

# *Beowulf*

A DUAL-LANGUAGE EDITION

*Translated and with an Introduction and Commentary by*

HOWELL D. CHICKERING, JR.

ANCHOR BOOKS EDITIONS, 1977, 1989, 2006

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

*Beowulf* : a dual-language edition.

Bibliography: p.

I. Chickering, Howell D.

PR1583.C48

829.3

72-21250

**Anchor ISBN-10: 1-4000-9622-7**

**Anchor ISBN-13: 978-1-4000-9622-0**

[www.anchorbooks.com](http://www.anchorbooks.com)

Printed in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1



*Anchor Books*

A DIVISION OF RANDOM HOUSE, INC.

NEW YORK

- VIII Unferð mapelode, Ecglāfes bearn,  
 500 þe æt fōtum sæt frēan Scyldinga,  
 onband beadu-rūne— wæs him Bēowulfes sīð,  
 mōdges mere-faran, micel æfþunca  
 forþon þe hē ne ūþe þæt ænig oðer man  
 æfre mārða þon mā middan-geardes  
 505 gehēdde under heofenum þonne hē sylfa:  
 “Eart þū sē Bēowulf, sē þe wið Breca wunne,  
 on sīdne sæ ymb sund flite,  
 ðær git for wlence wada cunnedon  
 ond for dol-gilpe on dēop wæter  
 510 aldrum nēþdon? Nē inc ænig mon,  
 nē lēof nē lāð, belēan mihte  
 sorh-fullne sīð, þā git on sund rēon;  
 þær git ēagor-strēam earmum þehton,  
 mæton mere-strāta mundum brugdon,  
 515 glidon ofer gār-secg; geofon yþum wēol,  
 wintrys wylm[um]. Git on wāteres æht  
 seofon niht swuncon; hē þe æt sunde oferflāt,  
 hæfde mære mægen. Ðā hine on morgen-tīd  
 on Heaþo-Rāmes holm up ætbær;  
 520 ðonon hē gesōhte swāsne ēpel,  
 lēof his lēodum, lond Brondinga,  
 freoðo-burh fægere, þær hē folc āhte,  
 burh ond bēagas. Bēot eal wið þe  
 sunu Bēanstānes sōðe gelæste.  
 525 Ðonne wēne ic tō þe wyrsan geþingea  
 ðēah þū heaðo-ræsa gehwær dohte  
 grimre gūðe, gif þū Grendles dearst  
 niht-longne fyrst nēan bīdan.”  
 Bēowulf mapelode, bearn Ecgbēowes:  
 530 “Hwæt þū worn fela, wine mīn Unferð,  
 bēore druncen ymb Breca spræce,

499a MS. HVN ferð: em. Rieger, as also in 530, 1165, 1488. Apparently the scribe succumbed to the analogy of other Germanic names such as Hunlafing 1143.

516a MS. wylm: em. Kluge.

530b MS. hun ferð.

- VIII Unferth, Ecglaf's son, rose up to speak,  
 500 who sat at the feet of the lord of the Scyldings;  
 he unbound a battle-rune— the journey of Beowulf,  
 the brave seafarer, caused him chagrin,  
 for he would not grant that any other man  
 under the heavens might ever care more  
 505 for famous deeds than he himself:  
 “Are you the same Beowulf who challenged Breca  
 to a swimming match on the open sea?  
 There out of pride you both tested sea-ways,  
 through foolish boasting risked lives on the deep.  
 510 None could dissuade you, friend nor foe,  
 keep either of you from that hapless trip,  
 when you two went swimming out of the bay,  
 your arms embracing the crests, sea-currents,  
 flung out your hands to measure the sea-roads,  
 515 the ocean of wind. The steep seas boiled  
 in winter's pourings. You both toiled seven nights,  
 driven by the waves, and in that swimming  
 he overcame you, had greater strength.  
 The sea cast him up on the Heatho-Ræms' shore;  
 520 from there at daybreak he sought his homeland,  
 beloved by his people, came back to the Brondings,  
 fair peace-fort where he had subjects,  
 stronghold, and treasures. The good son of Beanstan  
 had truly fulfilled his whole boast against you.  
 525 And so at your hand I expect worse results,  
 although you have been always successful  
 in fierce battle-rushes, if you really dare  
 wait here for Grendel the whole night long.”  
 Beowulf replied, the son of Ecgtheow:  
 530 “What a great deal, Unferth my friend,  
 full of beer, you have said about Breca,

