dēð.
 Forþan bið andgit æghwær sēlest,
 1060 ferhðes foreþanc. Fela sceal gebīdan
 lēofes ond lāþes sē þe longe hēr
 on ðyssum windagum worolde brūceð.
 Þær wæs sang ond swēg samod ætgædere
 fore Healfdenes hildewīsan,
 1065 gomenwudu grēted, gid oft wrecen,
 ðonne healgamen Hrōþgāres scop
 æfter medobence mænan scolde
 be Finnes eaferum, ðā hīe se fār befeat;
 hæleð Healfdena, Hnæf Scyldinga,
 1070 in Frēswæle feallan scolde.
 Ne hūru Hildeburh herian þorfte
 Ēotena trēowe; unsynnum wearð
 beloren lēofum æt þām lindplegan,
 bearnum ond brōðrum; hīe on gebyrd hruron,
 1075 gāre wunde. Þæt wæs geōmuru ides!
 Nalles hōlinga Hōces dohtor
 meotodsceaft bemearn, syþðan morgen cōm,
 ðā hēo under swegle gesēon meahte
 morþorbealo māga; þær hē ær mæste hēold
 1080 worolde wynne, wīg ealle fornam
 Finnes þegnas nemne fēaum ānum,
 þæt hē ne mehte on þām meðelstede
 wīg Hengeste wiht gefeohtan,
 ne þā wēalāfe wīge forþringan
 1085 þēodnes ðegna; ac hig him geþingo budon,
 þæt hīe him oðer flet eal gerȳmdon,

and the man's courage. The Lord ruled over all
 of mankind, as he still does now.
 Therefore understanding is everywhere best,
 mind's forethought. Much he shall experience
 of good and bad who here long,
 in these strife-days, makes use of the earth.
 There was song and sound all together
 before Healfdene's battle-leader,
 the joy-wood was touched, a song often recited,
 when Hrothgar's scop was to provide
 hall-entertainment along the mead-bench,
 about Finn's sons, when the disaster befell them;
 the hero of the Half-Danes, Hnæf of the Scyldings,
 was to fall in Frisian slaughter.
 Indeed Hildeburh had no reason to praise
 the Jutes' good faith, without fault she was
 deprived of her dear ones at the shield-play,
 of son and brother; they fell, fated,
 156' wounded by the spear. That was a sad woman!
 Not at all without reason did Hoc's daughter
 mourn the fate-destiny, when morning came,
 when beneath the sky she could see
 kinsmen's murder-evil; where he earlier possessed
 the highest pleasure in the world, war had taken off all
 Finn's retainers except only a few,
 so that he might not, at that meeting-place,
 at all fight a battle against Hengest,
 nor by fighting dislodge the woe-remnant
 of the king's retainers; but they offered them terms,
 that they should clear for them another hall,

healle ond hēahsetl, þæt hīe healfre geweald
 wið Ēotena bearn āgan mōston,
 ond æt feohgyftum Folcwaldan sunu
 1090 dōgra gehwylce Dene weorþode,
 Hengestes hēap hringum wenede
 efne swā swīðe sincgestrēonum
 fættan goldes, swā hē Frēsenas cyn
 on bēorsele byldan wolde.
 1095 Ðā hīe getruwedon on twā healfa
 fæste frioðuwære. Fin Hengeste
 elne, unflitme āðum benemde
 þæt hē þā wēalāfe weotena dōme
 ārum hēolde, þæt ðær ænig mon
 1100 wordum ne worcum wære ne bræce,
 ne þurh inwitsearo æfre gemānden
 ðēah hīe hira bēaggyfan banan folgedon
 ðēodenlēase, þā him swā geþearfod wæs;
 gyf þonne Fr̥ysna hwylc fr̥cnan spræce
 1105 ðæs morþorhetes myndgiend wære,
 þonne hit sweordes ecg sēðan scolde.
 Ād wæs geæfned ond icge gold
 āhæfen of horde. Herescyldinga
 betst beadorinca wæs on bæl gearu.
 1110 Æt þām āde wæs ēþgesyne
 swātfāh syrce, swyn ealgylden,
 eofer īrenheard, æþeling manig
 wundum āwyrded; sume on wæle crungon.
 Hēt ðā Hildeburh æt Hnæfes āde
 1115 hire selfre sunu sweoloðe befæstan,
 bānfatu bærnas ond on bæl dōn

hall and high-seat, that they should have
 shared power with the Jutes' sons,
 and at treasure-giving Folcwalda's son
 should each day honour the Danes;
 gratify with rings Hengest's troop,
 even with so much treasure
 of plated gold, as he would cheer
 the Frisian tribe in the beer-hall.
 Then on both sides they concluded
 a firm peace-treaty. To Hengest, Finn
 157' declared with oaths, firmly, without reservations,
 that he would treat the woe-remnant honourably,
 according to the counsellors' judgement, that no man there
 should break the treaty by words or deeds,
 nor should they ever mention it through hostility-cunning,
 although they were following their ring-giver's killer,
 kingless ones, since it was forced upon them;
 if one of the Frisians then, by provoking speech,
 should recall the murder-hate,
 then the sword's edge should settle it.
 The pyre was made ready and ??? gold
 brought from the hoard. The best of the War-Scyldings'
 battle-heroes was ready on the pyre.
 On the pyre there was easily seen
 the bloodstained mailshirt, all-golden swine,
 iron-hard boar, many a prince
 killed by wounds; some died in slaughter.
 Hildeburh then, at Hnæf's pypre ordered
 her own son to be given over to the flames,
 the bone-vessel to be burned and put on the pyre,

ēame on eaxle. Ides gnornode,
 geōmrode giddum. Gūðrinc āstāh.
 Wand tō wolcnum wælfȳra mæst,
 1120 hlynode for hlāwe; hafelan multon,
 bengeato burston, ðonne blōd ætspranc,
 lāðbite lices. Līg ealle forswealg,
 gæsta gīfrost, þāra ðe þær gūð fornam
 bēga folces; wæs hira blæd scacen.

XVII

1125 Gewiton him ðā wīgend wīca nēosian,
 frēondum befeallen, Frȳsland gesēon,
 hāmas ond hēaburh. Hengest ðā gýt
 wælfāgne winter wunode mid Finne
 eal unhlitme. Eard gemunde,
 1130 þēah þe hē ne meahte on mere drifan
 hringedstefnan; holm storme wēol,
 won wið winde, winter ȳpe belēac
 īsgebinde, oþðæt oþer cōm
 gēar in geardas, swā nū gýt dēð,
 1135 þā ðe syngāles sēle bewitiað,
 wuldortorhtan weder. Ðā wæs winter scacen,
 fæger foldan bearm. Fundode wrecca,
 gist of geardum; hē tō gyrenwæce
 swiðor þōhte þonne tō sǣlāde,
 1140 gif hē torngemōt þurhtēon mihte
 þæt hē Ēotena bearn inne gemunde.
 Swā hē ne forwyrnde woroldræðenne,
 þonne him Hūnlāfing hildelēoman,

at the uncle's shoulder. The woman mourned,
 lamented in dirges. The warrior went up.
 157^v The greatest of slaughter-fires wound up to the clouds,
 roared before the barrow; the heads melted,
 gashes burst open from which the blood sprang out,
 the body's wounds. The fire swallowed all,
 greediest of spirits, whom battle had taken away there,
 of either nation; their glory had passed away.

Then the warriors went off to seek out their dwellings,
 bereft of friends, to see Frisia,
 homes and high-stronghold. Then Hengest still,
 throughout that slaughter-stained winter, stayed with Finn,
 all unhappily. He remembered his homeland,
 although he could not guide the ring-prowed ship
 over the sea; the sea surged with storm,
 fought against the wind, winter locked the waves
 in icy bond, until another year
 came into the courts, as it still does now,
 the glory-bright seasons, which continuously
 observe their appointed time. Then winter was over,
 the earth's bosom was fair. The exile was eager to depart,
 the guest from the courts; he rather thought
 158^f of grief-revenge than of sea-voyage,
 whether he could bring about an anger-meeting,
 so that deep down he might remember the Jutes' sons.
 Thus he did not deny world-custom,
 when Hunlaf's son placed the battle-light,

billa sēlest, on bearm dyde,
 1145 þæs wāron mid Ēotenum ecge cūðe.
 Swylce ferhðfrecan Fin eft begeat
 sweordbealo sliden æt his selfes hām,
 siþðan grimne gripe Gūðlāf ond Ōslāf
 æfter sāsīðe, sorge, mændon,
 1150 ætwiton wēana dæl; ne meahte wæfre mōd
 forhabban in hreþre. Ðā wæs heal roden
 fēonda fēorum, swilce Fin slægen,
 cýning on corþre, ond sēo cwēn numen.
 Scēotend Scyldinga tō scypon feredon
 1155 eal ingesteald eorðcýninges,
 swylce hīe æt Finnes hām findan meahton
 sigla, searogimma. Hīe on sālāde
 drihtlice wif tō Denum feredon,
 læddon tō lēodum. Lēoð wæs āsungen,
 1160 glēomannes gyd. Gamen eft āstāh,
 beorhtode bencswēg; byrelas sealdon
 wīn of wunderfatum. Ðā cwōm Wealhþeo forð
 gān under gyldnum bēage, þær þā gōdan twēgen
 sǣton suhtergefæderan; þā gýt wæs hiera sib ætgædere,
 1165 æghwylc oðrum trýwe. Swylce þær Unferþ þyle
 æt fōtum sæt frēan Scyldinga; gehwylc hiora his ferhþe trēowde,
 þæt hē hæfde mōd micel, þēah þe hē his māgum nære
 ārfæst æt ecga gelācum. Spræc ðā ides Scyldinga:
 "Onfōh þissum fulle, frēodrihten mīn,
 1170 sinces brytta! Ðū on sǣlum wes,
 goldwine gumena, ond tō Gēatum spræc
 mildum wordum, swā sceal man dōn.
 Bēo wið Gēatas glæd, geofena gemyndig,

best of swords, in his lap,
 its edges were well known among the Jutes.
 Moreover, cruel sword-evil then
 befell bold-minded Finn in his own home,
 when Guthlaf and Oslaf spoke of grim attack,
 after the sea-voyage, of sorrow,
 blamed him for the share of woes; the restless spirit could
 no longer restrain itself in the breast. Then the hall was reddened
 with the enemies' life-blood, Finn also slain,
 the king among his troop, and the queen taken.
 The Scyldings' warriors then carried to the ships
 all the earth-king's house-property,
 such as they could find in Finn's home
 of jewels and curious gems. On a sea-voyage, they took
 the lordly woman to the Danes,
 158^v brought her to her people. The song was sung,
 the singer's song. Then joy rose up,
 bench-noise brightened; cupbearers brought
 wine from wonder-vessels. Then Wealhtheow came forth,
 walking under the golden ring, where the two nobles
 sat, uncle and nephew; then peace was still between them,
 each true to the other. Also Unferth, the spokesman,
 sat at the lord of the Scyldings' feet; each trusted his spirit,
 that he had great courage, although to his kinsmen he had not been
 merciful at the play of swords. Then the woman of the Scyldings said:
 "Take this cup, my dear lord,
 treasure's giver! Be joyful,
 men's gold-friend, and speak to the Geats
 in kind words, so one ought to do.
 Be gracious towards the Geats, mindful of gifts,

nēan ond feorran þū nū hafast.
 1175 Mē man sægde þæt þū ðē for sunu wolde
 hererinc habban. Heorot is gefælsod,
 bēahsele beorhta; brūc þenden þū mōte
 manigra mēdo, ond þīnum māgum lāf
 folc ond rīce, þonne ðū forð scyle
 1180 methodscaft sēon. Ic mīnne can
 glædne Hrōþulf, þæt hē þā geogoðe wile
 ārum healdan, gyf þū ær þonne hē,
 wine Scildinga, worold oflātest;
 wēne ic þæt hē mid gōde gyldan wille
 1185 uncran eaferan, gif hē þæt eal gemon,
 hwæt wit tō willan ond tō worðmyndum
 umborwesendum ær ārna gefremedon."
 Hwearf þā bī bence þær hyre byre wæron,
 Hrēðric ond Hrōðmund, ond hāleþa bearn,
 1190 giogoð ætgædere; þær se gōða sæt,
 Bēowulf Gēata, be þām gebrōðrum twām.

XVIII

Him wæs ful boren ond frēondlaþu
 wordum bewægned, ond wunden gold
 ēstum geēawed, earmrēade twā,
 1195 hrægl ond hringas, healsbēaga mæst
 þāra þe ic on foldan gefrægen hæbbe.
 Nænigne ic under swegle sēlran hýrde
 hordmāððum hāleþa, syþðan Hāma ætwæg
 tō þære byrhtan byrig Brōsinga mene,
 1200 sigle ond sincfæt; searonīðas flēah

which you now have from near and far.
 159^f I was told that you want to have
 the warrior as a son. Heorot has been cleansed,
 the bright ring-hall; make use, while you can,
 of many gifts, and leave to your sons
 people and kingdom, when you have to go away
 to meet fate-decree. I know my
 gracious Hrothulf, that he will treat
 the young people honourably, if earlier than him
 you leave the world, the Scyldings' friend;
 I hope that with good actions he will repay
 our children, if he remembers all that
 which we two earlier gave him of honour
 for his desire and glory, when he was a child."
 Then she turned to the bench where her boys were,
 Hrethric and Hrothmund, and the heroes' sons,
 the younger warriors together; there the brave man sat,
 Beowulf of the Geats, by the two brothers.

The cup was brought to him, and kindness
 offered in words, and twisted gold
 presented with good will, two arm-ornaments,
 159^v a corslet and rings, the best of neck-rings
 which I have heard of in this world.
 Of no better hoard-treasure of heroes have I heard
 beneath the sky, since Hama carried off
 the Brosing's necklace to that bright stronghold,
 jewel and treasure-vessel; he flew from Eormenric's

Eormenrīces, gecēas ēcne rād.
 Ðone hring hæfde Higelāc Gēata,
 nefa Swertinges, nȳhstan sīðe,
 sīðþan hē under segne sinc ealgode,
 1205 wælreaf werede; hyne wyrd fornam,
 syððan hē for wlenco wēan āhsode,
 fāhðe tō Frȳsum. Hē þā frætwe wæg,
 eorclanstānas ofer yða ful,
 rīce þēoden; hē under rande gecranc.
 1210 Gehwearf þā in Francna fæþm feorh cyninges,
 brēostgewædu ond se bēah somod;
 wysan wīgfreca wæl rēafedon
 æfter gūðsceare, Gēata lēode,
 hrēawīc hēoldon. Heal swēge onfēng.
 1215 Wealhðeo maþelode, hēo fore þām werede spræc:
 "Brūc ðisses bēages, Bēowulf lēofa,
 hyse, mid hāle, ond þisses hrægles nēot,
 þēodgestrēona, ond geþēoh tela,
 cen þec mid cræfte ond þyssum cnyhtum wes
 1220 lāra līðe; ic þē þæs lēan geman.
 Hafast þū gefēred þæt ðē feor ond nēah
 ealne wīdeferhþ weras ehtigað,
 efne swā sīde swā sǣ bebūgeð,
 windgeard, weallas. Wes þenden þū lifige,
 1225 æþeling, ēadig. Ic þē an tela
 sincgestrēona. Bēo þū suna mīnum
 dǣdum gedēfe, drēamhealdende.
 Hēr is āghwylc eorl oþrum getrȳwe,
 mōdes milde, mandrihtne hold;
 1230 þegnas syndon geþwære, þēod ealgearo

treacherous enmity, chose eternal counsel.
 That ring Hygelac of the Geats had,
 Swerting's nephew, on his last journey,
 when he defended the treasure under the standard,
 defended slaughter-booty; fate took him away
 when from pride he sought trouble,
 feud with the Frisians. He then bore the treasure,
 precious stones over the waves' cup,
 mighty king; he fell beneath the shield.
 Then the king's body passed into the Franks' power,
 breast-armour and the ring together;
 worse warriors plundered the slain
 after the war-slaughter, the people of the Geats
 remained on the corpse-place. The hall received noise.
 Wealhtheow said, she spoke before the troop:
 "Enjoy this ring, dear Beowulf,
 160^f young man, in prosperity, and make use of this corslet,
 people-treasure, and thrive well,
 declare yourself by strength, and to these boys be
 gentle in counsel; for this I will think of reward for you.
 You have brought it about that far and near,
 for all eternity men will praise you,
 even as far as the sea, the wind-court,
 encompasses the cliffs. As long as you live,
 be prosperous, prince. I wish you good
 treasures. To my son be
 kind in deeds, joy-holding one.
 Here each noble is true to the others,
 gentle in spirit, faithful to the man-lord;
 the retainers are loyal, the people are alert,

druncne dryhtguman dōð swā ic bidde."
Ēode þā tō setle. Þær wæs symbla cyst;
druncon wīn weras. Wyrð ne cūþon,
geōsceaft grimme, swā hit āgangen wearð
1235 eorla manegum, syþðan æfen cwōm
ond him Hrōþgār gewāt tō hofe sīnum,
rīce tō ræste. Reced weardode
unrīm eorla, swā hīe oft ær dydon.
Bencþelu beredon; hit geondbræded wearð
1240 beddum ond bolstrum. Bēorscealca sum
fūs ond fæge fletræste gebēag.
Setton him tō hēafdon hilderandas,
bordwudu beorhtan; þær on bence wæs
ofer æþelinge yþgesēne
1245 heaþostēapa helm, hringed byrne,
þrecwudu þrymlic. Wæs þēaw hyra
þæt hīe oft wæron an wīg gearwe,
ge æt hām ge on herge, ge gehwæþer þāra,
efne swylce mæla swylce hira mandryhtne
1250 þearf gesælde; wæs sēo þēod tilu.

XVIII

Sigon þā tō slæpe. Sum sære angeald
æfenræste, swā him ful oft gelamp,
siþðan goldsele Grendel warode,
unriht æfnde, oþþæt ende becwōm,
1255 swylt æfter synnum. Þæt gesyne wearþ,
wīdcūþ werum, þætte wrecend þā gýt
lifde æfter lāpum, lange þrāge,

the drunken followers do as I order them."
Then she went to her seat. There was the choicest of feasts;
men drank wine. The did not know fate,
grim destiny, as it befell
many of the nobles, when evening came
and Hrothgar went to his dwelling,
the king to his rest. A countless number of nobles
guarded the hall, as they had often done before.
They cleared the bench-planks; it was spread about
with beds and pillows. One of the beer-retainers,
160^v ready for death and doomed, lay down on the hall-bed.
They put the battle-shields at their heads,
bright shield-wood; there on the bench,
above each prince, were easily seen
the battle-famous helmet, the ringed mailshirt,
the proud spear. It was their custom
that they were always ready for war,
whether at home or in the field, in either case
at such times as need befell
their man-lord; that was a good people.

Then they sank to sleep. One paid sorely
for the evening-rest, as had befallen them very often,
since Grendel had occupied the gold-hall,
committed wrong, until his end came,
death after crimes. That became clear,
wide-known to men, that then an avenger yet
lived after the enemy, a long time,

æfter gūðceare Grendles mōdor,
 ides, āglācwīf, yrmþe gemunde,
 1260 sē þe wāteregesān wunian scolde,
 cealde strēamas, siþðan Cāin wearð
 tō ecgbanan āngan brēþer,
 fāderenmāge; hē þā fāg gewāt,
 morþre gemearcod, mandrēam flēon,
 1265 wēsten warode. Ðanon wōc fela
 geosceaftgāsta; wæs þāra Grendel sum,
 heorowearh hetelic, sē æt Heorote fand
 wæccendne wer wīges bīdan.
 Ðær him aglæca ætgræpe wearð;
 1270 hwæþre hē gemunde mægenes strenge,
 gimfæste gife ðe him God sealde,
 ond him tō Anwaldan āre gelyfde,
 frōfre ond fultum; ðy hē þone fēond ofercwōm,
 gehnāgde helle gāst. Ðā hē hēan gewāt,
 1275 drēame bedæled, dēaþwīc sēon,
 mancynnes fēond, ond his mōdor þā gyt,
 gīfre ond galgmōd, gegān wolde
 sorhfulne sīð, sunu dēoð wrecan.
 Cōm þā tō Heorote, ðær Hringdene
 1280 geond þæt sæld swāfun. Ðā ðær sōna wearð
 edhwyrft eorlum, siþðan inne fealh
 Grendles mōdor. Wæs se gryre lāssa
 efne swā micle swā bið mægþa cræft,
 wiggryre wīfes, be wæpnedmen,
 1285 þonne heoru bunden, hamere geþrūen,
 sweord swāte fāh swīn ofer helme
 ecgum dyhttig andweard scireð.

after the war-strife Grendel's mother,
 woman, monster-woman, bore misery in mind,
 she who had to inhabit the water-terrors,
 cold streams, after Cain became
 sword-killer to his own brother,
 father-kinsman; he then went, outlawed,
 161^f marked for murder, to flee man-joy,
 lived in the wilderness. From him were born many
 fateful demons; Grendel was one of them,
 the hateful war-outlaw, who found at Heorot
 a watchful man waiting for battle.
 There the monster had got hold of him;
 however, he bore in mind his might's strength,
 the liberal gift God had given him,
 and he trusted to the Lord's grace,
 help and support; thus he overcame the enemy,
 subdued the hellish spirit. Then, humiliated, he went,
 bereft of joy, to seek his death-place,
 mankind's enemy, and then his mother yet,
 ravenous and gallow-spirited, wanted to go
 a sorrowful journey, avenge her son's death.
 She then came to Heorot, where the Ring-Danes
 slept about the hall. Then there soon came
 a reverse for the nobles, when in came
 Grendel's mother. The horror was less
 by just so much as a woman's strength,
 a woman's war-horror, is than a warrior's,
 when the decorated sword, forged by the hammer,
 blood-stained sword, trusty of edges,
 161^v cleaves through the opposite boar on the helmet.

Ðā wæs on healle heardecg togen
 sweord ofer setlum, sīdrand manig
 1290 hafen handa fæst; helm ne gemunde,
 byrnan sīde, þā hine se brōga angeat.
 Hēo wæs on ofste, wolde ūt þanon,
 fēore beorgan, þā hēo onfunden wæs.
 Hraðe hēo æþelinga ānne hæfde
 1295 fæste befangen, þā hēo tō fenne gang.
 Sē wæs Hrōþgāre hæleþa lēofost
 on gesīðes hād be sām twēonum,
 rīce randwiga, þone ðe hēo on ræste ābrēat,
 blādfæstne beorn. Næs Bēowulf ðær,
 1300 ac wæs oþer in ær geteohhod
 æfter mǣþðumgife mǣrum Gēate.
 Hrēam wearð in Heorote; hēo under heolfre genam
 cūþe folme; cearu wæs genīwod,
 geworden in wīcun. Ne wæs þæt gewrixle til,
 1305 þæt hīe on bā healfa bicgan scoldon
 frēonda fēorum. Ðā wæs frōd cyning,
 hār hilderinc, on hrēon mōde,
 syðþan hē aldorþegn unlyfigendne,
 þone dēorestan dēadne wisse.
 1310 Hraþe wæs tō būre Bēowulf fetod,
 sigorēadig secg. Samod ārdæge
 ēode eorla sum, æþele cempa
 self mid gesīðum þær se snotera bād,
 hwæþer him Alwalda æfre wille
 1315 æfter wēaspelle wyrpe gefremman.
 Gang ðā æfter flōre fyrdwyrðe man
 mid his handscale – healwudu dynede –,

Then the hard-edge was drawn,
 sword over the beds, many a great shield
 was lifted fast in the hand; nobody thought of the helmet,
 the great mailshirt, when the terror seized him.
 She was in a hurry, wanted to get out from there,
 protect her life, when she was discovered.
 Quickly she had grasped firmly one
 of the princes, when she went to the fen.
 He was to Hrothgar the dearest of heroes,
 one of his followers, between the seas,
 mighty shield-warrior, whom she killed on the bed,
 glory-fast warrior. Beowulf was not there,
 but another dwelling had earlier been assigned
 to the glorious Geat after the treasure-giving.
 There was clamour in Heorot; covered with blood, she took
 the well-known hand, sorrow was renewed,
 came to pass in the building. That exchange was not good,
 that they should pay on both sides
 with the lives of friends. Then the old king,
 162' old warrior, was in sad spirit,
 when he knew his chief-retainer to be unliving,
 the dearest one to be dead.
 Quickly Beowulf was fetched to the chamber,
 victory-glorious warrior. At daybreak
 he came with his men, noble warrior,
 together with his companions, where the wise man was waiting
 whether the Almighty was ever going to
 bring about a change for him, after the woe-spell.
 Then the war-worthy man walked across the floor
 with his troop – the hall-wood resounded –,

þæt hē þone wīsan wordum nāgde
frēan Ingwina, frægn gif him wære
1320 æfter nēodlaðum niht getæse.