- sægdest from his sīðe. Sōð ic talige  
 þæt ic mere-strengo mǣran ahte,  
 earfeþo on ȝþum, ðonne ænig oþer man.  
 535 Wit þæt gecwædon cniht-wesende  
 ond gebēotedon— wæron bēgen þā git  
 on geogoð-fēore— þæt wit on gār-secg ūt  
 aldrum nēðdon ond þæt geæfndon swā.  
 Hæfdon swurd nacod, þā wit on sund rēon,  
 540 heard on handa; wit unc wið hron-fixas  
 werian þōhton. Nō hē wiht fram mē  
 flōd-ȝþum feor flēotan meahhte,  
 hraþor on holme, nō ic fram him wolde.  
 Ðā wit ætsomne on sǣ wæron  
 545 fīf nihta fyrst, oppæt unc flōd tōdrāf  
 wado weallende, wedera cealdost,  
 nīpende niht, ond norþan-wind  
 heaðo-grim ondhwearf. Hrēo wæron ȝþa,  
 wæs mere-fixa mōd onhrēred;  
 550 þær mē wið lādum lic-syrce mīn,  
 heard, hond-locen, helpe gefremede,  
 beado-hrægl brōden on brēostum læg  
 golde gegyrwed. Mē tō grunde tēah  
 fāh fēond-scaða, fæste hæfde  
 555 grim on grāpe; hwæpre mē gyfeþe wearð  
 þæt ic āglæcan orde geræhte,  
 hilde-bille; heaþo-ræs fornam  
 mihtig mere-dēor þurh mīne hand.  
 VIII “Swā mec gelōme lād-getēonan  
 560 prēatedon þearle. Ic him þēnode  
 dēoran sweorde, swā hit gedēfe wæs.  
 Næs hīe ðære fülle gefēan hæfdon,  
 mǣn-fordædlan, þæt hīe mē þēgon,  
 symbel ymb-sæton sǣ-grunde nēah;  
 565 ac on mergenne mēcum wunde  
 be ȝð-lāfe uppe lægon,  
 sweo[r]dum āswefede, þæt syðþan nā

- told of his deeds. But to tell the true story,  
 I had more sea-strength, power in swimming,  
 and also more hardship, than any other man.  
 535 To each other we said, as boys will boast,  
 —we both were still young— that we two alone  
 would swim out to sea, to the open ocean,  
 dare risk our lives, and we did as we said.  
 We held naked swords hard in our hands  
 540 as we swam on the sea; thought to protect us  
 from whales' tusks. He could not glide,  
 swim farther from me, away on the surge,  
 the heaving waves, no swifter in water,  
 nor would I leave him. Five nights we swam,  
 545 together on the ocean, till it drove us apart  
 in its churning, sliding; that coldest weather  
 turned against us, dark night and water,  
 the north wind war-sharp. Rough were the waves,  
 and angry sea-beasts had been stirred up.  
 550 Then my body-armor, hard-linked, hand-joined,  
 did me some service against their attack;  
 my chain-metal war-shirt, worked with gold,  
 covered my chest. A fierce sea-monster  
 dragged me down deep, held me on the bottom  
 555 in his cruel grip. However, it was granted  
 that my point reached him; I stabbed as I could  
 with my sharp sword, with battle-thrust killed  
 the huge sea-beast by my own hand.  
 VIII “Again and again the angry monsters  
 560 made fierce attacks. I served them well  
 with my noble blade, as was only fitting.  
 Small pleasure they had in such a sword-feast,  
 dark things in the sea that meant to eat me,  
 sit round their banquet on the deep sea-floor.  
 565 Instead, in the morning, they lay on the beach,  
 asleep from my sword, the tide-marks bloodied  
 from their deep gashes, and never again

- ymb brontne ford      brim-liðende  
lāde ne letton.      *Lēoht* ēastan cōm,  
570 beorht bēacen Godes,      brimu swaþredon,  
þæt ic sǣ-næssas      gesēon mihte  
windige weallas.      Wyrd 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,  
nē on ēg-strēamum      earmran mannon;  
hwæþere ic fāra feng      fēore gedigde  
sīþes wērig.      Ðā mec sǣ oþbær,  
580 flōd æfter faroðe      on Finna land  
w[a]du weallendu.      Nō ic wiht fram þē  
swylcra searo-nīða      secgan hýrde,  
billa brōgan.      Breca nǣfre gīt  
æt heaðo-lāce,      nē gehwæþer incer,  
585 swā dēorlice      dǣd gefremede  
fāgum sweordum      —nō ic þæs [*fela*] gylpe—  
þēah ðū þīnum brōðrum      tō banan wurde,  
hēafod-mægum;      þæs þū in *helle* scealt  
werhðo drēogan,      þēah þīn wit *duge*.  
590 Secge ic þē to sōðe,      sunu *Ecglāfes*,  
þæt nǣfre Gre[n]del swā fela      gryra gefremede,  
atol æglæca      ealdre þīnum,  
hýnðo Heorote,      gif þīn hige wære,  
sefa swā searo-grim,      swā þū self talast;  
595 ac hē hafað onfunden      þæt hē þā fēhðe ne þearf,  
atole ecg-þræce      ēower lēode  
swiðe onsittan,      Sige-Scyldinga;  
nymeð nýd-bāde,      nǣnegum ārað  
lēode Deniga,      ac hē lust wigeð,  
600 swefeð ond s[nē]deþ,      secce ne wēneþ

581a MS. wudu: em. Grundtvig.

586b No gap in MS: supplied by Grein.

591a MS. gre del: em. Thorkelin.

600a MS. sendeþ: em. Rudolph Imelmann, *ES* 66 (1932), 324 ff. The MS. form could mean "sends (to death)."

- did they trouble the passage      of seafaring men  
across the ocean.      Light came from the east,  
570 God's bright beacon,      and the seas calmed,  
till I saw at last      the sea-cliffs, headlands,  
the windy shore.      So fate often saves  
an undoomed man      when his courage holds.  
However it was,      I had chanced to kill  
575 some nine sea-beasts.      I never have heard  
of a harder night-fight      under heaven's vault,  
or a man more oppressed      on the ocean streams.  
Yet I survived      those clutches and lived,  
weary in my venture.      The sea bore me,  
580 ocean's current,      lifting walls of water,  
to the land of the Lapps.      I never have heard  
such struggle, sword-terror,      told about you.  
Never in the din      and play of battle  
585 did Breca or you      show such courage  
with shining blades      —not to boast about it—  
though you were a man-slayer,      killed your brothers,  
closest kinsmen,      for which you must suffer  
damnation in hell,      clever though you are.  
590 I'll tell you a truth,      son of Ecglaf:  
never would Grendel      have done so much harm,  
the awesome monster,      against your own leader,  
shameful in Heorot,      if heart and intention,  
your great battle-spirit,      were sharp as your words.  
595 But he has discovered      he need not dread  
too great a feud,      fierce rush of swords,  
not from your people,      the 'Victory-Scyldings.'  
He exacts his tribute,      has mercy for none  
of the Danes he finds,      but hugs his feast-joys,  
600 kills and devours,      expects no attack

- tō Gār-Denum. Ac ic him Gēata sceal  
 eafoð ond ellen ungeāra nū  
 gūpe gebēodan. Gæþ eft sē þe mōt  
 tō medo mōdig, siþþan morgen-lēoht  
 605 ofer ylda bearn ōpres dōgores,  
 sunne swegl-wered sūþan scīneð!"  
 Ðā wæs on sālum since brytta,  
 gamol-feax ond gūð-rōf; gēoce gelyfde  
 brego Beorht-Dena, gehyrde on Bēowulfe  
 610 folces hyrde fæst-rædne gepōht.  
 Ðær wæs hæleþa hleahor, hlyn swynsode,  
 word wæron wynsume. Eode Wealhþēow forð,  
 cwēn Hrōðgāres cynna gemyndig;  
 grētte gold-hroden guman on healle,  
 615 ond þā frēolīc wīf ful gesealde  
 ærest Eāst-Dena ēpel-wearde;  
 bæd hine blīðne æt þære bēor-þege,  
 lēodum lēofne; hē on lust gepeah  
 symbol ond sele-ful sige-rōf kyning.  
 620 Ymb-ēode þā ides Helminga  
 dugupe ond geogope dæl æghwylcne  
 sinc-fato sealde oþþæt sæl ālamp,  
 þæt hīo Bēowulfe, bēag-hroden cwēn  
 mōde gepungen medo-ful ætbær;  
 625 grētte Gēata lēod, Gode þancode  
 wīs-fæst wordum, þæs ðe se willa gelamp,  
 þæt hēo on ænigne eorl gelyfde  
 fyrena frōfre. Hē þæt ful gepeah,  
 wæl-rēow wiga, æt Wealhþēon,  
 630 ond þā gyddode gūpe gefýsed;  
 Bēowulf mæpelode, bearn Ecgþēowes:  
 "Ic þæt hogode, þā ic on holm gestāh,  
 sæ-bāt gesæt mid mīnra secga gedriht,  
 þæt ic ānunga ēowra lēoda  
 635 willan geworhte, oþðe on wæl crunge,  
 fēond-grāpum fæst. Ic gefremman sceal  
 eorlīc ellen, oþðe ende-dæg  
 on þisse meodu-healle mīnne gebīdan."  
 Ðām wīfe þā word wæl licodon,