XX

Hrōðgār maþelode, helm Scyldinga:
"Ne frīn þū æfter sǣlum! Sorh is genīwod
Denigea lēodum. Dēad is Æschere,
Yrmenlāfes yldra brōþor,
1325 mīn rūnwita ond mīn rǣdbora,
eaxlgestealla, ðonne wē on orlege
hafelan weredon, þonne hniton fēþan,
eoferas cnysedan. Swylc scolde eorl wesā,
æþeling ærgōd, swylc Æschere wæs!
1330 Wearð him on Heorote tō handbanan
wælgæst wæfre; ic ne wāt hwæþer
atol æse wlanc eftsīðas tēah,
fylle gefægnod. Hēo þā fæhðe wræc
þe þū gystran niht Grendel cwealde
1335 þurh hǣstne hād heardum clammum,
forþan hē tō lange lēode mīne
wanode ond wyrde. Hē æt wīge gecrang
ealdres scyldig, ond nū oþer cwōm
mihtig mānscaða, wolde hyre mæg wrecan,
1340 ge feor hafað fæhðe gestæled
– þæs þe þincean mæg þegne monegum,
sē þe æfter sincgyfan on sefan grēoteþ –,
hreþerbealo hearde; nū sēo hand ligeð,
sē þe ēow wēlhwylcra wilna dohte.

that he might address the wise man with words,
the Ing-friends' Lord; ask if for him,
after the pressing summons, the night had been agreeable.

Hrothgar said, the Scyldings' protector:
"Do not ask after joy! Sorrow has been renewed
for the people of the Danes. Dead is Æschere,
Yrmenlaf's elder brother,
my trusted counsellor and my counsel-bearer,
my shoulder-companion, when we in battle
defended our heads, when the troops clashed,
162^v struck at the boars. Such should a noble be,
most excellent prince, as Æschere was!
In Heorot a wandering slaughter-ghost
became his hand-slayer; I do not know whether
the terrible one, proud of carrion, took her return-journey,
gladdened by the feast. She avenged the feud,
in which you the night before killed Grendel
in violent fashion by hard grips,
because he had too long diminished and destroyed
my people. He died in battle,
owing his life, and now another has come,
mighty evil-enemy, she wanted to avenge her son,
and she far retaliated the feud
– this may appear so to many retainer
who mourns after his treasure-giver in his heart –,
hard heart-distress; now the hand lies dead
which treated you well in every desire.

1345 Ic þæt londbüend, lēode mīne,
 selerādende, secgan hȳrde
 þæt hīe gesāwon swylce twēgen
 micle mearcstapan mōras healdan,
 ellorgāstas. Ðāra oðer wæs,
 1350 þæs þe hīe gewislicost gewitan meahton,
 idese onlīcnæs; oðer earmscepen
 on weres wæstmum wræclāstas træd,
 næfne hē wæs māra þonne ānig man oðer;
 þone on geārdagum Grendel nemdon
 1355 foldbüende. Nō hīe fæder cunnon,
 hwæþer him ānig wæs ær ācenned
 dyrnra gāsta. Hīe dȳgel lond
 warigeað, wulfhleoþu, windige næssas,
 frēcne fengelād, ðær fyrgenstrēam
 1360 under næssa genipu niþer gewīteð,
 flōd under foldan. Nis þæt feor heonon
 mīlgemearces þæt se mere standeð;
 ofer þām hongiað hrinde bearwas,
 wudu wirtum fæst wæter oferhelmað.
 1365 Þær mæg nihta gehwām nīðwundor sēon,
 fȳr on flōde. Nō þæs frōd leofað
 gumena bearna, þæt þone grund wite;
 ðēah þe hāðstapa hundum geswenced,
 heorot hornum trum, holtwudu sēce,
 1370 feorran geflȳmed, ær hē feorh seleð,
 aldor on oðre, ær hē in wille
 hafelan hȳdan. Nis þæt hēoru stōw!
 Þonon ȳðgeblond up āstigeð
 won tō wolcnum, þonne wind styreþ

I heard country-dwellers, people of mine,
 hall-counsellors, say
 that they saw two such
 huge borderland-haunters guard the moors,
 alien demons. One of them was,
 as far as they could most certainly tell,
 in woman's likeness; the other wretched one
 163^f trod the exile-tracks in man's shape,
 except he was larger than any other man;
 him in bygone days the earth-dwellers
 had called Grendel. They do not know the father,
 whether any of the evil spirits
 had been born before him. They inhabit a secret country,
 wolf-slopes, windy headlands,
 dangerous fen-paths, where the mountain-stream
 goes down under the mist of the headlands,
 the flood under the earth. It is not far from here,
 in mile-markings, that the mere lies;
 over it frost-covered groves hang,
 the wood, firm in roots, overhangs the water.
 There every night a fearful wonder may be seen,
 fire on the flood. None of men's sons
 lives so wise that he knows the bottom;
 although the heath-walker, pressed hard by hounds,
 the stag strong in his horns, may seek the forest,
 chased from afar, he would rather give up his life,
 his life on the bank, before he would go in
 to save his head. This is not a safe place!
 From there wave-surfing rises up,
 dark to the clouds, when wind stirs up

1375 lāð gewidru, oðþæt lyft drysmaþ,
 roderas rēotað. Nū is se rād gelang
 eft æt þē ānum. Eard gīt ne const,
 frēcne stōwe, ðær þū findan miht
 felasinnigne secg; sēc gif þū dyrre.
 1380 Ic þē þā fāhðe fēo lēanige,
 ealdgestrēonum, swā ic ær dyde,
 wundungolde, gyf þū on weg cymest."

XXI

Bēowulf maþelode, bearn Ecgþēowes:
 "Ne sorga, snotor guma; sēlre bið æghwæm
 1385 þæt hē his freond wrece, þonne hē fela murne.
 Ūre æghwylc sceal ende gebīdan
 worolde lifes; wyrce sē þe mōte
 dōmes ær dēaþe; þæt bið drihtguman
 unlifgendum æfter sēlest.
 1390 Ārīs, rīces weard, uton raþe fēran
 Grendles māgan gang scēawigan.
 Ic hit þē gehāte, nō hē on helm losaþ,
 ne on foldan fæþm, ne on fyrgeholt,
 ne on gyfenes grund, gā þær hē wille.
 1395 Ðys dōgor þū geþyld hafa
 wēana gehwylces, swā ic þē wēne tō."
 Āhlēop ðā se gomela, Gode þancode,
 mihtigan Drihtne, þæs se man gespræc.
 Þā wæs Hrōðgāre hors gebæted,
 1400 wicg wundenfeax. Wīsa fengel
 geatolic gende; gumfēpa stōp

hateful storms, until the air becomes gloomy,
 the heavens weep. Now counsel depends
 163^v once more on you alone. You do not yet know the dwelling,
 the dangerous place, where you might find
 the man of many sins. Seek if you dare.
 I will reward you for the struggle with riches,
 old treasures, as I did before,
 twisted gold, if you get away."

Beowulf said, Ecgtheow's son:
 "Do not sorrow, wise man; it is better for everyone
 to avenge his friend than to mourn much.
 Each of us must expect an end
 of the life in the world; he who can should win
 glory before death; that for retainers is
 afterwards bes, for unliving ones.
 Arise, kingdom's guardian, let us quickly go
 to examine Grendel's relative's track.
 I promise you, she will not escape to cover,
 neither in the earth's bosom, nor in the mountain-wood,
 nor to the sea's bottom, may she go where she will.
 This day have patience
 in all woes, as I expect of you."
 The old man sprang up, thanked God,
 164^f mighty Lord, for what the man had said.
 Then Hrothgar's horse was bridled,
 plaited-haired horse. The wise king
 rode in stately manner; the foot-troop of shield-bearers

lindhæbbendra. Lāstas wæron
 æfter waldswaþum wīde gesýne,
 gang ofer grundas gegnum fōr
 1405 ofer myrcan mōr, magoþegna bær
 þone sēlestan sāwollēasne
 þāra þe mid Hrōðgāre hām eahtode.
 Oferēode þā æþelinga bearn
 stēap stānhliðo, stīge nearwe,
 1410 enge ānpaðas, uncūð gelād,
 neowle næssas, nicorhūsa fela.
 Hē fēara sum beforan gengde
 wīsra monna wong scēawian,
 oþþæt hē fāringa fyrgeþēamas
 1415 ofer hārne stān hleonian funde,
 wynlēasne wudu; wæter under stōd
 drēorig ond gedrēfed. Denum eallum wæs,
 winum Scyldinga, weorce on mōde
 tō geþolianne, ðegne monegum,
 1420 oncýð eorla gehwām, syðþan Æsches
 on þām holmclice hafelan mētton.
 Flōd blōde wēol – folc tō sǣgon –,
 hātan heolfre. Horn stundum song
 fūslic fyrdlēoð. Fēþa eal gesæt.
 1425 Gesāwon ðā æfter wætere wyrmcynnes fela,
 sellice sǣdracan, sund cunnian,
 swylce on næshleoðum nicras licgean,
 ðā on undernmæl oft bewitigað
 sorhfulne sīð on seglrāde,
 1430 wyrmas ond wildēor; hīe on weg hruron,
 bitere ond gebolgne, bearhtm ongēaton,

went forth. The tracks were
 widely seen along the forest-tracks,
 tracks along the grounds, where she had gone forwards
 over the dark moor, carried the soul-less
 retainer, the best of those
 who guarded the home with Hrothgar.
 Then the prince's son went over
 the steep stone-slopes, narrow ways,
 narrow lone paths, unknown course,
 precipitous headlands, many watermonster-homes.
 He went before as one of a few
 wise men to examine the place,
 until he suddenly found mountain-trees
 leaning over grey stone,
 joyless wood; under it, the water stood
 bloodstained and stirred up. To all the Danes,
 the Scyldings' friends, it was painful at heart
 to suffer, to many retainers,
 grief to each of the nobles, when they came on
 Æschere's head on the sea-cliff.
 The flood surged with blood – people were watching –,
 164^v hot gore. At times the horn sang out
 an eager battle-song. The troop all sat down.
 Then about the water they saw many of the dragon-race,
 wondrous sea-dragons, exploring the water,
 also on the headland-slopes they saw sea-monsters lie,
 which often at morning-time perform
 their sorrowful voyage on the sail-road,
 dragons and wild beasts; they fell away,
 bitter and angry, they had heard the sound,

gūðhorn galan. Sumne Gēata lēod
 of flānbogan fēores getwāfde,
 yðgewinnes, þæt him on aldre stōd
 1435 herestræl hearda; hē on holme wæs
 sundes þē sǣnra, ðē hyne swylt fornam.
 Hræpe wearð on yðum mid eofersprēotum
 heorohōcyhtum hearde genearwod,
 nīða genāged, ond on næs togen,
 1440 wundorlic wægborā; weras scēawedon
 gryreligne gist. Gyrede hine Bēowulf
 eorlgewāðum, nalles for ealdre mearn.
 Scolde herebyrne hondum gebrōden,
 sīd ond searofāh, sund cunnian,
 1445 sēo ðe bāncofan beorgan cūpe,
 þæt him hildegṛāp hrepre ne mihte,
 eorres inwītfeng, aldre gesceþðan;
 ac se hwīta helm hafelan werede,
 sē þe meregrundas mangan scolde,
 1450 sēcan sundgebland since geweorðad,
 befongen frēawrāsnum, swā hine fyrndagum
 worhte wāpna smið, wundrum tēode,
 besette swīnlicum, þæt hine syðþan nō
 brond ne beadomēcas bītan ne meah-ton.
 1455 Næs þæt þonne mǣtost mǣgenfultuma
 þæt him on ðearfe lāh ðyle Hrōðgāres;
 wæs þām hæftmēce Hrunting nama.
 Þæt wæs ān foran ealdgestrēona;
 ecg wæs īren, ātertānum fāh,
 1460 āhyrded heaþoswāte; nǣfre hit æt hilde ne swāc
 manna āngum þāra þe hit mid mundum bewand,

the war-horn sing. One the Geat's leader,
 with his arrow-bow, separated from life,
 from wave-battle, so that in its vitals
 the hard war-arrow stuck; it was the slower
 at swimming in the water, as death had taken it off.
 Quickly it was hard pressed on the waves,
 with battle-barbed boar-spears,
 subdued by force and pulled on the headland,
 a wondrous wave-offspring; the men looked on
 the terrible spirit. Beowulf prepared himself
 with noble-armour, he did not at all fear for his life.
 His war-mailshirt, woven by hand,
 wide and cunningly decorated, was to explore the water,
 which had power to protect the bone-chamber,
 so that battle-grip, malicious grasp of anger,
 might not do damage to his breast, his life;
 165' but the shining helmet guarded the head,
 which was to stir up the sea-bottom,
 seek water-commotion, adorned with treasure,
 circled with lordly bands, as in fore-days
 the smith of weapons had made it, formed it wondrously,
 set it round with boar-images, so that afterwards
 neither sword nor battle-knives could bite it.
 Neither was that then the least of powerful helps,
 which Hrothgar's spokesman lent him in his need;
 the hilt-sword's name was Hrunting.
 That was one of the foremost ancient treasures;
 the blade was iron, decorated with poison-threads,
 hardened by battle-blood; it had never failed any man
 at battle, of those who grasped it with hands,

sē ðe gryresīðas gegān dorste,
 folcstede fāra; nās þæt forma sīð
 þæt hit ellenweorc æfnan scolde.
 1465 Hūru ne gemunde mago Ecglāfes,
 eafopes cræftig, þæt hē ær gespræc
 wīne druncen, þā hē þæs wāpnas onlāh
 sēlran sweordfreca. Selfa ne dorste
 under yða gewin aldre genēþan,
 1470 drihtscype drēogan; þær hē dōme forlēas,
 ellenmārðum. Ne wæs þām oðrum swā,
 syðþan hē hine tō gūðe gegyred hæfde.

XXII

Bēowulf maðelode, bearn Ecgþēowes:
 "Gefenc nū, se mæra maga Healfdenes,
 1475 snotttra fengel, nū ic eom sīðes fūs,
 goldwine gumena, hwæt wit geō spræcon,
 gif ic æt þearfe þīnre scolde
 aldre linnan, þæt ðū mē ā wære
 forðgewitenum on fæder stæle.
 1480 Wes þū mundbora mīnum magoþegnum,
 hondgesellum, gif mec hild nime;
 swylce þū ðā mādmas þe þū mē sealdest,
 Hrōðgār lēofa, Higelāce onsend.
 Mæg þonne on þām golde ongitan Gēata dryhten,
 1485 gesēon sunu Hrædles, þonne hē on þæt sinc starað,
 þæt ic gumcystum gōdne funde
 bēaga bryttan, brēc þonne mōste.
 Ond þū Unferð læt ealde lāfe,

who dared to go on terror-journeys,
 to the meeting-place of foes; this was not the first time
 that it should perform courage-deeds.
 Indeed Ecglaf's son, mighty in strength,
 did not remember what he had earlier said,
 drunk with wine, when he lent the weapon
 to a better swordsman. He himself dared not
 risk his life under the waves' struggle,
 engage in bravery; there he lost his fame,
 165^v courage-glory. It was not thus for the other,
 when he had prepared himself for battle.

Beowulf said, Ecgtheow's son:
 "Remember now, famous son of Healfdene,
 wise king, now that I am eager to go,
 men's gold-friend, what we two said earlier,
 if I for your need should
 lose my life, that you would always be
 in a father's place to me, when I am departed.
 Be a guardian to my young retainers,
 close companions, if battle should take me away;
 also send then those treasures which you gave me,
 dear Hrothgar, to Hygelac.
 Then may the Geats' lord perceive from the gold,
 Hrethel's son see, when he looks at that treasure,
 that I found a giver of rings
 good in munificence, enjoyed it while I could.
 And let Unferth, the widely famous man,

wrætlic wægsweord, wīdcūðne man
 1490 heardecg habban; ic mē mid Hruntinge
 dōm gewyrce, oþðe mec dēað nimeð."
 Æfter þām wordum Wedergēata lēod
 efste mid elne, nalas ondsware
 bīdan wolde; brimwylm onfēng
 1495 hilderince. Ðā wæs hwīl dāges
 ær hē þone grundwong ongytan mehte.
 Sōna þæt onfunde sē ðe flōda begong
 heorogīfre behēold hund missēra,
 grim ond grædig, þæt þær gumena sum
 1500 ælwihta eard ufan cunnode.
 Grāp þā tōgēanes, gūðrinc gefēng
 atolan clommum. Nō þy ær in gescōd
 hālan līce; hring ūtan ymbbearh,
 þæt hēo þone fyrdhom ðurhfōn ne mihte,
 1505 locene leoðosyrca lāþan fingrum.
 Bær þā sēo brimwylf, þā hēo tō botme cōm,
 hringa þengel tō hofe sīnum,
 swā hē ne mihte, nō hē þæs mōdig wæs,
 wæpna gewældan, ac hine wundra þæs fela
 1510 swencte on sunde, sādēor monig
 hildetūxum heresyrcan bræc,
 ēhton āglācan. Ðā se eorl ongeat
 þæt hē in nīðsele nāthwylcum wæs,
 þær him nānig wæter wihte ne sceþede,
 1515 ne him for hrōfsele hrīnan ne mehte
 fārgripe flōdes; fýrlēoht geseah,
 blācne lēoman, beorhte scīnan.
 Ongeat þā se gōda grundwyrgeenne,

have the old heirloom, the curious wave-sword,
 the hard-edged one; I shall gain fame for myself
 166' with Hrunting, or death shall take me away."
 After those words, the Weather-Geats' leader
 hurried with courage, did not want to wait
 for any answer; the sea-surge received
 the warrior. It was a good part of the day
 before he could perceive the bottom.
 Soon she who had, sword-greedy, guarded
 the compass of the floods for a hundred half-years, found out,
 grim and greedy, that one of men was
 examining from above the monsters' dwelling.
 Then she grasped at him, caught the warrior
 with horrible claws. For all that, she did not more quickly injure
 the unharmed body inside; the ring-mail protected him all about,
 that she might not penetrate the war-dress,
 linked mail-coat, with hostile fingers.
 Then the water-wolf, when she came to the bottom, took
 the prince of rings to her dwelling,
 so he could not, no matter how brave he was,
 wield his weapons, but so many monsters
 afflicted him in the water, many a sea-beast
 attacked his war-shirt with battle-tusks,
 monsters pursued him. Then the noble found out
 that he was in some kind of hostile hall,
 where no water harmed him in any way,
 nor, because of the roofed hall, could the flood's sudden rush
 166^v harm him; he saw a fire-light,
 a brilliant light, shine brightly.
 Then the brave man perceived the accursed monster of the deep,

merewif mihtig; mægenræs forgeaf
 1520 hildebille, hond sweng ne oftēah,
 þæt hire on hafelan hringmæl āgōl
 grādig gūðlēoð. Ðā se gist onfand
 þæt se beadolēoma bītan nolde,
 aldre sceþðan, ac sēo ecg geswāc
 1525 ðēodne æt þearfe; ðolode ær fela
 hondgemōta, helm oft gescær,
 fæges fyrdhrægl; ðā wæs forma sið
 dēorum mādme, þæt his dōm ālæg.
 Eft wæs ānræd, nalas elnes læt,
 1530 mārða gemyndig mæg Hylāces.
 Wearp ðā wundenmæl wrættum gebunden
 yrre ōretta, þæt hit on eorðan læg,
 stið ond stýlecg; strenge getruwode,
 mundgripe mægenes. Swā sceal man dōn,
 1535 þonne hē æt gūðe gegān þenceð
 longsumne lof, nā ymb his lif cearað.
 Gefēng þā be eaxle – nalas for fæhðe mearn –
 Gūðgēata lēod Grendles mōdor;
 brægd þā beadwe heard, þā hē gebolgen wæs,
 1540 feorhgeniðlan, þæt hēo on flet gebēah.
 Hēo him eft hraþe andlēan forgeald
 grimman grāpum ond him tōgēanes fēng;
 oferwearp þā wērigmōd wigena strengest,
 fēþecempa, þæt hē on fylle wearð.
 1545 Ofsæt þā þone selegyst ond hyre seax getēah,
 brād ond brūnecg, wolde hire bearn wrecan,
 āngan eaferan. Him on eaxle læg
 brēostnet brōden; þæt gebearh fēore,

mighty mere-woman; he gave a strength-rush
 with his battle-sword, his hand did not withhold the blow,
 so that the ring-sword, on her head,
 sang a greedy war-song. Then the visitor found out
 that the battle-light would not bite,
 do harm to life, but the blade failed
 the prince in his need; it had earlier suffered many
 close meetings, often cut through the helmet,
 a doomed man's mailshirt; this was the first time
 for the precious treasure that its glory failed.
 Then Hygelac's kinsman was resolute,
 not at all slow in courage, mindful of glory.
 The angry warrior then threw down the damascened sword,
 covered with ornament, so that it lay on the ground,
 stiff and steel-edged; he trusted in his strength,
 his strength's. handgrip. So must a man do
 when in war he intends to gain
 long-lasting fame, he does not care for his life.
 The 'War-Geats' leader then seized Grendel's mother
 by the shoulder – he did not grieve for the struggle –;
 then the one hard in battle, since he was angry,
 threw the life-enemy that she fell to the floor.
 Then she quickly repaid him a reward
 167^f with grim grasps and clutched at him;
 then the weary-hearted, the strongest of warriors,
 of foot-fighters, stumbled, so that he fell.
 Then she sat on the hall-visitor and drew her dagger,
 broad and bright-edged, wanted to avenge her child,
 only offspring. On his shoulder lay
 the woven breast-net; that protected his life,

wið ord ond wið ecge ingang forstōd.
 1550 Hæfde ðā forsīðod sunu Ecgþēowes
 under gynne grund, Gēata cempa,
 nemne him heaðobyrne helpe gefremede,
 herenet hearde, ond hālig God
 gewēold wīgsigor; wītig Drihten,
 1555 rodera Rædend, hit on ryht gescēd
 yðelice, syþðan hē eft āstōd.

XXIII

Geseah ðā on searwum sigeēadig bil,
 eald sweord eotenisc, ecgum þyhtig,
 wigena weorðmynd; þæt wæs wāpna cyst,
 1560 būton hit wæs mære ðonne ænig mon oðer
 tō beadulāce ætberan meahte,
 gōd ond geatolic, gīganta geweorc.
 Hē gefēng þā fetelhilt, freca Scyldinga
 hrēoh ond heorogrim hringmæl gebrægd,
 1565 aldres orwēna, yrringa slōh,
 þæt hire wið halse heard grāpode,
 bānhringas bræc. Bil eal ðurhwōd
 fægne flæschoman; hēo on flet gecrong.
 Sweord wæs swätig, secg weorce gefeh.
 1570 Lixte se lēoma, lēoht inne stōd,
 efne swā of hefene hādre scīneð
 rodores candel. Hē æfter recede wlāt;
 hwearf þā be wealle, wāpen hafenade
 heard be hiltum Higelāces ðegn,
 1575 yrre ond ānræd. Næs sēo ecg fracod

withstood entry against point and edge.
 Then Ecgtheow's son would have perished,
 under the wide earth, the Geats' champion,
 if his battle-shirt had not given him help,
 the hard war-net, and holy God
 brought about battle-victory; the wise Lord,
 ruler of the heavens, easily decided it
 aright, after he stood up again.