- from any Spear-Danes. But I will soon show him,  
 this very night, the courage and strength  
 of the Geats in combat. Whoever pleases  
 may walk brave to mead once a new day,  
 605 tomorrow's dawn, the sun clothed in light  
 shines from the south on the sons of men."  
 Then the treasure-giver was greatly pleased,  
 gray-bearded, battle-famed, chief of the Bright-Danes;  
 the nation's shepherd counted on Beowulf,  
 610 on the warrior's help, when he heard such resolve.  
 There was laughter and noise, a pleasing din,  
 the glad words of men. Wealhtheow came forward,  
 Hrothgar's queen, mindful of courtesies;  
 attired in her gold, she welcomed the men.  
 615 The noble lady gave the first cup,  
 filled to the brim, to the king of the Danes,  
 bade him rejoice in this mead-serving,  
 beloved by his people; he took it happily,  
 victory-famed king, the hall-cup and feast.  
 620 The lady of the Helmings walked through the hall,  
 offered the jeweled cup to veterans and youths,  
 until the time came that the courteous queen,  
 splendid in rings, excellent in virtues,  
 came to Beowulf, brought him the mead.  
 625 She greeted him well, gave thanks to God,  
 wise in her words, that her wish came to pass,  
 that she might expect help against crimes  
 from any man. He accepted the cup,  
 battle-fierce warrior, from Wealhtheow's hand,  
 630 then made a speech, eager for combat—  
 Beowulf spoke, Ecgtheow's son:  
 "I made up my mind, when I set out to sea,  
 boarded our ship with my band of men,  
 that I would entirely fulfill the desire  
 635 of the Danish nation or else fall slaughtered,  
 in the grip of the foe. Tonight I will do  
 a heroic deed or else I will serve  
 my last day of life here in this mead-hall."  
 These words well pleased the royal lady,



- 640 gilp-cwide Gēates; ēode gold-hroden  
frēolicu folc-cwēn tō hire frēan sittan.  
Dā wæs eft swā ær inne on healle  
þrýð-word sprecen, ðēod on sælum,  
sige-folca swēg, oppæt semninga  
645 sunu Healfdenes sēcean wolde  
æfen-ræste; wiste þæm ahlācan  
tō þæm hēah-sele hilde geþinged,  
siððan hīe sunnan lēoht gesēon meahton,  
op ðe nīpende niht ofer ealle,  
650 scadu-helma gesceapu scriðan cwōman,  
wan under wolcnum. Werod eall ārās.  
[Ge]grētte þā guma oþerne,  
Hrōðgār Bēowulf, ond him hæl ābēad,  
wīn-ærnes geweald, ond þæt word ācwæð:  
655 "Nāfre ic ænegum men ær ālyfde,  
siððan ic hond ond rond hebban mihte,  
ðrýp-ærn Dena būton þē nū ðā.  
Hafa nū ond geheald hūsa sēlest,  
gemyne mārþo, mægen-ellen cýð,  
660 waca wið wrāpum! Ne bið þē wīlna gād  
gif þū þæt ellen-weorc aldre gedigest."  
X Ðā him Hrōþgār gewāt mid his hæreþa gedryht,  
eodur Scyldinga ūt of healle;  
wolde wīg-fruma Wealhþeo sēcan,  
665 cwēn tō gebeddan. Hæfde Kyning-wuldor  
Grendle tōgēanes, swā guman gefrungon,  
sele-weard āseted; sundor-nytte behēold  
ymb aldor Dena, eoton-weard' ābēad.  
Hūru Gēata lēod georne truwode  
670 mōdgan mægnes, Metodes hylde.  
Ðā hē him of dyde isern-byman  
helm of hafelan, sealde his hyrsted sweord,  
īrena cyst, ombiht-þegne,  
ond gehealdan hēt hilde-geatwe.  
675 Gespræc þā se gōda gylp-worda sum,  
Bēowulf Gēata, ær hē on bed stige:

652a MS. grette: em. Grundtvig.

- 640 the boast of the Geat. The gracious queen,  
her cloak gold-laden, then sat by her lord.  
Again as before many words were spoken,  
great noise in the hall, the company rejoicing,  
a victorious folk, until, before long,  
645 the son of Healfdene wished to retire,  
take his night's rest. He knew an attack  
upon his high hall had been planned by the monster  
ever since dawn, when first light was seen,  
until darkening night should cover them all  
650 and dark shapes of shadow come gliding out,  
black under clouds. The troop all arose.  
Then the old king addressed the young warrior,  
Hrothgar to Beowulf, wished him good luck,  
control of the wine-hall, and spoke these words:  
655 "Never before, since I could lift shield-arm,  
have I entrusted the hall of the Danes  
to any other man, except to you now.  
Now hold and guard this royal house,  
remember fame and show brave strength,  
660 watch for your foe! A work of such courage  
will have full reward if you come through alive."  
X Then Hrothgar went with his band of men,  
the Scylding king, out from the hall;  
the great man wanted to find Wealhtheow,  
665 his bed-companion. The King of Glory  
had now set a hall-guard brave against Grendel,  
so men had learned; he did special service  
for the lord of the Danes, kept giant-watch.  
And the Geatish man trusted completely  
670 in his proud strength and the favor of God.  
He unlaced his chain-shirt, iron body-warden,  
undid his helmet, gave his gold-wrapped sword,  
finest iron, his gear to a steward,  
bade him look well to that equipment.  
675 Then the good warrior, Beowulf the Geat,  
made his boast known before he lay down:

- "Nō ic mē an here-wæsmun hnāgran talige  
 gūþ-geweorca, 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  
 nīþ-geweorca; ac wit on niht sculon  
 secge ofersittan, gif h[ē] gesēcean dear  
 685 wīg ofer wæpen, ond sipðan wītīg God  
 on swā hwæpere hond, hālig Dryhten  
 mārðo dēme, swā him gemet þince."  
 Hylde hine þā heaþo-dēor, hlēor-bolster onfēng  
 eorles andwlitan, ond hine ymb monig  
 690 snellic sǣ-rinc sele-reste gebēah.  
 Nænig heora þōhte þæt hē þanon scolde  
 eft eard-lufan æfre gesēcean,  
 folc oþðe frēo-burh, þær hē āfēded wæs;  
 ac hīe hæfdon gefrūnen þæt hīe ær tō fela micles  
 695 in þām wīn-sele wæl-dēað fornam,  
 Denigea lēode. Ac him Dryhten forgeaf  
 wīg-spēda gewiofu, Wedera lēodum,  
 frōfor ond fultum, þæt hīe fēond heora  
 ðurh ānes cræft ealle ofercōmon,  
 700 selfes mihtum. Sōð is gecȳped,  
 þæt mihtīg God manna cynnes  
 weold wīde-ferhð. Cōm on wanre niht  
 scriðan sceadu-gegne. Scēotend swæfon,  
 þā þæt horn-reced healdan scoldon,  
 705 ealle būton ānum. Ðæt wæs yldum cūþ,  
 þæt hīe ne mōste, þā Metod nolde,  
 se syn-scaþa under sceadu bregdan,  
 ac hē wæccende wrāpum on andan  
 bād bolgen-mōd beadwa geþinges.  
 710 } Ðā cōm of mōre under mist-hleoþum  
 XI } Grendel gongan, Godes yrrē bær;

684b MS. het: em. Kemble.

702a Edge of MS. entirely gone, but "ride" in Thorkelin A, who made ninety-six errors of "r" for "w."

- "No poorer I hold my strength in a fight,  
 my work in battle, than Grendel does his;  
 and so I will not kill him by sword,  
 680 shear off his life, though I easily might.  
 He does not know the warrior's arts,  
 how to parry and hew, cut down a shield,  
 strong though he be in his hateful work;  
 so swords are laid by if he dare seek battle,  
 685 tonight no weapons, and then mighty God,  
 the Lord wise and holy, will give war-glory  
 to whichever side He thinks the right."  
 Then he lay down, the pillow took the cheek  
 of the battle-brave noble, and round him many  
 690 valiant sea-fighters sank to hall-rest.  
 None of them thought he would ever return  
 from that long hall-floor to his native land,  
 the people and home-fort where he'd been raised,  
 for each one knew dark murder had taken  
 695 too many men of the Danes already,  
 killed in the wine-hall. But the Lord had granted  
 the men of the Weders comfort and help,  
 a weaving of war-luck, that they overcame  
 their enemy entirely, by one man's strength,  
 700 by his own powers. It is a known truth  
 that mighty God has ruled mankind  
 throughout far time. Now in the night  
 the dark walker came gliding in shadow;  
 the bowmen slept who were to hold  
 705 the gabled hall —all but one.  
 It was known to men that the demon could not  
 drag them into shadows when God did not wish it.  
 And Beowulf, wakeful, on watch for the foe,  
 angrily awaited the outcome of battle.  
 710 } Then up from the marsh, under misty cliffs,  
 XI } Grendel came walking; he bore God's wrath.