He saw then among the gear a victory-blessed sword,
 old giant-made sword, strong of edges,
 warriors' glory; that was the choicest of weapons,
 but it was greater than any other man
 could carry to the battle-play,
 good and splendid, giants' work.
 He then grasped the linked hilt, the Scyldings' champion,
 fierce and battle-grim, swung the ring-sword,
 167^v despairing of life, struck furiously,
 that it grasped her hard on the neck,
 broke the bone-rings. The sword went all through
 her doomed body; she died on the floor.
 The sword was bloody, the man rejoiced in his work.
 The light shone forth, light stood within,
 even like the heaven's candle shines brightly
 from heaven. He gazed around the hall;
 then turned by the wall, lifted the weapon
 firmly by the hilt, Hygelac's retainer,
 angry and resolute. The sword was not useless

hilderince, ac hē hraþe wolde
 Grendle forgyldan gūðrāsa fela
 ðāra þe hē geworhte tō Westdenum
 oftor micle ðonne on ænne sīð,
 1580 þonne hē Hrōðgāres heorðgenēatas
 slōh on sweofote, slāpende fræt
 folces Denigea fýftýne men
 ond oðer swylc ūt offerede,
 lāðlicu lāc. Hē him þæs lēan forgeald,
 1585 rēþe cempa, tō ðæs þe hē on ræste geseah
 gūðwērigne Grendel licgan
 aldorlēasne, swā him ār gescōd
 hild æt Heorote. Hrā wīde sprong,
 syþðan hē æfter dēaðe drepe þrōwade,
 1590 heorosweng heardne, ond hine þā hēafde becearf.
 Sōna þæt gesāwon snottre ceorlas,
 þā ðe mid Hrōðgāre on holm wliton,
 þæt wæs yðgeblond eal gemenged,
 brim blōde fāh. Blondenfeaxe,
 1595 gomele ymb gōdne, ongeador spræcon
 þæt hig þæs æðelinges eft ne wēndon
 þæt hē sigehrēðig sēcean cōme
 mārne þēoden; þā ðæs monige gewearð
 þæt hine sēo brimwylf ābroten hæfde.
 1600 Ðā cōm nōn dæges. Næs ofgēafon
 hwate Scyldingas; gewāt him hām þonon
 goldwine gumena. Gistas sētan
 mōdes sēoce ond on mere staredon,
 wīston ond ne wēndon þæt hīe heora winedrihten
 1605 selfne gesāwon. Þā þæt sword ongan

to the warrior, but he wanted quickly
 to repay Grendel for the many war-rushes
 that he had made on the West-Danes
 far more often than the one time
 when he slew Hrothgar's hearth-companions
 in their sleep, ate fifteen men
 of the people of the Danes in their sleep
 and carried off as many others,
 hateful booty. He had paid him a reward for this,
 fierce warrior, so that he now saw
 Grendel lying on his bed, war-weary,
 lifeless, as battle had earlier
 harmed him at Heorot. The carrion gaped wide,
 when after death he suffered a blow,
 hard sword-stroke, and he cut off his head.
 168' Soon the wise followers who with Hrothgar
 looked on the water saw
 that the water-surge was all stirred up,
 sea stained with blood. The grey-haired ones,
 the veterans around the excellent one, said together
 that they did not expect it of the prince again,
 that he, victory-glorious, would come to seek
 the famous king; it then seemed to many
 that the sea-wolf had killed him.
 Then came the ninth hour of the day. The brave Scyldings
 gave up the headland; the mens' gold-friend
 returned home from there. The visitors sat down,
 sick at heart, and stared at the mere,
 they wished but did not expect that they should see
 their friend-leader himself again. Then the sword began,

æfter heaþoswāte hildegicelum,
 wīgþil wanian. Ðæt wæs wundra sum,
 þæt hit eal gemealt ise gelicost,
 ðonne forstes bend Fæder onlāteð,
 1610 onwindeð wælrāpas, sē gewæld hafað
 sǣla ond mǣla; þæt is sōð Metod.
 Ne nōm hē in þām wīcum, Wedergēata lēod,
 māðmǣhta mā, þēh hē þær monige geseah,
 būton þone hafelan ond þā hilt somod
 1615 since fāge. Sweord ær gemealt,
 forbarn brōdenmæl; wæs þæt blōd tō þæs hāt,
 ættren ellorgæst sē þær inne swealt.
 Sōna wæs on sunde sē þe ær æt sæcce gebād
 wīghryre wrāðra, wæter up þurhdēaf.
 1620 Wæron yðgebland eal gefælsod,
 ēacne eardas, þā se ellorgāst
 oflēt lifdagas ond þās lænan gesceaft.
 Cōm þā tō lande lidmanna helm
 swiðmōd swymman; sǣlāce gefeah,
 1625 mægenbyrþenne þāra þe hē him mid hæfde.
 Ēodon him þā tōgēanes, Gode þancodon,
 ðryðlic þegna hēap, þeodnes gefēgon,
 þæs þe hī hyne gesundne gesēon mōston.
 Ðā wæs of þām hrōran helm ond byrne
 1630 lungre ālysed. Lagu drūsade,
 wæter under wolcnum, wældrēore fāg.
 Fērdon forð þonon fēþelāstum
 ferhþum fægne, foldweg mæton,
 cūþe stræte. Cyningbalde men
 1635 from þām holmlife hafelan bāron

because of the battle-blood to waste away in battle-icicles,
 battle-sword. That was a wonder
 that it all melted, most like the ice
 when the Father loosens frost's bond,
 unwinds the water-ropes, he who has power
 of times and seasons; that is the true Lord.
 In those places he did not take away, the Weather-Geats' leader,
 more precious objects, although he saw many there,
 except the head and the hilt together,
 adorned with treasure. The sword had already melted,
 168' the damascened sword burnt up; the blood was too hot for it,
 the alien demon too poisonous, who had died in there.
 Soon he was swimming who earlier in the fight survived
 the enemies' battle-fall, he dived upwards through the water.
 The wave-surge was all cleansed,
 the broad expanses, when the alien demon
 gave up his live-days and this transitory creation.
 Then the sea-men's protector came to land,
 swimming boldly; revelled in sea-booty,
 the mighty burden of that which he had with him.
 Then they came towards him, thanked God,
 splendid troop of retainers, revelled in their prince,
 because they could see him safe and sound.
 Then swiftly helmet and mailshirt were
 loosened from the valiant one. The lake grew quiet,
 water under the clouds, stained with slaughter-blood.
 They went forth from there on the foot-tracks,
 glad in their hearts, traversed the country-way,
 the well-known roads. The king-bold men
 carried the head from the sea-cliff

earfoðlice heora æghwæþrum,
 felamōdigra; fēower scoldon
 on þām wælstenge weorcum geferian
 tō þām goldsele Grendles hēafod,
 1640 oþðæt semninga tō sele cōmon
 frome fyrdhwate fēowertýne
 Gēata gongan; gumdryhten mid
 mōdig on gemonge meodowongas træd.
 Ðā cōm in gān ealdor ðegna,
 1645 dædcēne mon dōme gewurþad,
 hæle hildedēor, Hrōðgār grētan.
 Þā wæs be feaxe on flet boren
 Grendles hēafod, þær guman druncon,
 egeslic for eorlum ond þære idese mid,
 1650 wlikeson wrætlic; weras on sāwon.

XXIII

Bēowulf maþelode, bearn Ecgþēowes:
 "Hwæt! Wē þē þās sālāc, sunu Healfdenes,
 lēod Scyldinga, lustum brōhton
 tīres tō tātne, þe þū hēr tō lōcast.
 1655 Ic þæt unsōfte ealdre gedīgde
 wigge under wætere, weorc genēþde
 earfoðlice; ætrihte wæs
 gūð getwāfed, nymðe mec God scylde.
 Ne meahte ic æt hilde mid Hruntinge
 1660 wiht gewyrca, þēah þæt wāpen duge;
 ac mē geūðe ylða Waldend
 þæt ic on wāge geseah wlitig hangian

with difficulty for each of them,
 the very brave ones; four of them were
 with difficulty to carry Grendel's head
 to the gold-hall on the battle-shaft,
 169^f until they came walking together
 to the hall, bold and warlike, fourteen
 Geats; the man-lord among them,
 bold in the multitude, trod the mead-plain.
 Then the retainers' leader came walking in,
 deed-bold man, exalted in glory,
 battle-bold hero, to greet Hrothgar.
 Then Grendel's head was carried by the hair
 on to the floor where the men were drinking,
 terrible for the nobles and the queen with them,
 a wondrous sight; men gazed on it.

Beowulf said, Ecgtheow's son:
 "Listen! We brought you this sea-booty, Healfdene's son,
 the Scyldings' leader, with gladness,
 as tokens of glory, which you look at here,
 I hardly escaped with my life
 in the fight under the water, with difficulty
 I engaged in the work; right away
 battle would have been ended, if God had not shielded me.
 I could not achieve anything in battle
 with Hrunting, although that weapon may be strong;
 but the Ruler of men granted me
 169^v that I saw a huge old sword

eald sweord ēacen – oftost wisode
 winigea lēasum –, þæt ic ðȳ wǣpne gebræd.
 1665 Ofslōh ðā æt þære sæcce, þā mē sǣl āgeald,
 hūses hyrdas. Þā þæt hildebil
 forbarn brogdenmæl, swā þæt blōd gesprang,
 hātost heaþoswāta. Ic þæt hilt þanan
 fēondum ætferede, fyrendæda wræc,
 1670 dēaðcwealm Denigea, swā hit gedēfe wæs.
 Ic hit þe þonne gehāte, þæt þū on Heorote mōst
 sorhlēas swefan mid þīnra secga gedryht
 ond þegna gehwylc þīnra lēoda,
 duguðe ond iogoþe, þæt þū him ondrædan ne þearft,
 1675 þēoden Scyldinga, on þā healfē,
 aldorbealu eorlum, swā þū ær dydest."
 Ðā wæs gylden hilt gamelum rince,
 hārum hildfruman, on hand gyfen,
 enta ærgeweorc; hit on æht gehwearf
 1680 æfter dēofla hryre Denigea frēan,
 wundorsmīþa geweorc, ond þā þās worold ofgeaf
 gromheort guma, Godes ondsaca,
 morðres scyldig, ond his mōdor ēac,
 on gewæld gehwearf woroldcýninga
 1685 ðāem sēlestan be sām twēonum
 ðāra þe on Scedenigge sceattas dælde.
 Hrōðgār maðelode, hylt scēawode,
 ealde lāfe, on ðāem wæs ōr writen
 fyrngewinnes, syðþan flōd ofslōh,
 1690 gifen gēotende, gīganta cyn
 – frēcne gefērdon –; þæt wæs fremde þēod
 ēcean Dryhtne; him þæs endelēan

hanging brightly on the wall – he has often guided
 those without friends –, so that I drew the weapon.
 At that battle then, when opportunity allowed me,,
 I slew the house's guardians. Then that battle-sword,
 damascened sword, burned up, as the blood sprang out,
 hottest of battle-bloods. The hilt I took away from there,
 from the enemies, avenged the crime-deeds,
 the slaughter of the Danes, as was befitting.
 I promise you then, that in Heorot you may
 sleep without sorrow, with your men's company
 and each of the retainers of your people,
 old and young warriors, that you need not fear for them,
 king of the Scyldings, in this respect,
 life-injury for the nobles, as you did before."
 Then the golden hilt, the giants' ancient work,
 was given into the old warrior's hand,
 the old battle-chief's; after the devils' fall
 it passed into the Danes' lord's possession,
 work of wondrous smiths, and when the hostile-hearted man,
 God's adversary, gave up this world,
 guilty of murder, and also his mother,
 it passed into the power of the best
 170 of world-kings between the seas,
 of those who in the Danish realm dealt out treasures.
 Hrothgar said, looked at the hilt,
 old heirloom, on it was inscribed the beginning
 of the ancient strife, when the flood,
 rushing sea, killed the giants' race
 – they suffered terribly –; that people was estranged
 from the eternal Lord; for this the Ruler gave them

þurh wæteres wylm Waldend sealde.
 Swā wæs on ðām scennum scīran goldes
 1695 þurh rūnstafas rihte gemearcod,
 geseted ond gesæd hwām þæt sweord geworht,
 irena cyst, ærest wære,
 wreoþenhilt ond wyrmfāh. Ðā se wīsa spræc
 sunu Healfdenes – swigedon ealle –:
 1700 "Þæt, lā, mæg secgan sē þe sōð ond riht
 fremed on folce, feor eal gemon,
 eald ēðelweard, þæt ðes eorl wære
 geboren betera! Blæd is āræred
 geond wīdwegas, wine mīn Bēowulf,
 1705 ðīn ofer þēoda gehwylce. Eal þū hit geþyldum healdest,
 mægen mid mōdes snyttrum. Ic þē sceal mīne gelæstan
 frēode, swā wit furðum spræcon. Ðū scealt tō frōfre weorþan
 eal langtwīdig lēodum þīnum,
 hæledum tō helpe. Ne wearð Heremōd swā
 1710 eaforum Ecgwelan, Ārscyldingum;
 ne gewēox hē him tō willan, ac tō wælfealle
 ond tō dēaðcwalum Deniga lēodum;
 brēat bolgenmōd bēodgenēatas,
 eaxlgesteallan, oþþæt hē āna hwearf,
 1715 mære þēoden, mondrēamum from.
 Ðēah þe hine mihtig God mægenes wynnum,
 eafepum stēpte, ofer ealle men
 forð gefremede, hwæþere him on ferhþe grēow
 brēosthord blōdrēow. Nallas bēagas geaf
 1720 Denum æfter dōme; drēamlēas gebād
 þæt hē þæs gewinnes weorc þrōwade,
 lēodbealo longsum. Ðū þe lār be þon,

final reward by the water's surge.
 On the sword-guards of pure gold, too,
 in runic letters it was rightly marked,
 set down and said, for whom that sword,
 choicest of irons, had first been made,
 with twisted hilt and dragon-ornaments. Then the wise man spoke,
 Healfdene's son – everybody was silent –:
 "Lo, this may he say who furthers truth and right
 among the people, who remembers all the past,
 old homeland-guardian, that this noble was
 born most well! Your fame is raised
 over the wide ways, my friend Beowulf,
 over each of the nations. All this you hold with patience,
 strength with spirit's wisdom. I shall fulfill my
 agreement with you, as we two spoke before. You shall become a support,
 granted for a very long time, to your people,
 170^v help to the heroes. Heremod did not thus become
 to Ecgwela's descendants, the Honour-Scyldings;
 he did not grow up for their pleasure, but for the slaughter
 and murder of the people of the Danes;
 killed, in his rage, his table-companions,
 shoulder-comrades, until he alone,
 famous king, turned from man-joys.
 Although mighty God raised him over all men
 in strength's joys, in might,
 and helped him on, in his breast there still grew
 a blood-thirsty breast-hoard. He did not at all give rings
 to the Danes for glory; remained joyless
 so that he suffered distress from the struggle,
 longlasting people-harm. Teach yourself from that,

gumcyste ongit; ic þis gid be þē
 āwræc wintrum frōd. Wundor is tō secganne
 1725 hū mihtig God manna cynne
 þurh sīdne sefan snyttru bryttað,
 eard ond eorlscipe; hē āh ealra geweald.
 Hwīlum hē on lufan lāteð hworfan
 monnes mōdgeþonc mæran cynnes,
 1730 seleð him on ēþle eorþan wynne
 tō healdanne, hlēoburh wera,
 gedēð him swā gewealdene worolde dālas,
 sīde rice, þæt hē his selfa ne mæg
 for his unsnyttrum ende geþencean.
 1735 Wunað hē on wiste; nō hine wiht dweleð
 ādl ne yldo, ne him inwitsorh
 on sefan sweorceð, ne gesacu ōhwær
 ecghete ēoweð, ac him eal worold
 wendeð on willan – hē þæt wyrse ne con –,

XXV

1740 oðþæt him on innan oferhygda dæl
 weaxeð ond wrīdað. Þonne se weard swefeð,
 sāwele hyrde; bið se slæp tō fæst,
 biſgum gebunden, bona swīðe nēah,
 sē þe of flānbogan fyrenum scēoteð.
 1745 Þonne bið on hreþre under helm drepn
 biteran stræle – him bebeorgan ne con –,
 wōm wundorbebodum wergan gāstes;
 þinceð him tō lýtrel þæt hē lange hēold,
 gýtſað gromhýdig, nallas on gylp seleð

perceive manly virtue; I have told you this tale,
 wise from my winters. It is a wonder to say
 how mighty God gives to mankind,
 through his vast spirit, wisdom,
 a dwelling-place and nobility; he has power over all.
 Sometimes he allows the thoughts of a man
 of famous descent to wander in delight,
 gives him in his homeland earthly joy
 to hold, a protection-stronghold of men,
 171^f makes him rule parts of the world,
 a wide kingdom, so that he himself cannot,
 for his folly, think of the end.
 He lives in plenty; in no way do sickness or old age
 hinder him, treason-sorrow does not
 darken his thoughts, nor does strife anywhere
 manifest sword-hatred, but the whole world
 moves to his will – he does not know worse –,

until inside him a measure of arrogance
 grows and flourishes. Then the guardian sleeps,
 the soul's keeper; the sleep is too sound,
 bound with cares, the killer very near,
 who shoots with evil intent from the arrow-bow.
 Then he is struck in the heart, under the helmet,
 by the sharp arrow – he cannot protect himself –,
 by the evil wonder-advice of the accursed spirit;
 it seems too little to him what he had long held,
 he is avaricious, angry-minded, does not at all proudly give

1750 fætte bēagas, ond hē þā forðgesceaft
 forgyteð ond forgýmeð, þæs þe him ær God sealde,
 wuldres Waldend, weorðmynda dæl.
 Hit on endestæf eft gelimpeð
 þæt se līchoma lāne gedrēoseð,
 1755 fāge gefealleð; fēhð oþer tō,
 sē þe unmurnlice mādmas dāleþ,
 eorles ārgestrēon, egesan ne gýmeð.
 Bebeorh þe ðone bealonīð, Bēowulf lēofa,
 secg betsta, ond þē þæt sēlre gecēos,
 1760 ēce rādas; oferhýda ne gým,
 mære cempa. Nū is þīnes mægnes blāð
 āne hwīle. Eft sōna bið
 þæt þec ādl oððe ecg eafopes getwæfeð,
 oððe fýres feng, oððe flōdes wylm,
 1765 oððe gripe mēces, oððe gāres fliht,
 oððe atol ylðo; oððe ēagena bearhtm
 forsited and forsworced; semninga bið
 þæt ðec, dryhtguma, dēað oferswýðeð.
 Swā ic Hringdena hund missēra
 1770 wēold under wolcnum ond hig wigge belēac
 manigum mægþa geond þysne middangeard,
 æscum ond ecgum, þæt ic mē ænigne
 under swegles begong gesacan ne tealde.
 Hwæt, mē þæs on ēþle edwenden cwōm,
 1775 gyren æfter gomene, seopðan Grendel wearð,
 ealdgewinna, ingenga mīn;
 ic þære sōcne singāles wæg
 mōdceare micle. Þæs sig Metode þanc,
 ēcean Dryhtne, þæs ðe ic on aldre gebād

gold-plated rings, and his destiny
 he forgets and neglects, the share of honours
 171^v God gave him earlier, glory's Ruler.
 It often happens at the end
 that the transitory body droops
 and falls, doomed; another takes possession,
 who shares out treasures recklessly,
 the noble's ancient treasures, does not heed terror.
 Guard yourself against evil-violence, dear Beowulf,
 best of men, and choose that better part,
 eternal counsels; do not be intent on arrogance,
 famous warrior. Now your strength's glory lasts
 for a while. Soon afterwards it will happen
 that sickness or the sword will cut you off from power,
 or the fire's embrace, or the flood's surge,
 or the sword's attack or the spear's flight,
 or terrible age; or your eyes' brightness
 will diminish and grow dim; presently it will be
 that death will overpower you, warrior.
 Thus have I ruled the Ring-Danes for a hundred half-years
 under the clouds, and I have protected them in war
 against many a troop this middle-earth over,
 with spear and sword, so that I did not consider I had
 any adversary under the compass of heaven.
 Listen, a change from this came to me in my homeland,
 sorrow after joy, since Grendel,
 old enemy, became my visitor;
 172^f because of that visitation I constantly had
 great mind-grief. For that be thanks to the Lord,
 the eternal Lord, that I have stayed alive

1780 þæt ic on þone hafelan heorodrēorigne
 ofer ealðgewin ēagum starige!
 Gā nū tō setle, symbelwynne drēoh
 wīgge weorþað; unc sceal worn fela
 māþma gemānra, siþðan morgen bið."
 1785 Gēat wæs glædmōd, gēong sōna tō
 setles nēosan, swā se snottra heht.
 Þā wæs eft swā ær ellenrōfum
 fletsittendum fægere gereorded
 nīowan stefne. Nihthelm geswearc
 1790 deorc ofer dryhtgumum. Duguð eal ārās.
 Wolde blondenfeax beddes nēosan,
 gamela Scylding. Gēat unigmetes wēl,
 rōfne randwigan, restan lyste;
 sōna him seleþegn sīðes wērgum,
 1795 feorrancundum, forð wīsade,
 sē for andrysnum ealle betweotede
 þegnes þearfe, swylce þy dōgore
 heaþoliðende habban scoldon.
 Reste hine þā rūmheort; reced hliuade
 1800 gēap ond goldfāh; gæst inne swæf
 oþþæt hrefn blaca heofones wynne
 bliðheort bodode. Ðā cōm beorht scacan
 * * * scaþan ðnetton,
 wæron æþelingas eft tō lēodum
 1805 fūse tō farenne; wolde feor þanon
 cuma collenferhð cēoles nēosan.
 Heht þā se hearda Hrunting beran
 sunu Ecglāfes, heht his sweord niman,
 lēoflic īren; sægde him þæs lēanes þanc,

so that I can look upon the head, sword-bloody,
 after ancient strife, with my eyes!
 Go now to your seat, take part in the feast-joy,
 valour-honoured one; we shall share
 a large number of treasures, when it is morning."
 The Geat was glad at heart, quickly went there
 to seek out his seat, as the wise one had told him.
 Then as before, for the courage-famous ones,
 sitting in the hall, a feast was fittingly arranged
 again. Night-cover grew darker,
 dark over the retainers. The warriors all got up.
 The grey-haired one wanted to go to bed,
 old Scylding. The Geat did exceedingly much,
 brave shield-warrior, desire to rest;
 soon a hall-servant guided him forth,
 weary of his journey, come from far away,
 he who out of courtesy attended to all
 a retainer's needs, such as at that day
 war-travellers would have.
 The large-hearted man then rested; the hall towered,
 spacious and gold-adorned. The guest slept inside,
 until the black raven with blithe heart announced
 the heaven's joy. Then came hastening the bright
 172^v * * *, the warriors hastened,
 the nobles were then eager
 to return to their people; the bold-spirited visitor
 wanted to go to his ship, far from there.
 The brave man then ordered Hrunting to be brought
 to Ecglaf's son, told him take his sword,
 admirable iron; he said thanks for the loan,

1810 cwæð, hē þone gūðwine gōdne tealde,
 wīgcræftigne, nales wordum lōg
 mēces ecge; þæt wæs mōdig secg.
 Ond þā siððfrome, searwum gearwe
 wīgend wæron; ēode weorð Denum
 1815 æþeling tō yppan, þær se oþer wæs,
 hæle hildedēor Hrōðgār grētte.

XXVI

 Bēowulf maþelode, bearn Ecgþēowes:
 "Nū wē sǣliðend secgan wyllað,
 feorran cumene, þæt wē fundiaþ
 1820 Higelāc sēcan. Wæron hēr tela
 willum bewenede; þū ūs wēl dohtest.
 Gif ic þonne on eorþan ōwihte mæg
 þīnre mōdlufan māran tilian,
 gumena dryhten, ðonne ic gýt dyde,
 1825 gūðgeweorca, ic bēo gearo sōna.
 Gif ic þæt gefricge ofer flōða begang,
 þæt þec ymb sittend egesan þýwað,
 swā þec hetende hwīlum dydon,
 ic ðē þūsenda þegna bringe,
 1830 hæleþa tō helpe. Ic on Higelāce wāt,
 Gēata dryhten, þēah ðe hē geong sý,
 folces hyrde, þæt hē mec fremman wile
 wordum ond worcum, þæt ic þē wēl herige
 ond þē tō gēoce gārholt bere,
 1835 mægenes fultum, þær ðe bið manna þearf.
 Gif him þonne Hrēþric tō hofum Gēata

said he considered it a good war-friend,
 battle-strong, he did not at all blame
 the sword's edge with words; he was a bold man.
 And then the warriors were going to depart,
 ready in their armour; then the noble honoured by the Danes
 went to the high seat, where the other was,
 the battle-brave hero greeted Hrothgar.