- mynte se mǎn-scaða manna cynnes  
 sumne besyrwan in sele þām hēan.  
 Wōd under wolcnum tō þæs þe hē wīn-reced,  
 715 gold-sele gumena, gearwost wisse,  
 fættum fāhne. Ne wæs þæt forma sīð  
 þæt hē Hrōðgāres hām gesōhte;  
 næfre hē on aldor-dagum ær ne siþðan  
 heardran hāle, heal-ðegnas fand.  
 720 Cōm þā tō recede rinc sīðian  
 drēamum bedæled. Duru sōna onarn  
 fȳr-bendum fæst syþðan hē hire folmum [ge]hrān;  
 onbræd þā bealo-hȳdig, ðā hē [ge]bolgen wæs,  
 recedes mūpan. Rafe æfter þon  
 725 on fāgne flōr fēond treddode,  
 ēode yrre-mōd; him of ēagum stōd  
 ligge gelicost lēoht unfæger.  
 Geseah hē in recede rinca manige,  
 swefan sibbe-gedriht samod ætgædere,  
 730 mago-rinca hēap. Þā his mōd āhlōg;  
 mynte þæt hē gedælde, ær þon dæg cwōme,  
 atol āglæca, ānra gehwylces  
 lif wið lice, þā him ālumpen wæs  
 wist-fylle wēn. Ne wæs þæt wyrd þā gēn,  
 735 þæt hē mā mōste manna cynnes  
 ðicgean ofer þā niht. Þrȳð-swȳð behēold,  
 mæg Higelāces, hū se mǎn-scaða  
 under fær-gripum gefaran wolde.  
 Nē þæt se āglæca yldan þōhte,  
 740 ac hē gefēng hraðe forman sīðe  
 slāpendne rinc, slāt unwearnum,  
 bāt bān-locan, blōd ēdrum dranc,  
 syn-snædum swealh; sōna hæfde  
 unlyfigendes eal gefeormod,  
 745 fēt ond folma. Forð nēar ætstōp,

- The evil thief planned to trap some human,  
 one of man's kind, in the towering hall.  
 Under dark skies he came till he saw  
 715 the shining wine-hall, house of gold-giving,  
 a joy to men, plated high with gold.  
 It was not the first time he had visited Hrothgar;  
 never in his life, before or after,  
 did he find harder luck or retainers in hall.  
 720 The evil warrior, deprived of joys,  
 came up to the building; the door burst open,  
 though bound with iron, as soon as he touched it,  
 huge in his blood-lust; enraged, he ripped open  
 the mouth of the hall; quickly rushed in—  
 725 the monster stepped on the bright-paved floor,  
 crazed with evil anger; from his strange eyes  
 an ugly light shone out like fire.  
 There in the hall he saw many men—  
 the band of kinsmen all sleeping together,  
 730 a troop of young warriors. Then his heart laughed;  
 evil monster, he thought he would take  
 the life from each body, eat them all  
 before day came; the gluttonous thought  
 of a full-bellied feast was hot upon him.  
 735 No longer his fate to feed on mankind,  
 after that night. The mighty man,  
 kinsman of Hygelac, watched how the killer  
 would want to move in sudden attack.  
 Nor did the monster think long to delay:  
 740 he lunged the next moment, seized a warrior,  
 gutted him sleeping—ripped him apart—  
 bit into muscles, swilled blood from veins,  
 tore off gobbets, in hardly a moment  
 had eaten him up, all of the dead man,  
 745 even hands and feet. He stepped further in,

722b MS. ..hran from Malone, NC, p. 59: restored by Zupitza.

723b "he" from Conybeare (1826). MS. ...bolgen, much faded, restored tentatively by Zupitza and Malone. Norman Davis would restore the whole passage as "[þær a]bolgen."