Beowulf said, Ecgtheow's son:
 "Now we seafarers, come from afar,
 want to say that we desire
 to seek Hygelac. Here we were well
 entertained after our desires; you have treated us well.
 If I may in any way earn more
 of your heart-love on earth,
 mens' lord, than I have done so far
 by battle-deeds, I shall quickly be ready.
 173^f If I hear across the flood's compass
 that neighbours threaten you with terror,
 as your enemies sometimes did,
 I shall bring you thousands of retainers,
 heroes to your help. I know of Hygelac,
 that the Geats' lord, although he be young,
 the people's shepherd, will further me
 in word and deed, that I may show my esteem for you
 and bring the spear-wood to support you,
 my strength's support, where you have need of men.
 If Hrethric then determines to go to the Geats' courts,

geþingeð, þeodnes bearn, hē mæg þær fela
 frēonda findan; feorcýþðe bēoð
 sēlran gesōhte þām þe him selfa dēah."
 1840 Hrōðgār maþelode him on ondsware:
 "Þē þā wordcwydas wigtig Drihten
 on sefan sende; ne hýrde ic snotorlīcor
 on swā geongum feore guman þingian.
 Þū eart mægenes strang ond on mōde frōd,
 1845 wīs wordcwida. Wēn ic talige,
 gif þæt gegangeð, þæt ðe gār nymeð,
 hild heorugrimme, Hrēþles eaferan,
 ādl oþðe iren ealdor ðinne,
 folces hyrde, ond þū þīn feorh hafast,
 1850 þæt þe Sāgēatas sēlran næbben
 tō gecēosenne cyning ænigne,
 hordweard hæleþa, gyf þū healdan wylt
 māga rīce. Mē þīn mōdsefa
 līcað leng swā wēl, lēofa Bēowulf.
 1855 Hafast þū gefēred þæt þām folcum sceal,
 Gēata lēodum ond Gārdenum,
 sib gemæne, ond sacu restan,
 inwitnīþas, þe hīe ær drugon,
 wesan, þenden ic wealde wīdan rīces,
 1860 māþmas gemæne, manig oþerne
 gōdum gegrētan ofer ganotes bæð;
 sceal hringnaca ofer heafu bringan
 lāc ond luftācen. Ic þā lēode wāt
 ge wið fēond ge wið frēond fæste geworhte,
 1865 æghwæs untæle ealde wīsan."
 Dā gīt him eorla hlēo inne gesealde,

the king's son, he may find there
 many friends; far countries are
 better sought by him who is valiant himself."
 Hrothgar said in answer to him:
 "These speeches the wise Lord
 sent into your thought; I never heard a man
 at so young an age speak more wisely.
 You are mighty in strength and wise in mind,
 wise of speech. I consider it likely,
 if it happens that the spear takes away
 sword-grim battle, Hrethel's son,
 sickness or iron your lord,
 the people's shepherd, and you have your life,
 173^v that the Sea-Geats will not have any
 better man to choose as king,
 as the heroes' hoard-guardian, if you want to rule
 your kin's kingdom. Your spirit pleases me
 the longer the better, dear Beowulf.
 You have achieved it that the nations,
 the Geats' people and the Spear-Danes,
 shall have peace together, and the wars shall cease,
 treason-evils, which they earlier suffered,
 that, while I rule the wide kingdom,
 treasure shall be shared, many a one will greet
 the other with good things across the gannet's bath;
 the ring-boat shall, over the seas, bring
 gifts and love-token. I know the people are
 firmly disposed, be it against enemy or friend,
 blameless in every respect after the old fashion."
 Then the nobles' protector, Healfdene's son,

mago Healfdenes, māþmas twelfe;
 hēt hine mid þām lācum lēode swāse
 sēcean on gesyntum, snūde eft cuman.
 1870 Gecyste þā cyning æþelum gōd,
 þēoden Scyldinga, ðegn betstan
 ond be healse genam; hruron him tēaras,
 blondenfeaxum. Him wæs bēga wēn,
 ealdum infrōdum, oþres swīðor,
 1875 þæt hīc seoððan nō gesēon mōston,
 mōdige on meþle. Wæs him se man tō þon lēof
 þæt hē þone brēostwylm forberan ne mehte,
 ac him on hreþre hygebendum fæst
 æfter dēorum men dyrne langað
 1880 beorn wið blōde. Him Bēowulf þanan,
 gūðrinc goldwlanc, græsmoldan træd
 since hrēmig; sægenga bād
 āgendfrēan, sē þe on ancre rād.
 Þā wæs on gange gifu Hrōðgāres
 1885 oft geæhted; þæt wæs ān cyning,
 æghwæs orleah tre, oþþæt hine ylðo benam
 mægenes wynnum, sē þe oft manegum scod.

XXVII

Cwōm þā tō flōde felamōdigra,
 hægstealdra hēap, hringnet bāron,
 1890 locene leoðosyr can. Landweard onfand
 eftsið eorla, swā hē ær dyde;
 nō hē mid hearme of hliðes nōsan
 gæstas grētte, ac him tōgēanes rād,

yet gave him within the hall twelve precious gifts;
 told him to go in health with those gifts,
 visit his own dear people, and come back quickly.
 The king, noble in descent, then kissed,
 the Scyldings' king, the best of retainers
 and clasped him round the neck; the grey-haired man's
 tears fell. He expected either,
 174^f the very old and wise one, but more so the one,
 that they could not see each other again,
 bold men in council. This man was so dear to him
 that he could not keep back the breast-surge,
 but in his breast, fast in mind-bonds,
 a secret longing for the dear man
 burned in his blood. Then Beowulf,
 gold-proud warrior, trod the grass-earth from there,
 glorying in treasure; the ship was waiting
 for the owner-lord, which rode at anchor.
 As they were leaving, Hrothgar's giving
 was often praised; he was a king,
 altogether blameless, until old age deprived him
 of the joys of strength, who had often harmed many.

Then the troop of the most courageous ones,
 of the young ones, came to the flood, wore ring-mail,
 interlocked limb-coats. The land-guard then perceived
 the nobles' return, as he had done before;
 not with insult did he greet the guests
 174^v from the headland's ridge, but rode towards them,

cwæð þæt wilcuman Wedera lēodum
 1895 scaþan scīrhamē tō scipe fōron.
 Þā wæs on sande sǣgēap naca
 hladen herewǣdum, hringedstefna,
 mēarum ond mǣðmum; mæst hlifade
 ofer Hrōðgāres hordgestrēonum.
 1900 Hē þām bātwearde bunden golde
 swurd gesealde, þæt hē syðþan wæs
 on meodubence mǣþme þȳ weorþra,
 yrfelāfe. Gewāt him on naca
 drēfan dēop wæter, Dena land ofgeaf.
 1905 Þā wæs be mæste merehræglasum,
 segl sǣle fæst; sundwudu þunede.
 Nō þær wēgflotan wind ofer ȳðum
 sīðes getwǣfde; sǣgenga fōr,
 flēat fāmigheals forð ofer ȳðe,
 1910 bundenstefna ofer brimstrēamas,
 þæt hīe Gēata clifu ongitan meah-ton,
 cūpe næssas. Cēol up geþrang
 lyftgeswenced, on lande stōd.
 Hraþe wæs æt holme hȳðweard geara
 1915 sē þe ær lange tīd lēofra manna
 fūs æt faroðe feor wlātode;
 sǣlde tō sande sīdfæþme scip,
 oncerbendum fæst, þȳ lās hym ȳþa ðrym
 wudu wynsuman forwrecan meah-te.
 1920 Hēt þā up beran æþelinga gestrēon,
 frætwe ond fætgold; nās him feor þanon
 tō gesēcenne sinces bryttan,
 Higelāc Hrēþling, þær æt hām wunað

said that, welcome to the people of the Weathers,
 the bright-armoured warriors proceeded to the ship.
 Then on the sand the sea-spacious boat
 was loaded with battle-dresses, the ring-prow
 with horses and treasures; the mast towered
 over Hrothgar's hoard-treasures.
 He gave the boat-keeper a sword,
 bound with gold, that afterwards he was
 more honoured on the mead-bench for the treasure,
 the heirloom. The boat went on
 to stir up the deep water, left the Danes' land.
 Then to the mast a sea-cloth,
 a sail was fastened by a rope; the sea-wood groaned.
 Nor did the wind over the waves deprive
 the wave-floater of its course; the sea-walker went on,
 the foamy-neck floated forth over the waves,
 twisted prow over the sea-streams,
 until they could discern the Geats' cliffs,
 well-known headlands. The keel pressed up,
 driven by the wind, it stood on the land.
 175' Quickly the haven-guard was ready by the sea,
 he who before had a long time with longing
 looked out far over the sea for the dear men;
 he fastened to the beach the roomy ship,
 fastened by anchor-ropes, lest the waves' force
 should drive the fair wood away from them.
 Then he ordered the nobles' treasures be carried up,
 jewels and plate-gold; it was not far from there for them
 to seek the giver of treasure,
 Hygelac, Hrethel's son, where he dwells at home,

selfa mid gesiðum sǣwealle nēah.
 1925 Bold wæs betlic, bregorōf cyning,
 hēah in healle, Hygd swiðe geong,
 wīs, wēlpungen, þēah ðe wintra lýt
 under burhlocan gebiden hæbbe,
 Hæreþes dohtor; næs hīo hnāh swā þēah,
 1930 ne tō gnēað gifa Gēata lēodum,
 māþmgestrēona. Mōdþrýðo wæg,
 fremu folces cwēn, firen ondrysne.
 Nānig þæt dorste dēor genēþan
 swāsra gesiða, nefne sinfrēa,
 1935 þæt hire an dāges ēagum starede,
 ac him wælbende weotode tealde
 handgewriþene; hraþe seopðan wæs
 æfter mundgripe mēce geþinged,
 þæt hit sceādenmæl scýran mōste,
 1940 cwealmbealu cýðan. Ne bið swylc cwēnlic þēaw
 idese tō efnanne, þēah ðe hīo ænlicu sý,
 þætte freoðuwebbe fēores onsæce
 æfter ligetorne lēofne mannan.
 Hūru þæt onhōhsnode Hemminges mæg;
 1945 ealodrincende oðer sǣdan,
 þæt hīo lēodbealewa lās gefremede,
 inwitniða, syððan ærest wearð
 gyfen goldhroden geongum ceman,
 æðelum diore, syððan hīo Offan flet
 1950 ofer fealone flōd be fæder lāre
 siðe gesōhte. Ðær hīo syððan well
 in gumstōle, gōde mære,
 lifgesceafta lifigende brēac,

himself with his retainers, near the sea-wall.
 The building was splendid, the king very famous,
 high in hall, Hygd was very young,
 wise, accomplished, although she had only lived
 few winters within the stronghold-enclosure;
 Hæreth's daughter; however, she was not mean
 nor too sparing in giving treasures
 to the people of the Geats. Modthryth carried out
 terrible crime, high queen of the people.
 No brave one of her own courtiers
 dared venture, except as husband,
 that by day he might look at her with his eyes,
 175^v but he might count on slaughter-bonds destined for him,
 hand-woven; quickly then
 after his capture the knife was appointed,
 so that the damascened sword might settle it,
 announce death-evil. Such is not queenly custom
 for a woman to practise, although she may be peerless,
 that the peace-weaver should deprive a dear man
 of life after a fancied insult.
 Indeed, Hemming's kinsman stopped that;
 the ale-drinkers also said
 that she committed less people-harm,
 hostile acts, when once she had been
 given, gold-bedecked, to the young warrior,
 noble in descent, when she visited Offa's court,
 across the fallow flood, in a journey
 at her father's bidding. There, afterwards, she used
 her fortunes well, on the throne,
 famed for her goodness, while she was alive,

hīold hēahlufan wið hæleþa brego,
 1955 ealles moncynnes mīne gefræge
 þone sēlestan bī sām twēonum,
 eormencynnes. Forðām Offa wæs
 geofum ond gūðum, gārcēne man,
 wīde geweorðod, wīsdōme hēold
 1960 ēðel sīnne; þonon Ēomēr wōc
 hæleðum tō helpe, Hemminges mæg,
 nefa Gārmundes, nīða cræftig.

XXVIII

Gewāt him ðā se hearda mid his hondscole
 sylf æfter sande sǣwong tredan,
 1965 wīde waroðas. Woruldcandel scān,
 sigel sūðan fūs. Hī sīð drugon,
 elne geēodon, tō ðæs ðe eorla hlēo,
 bonan Ongenþēoes burgum in innan,
 geongne gūðcýning gōdne gefrūnon
 1970 hringas dǣlan. Higelāce wæs
 sīð Bēowulfes snūde gecýðed,
 þæt ðær on worðig wīgendra hlēo,
 lindgestealla, lifigende cwōm,
 heaðolāces hāl tō hofe gongan.
 1975 Hraðe wæs gerýmed, swā se rīca bebēad,
 fēðegestum flet innanweard.
 Gesæt þā wið sylfne sē ðā sæcce genæs,
 mæg wið mæge, siððan mandryhten
 þurh hlēoðorcwyde holdne gegrētte,
 1980 mēaglum wordum. Meoduscencum hwearf

she held high-love for the heroes' lord,
 of all mankind, as far as I learnt,
 the best between the seas,
 176^f of humankind. Therefore Offa was,
 for gifts and wars, spear-keen man,
 widely renowned, ruled
 his homeland in wisdom. Of him was born Eomer,
 a help to heroes, Hemming's kinsman,
 Garmund's grandson, mighty in battle.

Then the hero went, with his companions,
 by the sand, treading the sea-plain,
 the broad shore. The world-candle shone,
 the sun hastening from the south. They passed on the way,
 went quickly where they had heard
 that the nobles' protector, Ongentheow's slayer,
 brave young war-king, was dealing out rings
 inside the stronghold. To Hygelac
 Beowulf's coming was quickly announced,
 that there into the precincts the warriors' protector,
 shield-companion, had come alive,
 safe from battle-play, walking to the court.
 Quickly the floor inside was cleared
 for the foot-warriors, as the mighty one ordered.
 Opposite himself then sat he who had got safely through battle,
 176^v kinsman opposite kinsman, after the man-lord
 had greeted the loyal one by ceremonious speech,
 in hearty words. With mead-vessels

geond þæt healreced Hæreðes dohtor,
 lufode ðā lēode, līðwāge bær
 hæleðum tō handa. Higelāc ongan
 sīnne geseldan in sele þām hēan
 1985 fægre fricgcean – hyne fyrwet bræc,
 hwylce Sægēata sīðas wæron –:
 "Hū lomp ēow on lāde, lēofa Bīowulf,
 þā ðū fāringa feorr gehogodest
 sæcce sēcean ofer sealt wæter,
 1990 hilde tō Hiorote? Ac ðū Hrōðgāre
 wīdcūðne wēan wihte gebēttest,
 mārūm ðēodne? Ic ðæs mōdceare
 sorhwylmum sēað, sīðe ne truwode
 lēofes mannes; ic ðē lange bæd
 1995 þæt ðū þone wælgæst wihte ne grētte,
 lēte Sūðdene sylfe geweorðan
 gūðe wið Grendel. Gode ic þanc secge
 þæs ðe ic ðē gesundne gesēon mōste."
 Bīowulf maðelode, bearn Ecgðioes:
 2000 "Þæt is undyrne, dryhten Higelāc,
 micel gemēting, monegum fira,
 hwylc orleghwīl uncer Grendles
 wearð on ðām wange, þær hē worna fela
 Sigescyldingum sorge gefremede,
 2005 yrmðe tō aldre. Ic ðæt eall gewræc,
 swā begylpan ne þearf Grendeles māga
 ænig ofer eorðan ūthlem þone,
 sē ðe lengest leofað lāðan cynnes,
 fācne bifongen. Ic ðær furðum cwōm
 2010 tō ðām hringsele Hrōðgār grētan;

Hæreth's daughter went around that hall,
 cherished the people, bore the drink-cup
 to the heroes' hands. Hygelac began
 courteously to ask his companion
 in the high hall – curiosity took hold of him,
 what the adventures of the Sea-Geats had been –:
 "How did it befall you, dear Beowulf, on your journey,
 when you suddenly decided to seek
 a fight far off, across salt water,
 battle in Heorot? But did you in any way improve
 his wide-known woe for Hrothgar,
 famous king? For this I was troubled with mind-sorrow,
 sorrow-surgings, did not trust the journey
 of my dear man; I had asked you for a long time
 that you would not at all greet the slaughter-ghost,
 let the South-Danes themselves settle
 the war against Grendel. I say thank to God
 because I was able to see you safe and sound."
 Beowulf said, Ecgtheow's son:
 177^r "That is not secret, lord Hygelac,
 to many men, that great meeting,
 what fight between the two of us, Grendel,
 then arose on that plain, where he had committed
 a large number of sorrows to the Victory-Scyldings,
 misery for a long time. I avenged all that,
 so that no kin of Grendel's may ever boast
 on earth about that dawn-crash,
 he who lives longest of the hateful race,
 encompassed by crime. There I first came
 to the ring-hall to greet Hrothgar;

sōna mē se mǣra mago Healfdenes,
 syððan hē mōdsefan mīnne cūðe,
 wið his sylfes sunu setl getæhte.
 Weorod wæs on wynne; ne seah ic wīdan feorh
 2015 under heofones hwealf healsittendra
 medudrēam mǣran. Hwīlum mǣru cwēn,
 friðusibb folca, flet eall geondhwearf,
 bædde byre geonge; oft hīo bēahwriðan
 secge sealde, ær hīe tō setle gēong.
 2020 Hwīlum for duguðe dohtor Hrōðgāres
 eorlum on ende ealuwæge bær;
 þā ic Frēaware fletsittende
 nemnan hȳrde, þær hīo nægled sinc
 hælēðum sealde. Sīo gehāten is,
 2025 geong, goldhroden, gladum suna Frōdan;
 hafað þæs geworden wine Scyldinga,
 rīces hȳrde ond þæt ræd talað,
 þæt hē mid ðy wīfe wælfæhða dæl,
 sæcca gesette. Oft seldan hwær
 2030 æfter lēodhryre lȳtle hwīle
 bongār būgeð, þēah sēo brȳd duge.
 Mæg þæs þonne ofþyncan ðēodne Heaðobeardna
 ond þegna gehwām þāra lēoda,
 þonne hē mid fāmnan on flett gæð
 2035 dryhtbearn Dena, duguða biwenede.
 On him gladiað gomelra lāfe,
 heard ond hringmæl Heaðabeardna gestrēon
 þenden hīe ðām wæpnum wealdan mōston,

soon Healfdene's famous son,
 when he knew my intention,
 allotted me a seat opposite his own sons.
 The company was joyous, never in my life had I seen,
 under heaven's vault, greater mead-joy
 of hall-sitters. Sometimes the famous queen,
 the nation's peace-pledge, walked all around the hall,
 urged the young men on; often she gave a ring-band
 177^v to a man, before she went to her seat.
 Sometimes Hrothgar's daughter carried the ale-cup
 before the company, to all the nobles;
 then Freawaru I heard the hall-sitters
 call her, as she gave the nail-studded vessel
 to the heroes. She is promised,
 young and gold-covered, to Froda's lordly son;
 this the Scyldings' friend has decided,
 kingdom's guardian, and considers it good counsel,
 that with that woman he would settle a great deal of
 slaughter-feuds, of quarrels. As a rule, rarely does,
 after the fall of a leader, even for a little time,
 the killer-spear lie idle, though the bride may be good.
 Then it may displease the Heathobards' king
 and each of the retainers of that people,
 when he goes into the hall with the woman,
 that the noble sons of the Danes are treated gloriously.
 On him the heirlooms of their ancestors glisten,
 the Heathobards' hard and ring-adorned treasure,
 as long as they could wield their weapons,

[XXVIII-XXX]

oððæt hie forlæddan tō ðām lindplegan
 2040 swāse gesiðas ond hyra sylfra feorh.
 Þonne cwið æt beore sē ðe beah gesyhð,
 eald æscwiga, sē ðe eall geman,
 gārcwealm gumena, him bið grim sefa,
 onginneð geōmormōd geongum ceman
 2045 þurh hreðra gehygd higes cunnian,
 wīgbealu weccan, ond þæt word ācwyð:
 'Meaht ðū, mīn wine, mēce gecnāwan
 þone þīn fæder tō gefeohte bær
 under heregrīman hindeman sīðe,
 2050 dýre īren, þær hyne Dene slōgon,
 wēoldon wælstōwe, syððan Wiðergyld læg,
 æfter hæleþa hryre, hwate Scyldungas?
 Nū hēr þāra banena byre nāthwylces
 frætwum hrēmig on flet gæð,
 2055 morðres gylpeð, ond þone mādþum byreð,
 þone þe ðū mid rihte rædan sceoldest.'
 Manað swā ond myndgað mæla gehwylce
 sārūm wordum, oððæt sæl cymeð
 þæt se fæmnan þegn fore fæder dædum
 2060 æfter billes bite blōdfāg swefeð,
 ealdres scyldig; him se oðer þonan
 losað lifigende, con him land geara.
 Þonne bīoð ābrocene on bā healfe
 āðsweord eorla; syððan Ingelde
 2065 weallað wælniðas, ond him wīflufan
 æfter cearwælmum cōlran weorðað.

until they had led their own dear companions
 and their own life to destruction in the shield-play.
 178' He will then speak at his beer, who sees the ring,
 old spear-warrior, who remembers everything,
 spear-death of men, his thought is grim,
 gloomy by the heart's thought he begins to test
 a young warrior's mind,
 wake battle-evil, and speaks that word:
 'Can you, my friend, recognize the sword
 which your father carried to the fight,
 under the battle-mask that last time,
 precious iron, where the Danes killed him,
 possessed the slaughter-place, when Withergyld lay there
 after the fall of heroes, the brave Scyldings?
 Now here a son of some one of those slayers,
 glorying in his gear, goes into the hall,
 boasts of the murder, and bears the treasure
 which you should rightly possess.'
 He thus urges and reminds him time after time
 with bitter words, until the time comes
 that due to his father's deeds the woman's retainer
 after the sword's bite sleeps covered with blood,
 forfeit of his life; the other will
 178' escape with his life, he knows the land well.
 Then on both sides the sworn oaths of the nobles
 will be broken; then deadly hate
 wells up in Ingeld, and for him wife-love
 becomes cooler after the sorrow-surges.

Ðý ic Heaðobeardna hylde ne telge,
 dryhtsibbe dæl Denum unfæcne,
 frēondscipe fæstne. Ic sceal forð spreca
 2070 gēn ymbe Grendel, þæt ðū geare cunne,
 sínces brytta, tō hwan syððan wearð
 hondræs hæleða. Syððan heofones gim
 glād ofer grundas, gæst yrre cwōm,
 eatol æfengrom, ūser nēosan,
 2075 ðær wē gesunde sæl weardodon.
 Þær wæs Hondscio hild onsæge,
 feorhbealu fægum; hē fyrrest læg,
 gyrded cempa; him Grendel wearð,
 mærum maguþegne tō mūðbonan,
 2080 lēofes mannes lic eall forswealg.
 Nō ðý ær ūt ðā gēn idelhende
 bona blōdigtoð, bealewa gemyndig,
 of ðām goldsele gongan wolde,
 ac hē mægnæs rōf mīn costode,
 2085 grāpode gearofolm. Glōf hangode
 sīd ond syllic, searobendum fæst;
 sīo wæs orðoncum eall gegyrwed
 deofles cræftum ond dracan fellum.
 Hē mec þær on innan unsynnigne,
 2090 dīor dædfruma, gedōn wolde
 manigra sumne; hyt ne mihte swā,
 syððan ic on yrre uppriht āstōd.
 Tō lang ys tō reccenne hū ic ðām lēodsceaðan
 yfla gehwylces ondlēan forgeald;
 2095 þær ic, þeoden mīn, þīne lēode
 weorðode weorcum. Hē on weg losade,

Therefore I do not count the Heathobards' faith,
 the great alliance, as sincere towards the Danes,
 their friendship as stable. I shall speak further,
 again about Grendel, that you may know for sure,
 treasure's giver, what was then the outcome
 of the heroes' hand-struggle. After heaven's gem
 had glided over the earth, the angry demon came,
 horrible evening-enemy, to visit us,
 where we, safe and sound, were guarding the hall.
 There battle was fatal for Hondscio,
 life-evil for the doomed man; he lay nearest,
 belted warrior; Grendel became
 the famous kin-retainer's mouth-slayer.
 gulped down all the beloved man's body.
 But even for that the bloody-toothed slayer,
 thinking of evil, would not
 go emptyhanded from the gold-hall,
 but he tried me, strong in might,
 179' gripped me with ready hand. A glove hung,
 large and strange, fastened by curious clasps;
 it was all skilfully prepared
 with the devil's crafts and dragons' skins.
 He, the fierce deed-doer, wanted to put me,
 unoffending, inside there,
 as one of many; but he could not do so,
 after I had stood up in anger.
 It is too long to tell how to the people-enemy I
 paid compensation for every evil;
 there I, my lord, exalted your people
 by my works. He slipped away,

lȳtle hwile lifwynna brēac;
 hwæþre him sīo swiðre swaðe weardade
 hand on Hiorde, ond hē hēan ðonan
 2100 mōdes geōmor meregrund gefēoll.
 Mē þone wælræs wine Scildunga
 fāttan golde fela lēanode,
 manegum mādum syððan mergen cōm
 ond wē tō symble geseten hæfdon.
 2105 Þær wæs gidd ond glēo. Gomela Scilding,
 felafricgende, feorran rehte;
 hwilum hildedēor hearpan wyne,
 gomenwudu grētte, hwilum gyd āwræc
 sōð ond sārlic, hwilum syllic spell
 2110 rehte æfter rihte rūmheort cyning.
 Hwilum eft ongan, eldo gebunden,
 gome gūðwiga gioguðe cwīðan,
 hildestrengo; hreðer inne wēoll,
 þonne hē wintrum frōd worn gemunde.
 2115 Swā wē þær inne ondlangne dæg
 nīode nāman, oððæt niht becwōm
 oðer tō yldum. Þā wæs eft hraðe
 gearo gyrnwræce Grendeles mōdor,
 sīðode sorhfull; sunu dēað fornam,
 2120 wīghete Wedra. Wif unhyre
 hyre bearn gewræc, beorn ācwealde
 ellenlice; þær wæs Æschere,
 frōdan fyrnwitan, feorh ūðgegne.
 Nōðer hȳ hine ne mōston, syððan mergen cwōm,
 2125 dēaðwērigne, Denia lēode,
 bronde forbærnan, ne on bæl hladan

for a little time enjoyed life-joys;
 however, his right hand guarded his track
 in Heorot, and he, wretched,
 sad in mind, fell from there to the mere-bottom.
 For this slaughter-rush the Scyldings' friend
 paid me with much plated gold,
 many treasures, when the morning came
 and we had sat down to the feast.
 179^v There was song and glee. The old Scylding,
 who had learnt much, told of the past;
 sometimes the battle-brave one greeted the harp's joy,
 the play-wood, sometimes recited a song,
 true and mournful, sometimes the generous king
 rightly recounted a strange tale.
 Sometimes afterwards he began, bound by age,
 old warrior, to mourn for his youth,
 battle-strength; his heart surged within,
 when he, old in winters, remembered much.
 So in there, the whole day long, we
 took our pleasure, until another night
 came for men. Then afterwards quickly
 Grendel's mother was ready for grief-revenge,
 she journeyed, sorrowful; death took away her son,
 the Weathers' war-hatred. The monstrous woman
 avenged her child, boldly killed
 a warrior; there life was departed
 from Æschere, the wise old counsellor.
 Nor could they, after morning came,
 the people of the Danes, burn him with fire,
 when he was dead, nor lay the beloved man

lēofne mannan; hīo þæt līc ætbær
 fēondes fæðmum under firgenstrēam.
 Þæt wæs Hrōðgāre hrēowa tornost
 2130 þāra þe lēodfruman lange begēate.
 Þā se ðēoden mec ðīne līfe
 healsode hrēohmōd, þæt ic on holma geþring
 eorlscipe efnde, ealdre genēðde,
 mārðo fremede; hē mē mēde gehēt.
 2135 Ic ðā ðæs wælmes, þe is wīde cūð,
 grimne gryrelīcne grundhyrde fond;
 þær unc hwīle wæs hand gemæne,
 holm heolfre wēoll, ond ic hēafde becearf
 in ðām gūðsele Grendes mōdor
 2140 ēacnum ecgum, unsōfte þonan
 feorh oðferede. Næs ic fæge þā gýt,
 ac mē eorla hlēo eft gesealde
 māðma menigeo, maga Healfdenes.

XXXI

Swā se ðēodkyning þēawum lyfde.
 2145 Nealles ic ðām lēanum forloren hæfde,
 mægnes mēde, ac hē mē māðmas geaf,
 sunu Healfdenes, on mīnne sylfes dōm;
 ðā ic ðē, beornkyning, bringan wylle,
 ēstum geýwan. Gēn is eall æt ðē
 2150 lissa gelong; ic lýt hafo
 hēafodmāga nefne, Hygelāc, ðec."
 Hēt ðā in beran eaforhēafodsegn,
 heaðostēapne helm, hāre byrnan,

180' on the pyre; she had carried the body away
 in her fiendish grasp, under the mountain-stream.
 That was the most grievous of sorrows for Hrothgar,
 of those which long had befallen the people-leader.
 Then the king, sad in mind, implored me
 by your life, that in the waters' tumult
 I should perform heroic deeds, risk my life,
 do glorious deeds; he promised me reward.
 I then found, as is widely known,
 the flood's grim, terrible bottom-guardian;
 there, for a while, was a hand-to-hand struggle for us,
 the water surged with blood, and I cut off the head
 of Grendel's mother in that war-hall
 with a mighty sword, I hardly took my life
 away from there. Then I was not yet doomed,
 but the nobles' protector afterwards gave me
 many treasures, Healfdene's son.

So the people-king lived according to custom.
 I had not at all lost by those rewards,
 180' reward for might, but he gave me treasures,
 Healfdene's son, after my own judgement;
 those I want to bring you, warrior-king,
 present them with good will. All my joys are still
 dependent on you; I have few
 near relatives except you, Hygelac."
 He then ordered the boar-head standard to be brought in,
 the helmet towering in battle, the grey mailshirt,

gūðsweord geatolic, gyd æfter wræc:
 2155 "Mē ðis hildesceorp Hrōðgār sealde,
 snotra fengel, sume worde hēt
 þæt ic his ārest ðē ēst gesægde.
 Cwæð þæt hyt hæfde Hiorogār cyning,
 lēod Scyldunga lange hwile;
 2160 nō ðy ār suna sīnum syllan wolde,
 hwatum Heorowearde, þēah hē him hold wære,
 brēostgewædu. Brūc ealles well."
 Hýrde ic þæt þām frætwum fēower mēaras
 lungre, gelice, lāst weardode,
 2165 æppelfealuwe; hē him ēst getēah
 mēara ond māðma. Swā sceal mæg dōn,
 nealles inwitnet oðrum bregdon
 dyrnum cræfte, dēað rēnian
 hondgesteallan. Hygelāce wæs,
 2170 nīða heardum, nefa swyðe hold,
 ond gehwæðer oðrum hrōþra gemyndig.
 Hýrde ic þæt hē ðone healsbēah Hygde gesealde,
 wrætlicne wundurmāððum, ðone þe him Wealhðeo geaf,
 ðeodnes dohtor, þrīo wicg somod
 2175 swancor ond sadolbeorht; hyre syððan wæs
 æfter bēahðege brēost geweorðod.
 Swā bealdode bearn Ecgðeowes,
 guma gūðum cūð, gōdum dædum,
 drēah æfter dōme, nealles druncne slōg
 2180 heorðgenēatas; næs him hrēoh sefa,
 ac hē mancynnes mæste cræfte
 ginfæstan gife, þe him God sealde,
 hēold hildedēor. Hēan wæs lange,

the splendid war-shirt, then he pronounced this speech:
 "This battle-gear Hrothgar gave me,
 the wise ruler, in certain words he asked me
 to tell you first of its history.
 He said that King Heorogar had it,
 the Scyldings' leader, for a long time;
 still he would not give it to his son,
 brave Heorowearde, although he was loyal to him,
 this breast-dress. Use it all well."
 I heard that four mares, swift and alike,
 apple-fallow, guarded the tracks
 of the gear; he gave him the gift
 181 of mares and treasures. Thus a kinsman should do,
 and not at all weave a treason-net for the other
 by secret craft, prepare death
 for the hand-companion. To Hygelac,
 the brave in battle, his nephew was very loyal,
 and each was mindful of the other's benefit.
 I heard that he gave that neck-ring to Hygd,
 the curious wonder-treasure, which Wealhtheow had given him,
 the king's daughter, and also three horses,
 graceful and saddle-bright; afterwards
 her breast was adorned after the ring-receiving.
 Thus Ecgtheow's son showed himself brave,
 the man known in war, by brave deeds,
 acted in pursuit of glory, never killed hearth-companions
 at the drinking; his mind was not fierce,
 but he held the greatest strength of mankind
 the liberal gift that God gave him,
 brave in battle. He was despised for a long time,

swā hyne Gēata bearn gōdne ne tealdon,
 2185 ne hyne on medobence micles wyrðne
 drihten Wedera gedōn wolde;
 swyðe wēndon þæt hē slēac wære,
 æðeling unfrom. Edwenden cwōm
 tirēadigum menn torna gehwylces.
 2190 Hēt ðā eorla hlēo in gefetian,
 heaðorōf cyning, Hrēðles lāfe
 golde gegyrede; næs mid Gēatum ðā
 sincmāðþum sēlra on sweordes hād;
 þæt hē on Bīowulfes bearm ālegde
 2195 ond him gesealde seofan þūsendo,
 bold ond bregostōl. Him wæs bām samod
 on ðām lēodscipe lond gecynde,
 eard, ēðelriht, oðrum swīðor
 sīde rīce þām ðær sēlra wæs.
 2200 Eft þæt geiode ufaran dōgrum
 hildehlāmmum, syððan Hygelāc læg
 ond Heardrēde hildemēceas
 under bordhrēoðan tō bonan wurdon,
 ðā hyne gesōhtan on sigepēode
 2205 hearde hildfreca, Heaðoscilfingas,
 nīða genāgdan nefan Hererīces,
 syððan Bēowulfe brāde rīce
 on hand gehwearf. Hē gehēold tela
 fiftig wintra, wæs ðā frōd cyning,
 2210 eald ēpelweard, oððæt ān ongan
 deorcum nihtum draca rīcsian,
 sē ðe on hēaum hāþe hord beweotode,
 stānbeorh stēapne; stīg under læg,

as the children of the Geats did not consider him brave,
 nor, on the mead-bench, would the Weathers' lord
 181^v do him great honour;
 they very much thought that he was slothful,
 a weak prince. A change came
 to the glorious man of all afflictions.
 Then the warriors' protector, battle-glorious king,
 ordered Hrethel's heirloom to be brought in,
 decked in gold; with the Geats then there was no
 better treasure in the form of a sword;
 that he laid in Beowulf's lap
 and gave him seven thousand (hides of land),
 a hall and a prince's seat. To both of them together
 in that country land had descended
 dwelling, homeland-right, but the great kingdom
 went rather to the one who was higher in rank.
 Afterwards that happened in later days
 by battle-tumult, when Hygelac had fallen
 and for Heardred battle-swords
 had become slayers under the shield-covering,
 when the Battle-Scylfings, bold warriors,
 sought him out among the victory-people,
 attacked Hereric's nephew by force,
 182^f then the wide kingdom came
 into Beowulf's hand. He ruled well
 for fifty winters, then he was an old king,
 old homeland-guardian, until one began
 to have power in dark nights, a dragon,
 who on a high heath guarded a treasure,
 a steep stone-barrow; beneath lay a path

eldum uncūð. Þær on innan gīong
 2215 niða nāthwylc, sē ðe nēh gefēng
 hǣðnum horde, hond [. . .]
 ... since fāhne. Hē þæt syððan [. . .]
 þēah ðe hē slæpende besyred wurde
 þeofes cræfte; þæt sīe ðīod onfand,
 2220 būfolc beorna þæt hē gebolgen wæs.

XXXII

Nealles mid gewældum wýrmhord ābræc
 sylfes willum, sē ðe him sære gesceōð,
 ac for þrēanēðlan þēow nāthwylces
 hǣleða bearna heteswengeas flēah,
 2225 ærnes þearfa, ond ðær inne fealh,
 secg synbysig, sōna onfunde
 þæt ... ðām gyste gryrebrōga stōð;
 hwæðre earm sceapen
 sceapen
 2230 Þā hyne se fār begeat.
 Sincfæt ...; þær wæs swylcra fela
 in ðām eorðhūse ārgestrēona,
 swā hý on geārdagum gumena nāthwylc,
 eormenlāfe æþelan cynnes,
 2235 þanchycgende þær gehýdde,
 dēore mǣðmas. Ealle hīe dēað fornam
 ārran mǣlum, ond se ān ðā gēn
 lēoda duguðe, sē ðær lengest hwearf,
 weard winegeōmor, wēnde þæs ylcan,
 2240 þæt hē lýtél fæc longgestrēona

unknown to men. There some man
 went inside, who, close up, grasped
 the heathen hoard, his hand ...
 adorned with treasure. Then he did not ...
 although he was tricked in his sleep
 by the thief's skill; then the people perceived,
 the warriors' dweller-people, that he was angry.

He did not at all of his own accord break into the dragon-hoard,
 for his own purpose, he who harmed him sorely,
 but for dire need the slave of some
 son of heroes fled from hatred-blows,
 lacking a home, and passed in there,
 sin-distressed man, he soon perceived
 that there terrible fear rose up for the visitor;
 however wretched ...

182^v

... made
 ... when fear took hold of him.
 The treasure-vessel ...; there were many such
 ancient treasures in the earth-house,
 a noble race's immense legacy,
 which in bygone days some man
 had thoughtfully hidden there,
 precious treasures. Death had taken them all away
 in earlier times, and then that one
 of the people's warriors who lived longest,
 friend-gloomy guardian, expected the same,
 that only for a short time would he be able to use

brūcan mōste. Beorh eallgearo
 wunode on wonge wæteryðum nēah,
 nīwe be nasse, nearocræftum fæst.
 Ðær on innan bær eorlgestrēona
 2245 hringa hyrde hordwyrðne dæl,
 fættan goldes, fēa worda cwæð:
 "Heald þū nū, hrūse, nū hæleð ne mōston,
 eorla æhte. Hwæt, hyt ær on ðē
 gōde begēaton. Gūðdēað fornam,
 2250 feorhbealo frēcne, fýra gehwylcne
 lēoda mīnra, þāra ðe þis lif ofgeaf,
 gesāwon seledrēam. Nāh hwā sweord wege
 oððe forð bere fæted wæge,
 dryncfæt dēore; duguð ellor sceōc.
 2255 Sceal se hearda helm hyrsted golde
 fætum befeallen; feormynd swefað,
 þā ðe beadogrīman býwan sceoldon,
 geswylce sēo herepād, sīo æt hilde gebād
 ofer borda gebræc bite irena,
 2260 broснаð æfter beorne. Ne mæg byrnan hring
 æfter wīgfruman wīde fēran,
 hæleðum be healfe. Næs hearpan wyn,
 gomen glēobēames, ne gōd hafoc
 geond sæl swingeð, ne se swifta mearh
 2265 burhstede bēateð. Bealocwealm hafað
 fela feorhcynna forð onsended."
 Swā giōmormod giohðo mænde
 ān æfter eallum, unblīðe hwearf
 dægес ond nihtes, oððæt dēaðes wylm
 2270 hrān æt heortan. Hordwynne fond

the long-treasures. The barrow, all ready,
 stood on the plain, near the water-waves,
 newly made by the headland, fast by hindering-spells.
 Into that the rings' guardian carried
 a large amount of noble-treasures, of hoard-worthy
 plated gold, spoke a few words:
 "Hold you now, earth, since the heroes could not,
 the possession of nobles. Listen, earlier brave men
 won it from you. War-death took away,
 fierce live-evil, all the men
 of my people, those who gave up this life,
 had seen hall-joys. I have no one who could bear a sword
 183' or carry forth the plated cup,
 the precious drinking-vessel; the old warriors have gone elsewhere.
 The hard helmet, decorated with gold,
 shall now be deprived of its gold-plate; the polishers sleep,
 who were to polish the battle-masks,
 the war-dress, too, which at battle awaited
 the irons' bite over the shields' crashing,
 perishes after the warrior. The mail-shirt's ring may not
 travel far with the battle-brave one,
 at the side of heroes. There is no harp's joy at all,
 gladdening-wood's play, no good hawk
 sweeps through the hall, nor does the swift horse
 paw the stronghold. Evil-death has
 sent away many of the life-kinsmen."
 Thus he complained about his sorrow, sad in mind,
 alone after them all, moved about unhappily
 by day and night, until death's surge
 touched his heart. The old twilight-enemy

eald ūhtsceaða opene standan,
 sē ðe byrnende biorgas sēceð,
 nacod niðdraca, nihtes flēogeð
 fýre befangen; hyne foldbūend
 2275 swiðe ondrædað. Hē gesēcean sceall
 hord on hrūsan, þær hē hāðen gold
 warað wintrum frōd, ne byð him wihte ðy sēl.
 Swā se ðēodsceaða þrēo hund wintra
 hēold on hrūsan hordærna sum,
 2280 ēacencræftig, oððæt hyne ān ābealch
 mon on mōde; mandryhtne bær
 fāted wæge, frioðowære bād
 hlāford sinne. Ðā wæs hord rāsod,
 onboren bēaga hord, bēne getiðad
 2285 fēasceaftum men. Frēa scēawode
 fira fyrngeweorc forman sīðe.
 Þā se wyrm onwōc, wrōht wæs geniwad;
 stonc ðā æfter stāne, stearcheort onfand
 fēondes fōtlāst; hē tō forð gestōp
 2290 dyrnan cræfte dracan hēafde nēah.
 Swā mæg unfæge ēaðe gedīgan
 wēan ond wræcsið, sē ðe Waldendes
 hylde gehealdeþ. Hordweard sōhte
 georne æfter grunde, wolde guman findan,
 2295 þone þe him on sweofote sære getēode,
 hāt ond hrēohmōd hlæw oft ymbehwearf
 ealne ūtanweardne, ne ðær ænig mon
 on þære wēstenne; hwæðre wīges gefeh,
 beaduwe weorces; hwīlum on beorh æthwearf,
 2300 sincfæt sōhte. Hē þæt sōna onfand

found the hoard-joy stand open,
 he who, burning, seeks out barrows,
 naked evil-dragon, flies by night,
 wrapped in fire; the earth-dwellers
 183^v dread him very much. He must seek out
 a hoard in the earth, where, old in winters, he guards
 heathen gold, but he is not at all better for it.
 Thus the people-enemy for three hundred winters
 had guarded a treasure-house in the earth,
 the highly powerful one, until one enraged him,
 a man, in his heart; he carried to his lord
 the plated cup, asked his lord
 for a peace-compact. Then the hoard was explored,
 the hoard of rings diminished, favour was granted
 to the wretched man. The lord looked
 for the first time at men's ancient work.
 When the dragon awoke, strife was renewed;
 he sniffed along the rock; the strong-hearted one perceived
 the enemy's foot-track; he had stepped too far forward
 with secret craft, near the dragon's head.
 Thus may an undoomed man easily endure
 woe and exile, who retains
 the Ruler's grace. The hoard-guardian searched
 eagerly along the ground, wanted to find the man
 who had dealt with him sorely in his sleep,
 184^f hot and fierce at heart he often went all around the barrow
 outside; there was not any man
 in that wilderness; however, he rejoiced in battle,
 in battle's work; sometimes he went back into the barrow,
 sought the treasure-vessel. He soon found that out

ðæt hæfde gumena sum goldes gefandod,
 hēahgestrēona. Hordweard onbād
 earfoðlice oððæt æfen cwōm;
 wæs ðā gebolgen beorges hyrde
 2305 wolde se lāða līge forgyldan
 drincfæt dýre. Ðā wæs dæg sceacen
 wyrme on willan; nō on wealle lāng
 bīdan wolde, ac mid bæle fōr,
 fýre gefýsed. Wæs se fruma egeslic
 2310 lēodum on lande, swā hyt lungre wearð
 on hyra sincgifu sāre geendod.

XXXIII

Ðā se gæst ongan glēdum spīwan,
 beorht hofu bærnān; byrnelēoma stōd
 eldum on andan. Nō ðær āht cwices
 2315 lāð lyftfloga lāfan wolde.
 Wæs þæs wyrmes wīg wīde gesýne,
 nearofāges nīð nēan ond feorran,
 hū se gūðsceaða Gēata lēode
 hatode ond hýnde; hord eft gescēat,
 2320 dryhtsele dyrnne, ær dāges hwīle.
 Hæfde landwara līge befangen,
 bæle ond bronde, beorges getruwode,
 wīges ond wealles; him sēo wēn gelēah.
 Ðā wæs Bīowulfe brōga gecýðed
 2325 snūde tō sōðe, þæt his sylfes hām,
 bolda sēlest, brynewylmum mealt,
 gifstōl Gēata. Ðæt ðām gōdan wæs

that a man had tampered with the gold,
 high-treasures. The hoard-guardian waited
 with difficulty until evening came;
 then the barrow's guardian was angry,
 the evil one wanted to repay with fire
 the precious drinking-vessel. Then day departed,
 as the dragon wished; no longer did he want to stay
 on the wall, but went forth with flame,
 equipped with fire. The beginning was terrible
 to the people in the country, and it was quickly
 ended sorely for their treasure-giver.

Then the stranger began to spew fire,
 burn the bright dwellings; the burning-flame rose,
 fear to men. The evil air-flyer
 184^v did not want to leave anything alive.
 The dragon's war was widely seen,
 the cruelly hostile one's persecution, near and far,
 how the battle-enemy hated and humbled
 the people of the Geats. He then hastened to the hoard,
 the secret hall, before the time of day.
 He had surrounded the land-people with fire,
 with flame and burning, trusted in his barrow,
 prowess and walls; this expectation deceived him.
 Then the horror was announced to Beowulf,
 quickly and truly, that his own home,
 best of buildings, had melted in burning-surges,
 the Geats' throne. That, for the brave man, was

hrēow on hreðre, hygesorga mæst;
 wēnde se wīsa þæt hē Wealdende
 2330 ofer ealde riht, ēcean Dryhtne,
 bitre gebulge. Brēost innan wēoll
 þēostrum geþoncum, swā him geþýwe ne wæs.
 Hæfde ligdraca lēoda fæsten,
 ēalond ūtan, eorðweard ðone
 2335 glēdum forgrunden; him ðæs gūðkyning,
 Wedera þīoden, wræce leornode.
 Heht him þā gewyrcean wīgendra hlēo
 eallīrenne, eorla dryhten,
 wīgbord wrætlic; wisse hē gearwe
 2340 þæt him holtwudu helpa ne meahte,
 lind wið lige. Sceolde lēndaga
 æþeling ærgōd ende gebīdan,
 worulde lifes, ond se wyrm somod,
 þēah ðe hordwelan hēolde lange.
 2345 Oferhogode ðā hringa fengel
 þæt hē þone wiðflogan weorode gesōhte,
 sīdan herge; nō hē him þā sæcce ondrēd,
 ne him þæs wyrmes wīg for wiht dyde,
 eafoð ond ellen, forðon hē ær fela
 2350 nearo nēðende nīða gedīgde,
 hildehlemma, syððan hē Hrōðgāres,
 sigorēadig secg, sele fælsode
 ond æt gūðe forgrāp Grendeles mægum
 lāðan cynnes. Nō þæt læsest wæs
 2355 hondgemōta, þær mon Hygelāc slōh,
 syððan Gēata cyning gūðe rāsum,
 frēawine folca Frēslondum on,

grief in the heart, greatest of mind-sorrows;
 the wise men thought that he had bitterly angered
 the Ruler, the eternal Lord,
 contrary to old law. His breast inside surged
 in dark thoughts, as was not customary for him.
 The fire-dragon had destroyed the people's stronghold,
 the sea-land, from outside, all that stronghold,
 with fire; for this, the battle-king,
 the Weathers' lord, devised revenge against him.
 The warriors' protector then ordered,
 the warriors' lord, a curious battle-shield,
 185^f all iron, to be made for him; he knew well
 that a forest-wood, could not help him,
 a linden-shield, against fire. The most excellent prince
 was to meet the end of transitory days,
 of the world's life, and the dragon with him,
 although he had held the hoard-wealth a long time.
 Then the prince of rings scorned it,
 that he should seek out the wide-flier with a host,
 a great army; he did not fear the battle for himself,
 nor did he consider for anything the dragon's prowess,
 strength and courage, since earlier he had,
 braving difficulty, endured many contests,
 battle-tumults, after he, victory-glorious man,
 had cleansed Hrothgar's hall
 and crushed in battle Grendel's kin
 of hateful race. That was not the least
 of hand-meetings, where one killed Hygelac,
 when, in battle's rush, the Geats' king,
 the peoples' lord-friend, in Frisia

Hrēðles eafora hiorodryncum swealt,
 bille gebēaten. Ðonan Bīowulf cōm
 2360 sylfes cræfte, sundnytte drēah;
 hæfde him on earme eorla þritigra
 hildegeatwa, þā hē tō holme stāg.
 Nealles Hetware hrēmge þorfton
 fēðewīges, þe him foran ongēan
 2365 linde bāron; lýt eft becwōm
 fram þām hildfreca hāmes nīosan.
 Oferswam ðā sioleða bigong sunu Ecgðēowes,
 earm ānhaga, eft tō lēodum;
 þær him Hygd gebēad hord ond rīce,
 2370 bēagas ond bregostōl, bearne ne truwoðe
 þæt hē wið ælfylcum ēþelstōlas
 healdan cūðe, ðā wæs Hygelāc dēad.
 Nō ðy ær fēasceafte findan meahton
 æt ðām æðelinga ænige ðinga,
 2375 þæt hē Heardrēde hlāford wære
 oððe þone cynedōm cīosan wolde;
 hwæðre hē him on folce frēondlārum hēold,
 ēstum mid āre, oððæt hē yldra wearð,
 Wedergēatum wēold. Hyne wræcmæcgas
 2380 ofer sǣ sōhtan, suna Ōhteres;
 hæfdon hý forhealden helm Scylfinga,
 þone sēlestan sǣcyninga
 þāra ðe in Swīorīce sinc brytnade,
 mārne þēoden. Him þæt tō mearce wearð;
 2385 hē þær for feorme feorhwunde hlēat
 sweordes swengum, sunu Hygelāces,
 ond him eft gewāt Ongenðioes bearn

died of sword-drinks, Hrethel's son,
 struck by the sword. Beowulf came away from there
 by his own strength, made use of the sea;
 185^v had on his arm thirty warriors'
 battle-dresses, when he went to the sea.
 Not at all could the Hetware boast about
 their foot-fight, who bore shields
 forth against him; a small number came back
 from the battle-warrior to see their homes.
 Then Ecgtheow's son swam across the seal-waves' compass,
 poor solitary one, back to his people;
 there Hygd offered him hoard and kingdom,
 rings and throne, did not trust the child,
 that he could hold the homeland-thrones
 against foreign armies, now that Hygelac was dead.
 But none the less, the bereaved ones could not
 by any means prevail on the prince
 that he should become Heardred's lord
 or would choose royal power;
 still, he upheld him among the people with friend-counsels,
 kindly with honour, until he became older,
 ruled the Weather-Geats. Banished men
 visited him across the sea, Ohthere's sons;
 they had rebelled against the Scylfing's protector,
 the best of the sea-kings
 who gave treasure in Sweden,
 186^f famous king. That became his end;
 for his hospitality he obtained a life-wound
 by the sword's strokes, Hygelac's son,
 and then Ongentheow's son returned

hāmes nīosan, syððan Heardrēd læg,
 lēt ðone bregostōl Bīowulf healdan,
 2390 Gēatum wealdan. Þæt wæs gōd cyning.

XXXIII

Sē ðæs lēodhryres lēan gemunde
 uferan dōgrum. Eadgilse wearð
 fēasceaftum frēond, folce gestēpte
 ofer sǣ sīde sunu Ōhteres,
 2395 wigum ond wǣpnum; hē gewræc syððan
 cealdum cearsīðum, cyning ealdre binēat.
 Swā hē niða gehwane genesen hæfde,
 slīðra geslyhta, sunu Ecgðīowes,
 ellenweorca, oð ðone āne dæg
 2400 þe hē wið þām wyrme gewegan sceolde.
 Gewāt þā twelfa sum torne gebolgen
 dryhten Gēata dracan scēawian.
 Hæfde þā gefrūnen hwanan sīo fǣhð ārās,
 bealonīð biorna; him tō bearne cwōm
 2405 mǣðþumfæt mære þurh ðæs meldan hond.
 Sē wæs on ðām ðrēate þreottēoða secg,
 sē ðæs orleges or onstealde,
 hæft hygegiōmor, sceolde hēan ðonon
 wong wīsan. Hē ofer willan gīong
 2410 tō ðæs ðe hē eorðsele āne wisse,
 hlāw under hrūsan holmwylme nēh,
 yðgewinne; sē wæs innan full
 wrætta ond wīra. Weard unhīore,
 gearo gūðfreca, goldmāðmas hēold,

to seek his home, when Heardred lay dead,
 and let Beowulf hold the throne,
 rule the Geats. That was a good king.

He remembered the payment for this leader-fall
 in later days. He became a friend
 to the wretched Eadgils, with an army supported,
 over the wide sea, Ohthere's son,
 with warriors and weapons; he then took revenge
 in cold sorrow-campaigns, deprived the king of life.
 Thus he survived all struggles,
 dangerous battles, Ecgtheow's son,
 deeds of courage, until that one day,
 on which he was to fight against the dragon.
 Then he went as one of twelve, enraged by anger,
 the Geat's lord, to look at the dragon.
 He had learnt then from where the feud had arisen,
 186^v men's dire affliction; into his possession
 the famous treasure-vessel came by the informer's hand.
 He was the thirteenth man in the troop,
 who had brought about that quarrel's beginning,
 a captive sad in mind, the wretched one was to
 show the place there. Against his will he went,
 to where he knew a certain earth-hall,
 barrow under the earth, near the water-surge,
 the wave-struggle; inside it was full
 of works of art and ornaments. The hideous guardian,
 eager warrior, held the gold-treasures,

2415 eald under eorðan. Næs þæt yðe cēap
 tō gegangenne gumena ānigum.
 Gesæt ðā on nasse niðheard cyning,
 þenden hælo ābēad heorðgenēatum,
 goldwine Gēata. Him wæs geōmor sefa,
 2420 wæfre ond wælfūs; wyrd ungemete nēah,
 sē ðone gomelan grētan sceolde,
 sēcean sǣwle hord, sundur gedǣlan
 lif wið līce, nō þon lange wæs
 feorh æþelinges flāsce bewunden.
 2425 Biowulf maþelade, bearn Ecgðēowes:
 "Fela ic on giogoðe gūðrāsa genæs,
 orleghwīla; ic þæt eall gemon.
 Ic wæs syfanwintre, þā mec sinca baldor,
 frēawine folca, æt mīnum fæder genam;
 2430 hēold mec ond hæfde Hrēðel cyning,
 geaf mē sinc ond symbel, sibbe gemunde.
 Næs ic him tō life lāðra ōwihte,
 beorn in burgum, þonne his bearna hwylc,
 Herebeald ond Hæðcyn oððe Hygelāc mīn.
 2435 Wæs þām yldestan ungedēfelīce
 māges dādum morþorbed strēd,
 syððan hyne Hæðcyn of hornbogan,
 his frēawine, flāne geswencte,
 miste mercelses ond his māg ofscēt,
 2440 brōðor ōðerne blōdigan gāre.
 Þæt wæs feohlēas gefeoht, fyrenum gesyngad,
 hreðre hygēmēðe; sceolde hwæðre swā þēah
 æðeling unwrecen ealdres linnan.
 Swā bið geōmorlic gomelum ceorle

old under earth. That was not an easy purchase
 to obtain for any man.
 Then the battle-hardy king sat down on the headland,
 from there the hero saluted his hearth-companions,
 the Geats' gold-friend. His mind was sad,
 restless and slaughter-ready; the fate was immeasurably near
 which was to greet that old man,
 seek the soul's hoard, part asunder
 life from body, not for long after that
 the prince's life was enclosed by flesh.
 Beowulf said, Ecgtheow's son:
 "In my youth I survived many a battle-rush,
 a war-time; I remember all that.
 187 I was seven winters, when the treasures' lord,
 the peoples' lord-friend, received me from my father;
 King Hrethel held me and kept me,
 gave me treasure and food, remembered our kinship.
 Never in his life was I any more hateful to him,
 warrior in the strongholds, than any of his sons,
 Herebeald and Hæthcyn or my Hygelac.
 To the eldest, unfittingly,
 by the deeds of a kinsman a killing-bed was spread,
 when Hæthcyn, from the horn-bow,
 struck him down with an arrow, his lord-friend,
 missed the mark and shot his kinsman,
 one brother the other, with the bloody shaft.
 That was a fight without compensation, sinned with crimes,
 mind-tiring to the heart; however, the prince was still
 to lose his life unavenged.
 So is it sorrowful to an old man

2445 tō gebīdanne, þæt his byre rīde
 giong on galgan, þonne hē gyd wrece,
 sārigne sang, þonne his sunu hangað
 hrefne tō hrōðre, ond hē him helpe ne mæg,
 eald ond infrōd, ænige gefremman.

2450 Symble bið gemyndgad morna gehwylce
 eaforan ellorsīð; ðōðres ne gýmeð
 tō gebīdanne burgum in innan
 yrfewardas, þonne se ān hafað
 þurh dēaðes nýd dāda gefondad.

2455 Gesyhð sorhcearig on his suna būre
 wīnsele wēstne, windge reste
 rēōte berofene. Rīdend swefað,
 hæleð in hoðman; nis þær hearpan swēg,
 gomen in geardum, swylce ðær iū wæron.

XXXV

2460 Gewīteð þonne on sealman, sorhlēoð gæleð
 ān æfter ānum; þūhte him eall tō rūm,
 wongas ond wīcstede. Swā Wedra helm
 æfter Herebealde heortan sorge
 weallende wæg. Wīhte ne meahte
 2465 on ðām feorhbonan fāghðe gebētan;
 nō ðy ær hē þone heaðorinc hatian ne meahte
 lāðum dāðum, þēah him lēof ne wæs.
 Hē ða mid þære sorhge, þe him swā sār belamp,
 gumdrēam ofgeaf, Godes lēoht gecēas,
 2470 eaferum lāfde, swā dēð ēadig mon,
 lond ond lēodbyrig, þā hē of life gewāt.

to suffer that his son should ride,
 young, on the gallows, then he may utter a dirge,
 a bitter song, when his son hangs,
 as joy for the raven, and he cannot,
 exceedingly old, furnish him any help.
 He is always reminded, every morning,
 187^v of his son's passing; does not care
 to wait for other sons inside his stronghold,
 heirloom-guardians, when the one has
 experienced enough deeds by death's compulsion.
 In his son's dwelling, the sorrowful one sees
 a deserted wine-hall, wind-swept resting-place
 deprived of joy. The riders sleep,
 the heroes, in their graves; there is no sound of harp,
 no play in the yards, as there were before.

He goes from there to his bed, sings a sorrow-song,
 one for the other; everything seemed too spacious to him,
 fields and dwelling-place. Thus did the protector of the Weathers
 bear surging sorrow for Herebeald
 in his heart. He could not in any way
 settle the feud with the life-killer;
 none the sooner could he persecute the warrior
 with hostile deeds, although he was not dear to him.
 With this sorrow, which befell him, so bitter,
 he gave up man-joy, chose God's light,
 left to his sons, as a prosperous man does,
 land and people-stronghold, when he departed from life.

Ðā wæs synn ond sacu Swēona ond Gēata
 ofer wīd wæter, wrōht gemāne,
 herenīð hearda, syððan Hrēðel swealt,
 2475 oððe him Ongenðēowes eaferan wāran
 frome, fyrdhwate, frēode ne woldon
 ofer heafo healdan, ac ymb Hrēosnabeorh
 eatolne inwitscear oft gefremedon.
 Ðæt mægwine mīne gewrācan,
 2480 fāhðe ond fyrene, swā hyt gefrāge wæs,
 þeah ðe oðer his ealdre gebohte,
 heardan cēape: Hæðcynne wearð,
 Gēata dryhtne, gūð onsāge.
 Ðā ic on morgne gefrægn mæg oðerne
 2485 billes ecgum on bonan stēlan,
 þær Ongenþēow Eofores nīosað.
 Gūðhelm tōglād, gomela Scylfing
 hrēas hildeblāc; hond gemunde
 fāhðo genōge, feorhsweng ne oftēah.
 2490 Ic him þā mādmas, þe hē mē sealde,
 geald æt gūðe, swā mē gifeðe wæs,
 lēohtan sweorde; hē mē lond forgeaf,
 eard, ēðelwyn. Næs him ænig þearf
 þæt hē tō Gifðum oððe tō Gārdenum
 2495 oððe in Swīorīce sēcean þurfe
 wyrsan wīgfreca, weorðe gecýpan.
 Symle ic him on fēðan beforan wolde,
 āna on orde, ond swā tō aldre sceall
 sæcce fremman, þenden þis sweord þolað,
 2500 þæt mec ær ond sīð oft gelæste.
 Syððan ic for dugeðum Dæghrefne wearð

188' Then there was conflict and struggle between Swedes and Geats,
 shared strife over the wide water,
 hard war-enmity, after Hrethel died,
 and Ongentheow's sons were
 bold and warlike, peace they did not want to
 keep across the lakes, but near Hreosnabeorh
 often carried outhorrible treason-slaughter.
 That my kinsmen-friends avenged,
 feud and crime, as was well known,
 although one of them paid for it with his life,
 a hard bargain: to Hæthcyn,
 the Geats' lord, battle became fatal.
 Then I heard that in the morning one brother
 avenged the other on the killer with the sword's edge,
 where Ongentheow met with Eofor.
 The war-helmet split, the old Scylfing
 fell, battle-pale; the hand remembered
 enough of feuds, did not withhold the life-blow.
 The treasures which he gave me, I repaid him
 at battle, as was granted to me,
 with the bright sword; he gave me land,
 dwelling-place, homeland-joy. There was no need for him
 that among the Gifthas or the Spear-Danes
 or in Sweden he would have to seek
 188' a worse warrior, buy him with treasure.
 For him, I always wanted to be first in foot-battle,
 alone in the front, and so throughout life I shall
 do battle, while this sword lasts,
 that often served me early and late.
 Then before the hosts I became the hand-slayer

tō handbonan, Hūga cempan;
 nalles hē ðā frætwe Frēscyninge,
 brēostweorðunge, bringan mōste,
 2505 ac in compe gecrong cumbles hyrde,
 æþeling on elne; ne wæs ecg bona,
 ac him hildegrāp heortan wylmas,
 bānhūs gebræc. Nū sceall billes ecg,
 hond ond heard sweord, ymb hord wīgan."
 2510 Bēowulf maðelode, bēotwordum spræc
 nīehstan sīðe: "Ic genēðde fela
 gūða on geogoðe; gýt ic wylle,
 frōd folces weard, fæhðe sēcan,
 mærxu fremman, gif mec se mǣnsceaða
 2515 of eorðsele ūt gesēceð."
 Gegrētte ðā gumena gehwylcne,
 hwate helmberend, hindeman sīðe,
 swāse gesīðas: "Nolde ic sweord beran,
 wæpen tō wyrme, gif ic wiste hū
 2520 wið ðām āglæcean elles meahte
 gylpe wiðgrīpan, swā ic giō wið Grendle dyde.
 Ac ic ðær heaðufýres hātes wēne,
 oreðes ond attres; forðon ic mē on hafu
 bord ond byrnan. Nelle ic beorges weard
 2525 oferflēon fōtes trem, ac unc furður sceal
 weorðan æt wealle, swā unc wyrd geteoð
 Metod manna gehwæs. Ic eom on mōde from
 þæt ic wið þone gūðflogan gylp ofersitte.
 Gebīde gē on beorge byrnum werede,
 2530 secgas on searwum, hwæðer sēl mæge
 æfter wælræse wunde gedýgan

of Dayraven, the champion of the Hugas;
 not at all could he bring the adornments,
 breast-treasures, to the Frisian king,
 but died in battle, guardian of the standard,
 prince in valour; nor was the sword his slayer,
 but battle-grip broke the heart's surges,
 his bone-house. Now the sword's edge,
 hand and hard sword, shall fight for the hoard."
 Beowulf said, spoke in boast-words
 for the last time: "I ventured on many
 wars in my youth; I still want to,
 people's old guardian, seek the feud,
 achieve glory, if the evil-enemy
 seeks me outside the earth-hall."
 He then addressed every man,
 brave helmet-bearers, for the last time,
 dear retainers: "I would not bear a sword,
 189' a weapon to the dragon, if I know how
 else I might grapple against the monster
 according to my boast, as I did before against Grendel.
 But I expect there hot battle-fire,
 breath and poison; therefore I have on me
 shield and mail-shirt. I will not flee the barrow's guardian
 by a foot's space, but for the two of us it shall further
 happen at the wall, as the Lord of all men
 assigns our fate to us. I am eager in spirit,
 so that I will forego boasting against that war-flyer.
 Watch on the barrow, protected by mailshirts,
 men in war-gear, which might better,
 after the battle-rush, endure a wound

uncer twēga. Nis þæt ēower sið
 ne gemet mannes, nefne mīn ānes,
 þæt hē wið āglǣcean efoðo dāle,
 2535 eorlscype efne. Ic mid elne sceall
 gold gegangan, oððe gūð nimeð,
 feorhbealu frēcne, frēan ēowerne."
 Ārās ðā bī ronde rōf ōretta,
 heard under helme, hiorosercean bær
 2540 under stāncleofu, strengo getruwode
 ānes mannes. Ne bið swylc earges sið.
 Geseah ðā be wealle sē ðe worna fela,
 gumcystum gōd, gūða gedīgde,
 hildehlemma, þonne hnitan fēðan,
 2545 stondan stānbogan, strēam ūt þonan
 brecan of beorge. Wæs þære burnan wælm
 heaðofȳrum hāt; ne meahte horde nēah
 unbyrnende ænige hwile
 dēop gedȳgan for dracan lēge.
 2550 Lēt ðā of brēostum, ðā hē gebolgen wæs,
 Wedergēata lēod word ūt fāran,
 stearcheort styrmdē; stefn in becōm
 heaðotorht hlynnan under hārne stān.
 Hete wæs onhrēred, hordweard oncnīow
 2555 mannes reorde; næs ðær māra fyrst
 frēode tō friclan. From ærest cwōm
 oruð āglǣcean ūt of stāne,
 hāt hildeswāt. Hrūse dynede.
 Biorn under beorge bordrand onswāf
 2560 wið ðām gryregieste, Gēata dryhten;
 ðā wæs hringbogan heorte gefȳsed

of the two of us. This is not your course,
 not in a man's power, except me alone,
 that he should show might against the monster,
 perform heroic deeds. By my strength I shall
 win gold, or war, fierce life-evil,
 will take your lord away."
 Then the bold warrior arose by the shield,
 hardy under the helmet, bore the war-shirt
 under the stone-cliffs, trusted in the strength
 of one man. This is not a coward's way.
 189^v He then saw by the wall, who, excellent in manly virtues,
 had survived a great number of wars,
 of battle-tumults, when troops clash,
 stone-arches standing, and a stream bursting out
 from there from the barrow. That stream's surging
 was hot from battle-fires; near the hoard he could not,
 without burning, for any length of time
 survive the depths for the dragon's flame.
 Then from his breast, since he was angry,
 the Weather-Geats' leader let a word go forth,
 the stout-hearted one stormed; his voice came inside,
 battle-clear, ringing under the grey stone.
 Hate was aroused, the hoard-guardian perceived
 the man's voice; there was no more time
 to ask for peace. At first,
 the monster's breath came out from the stone,
 hot battle-vapour. The earth resounded.
 The warrior under the barrow lifted the shield
 against the terrible stranger, the Geat's lord;
 then the coiled-creature's heart was incited

sæcce tō sēceanne. Sweord ær gebræd
 gōd gūðcyning, gomele lāfe,
 ecgum unslāw; æghwæðrum wæs
 2565 bealohycgendra brōga fram oðrum.
 Stīðmōd gestōd wið stēapne rond
 winia bealdor, ðā se wyrm gebēah
 snūde tōsomne; hē on searwum bād.
 Gewāt ðā byrnende gebogen scrīðan,
 2570 tō gescipe scyndan. Scyld wēl gebearg
 life ond lice lāssan hwīle
 mærum þeodne þonne his myne sōhte,
 ðær hē þy fyrste, forman dōgore,
 wealdan mōste swā him wyrd ne gescrāf
 2575 hrēð æt hilde. Hond up ābræd
 Gēata dryhten, gryrefāhne slōh
 incgelāfe, þæt sīo ecg gewāc
 brūn on bāne, bāt unswīðor
 þonne his ðiodyning þearfe hæfde,
 2580 bysigum gebæded. Þā wæs beorges weard
 æfter heaðuswenge on hrēoum mōde,
 wearp wælfyre; wīde sprunon
 hildelēoman. Hrēðsigora ne gealp
 goldwine Gēata; gūðbill geswāc,
 2585 nacod æt nīðe, swā hyt nō sceolde,
 iren ærgōd. Ne wæs þæt ēðe sið,
 þæt se mæra maga Ecgðēowes
 grundwong þone ofgyfan wolde;
 sceolde ofer willan wīc eardian
 2590 elles hwergen, swā sceal æghwylc mon
 ālætan lændagas. Næs ðā long tō ðon

to seek the struggle. The excellent war-king
 had drawn his sword, ancient heirloom,
 not blunt in edges; in each
 190^f of the hostile ones there was terror of the other.
 Firm-minded, the friends' lord stood
 by the upright shield, when the dragon coiled
 himself quickly together; he waited in his armour.
 Then the burning one, coiled, came moving,
 hastening to his fate. The shield covered
 life and body of the famous king
 well for a shorter time than his mind had intended,
 where at the time, for the first time,
 he had to prevail in a way that fate did not grant him
 triumph in battle. The Geat's lord
 swung up his hand, hit the terror-covered one
 with the ?-heirloom, so that the sword failed,
 bright on his bone, bit less strongly
 than its people-king had need,
 distressed by troubles. Then the barrow's guardian
 was in fierce spirit after the battle-stroke,
 threw slaughter-fire; the battle-lights
 flew wide. The Geats' gold-friend
 did not boast of glory-victories; the battle-sword failed,
 naked, in strife, as it should not,
 the previously good iron. This was not an easy journey
 that Ecgtheow's famous son
 was to give up this earth;
 should against his will dwell in a place
 190^v elsewhere, thus every man has to
 leave the transitory days. It was not long then

þæt ðā āglǣcean h̃y eft gemēttan.
 Hyrte hyne hordweard – hreðer æðme wēoll –
 nīwan stefne; nearo ðrōwode,
 2595 f̃yre befongen, sē ðe ær folce wēold.
 Nealles him on hēape handgesteallan,
 æðelinga bearn, ymbe gestōdon
 hildecystum, ac h̃y on holt bugon,
 ealdre burgan. Hiora in ānum wēoll
 2600 sefa wið sorgum; sibb æfre ne mæg
 wiht onwendan þām ðe wēl þenceð.

XXXVI

Wiglāf wæs hāten Wēoxstānes sunu,
 lēoflic lindwiga, lēod Scylfinga,
 mæg Ælfheres; geseah his mondryhten
 2605 under heregrīman hāt þrōwian.
 Gemunde ðā ðā āre þe hē him ær forgeaf,
 wīcstede weligne Wægmunðinga,
 folcrihta gehwylc, swā his fæder āhte.
 Ne mihte ðā forhabban; hond rond gefēng,
 2610 geolwe linde, gomel swyrd getēah,
 þæt wæs mid eldum Eanmundes lāf,
 suna Ōhteres. Þām æt saccce wearð,
 wræccan winelēasum, Wēohstān bana
 mēces ecgum, ond his mægum ætbær
 2615 brūnfāgne helm, hringde byrnan,
 eald sweord etonisc; þæt him Onela forgeaf,
 his gædelinges gūðgewædu,
 fyrdsearo fūslic, nō ymbe ðā fæhðe spræc,

before the fighters met again.
 The hoard-guardian heartened himself again,
 his breast surged with breath; he who used to rule the people
 suffered distress, caught up in fire.
 His hand-companions, princes' sons,
 did not at all stand around him in a troop,
 with battle-virtue, but they turned into the wood,
 to protect their lives. In one of them
 his heart surged with sorrow; nothing may ever
 set aside kinship to him who thinks well.

He was called Wiglaf, Weohstan's son,
 beloved shield-warrior, a prince of the Scylfings,
 Ælfhere's kinsman; he saw his man-lord
 suffer heat under his war-mask.
 He then remembered the honours he had earlier given him,
 the Wægmunðings' rich dwelling-place,
 and all possessions, such as his father had them.
 He could not hold back then; his hand took the shield,
 the yellow linden-shield, drew the old sword,
 that among men was Eanmund's legacy,
 191' Ohthere's son's. In battle
 Weohstan became the friendless exile's slayer
 with the sword's edges, and to his kinsmen he took away
 the shining helmet, the mail-shirt with rings,
 the old giant-made sword; Onela had given him that,
 his kinsman's war-dress,
 ready armour, did not speak about that feud,

þēah ðe hē his brōðor bearn ābredwade.
 2620 Hē frætwe gehēold fela missēra,
 bill ond byrnan, oððæt his byre mihte
 eorlscipe efnan swā his ārfæder;
 geaf him ðā mid Gēatum gūðgewāda,
 āghwæs unrīm, þā hē of ealdre gewāt,
 2625 frōd on forðweg. Þā wæs forma sīð
 geongan cempan, þæt hē gūðe rās
 mid his frēodryhtne fremman sceolde.
 Ne gemealt him se mōdsefa, ne his māges lāf
 gewāc æt wīge; þæt se wyrm onfand,
 2630 syððan hīe tōgædre gegān hæfdon.
 Wīglāf maðelode, wordrihta fela
 sægde gesīðum him wæs sefa geōmor:
 "Ic ðæt mæl geman, þær wē medu þēgun,
 þonne wē geheton ūssum hlāforde
 2635 in bīorsele, ðe ūs ðās bēagas geaf,
 þæt wē him ðā gūðgetawa gylðan woldon
 gif him þyslicu þearf gelumpe,
 helmas ond heard sweord. Ðē hē ūsic on herge gecēas
 tō ðyssum sīðfate sylfes willum,
 2640 onmunde ūsic mārða, ond mē þās mādmas geaf,
 þē hē ūsic gārwīgend gōde tealde,
 hwate helmberend, þēah ðe hlāford ūs
 þis ellenweorc āna āðohte
 tō gefremmanne, folces hyrde,
 2645 forðām hē manna mæst mārða gefremede,
 dæda dollicra. Nū is se dæg cumen
 þæt ūre mandryhten mægenes behōfað,
 gōdra gūðrinca; wutun gongan tō,

although he had killed his brother's son.
 He held these treasures many half-years,
 sword and mailshirt, until his son might
 perform valour-deeds like his old father;
 among the Geats he then gave him a large number
 of war-dresses of any kind, when he left his life,
 old on the journey away. This was the first time
 for the young warrior that he should perform
 the war's rush with his noble lord.
 His courage-heart did not melt, nor did his kinsman's heirloom
 fail in battle; the dragon perceived that,
 when they had come together.
 Wiglaf spoke, said many fitting words
 to his comrades, his heart was sad:
 191^v "I remember that time at which we drank the mead,
 when we promised our lord
 in the beer-hall, who gave us those rings,
 that we would repay him those war-equipments,
 if a need like this should befall him,
 helmets and hard swords. For this he chose us among the army
 for this adventure, of his own will,
 mindful of our glory, and he gave me those treasures,
 because he considered us good spear-warriors,
 brave helmet-bearers, although our lord
 intended to perform this courage-work
 alone, people's shepherd,
 since he among men has achieved most glorious deeds,
 daring deeds. Now the day has come
 that our man-lord requires the strength
 of good warriors; let us go to,

helpan hildfruman, þenden hyt sý,
 2650 glēdegesa grim. God wāt on mec
 þæt mē is micle lēofre þæt mīnne lichaman
 mid mīnne goldgyfan glēd fæðmie.
 Ne þynceð mē gerysne þæt wē rondas beren
 eft tō earde, nemne wē āror mægen
 2655 fāne gefyllan, feorh ealgian
 Wedra ðēodnes. Ic wāt geara
 þæt nāron ealdgewyrht, þæt hē āna scyle
 Gēata duguðe gnorn þrōwian,
 gesīgan æt sæcce; ūrum sceal sweord ond helm,
 2660 byrne ond beaduscrūd, bām gemāne."
 Wōd þā þurh þone wælrēc, wīgheafolan bær
 frēan on fultum, fēa worda cwæð:
 "Lēofa Biowulf, læst eall tela,
 swā ðū on geoguðfēore geāra gecwæde
 2665 þæt ðū ne ālæte be ðē lifigendum
 dōm gedrēosan. Scealt nū dāðum rōf,
 æðeling ānhȳdig, ealle mægene
 feorh ealgian; ic ðē fullæstu."
 Æfter ðām wordum wyrm yrre cwōm,
 2670 atol inwitgæst, oðre sīðe
 fȳrwylmum fāh fionda nīosian,
 lāðra manna; lig ȳðum fōr.
 Born bord wið rond, byrne ne meahte
 geongum gārwigian gēoce gefremman,
 2675 ac se maga geonga under his mæges scyld
 elne geēode, þā his āgen wæs
 glēdum forgrunden. Þā gēn gūðcyning
 mārða gemunde, mægenstrengo slōh

help the battle-leader, as long as there may be heat,
 grim fire-terror. God knows that about me
 that it is much preferable to me that the fire
 should embrace my body with my gold-giver.
 It does not seem fitting to me that we should carry shields
 back to our dwelling-place unless we may first
 192' fell the foe, protect the life
 of the Weathers' king. I know well
 that that was not what he deserved for past deeds, that he alone
 of the Geats' warriors should suffer sorrow,
 fall at the battle; to both of us sword and helmet,
 mailshirt and battle-dress, shall be in common."
 He then went through the slaughter-smoke, bore the war-helmet
 to his lord in support, said a few words:
 "Dear Beowulf, perform everything well,
 as long ago you said in your youth-life,
 that you would not, with you still living,
 let your glory decline. Now you, famous for deeds,
 resolute prince, are to protect your live
 with all your strength; I shall support you."
 After those words, the dragon came angrily
 the second time, terrible enmity-stranger,
 bright with fire-surges, to seek his enemies,
 hostile men; he went in fire-waves.
 His shield was burnt around the rim, the mailshirt could not
 provide help for the young warrior,
 but the young warrior went bravely
 under his kinsman's shield, when his own was
 destroyed with flames. Then again the war-king
 thought of glory, with great strength struck

hildebille, þæt hyt on heafolan stōd
 2680 nīþe genȳded; Nægling forbærst,
 geswāc æt saccce sweord Biowulfes,
 gomol ond grāgmæl. Him þæt gifeðe ne wæs
 þæt him irenna ecge mihton
 helpen æt hilde; wæs sio hond tō strong,
 2685 sē ðe mēca gehwane, mīne gefræge,
 swenge ofersōhte, þonne hē tō saccce bær
 wæpen wundrum heard; næs him wihte ðe sēl.
 Þā wæs þēodsceaða þriddan sīðe,
 frēcne fȳrdraca, fæhða gemyndig,
 2690 rāsde on ðone rōfan, þā him rūm āgeald,
 hāt ond heaðogrim, heals ealne ymbefēng
 biteran bānum; hē geblōdegod wearð
 sāwuldrīore, swāt ȳðum wēoll.

XXXVII

Ðā ic æt þearfe gefrægn þēodcyninges
 2695 andlongne eorl ellen cȳðan,
 cræft ond cēnðu, swā him gecynde wæs.
 Ne hēdde hē þæs heafolan, ac sio hand gebarn
 mōdiges mannes, þær hē his mæges healp,
 þæt hē þone nīðgæst nioðor hwēne slōh,
 2700 secg on searwum, þæt ðæt sweord gedēaf,
 fāh ond fæted, þæt ðæt fȳr ongon
 sweðrian syððan. Þā gēn sylf cyning
 gewēold his gewitte, wællseaxe gebræd
 biter ond beaduscearp, þæt hē on byrnan wæg;
 2705 forwrat Wedra helm wȳrm on middan.

with the battle-sword that it stuck in the head,
 forced in by the onslaught; Nægling broke,
 failed in the struggle, Beowulf's sword,
 192^v old and grey-coloured. It was not granted to him
 that irons' edges might
 help him in battle; the hand was too strong,
 which, as I heard, would overtax any sword
 by its stroke, when into battle he carried
 a sword, wondrously hard; it was none the better to him.
 Then the people-enemy for a third time,
 fierce fire-dragon, remembering the feud,
 rushed at the brave one, when he had an opportunity,
 hot and battle-grim, enclosed all his neck
 with his sharp teeth; he was bloodied
 with soul-blood, the blood surged in waves.

Then I heard that at the people-king's need
 the excellent noble showed courage,
 power and boldness, as was natural to him.
 He did not heed the head, but the hand
 of the bold man burnt where he helped his kinsman,
 as he struck the enmity-stranger somewhat lower down,
 man in war-gear, that the sword sank in,
 decorated and plated, so that the fire began
 to cease afterwards. Then the king himself
 regained his senses, drew the slaughter-dagger,
 bitter and battle-sharp, which he wore on his mailshirt;
 193^f the Weathers' protector cut through the dragon in the middle.

Fēond gefyldan – ferh ellen wræc –
 ond hī hyne þā bēgen ābroten hæfdon,
 sibæðelingas. Swylc sceolde secg wesan,
 þegn æt ðearfe. Ðæt ðām þēodne wæs
 2710 sīðast sigehwile sylfes dædum,
 worlde geweorces. Ðā sīo wund ongon,
 þe him se eorðdraca ær geworhte,
 swelan ond swellan; hē þæt sōna onfand,
 þæt him on brēostum bealonīðe wēoll
 2715 attor on innan. Ðā se æðeling gīong
 þæt hē bī wealle wishycgende
 gesæt on sesse; seah on enta geweorc,
 hū ðā stānbogan stapulum fæste
 ēce eorðreced innan healde.
 2720 Hyne þā mid handa heorodrēorigne,
 þēoden mārne, þegn ungemete till
 winedryhten his wætere gelafede,
 hilde sædne, ond his helm onspēon.
 Bīowulf maþelode hē ofer benne spræc,
 2725 wunde wælblēate; wisse hē gearwe
 þæt hē dæghwīla gedrogen hæfde,
 eorðan wynne; ðā wæs eall sceacen
 dōgorgerīmes, dēað ungemete nēah:
 "Nū ic suna mīnum syllan wolde
 2730 gūðgewædu, þær mē gifeðe swā
 ænig yrfeweard æfter wurde
 līce gelenge. Ic ðās lēode hēold
 fiftig wintra; næs se folccyning,
 ymbesittendra ænig ðāra,
 2735 þe mec gūðwinum grētan dorste,

They felled the enemy – courage drove out his life –
 and they had then both killed him,
 kindred-princes. Thus a man should be,
 a retainer, in need. For the king this was
 the last victory-time of his own deeds,
 of work in the world. Then the wound
 which the earth-dragon earlier inflicted on him
 began to burn and swell; he soon perceived that,
 that evil-affliction surged in his breast,
 poison inside. Then the prince went
 until he, wise-thinking, sat by the wall,
 on a seat; he looked at the work of the giants,
 how the age-old earth-hall held inside
 stone-arches fastened by pillars.
 Then with his hand the immeasurably good retainer
 refreshed with water the sword-bloody
 famous king, his friend-lord,
 satiated with battle, and unfastened his helmet.
 Beowulf spoke, with his wound he spoke,
 the slaughter-poor wound; he knew well
 that he had passed through the days
 of earthly joy; then the day-count
 was all passed away, death immeasurably near:
 "Now I should give my son
 the war-dress, if it had been granted to me
 193^v that any heirloom-guardian should come after me,
 of my own body. I have ruled over those people
 for fifty winters; there was no people-king
 any of the neighbours,
 who dared to greet me with war-friends,

egesan ðēon. Ic on earde bād
 mǣlgesceafta, hēold mīn tela,
 ne sōhte searonīðas, ne mē swōr fela
 āða on unriht. Ic ðæs ealles mæg
 2740 feorhbennum sēoc gefēan habban;
 forðām mē wītan ne ðearf Waldend fira
 morðorbealo māga, þonne mīn sceaceð
 lif of lice. Nū ðū lungre geong
 hord scēawian under hārne stān,
 2745 Wiglāf lēofa, nū se wyrm ligeð,
 swefeð sāre wund, since berēafod.
 Bīo nū on ofoste, þæt ic ærwelan,
 goldæht ongite, gearo scēawige
 swegle searogimmas, þæt ic ðy sēft mæge
 2750 æfter mǣððumwelan mīn ālætān
 lif ond lēodscipe, þone ic longe hēold."

XXXVIII

Ðā ic snūde gefrægn sunu Wihstānes
 æfter wordcwydum wundum dryhtne
 hýran heaðosīocum, hringnet beran,
 2755 brogdne beadusercean under beorges hrōf.
 Geseah ðā sigehrēðig, þā hē bī sesse gēong,
 magoþegn mōdig mǣððumsigla fealo,
 gold glitnian grunde getenge,
 wundur on wealle, ond þæs wyrmes denn,
 2760 ealdes ūhtflogan, orcas stondan,
 fyrnmanna fatu feormendlēase,
 hystum behrorene; þær wæs helm monig

to threaten with terror. In my home I awaited
 destiny, held my own well,
 did not seek out treacherous quarrels, did not swear many
 unrightful oaths. Of all this I may
 have joy, sick by life-wounds;
 therefore men's Ruler cannot charge me
 with kinsmen's murder-evil, when my life
 departs from the body. Now go quickly
 to look at the hoard under the grey stone,
 dear Wiglaf, now that the dragon lies dead,
 sleeps sorely wounded, bereft of treasure.
 Be now in haste, that I may perceive the ancient wealth,
 the gold-possession, may well see
 the bright curious gems, so I may the more easily,
 due to the treasure-wealth, leave my
 life and the country which I ruled so long."

Then, I heard, Weohstan's son quickly,
 after these words, obeyed his wounded lord,
 the battle-sick one, carried his ring-net,
 the woven battle-shirt under the barrow's roof.
 Victory-glorious he saw then, when he went by the seat,
 194' bold young retainer, many treasure-jewels,
 gold glittering close to the floor,
 marvels on the wall, and the dragon's den,
 old night-flier's, cups stood,
 earlier men's vessels, unpolished,
 deprived of ornaments; there was many a helmet,

eald ond ðmīg, earmbēaga fela
 searwum gesæled. Sinc ēaðe mæg,
 2765 gold on grunde, gumcynnes gehwone
 oferhīgian, hýde sē ðe wylle.
 Swylce hē siomian geseah segn eallgylden
 hēah ofer horde, hondwundra mæst,
 gelocen leoðocræftum; of ðām lēoma stōd,
 2770 þæt hē þone grundwong ongitan meahste,
 wræte giondwilitan. Næs ðæs wyrmes þær
 onsýn ænig, ac hyne ecg fornam.
 Ðā ic on hlæwe gefrægn hord rēafian,
 eald enta geweorc, ānne mannan,
 2775 him on bearm hlaðon bunan ond discas
 sylfes dōme; segn ēac genōm,
 bēacna beorhtost. Bill ær gescōd
 – ecg wæs iren – ealdhlāfordes
 þām ðāra mādma mundbora wæs
 2780 longe hwile, līgegesan wæg
 hātne for horde, hioroweallende
 middelnihum, oðþæt hē morðre swealt.
 Ār wæs on ofoste, eftsīðes georn,
 frætwum gefyrðred; hyne fyrwet bræc,
 2785 hwæðer collenferð cwicne gemette
 in ðām wongstede Wedra þeoden
 ellensīocne, þær hē hine ær forlēt.
 Hē ðā mid þām mādum mārne þioden,
 dryhten sinne, drīorigne fand
 2790 ealdres æt ende; hē hine eft ongon
 wæteres weorpan, oðþæt wordes ord
 brēosthord þurhbræc. * * *

old and rusty, many arm-rings
 twisted skilfully. Treasure may easily,
 gold in the ground, overcome
 any of mankind, may hide it who will.
 He also saw an all-golden standard hanging
 high over the hoard, greatest of hand-marvels,
 woven by hand-skills; a light went out from it,
 so that he could perceive the level ground,
 inspect the ornaments. There was not any sight
 of the dragon there, but the sword had taken him away.
 Then I heard one man plunder the hoard,
 giants' old work, in the barrow
 and load into his bosom cups and dishes
 after his own judgement; he also took the standard,
 brightest of banners. The old lord's sword
 – its edge was iron – had earlier harmed
 him who had been those treasures' guardian
 for a long time, carried on hot fire-terror
 for the hoard, welling fiercely
 194^v at midnight, until he died by violence.
 The messenger was in haste, eager for the return,
 impelled by the treasures; curiosity had taken hold of him,
 whether he would meet the one bold of spirit alive
 in the open place, the Weathers' king,
 strength-sick, where he had left him before.
 With the treasures he then found the famous king,
 his lord, blood-covered
 at his life's end; he then began
 to sprinkle water on him, until the beginning of a word
 broke through the breast-hoard. * * *

gomel on gιοhðe – gold sceawode –:
 "Ic ðāra frætwa Frēan ealles ðanc,
 2795 Wuldurcynige, wordum secge,
 ēcum Dryhtne, þe ic hēr on starie,
 þæs ðe ic mōste minum lēodum
 ār swylddæge swylc gestrȳnan.
 Nū ic on mādma hord mīne bebohte
 2800 frōde feorhlege, fremmað gēna
 lēoda þearfe; ne mæg ic hēr leng wesan.
 Hātað heaðomāre hlāw gewyrcean
 beorhtne æfter bāle æt brimes nosan;
 sē scel tō gemyndum mīnum lēodum
 2805 hēah hlifian on Hronesnæsse,
 þæt hit sālīðend syððan hātan
 Biowulfes biorh, ðā ðe brentingas
 ofer flōda genipu feorran drīfað."
 Dyde him of healse hring gyldenne
 2810 þīoden þrīsthȳdig, þegne gesealde,
 geongum gārwigian, goldfāhne helm,
 bēah ond byrnan, hēt hyne brūcan well:
 "Þū eart endelāf ūsses cynnes,
 Wægmundinga. Ealle wyrd forswēop
 2815 mīne māgas tō methodsceafte,
 eorlas on elne; ic him æfter seal."
 Þæt wæs þām gomelan gingæste word
 brēostgehygdum, ār hē bāl cure,
 hāte heaðowylmas; him of hreðre gewāt
 2820 sāwol sēcean sōðfæstra dōm.

the old man in sorrow – looked on the gold –
 "For all these treasures I say thanks to the Lord
 glory's King, in words,
 the eternal Lord, which I gaze on here,
 because I was allowed to acquire this
 for my people before my death-day.
 Now that for the treasures' hoard I have sold
 my old life, attend further
 to the people's need; I may not stay here longer.
 Tell the battle-famous ones to make a barrow,
 bright after the pyre on a headland by the sea;
 this shall, as a memorial for my people,
 tower high on Hronesnæs,
 that the seafarers will then call it
 Beowulf's barrow, they who urge ships
 195^f over the floods' darkness from afar."
 He took from his neck the golden ring,
 bold-minded king, gave to the retainer,
 young warrior, the gold-plated helmet,
 ring and mail-shirt, told him to use them well:
 "You are our kin's last remnant,
 the Wægmundings'. Fate took all
 my kinsmen away to destiny's decree,
 bold nobles; I must go after them."
 That was the old man's last word
 in his breast-thoughts, before he chose the pyre,
 hot battle-surges; from his breast
 the soul went to seek the judgement of the righteous.

[XXXVIII]

Ðā wæs gegongen guman unfrōdum
 earfoðlice, þæt hē on eorðan geseah
 þone lēofestan lifes æt ende
 blēate gebāran. Bona swylce læg,
 2825 egeslic eorðdraca ealdre berēafod,
 bealwe gebāded. Bēahhordum leng
 wyrm wōhbogen wealdan ne mōste,
 ac hine irenna ecga fornāmon,
 hearde, heaðoscearpe homera lāfe,
 2830 þæt se wīdfloga wundum stille
 hrēas on hrūsan hordærne nēah.
 Nalles æfter lyfte lācende hwearf
 middelnihum, mād mæhta wlonc
 ansyn ywde, ac hē eorðan gefēoll
 2835 for ðæs hildfruman hondgeweorce.
 Hūru þæt on lande lýt manna ðāh,
 mægenāgendra, mīne gefræge,
 þēah ðe hē dāda gehwæs dyrstig wære,
 þæt hē wið attorsceaðan oreðe geræsde,
 2840 oððe hringsele hondum styrede,
 gif hē wæccende weard onfunde
 būon on beorge. Bīowulfe wearð
 dryhtmāðma dæl dēaðe forgolden;
 hæfde æghwæðer ende gefēred
 2845 lænan lifes. Næs ðā lang tō ðon
 þæt ðā hildlatan holt ofgēfan,
 tȳdre trēowlogan tȳne ætsomne.
 Ðā ne dorston ær dareðum lācan

Then for the young man it went
 with difficulty that on the ground he saw
 the most beloved, at life's end,
 faring miserably. His slayer also lay,
 terrible earth-dragon, bereft of life,
 oppressed by violence. The crooked-coiled dragon
 might no longer have power over the ring-hoards,
 but iron swords took him away,
 hard, battle-sharp remnants of hammers,
 so that the wide-flyer, still from wounds,
 fell on the ground, near by his treasure-house.
 195^v Not at all did he fly around, playing in the air
 by midnight, proud of treasure-possessions,
 showed his form, but he fell on the earth
 because of the battle-leader's hand-work.
 Indeed, few men succeeded in that country,
 strength-owners, as I heard,
 although they were daring in every sort of deed,
 that they should rush against the poison-enemy's breath,
 or disturb the ring-hall with hands,
 if he found the guardian watching,
 dwelling on the barrow. For Beowulf,
 the lordly treasure's sharing was repaid by death;
 each of them had reached the end
 of transitory life. It was not long after
 that the battle-laggards left the wood,
 ten cowardly trust-betrayers together.
 They had not dared to fight with their spears

on hyra mandryhtnes miclan þearfe,
 2850 ac h̃y scamiende scyldas b̃æran,
 gūðgewædu, þ̃ær se gomela læg,
 wlitan on Wīlāf. H̃e gewērgad sæt,
 fēðecempa, frēan eaxlum nēah,
 wehte hyne wætre; him wiht ne sp̃eow.
 2855 Ne meahte h̃e on eorðan, ðēah h̃e ūðe wēl,
 on ðām frumgāre feorh gehealdan,
 ne ðæs Wealdendes wiht oncirran;
 wolde dōm Godes dādum rādan
 gumena gehwylcum, swā h̃e nū gēn dēð.
 2860 Þā wæs æt ðām geongan grim ondsvaru
 ēðbegēte þām ðe ær his elne forlēas.
 Wīglāf maðelode, Wēohstānes sunu,
 sec, sārīgferð seah on unlēofe:
 "Þæt, lā, mæg secgan sē ðe wyle sōð specan
 2865 þæt se mondryhten sē ēow ðā māðmas geaf,
 ēoredgeatwe, þe gē þ̃ær on standað,
 þonne h̃e on ealubence oft gesealde
 healsittendum helm ond byrnan,
 þēoden his þegnum, swylce h̃e þr̃yðlicost
 2870 ōwer feor oððe nēah findan meahte,
 þæt h̃e gēnunga gūðgewædu
 wrāðe forwurpe, ðā hyne wīg beget.
 Nealles folccyning fyrdgesteallum
 gylpan þorfte; hwæðre him God ūðe,
 2875 sigora Waldend, þæt h̃e hyne sylfne gewræc
 āna mid ecge, þā him wæs elnes þearf.
 Ic him lifwraðe l̃ytle meahte
 ætgifan æt gūðe, ond ongan swā þēah

in their man-lord's great need,
 but in shame they carried their shields,
 the war-dresses, to where the old man lay,
 looked on Wiglaf. He sat, wearied,
 foot-warrior, near his lord's shoulders,
 revived him with water; he had no success at all.
 He could not, although he wished it dearly,
 keep the leader's life on earth,
 nor could he change anything of the Ruler's;
 196' God's judgement would rule each of men
 in his deeds, as it still does now.
 Then from the young man a grim answer
 was easily received by those who had lost their courage.
 Wiglaf said, Weohstan's son,
 the man, sore-hearted, looked on the unbeloved ones:
 "That now may he say who wants to speak the truth
 that the man-lord who gave you those treasures,
 troop-equipment, in which you stand here,
 when he often, on the ale-bench, gave
 helmet and mailshirt to the hall-sitters,
 king to his retainers, the most splendid ones
 he could find anywhere far or near,
 that grievously he threw those war-dresses
 completely away, when war befell him.
 About his war-companions, the people-king had no cause
 to boast; however, God granted him,
 victories' Ruler, that he avenged himself
 alone with the sword, when he had need of strength.
 I could provide him with little life-protection
 at the fight, and yet I began,

ofer mīn gemet mǣges helpan;
 2880 symle wæs þȳ sāmra, þonne ic sweorde drep
 ferhðogeniðlan, fȳr unswiðor
 wēoll of gewitte. Wergendra tō lȳt
 þrong ymbe þēoden, þā hyne sīo þrāg becwōm.
 Nū sceal sincþego ond swyrdgifu,
 2885 eall ēðelwyn ēowrum cynne,
 lufen ālicgean; londrihtes mōt
 þære mǣgburge monna āghwylc
 idel hweorfan, syððan æðelingas
 feorran gefricgean flēam ēowerne,
 2890 dōmleasan dǣd. Dēað bið sēlla
 eorla gehwylcum þonne edwītlīf."

XL

Heht ðā þæt heaðoweorc tō hagan biðdan
 up ofer ecgclif, þær þæt eorlweorod
 morgenlongne dæg mōdgiōmor sæt,
 2895 bordhæbbende, bēga on wēnum,
 endedōgores ond eftcymes
 lēofes monnes. Lȳt swīgode
 nīwra spella sē ðe næs gerād,
 ac hē sōðlice sægde ofer ealle:
 2900 "Nū is wilgeofa Wedra lēoda,
 dryhten Gēata, dēaðbedde fæst,
 wunað wælreste wyrmes dǣdum.
 Him on efn ligeð ealdorgewinna
 sexbennum sēoc; sweorde ne meahte
 2905 on ðām āglæcean ænige þinga

beyond my power, to help my kinsman;
 he was always the weaker, when with the sword I struck
 the life-enemy, the fire surged less strong
 from his head. Too few defenders
 196^v crowded around the king, when hardship came for him.
 Now shall treasure-receiving and sword-giving,
 all homeland-joy, all comfort cease
 for your kin; deprived of land-right
 each man of that kindred must
 wander, when the nobles
 from afar hear of your flight,
 the gloryless deed. Death is better
 for every noble than disgrace-life."

Then he ordered the battle-work to be told to the stronghold,
 up above the edge-cliff, where the noble-troop
 had sat, mind-sad, the morning-long day,
 the shield-bearers, expecting either
 the end-day or the return
 of the beloved man. He kept little back
 of the latest news, who rode to the headland,
 but he truly said in the hearing of all:
 "Now the people of the Wethers' joy-giver,
 the Geats' lord, is still on his death-bed,
 occupies the slaughter-bed due to the dragon's deeds.
 Beside him lies the life-enemy,
 sick from dagger-wounds; with the sword, he could not
 in any way inflict a wound

wunde gewyrcean. Wīglāf siteð
 ofer Bīowulfe, byre Wīhstānes,
 eorl ofer ðōrum unlifigendum,
 healdeð higemæðum hēafodwearde
 2910 lēofes ond lāðes. Nū ys lēodum wēn
 orleghwīle, syððan underne
 Froncum ond Frýsum fyll cyninges
 wīde weorðeð. Wæs sīo wrōht scepen
 heard wið Hūgas, syððan Higelāc cwōm
 2915 faran flotherge on Frēsna land,
 þær hyne Hetware hilde genægdon,
 elne geēodon mid ofermægene,
 þæt se byrnwiga būgan sceolde,
 fēoll on fēðan, nalles frætwe geaf
 2920 ealdor dugoðe. Ūs wæs ā syððan
 Merewīingas milts ungyfeðe.
 Ne ic tō Swēoðēode sibbe oððe trēowe
 wihhte ne wēne, ac wæs wīde cūð
 þætte Ongenðio ealdre besnyðede
 2925 Hæþcen Hrēþling wið Hrefnawudu,
 þā for onmēðlan ærest gesōhton
 Gēata lēode Gūðscilfingas.
 Sōna him se frōda fæder Ōhtheres,
 eald ond egesfull, ondslyht āgeaf,
 2930 ābrēot brimwīsan, brýd āhredde,
 gomela iōmēowlan golde berofene,
 Onelan mōdor ond Ōhtheres,
 ond ðā folgode feorhgeniðlan,
 oððæt hī oðēodon earfoðlice
 2935 in Hrefnesholt hlāfordlēase.

on the monster. Wiglaf sits
 by Beowulf, Weohstan's son,
 the noble by the other, dead one,
 197^f in mind-distress keeps head-watch
 over friend and foe. Now for the people there is likelihood
 of war-time, when the king's fall
 becomes widely known
 to Franks and Frisians. That hard strife was created
 against the Hugas, when Hygelac came
 journeying with a ship-army to the Frisians' land,
 where the Hetware attacked him in battle,
 bravely achieved it with superior force
 that the mailshirt-warrior had to yield,
 fell among the fighters, no treasure at all did
 the prince give to his companions. Ever since,
 the Merovingian's favour has been denied to us.
 Nor do I expect peace or loyalty from the Swedish people
 at all, but it was widely known
 that Ongentheow deprived
 Hæthcyn, Hrethel's son, of his life, near Ravenswood,
 when, out of arrogance, the people of the Geats
 first attacked the War-Scylfings.
 Soon Ohthere's old father,
 old and terrible, gave a stroke,
 cut down the sea-king, saved his wife,
 old man, the old woman decked in gold,
 Onela's mother and Ohthere's,
 and then pursued the life-enemies,
 until they escaped with difficulty
 to Ravenswood, lordless.

Besæt ðā sinherge sweorda lāfe,
 wundum wēрге, wēan oft gehēt
 earmre teohhe ondlonge niht,
 cwæð, hē on mergenne mēces ecgum
 2940 gētan wolde, sum on galgtrēowum
 fuglum tō gamene. Frōfor eft gelamp
 sārigmōdum somod ærdæge,
 syððan hīe Hygelāces horn ond bȳman,
 gealdor ongēaton, þā se gōda cōm
 2945 lēoda dugoðe on lāst faran.

XLI

Wæs sīo swātswaðu Swēona ond Gēata,
 wælræs weora wīde gesȳne,
 hū ðā folc mid him fāhðe tōwehton.
 Gewāt him ðā se gōda mid his gædelingum,
 2950 frōd, felageōmor, fæsten sēcean,
 eorl Ongenþio, ufor oncirde;
 hæfde Higelāces hilde gefrūnen,
 wlonces wīgcræft, wiðres ne truwode,
 þæt hē sāmānum onsacan mihte,
 2955 heaðolīðendum hord forstandan,
 bearn ond brȳde; bēah eft þonan
 eald under eorðweall. Þā wæs æht boden
 Swēona lēodum, segn Higelāces
 freoðowong þone forð oferēodon,
 2960 syððan Hrēðlingas tō hagan þrungon.
 Þær wearð Ongenðīow ecgum sweorda,
 blondenfexa, on bid wrecen,

197^v Then with a large army he besieged the swords' remnant,
 weary with wounds, often threatened woe
 to the wretched company all night long,
 said in the morning he would kill
 with the sword's edges, some on gallow-trees,
 game for the birds. Support then came
 to the sad-hearted ones together with the morning,
 when they perceived Hygelac's horn and trumpet,
 the sound, when the hero came,
 journeying on their track with the people's experienced warriors.

The Swedes' and Geats' blood-track,
 men's battle-rush, was widely seen,
 how those peoples stirred up the feud between each other.
 Then the brave king with his companions,
 old, very sad, went to seek his stronghold,
 noble Ongentheow, turned further away;
 had learnt of Hygelac's battle-prowess,
 the proud man's war-craft, did not trust in resistance,
 that he might resist the sea-men,
 defend, against the battle-sailors, hoard,
 children and wife, then turned again from there,
 the old man behind an earth-wall. Then pursuit was offered
 to the people of the Swedes, Hygelac's standards
 overran that refuge-field,
 when the Hrethelings pushed through to the enclosure.
 Then by swords' edges Ongentheow was,
 grey-haired, brought to bay,

þæt se þeodcyning ðafian sceolde
 Eafores ānne dōm. Hyne yrringa
 2965 Wulf Wonrēding wǣpne gerǣhte,
 þæt him for swenge swāt ædrum sprong
 forð under fexe. Næs hē forht swā ðēh,
 gomela Scilfing, ac forgeald hraðe
 wyrstan wrixle wælhlem þone,
 2970 syððan ðeodcyning þyder oncirde.
 Ne meahte se snella sunu Wonrēdes
 ealdum ceorle ondslyht gíofan,
 ac hē him on hēafde helm ær gescer,
 þæt hē blōde fāh būgan sceolde,
 2975 fēoll on foldan; næs hē fæge þā gīt,
 ac hē hyne gewyrpte, þeah ðe him wund hrine.
 Lēt se hearda Higelāces þegn
 brādne mēce, þā his brōðor læg,
 ealdsweord eotonisc, entiscne helm
 2980 breccan ofer bordweal; ðā gebēah cyning,
 folces hyrde, wæs in feorh dropen.
 Ðā wæron monige þe his mæg wriðon,
 ricone ārærdon, ðā him gerȳmed wearð
 þæt hīe wælstōwe wealdan mōston.
 2985 Þenden rēafode rinc oðerne,
 nam on Ongenðio irenbyrnan,
 heard swyrd hilted ond his helm somod,
 hāres hyrste Higelāce bær.
 Hē ðām frætsum fēng ond him fægre gehēt
 2990 lēana mid lēodum, ond gelæste swā;
 geald þone gūðrās Gēata dryhten,
 Hrēðles eafora, þā hē tō hām becōm,

so that the people-king had to submit
 198^f to the judgement of Eofor alone. Angrily,
 Wolf, Wonred's son, hit him with his weapon,
 that from the blow the blood sprang forth from the veins
 under the hair. Nevertheless, he was not afraid,
 old Scylfing, but he quickly repaid
 that slaughter-blow with a worse exchange,
 when the people-king had turned back there.
 Wonred's bold son could not
 give a return blow to the old man,
 but he first cut the helmet on his head,
 so that he was to sink, stained with blood,
 fell on the earth; he was not yet doomed then,
 but he recovered, although his wound hurt him.
 Higelac's hardy retainer let,
 the broad sword, when his brother lay there,
 old giant-made sword, break the giant-made helmet
 over the shield-wall; then the king fell,
 people's shepherd, was struck in his life.
 Then there were many who bandaged his brother,
 lifted him up quickly, when it had been granted to them
 that they could possess the slaughter-place.
 Then one warrior plundered the other,
 took from Ongentheow the iron mailshirt,
 the hard hilted sword and his helmet, too,
 took to Hygelac the old man's armour.
 He received the treasure and fittingly promised him
 198^v rewards among the people, and so performed it;
 the Geat's lord, paid that war-rush,
 Hrethel's son, when he came home,

Iofore ond Wulfe mid ofer māðmum,
 sealde hiora gehwāðrum hund þūsenda
 2995 landes ond locenra bēaga ne ðorfte him ðā lēan oðwītan
 mon on middangearde, syððan hīe ðā mārða geslōgon,
 ond ðā Iofore forgeaf āngan dohtor,
 hāmweorðunge, hylde tō wedde.
 Þæt ys sio fāhðo ond se fēondscipe,
 3000 wælnīð wera, ðæs ðe ic wēn hafo,
 þe ūs sēceað tō Swēona lēoda,
 syððan hīe gefricgeað frēan ūserne
 ealdorlēasne, þone ðe ær gehēold
 wið hettendum hord ond rīce
 3005 æfter hāleða hryre, hwate Scildingas,
 folcrēd fremede oððe furður gēn
 eorlscipe efnde. Nū is ofost betost
 þæt wē þeodcyning þær scēawian
 ond þone gebringan, þe ūs bēagas geaf,
 3010 on ādfære. Ne scel ānes hwæt
 meltan mid þām mōdigan, ac þær is māðma hord,
 gold unrīme grimme gecēapod,
 ond nū æt siðestan sylfes fēore
 bēagas gebohte. Þā sceall brond fretan,
 3015 æled þeccean, nalles eorl wegan
 māððum tō gemyndum, ne mægð scýne
 habban on healse hringweorðunge,
 ac sceal geōmormōd, golde berēafod,
 oft nalles āne elland tredan,
 3020 nū se herewīsa hleahtor ālegde,
 gamen ond glēodrēam. Forðon sceall gār wesian
 monig, morgenceald, mundum bewunden,

to Eofor and Wolf with enormous treasure,
 gave each of them a hundred thousand
 of land and linked rings, nor could a man on middle-earth
 blame him for the reward, since they performed those glorious deeds,
 and to Eofor he gave his own daughter
 to grace his home, as a pledge of favour.
 That is the feud and the enmity,
 the slaughter-hatred of men, which I expect,
 for which the people of the Swedes will attack us,
 when they learn that our lord
 is lifeless, who earlier guarded
 hoard and kingdom against the enemies,
 after the fall of the heroes, the bold Scyldings,
 furthered people-welfare, and further performed
 deeds of valour. Now haste is best,
 that we may look on the people-king there
 and bring him who gave us rings
 on the pyre-journey. Nor shall only one part
 melt with the bold one, but there is a hoard of treasures,
 countless gold, grimly bought,
 and now at last rings bought
 with his own life. Those the fire shall devour,
 199^f the flames consume, not at all shall a noble wear
 an ornament for memory, no fair maid
 shall have a ring-adornment on her neck,
 but they shall, sad in mind, bereft of gold,
 often, not only once, tread the land of exile,
 now that the war-leader has laid down laughter,
 game and mirth-joy. Therefore many a spear shall be
 grasped by hands, cold in the morning,

hæfen on handa, nalles hearpan swēg
 wīgend weccean, ac se wonna hrefn
 3025 fūs ofer fægum fela reordian,
 earne secgan hū him æt æte spēow,
 þenden hē wið wulf wæl rēafode."
 Swā se secg hwata secggende wæs
 lāðra spella; hē ne lēag fela
 3030 wyrda ne worda. Weorod eall ārās;
 ēodon unblīðe under Earnanæs,
 wollentēare wundur scēawian.
 Fundon ðā on sande sāwullēasne
 hlimbed healdan þone þe him hringas geaf
 3035 ārran mælum; þā wæs endedæg
 gōdum gegongen, þæt se gūðcýning,
 Wedra þēoden wundordēaðe swealt.
 Ær hī þær gesēgan syllicran wiht,
 wýrm on wonge wiðerræhtes þær
 3040 lāðne licgean; wæs se lēgdraca
 grimlic, gryrefāh, glēdum beswæled.
 Sē wæs fiftiges fōtgemearces
 lang on legere, lyftwynne hēold
 nihtes hwīlum, nyðer eft gewāt
 3045 dennes nīosian; wæs ðā dēaðe fæst,
 hæfde eorðscrafa ende genyttod.
 Him big stōdan bunan ond orcas,
 discas lāgon ond dýre swýrd,
 ōmige, þurhetone, swā hīe wið eorðan fæðm
 3050 þūsend wintra þær eardodon.
 Þonne wæs þæt yrfe, ēacencræftig,
 iūmonna gold galdre bewunden,

lifted in the hand, not at all shall the harp's sound
 wake the warriors, but the dark raven,
 eager after the doom, shall recount many things,
 tell the eagle how he fared at the meal,
 when he plundered the slain with the wolf."
 Thus the bold man was recounting
 grievous tales; he did not lie much
 in facts or words. All the troop arose;
 they went unhappily by Earnanæs,
 with welling tears, to see the marvel.
 There on the sand, they found the soul-less one
 keep the rest-bed, who had given them rings
 in previous times; then had the end-day
 come for the good one, in which the war-king,
 the Weathers' king died in a wonder-death.
 Earlier they saw there a stranger creature,
 the dragon on the plain, the enemy lying there
 opposite; the fire-dragon was
 199^v grim, terror-covered, scorched with fire.
 He was fifty foot-marks
 long in lying, held air-joy
 sometimes during the night, then he came down again
 to seek his lair; he was then fast in death,
 had used the last of his earth-caverns.
 Near him stood cups and pitchers,
 dishes lay there and precious swords,
 rusty, eaten through, as they had, in the earth's bosom,
 dwelt there for a thousand winters.
 Then that mighty heritage,
 earlier men's gold, was surrounded with a spell,

þæt ðām hringsele hrīnan ne mōste
 gumena ānig, nefne God sylfa,
 3055 sigora Sōðcýning, sealde þām ðe hē wolde
 – hē is manna gehyld – hord openian,
 efne swā hwylcum manna swā him gemet ðūhte.

XLII

Þā wæs gesýne þæt se sīð ne ðāh
 þām ðe unrihte inne gehýdde
 3060 wrāte under wealle. Weard ær ofslōh
 fēara sumne; þā sīo fāhð gewearð
 gewrecen wrāðlice. Wundur hwār þonne
 eorl ellenrōf ende gefēre
 lifgesceafta, þonne leng ne mæg
 3065 mon mid his mægum meduseld būan.
 Swā wæs Bīowulfe, þā hē biorges weard
 sōhte, searonīðas; seolfa ne cūðe
 þurh hwæt his worulde gedāl weorðan sceolde.
 Swā hit oð dōmes dæg dīope benemdon
 3070 þēodnas mære, þā ðæt þær dydon,
 þæt se secg wære synnum scildig,
 hergum geheaðerod, hellbendum fæst,
 wommum gewītnad, sē ðone wong strude;
 næs hē goldhwæte gearwor hæfde
 3075 Āgendes ēst ær gescēawod.
 Wīglāf maðelode, Wīhstānes sunu:
 "Oft sceall eorl monig ānes willan
 wrēc ādrēogan, swā ūs geworden is.
 Ne meah-ton wē gelæran lēofne þēoden,

that no man might touch
 that ring-hall, unless God himself,
 victories' Truth-King granted to whom he would
 – he is men's protection – to open the hord,
 even to such a man as he thought fit.

Then it was seen that his way had not prospered
 him who unrighteously had hidden
 the treasure inside under the wall. The guardian first killed
 one of few men; then that feud was
 avenged severely. It is a mystery then where
 a courage-famous noble should reach the end
 of his life-destiny, when he no longer may,
 a man with his kinsmen, dwell in a mead-hall.
 200' Such it was to Beowulf, when he sought the barrow's guardian,
 battle-enmity; he himself did not know
 by what his departure from the world should come about.
 So the famous princes, those who put it there,
 had deeply declared it until the day of judgement,
 that the man should be guilty of sins,
 confined in devils' haunts, fast in hell-bonds,
 evilly tormented, who plundered that place;
 not at all had he more fully perceived the Lord's
 gold-bestowing grace earlier.
 Wiglaf said, Weohstan's son:
 "Often many a noble shall, for the sake of one,
 suffer misery, as has befallen us.
 We could not give any counsel

3080 rīces hyrde, rǣd ænigne,
 þæt hē ne grētte goldweard þone,
 lēte hyne licgean þær hē longe wæs,
 wīcum wunian oð woruldende;
 hēold on hēahgesceap. Hord ys gescēawod,
 3085 grimme gegongen; wæs þæt gifeðe tō swið
 þe ðone þeodcýning þyder ontyhte.
 Ic wæs þær inne ond þæt eall geondseh,
 recedes geatwa, þā mē gerȳmed wæs,
 nealles swāslīce sið ālȳfed
 3090 inn under eorðweall. Ic on ofoste gefēng
 micle mid mundum mægenbyrðenne
 hordgestrēona, hider ūt ætbær
 cýninge mīnum. Cwico wæs þā gēna,
 wīs ond gewittig; worn eall gespræc
 3095 gomol on gehðo ond ēowic grētan hēt,
 bād þæt gē geworhton æfter wines dǣdum
 in bælstede beorh þone hēan,
 micelne ond mārne, swā hē manna wæs
 wīgend weorðfullost wīde geond eorðan,
 3100 þenden hē burhwelan brūcan mōste.
 Uton nū efstan oðre siðe,
 sēon ond sēcean searogimma geþræc,
 wundur under wealle; ic ēow wīsige,
 þæt gē genōge nēon scēawiað
 3105 bēagas ond brād gold. Sīe sīo bær gearo,
 ædre geæfned, þonne wē ūt cymen,
 ond þonne geferian frēan ūserne,
 lēofne mannan, þær hē longe sceal
 on ðæs Waldendes wære geþolian."

to our dear king, the kingdom's shepherd,
 that he should not greet that gold-guardian,
 let him lie where he was for a long time,
 live in his dwelling-places until the world-end;
 he held fast to his high destiny. The hoard has been seen,
 grimly acquired; this fate was too strong
 which impelled the people-king away from here.
 I was in there and I looked around on all that,
 the hall's treasures, when a way was cleared for me,
 not at all kindly, a path allowed
 inside under the earth-wall. In haste I took,
 with my hands, a great strength-burden
 200^v of the hoard-treasures, brought it out here
 to my king. He was still alive then,
 wise and conscious; he said many things,
 old man in his sorrow, and told me to greet you,
 ordered that you build, according to your friend's deeds,
 a high barrow in the pyre-place,
 great and famous, as he was
 the worthiest warrior of men on the wide earth,
 while he could enjoy his stronghold-wealth.
 Let us now haste once more
 to see and seek the heap of curious gems,
 wonder under the wall; I will guide you,
 that you shall see, near enough,
 rings and thick gold. Let the bier be ready,
 quickly made, when we come out,
 and take away our lord,
 beloved man, where he long shall
 wait in the Ruler's keeping."

3110 Hēt ðā gebēodan byre Wīhstānes,
 hæle hildedior, hæleða monegum
 boldāgendra, þæt hīe bælwudu
 feorran feredon, folcāgende,
 gōdum tōgēnes: "Nū sceal glēd fretan,
 3115 – weaxan wonna lēg – wigena strengel,
 þone ðe oft gebād īsernscūre,
 þonne stræla storm strengum gebæded
 scōc ofer scildweall, sceft nytte hēold,
 feðergearwum fūs flāne fullēode."
 3120 Hūru se snotra sunu Wīhstānes
 ācīgde of corðre cyninges þegnas
 syfone tosomne, þā sēlestan,
 ēode eahta sum under inwithrōf
 hilderinca; sum on handa bær
 3125 æledlēoman, sē ðe on orde gēong.
 Næs ðā on hlytme hwā þæt hord strude,
 syððan orwearde ænigne dæl
 secgas gesēgon on sele wunian,
 lāne licgan; lýt ænig mearn
 3130 þæt hī ofostlice ūt geferedon
 dýre mǣðmas. Dracan ēc scufun,
 wyrm ofer weallclif, lēton wēg niman,
 flōd fæðmian frætwa hyrde.
 Þā wæs wunden gold on wæn hladen,
 3135 æghwæs unrīm, æþeling boren,
 hār hilderinc tō Hronesnæsse.

Then Weohstan's son, ordered it to be commanded,
 battle-brave hero, commanded to many heroes,
 building-owners, that they should bring
 pyre-wood from afar to the people-ruler,
 the good one: "Now the fire shall devour
 – the dark flame shall grow high – the warriors' ruler,
 who often endured iron-shower,
 when the arrows' storm, urged on by the strings,
 passed over the shield-wall, the shaft did its duty,
 eager by means of the feather-gear, it followed the arrowhead."
 Indeed, Weohstan's wise son
 201^r chose from the troop the king's retainers,
 seven altogether, the best ones,
 went as one of eight warriors
 under the enemy-roof; one carried in his hand
 a lighted torch, he who went in front.
 It was not decided by lot who should plunder that hoard,
 after the men saw any part of it
 remain in the hall unguarded,
 lie perishing; little did any mourn
 that they quickly brought out
 the precious treasures. They also pushed the dragon,
 the serpent, over the wall-cliff, let the wave take,
 the flood embrace, the treasure's guardian.
 Then twisted gold was loaded on a wagon,
 a countless amount of it, the prince,
 old warrior, carried to Hronesnæs.

XLIII

Him ðā gegiredan Gēata lēode
 ād on eorðan unwāclīcne,
 helmum behongen, hildebordum,
 3140 beorhtum byrnum, swā hē bēna wæs;
 ālegdon ðā tōmiddles mārne þēoden
 hǣleð hīofende, hlāford lēofne.
 Ongunnon þā on beorge bālfýra mǣst
 wīgend weccan; wudurēc āstāh,
 3145 sweart ofer swioðole, swōgende lēg
 wōpe bewunden – windblond gelæg –,
 oðþæt hē ðā bānhūs gebrocen hǣfde,
 hāt on hreðre. Hīgum unrōte
 mōdceare mǣndon, mondryhtnes cwealm;
 3150 swylce giōmorgyd Gēatisc mēowle
 [Bīowulfe] bundenheorde
 song sorgcearig swīðe geneahhe
 þæt hīo hyre hearmdagas hearde ondrēde,
 wālfylla worn, werudes egesan,
 3155 hȳnðo ond hæftnȳd. Heofon rēce swealg.
 Geworhton ðā Wedra lēode
 hlēo on hōe, sē wæs hēah ond brād,
 wǣgliðendum wīde gesȳne,
 ond betimbredon on tȳn dagum
 3160 beadurōfes bēcn, bronda lāfe
 wealle beworhton, swā hyt weorðlicost
 foresnotre men findan mihton.
 Hī on beorg dydon bēg ond siglu,
 eall swylce hyrsta, swylce on horde ær

The people of the Geats then prepared for him
 a firm pyre on the ground,
 hung about with helmets, battle-shields,
 bright mailshirts, as he had asked;
 in the middle they laid the famous king,
 lamenting heroes, the beloved lord.
 On the barrow, the warriors then began to kindle
 the largest of funeral fires; wood-smoke climbed up,
 black over the fire, the roaring flame,
 mingled with weeping – the wind-tumult had subsided –,
 until it had then broken the bone-house,
 hot in the heart. The ones depressed in heart
 spoke of their mind-sorrow, the man-lord's death;
 201^v also, the Geatish woman, with bound-up hair,
 sang a dirge for Beowulf,
 sorrowful, very often
 that she greatly feared days of evil,
 much slaughter-fill, terror of the army,
 humiliation and captivity-evil. Heaven swallowed the smoke.
 Then they made a mound for the leader of the Weathers
 on the cliff, it was high and broad,
 widely seen by seafarers,
 and in ten days they built
 the beacon of the battle-bold one, the fire's remnant
 they surrounded with a wall, such as skilled men
 might find worthiest.
 They put rings and jewels on the barrow,
 all such armour as the battle-minded men

3165 nīðhēdige men genumen hæfdon,
forlēton eorla gestrēon eorðan healdan,
gold on grēote, þær hit nū gēn lifað
eldum swā unnyt swā hit æror wæs.
Þā ymbe hlāw riodan hildedīore,
3170 æþelinga bearn, ealra twelfe,
woldon ceare cwīðan ond kyning mænan,
wordgyd wrecan ond ymb wer sprecan;
eahtodan eorlscipe ond his ellenweorc
duguðum dēmdon, swā hit gedēfe bið
3175 þæt mon his winedryhten wordum herge,
ferhðum frēoge, þonne hē forð scile
of līchaman lāded weorðan.
Swā begnornodon Gēata lēode
hlāfordes hryre, heorðgenēatas,
3180 cwædon þæt hē wære wyruldcyninga
mannum mildust ond monðwærust,
lēodum līðost ond lofgeornost.

had earlier taken from the hoard,
let the earth hold the wealth of nobles,
gold in the ground, where it still is now,
as useless to men as it was before.
Then around the barrow the battle-brave ones rode,
princes' sons, twelve in all,
wanted to announce sorrow and mourn for their king,
utter a word-song and talk about the man;
they honoured his noble deeds and highly praised
his courage-work, as it is fitting
that a man should praise his friend-lord with words,
love him in his heart, when he must
be led forth from his body.
So the people of the Geats mourned
their lord's fall, his hearth-companions,
they said that he had been of world-kings
the mildest of men and the gentlest,
kindest to the people and most eager for glory.