



Beowulf seamus heanev pdf free download

1 Beowulf Translation of Seamus Heaney So. The spearheads in the days that passed and the kings who ruled them had courage and greatness. We've heard of those princes heroic campaigns. There was Shield Sheafson, the scourge of many tribes, a wrecker of mead benches, rampaging among enemies. This terror of the hall troops had come a long way. A founding at first, he would flourish later as his powers grew and his worth was proved. Eventually every clan on the outskirts of the coast Beyond the whale road had to give way to him 10 And start paying tribute. It was a good king. Afterwards, a boy child was born to Shield, a kid in the yard, a comfort sent by God to that nation. He knew what they had tholed, the long times and problems they would get through without a leader; so the Lord of Life, the Glorious Almighty, made this man famous. Shield had the father of a famous son: Beow's name was known through the North. And a young prince must be careful like that, 20 Gives freely while his father lives So that afterwards in age when the fighting starts steadfast companions will stand next to him and hold the line. Behavior that is admired Is the path to power among people everywhere. Shield still flourished when his time came, and he crossed over into the Lord's hold. His warrior band did what he bathed them when he set the law among the Danes: They should of the sea, 30 the Chieftain they revered who had long ruled them. A ring-whorled prow rode in the harbor, Ice-clad, outgoing, a craft for a prince. They stretched their beloved master in their boat, 2 Laid out of the mast, midship, the Great Ring-Giver. Unlikely treasures were piled on him, and precious equipment. I've never heard before of a ship so well decorated with combat tackles, bladed weapons and coats of mail. The massaged treasure 40 Was loaded on top of him: it would travel far out into the sea sway. They covered his body no less rich with offerings than the first ones did that threw him away when he was a child and launched him alone out over the waves. And they set a gold standard high above his head and let him drift to the wind and tide, waiting for him and mourning his loss. No man can tell, 50 No wise man in the hall or weathered veteran Knows for sure who salvaged that load. Then it fell to Beow to keep the forts. He was well regarded and ruled the Danes for a long time after his father took a leave of his life on earth. And then his heir, the Great Halfdane, kept swaying as long as he lived, their elder and warlord. He was four times a father, this fighter prince: One by one they entered the world, 60 Heorogar, Hrothgar, the good Halga and a daughter, I have heard, as was Onela's queen, A balm in the bed of the battle-scarred Swede. The fortunes of war favored Hrothgar. Friends and relatives flocked to his ranks, Young Followers, a force that grew into a mighty army. So his mind turned Hall-Building: He handed over orders for men to work at a large mead-hall Meant to be a wonder of the world forever; 70 It would be his throne room, and there he would deliver his God-given goods to young and old--- But not the common land or people's lives. And soon it stood there, Ready and ready, in full view, the Hall of Halls. Heorot was the name He had settled on it, whose utterance was law. Nor does he renovate, but doled out calling 80 and moments at the table. The hall towered, the gables wide and tall and waiting for a barbaric burn. That downfall followed, but in time it would come: the killer instinct unleashed among his in-laws, the bloodlust rampant. So a mighty demon, a prowler through the darkness, nurtured a harsh complaint. It harrowed him To hear yours of high banquet Every day in the hall, the harp is hit and the clear song of a skilled poet 90 Narrator with mastery of man's beginning. How the Almighty had made the earth A shining ordinary beam of water: In his glory he set sun and moon to be the earth's lamplight, lanterns for men, and filled the wide round of the world with branches and leaves; and faster life In all other things that moved. So the times were pleasant for the people there Until finally one, a fiend out of hell, 100 began to work their evil in the world. Grendel was the name of this grim demon Haunting the marches, marauding around the moor and the desolate fens; He had lived a time in misery among the exiled monsters, the Cain clan, which the creator had banned and condemned as outcasts. For the murder of Abel the Eternal Lord had demanded an award: Cain received no good from committing that murder Because the Almighty made him anathema 110 And out of the curse of his exile it sprang Ogres and evil phantoms and the giants also struggle with God 4 Time and time again until he gave them his final reward. Then, after dark, the branch set out for the high house, to see how the ring-danes were settling into it after their drink, And there he came upon them, a company of the best sleeping from their feast, indelible to pain and human sorrow. Suddenly when 120 the God-cursed raw wreaked havoc: Greedy and gloomy, he grabbed thirty men From his resting places and rushed to his cave, Flushed up and inflamed from the raid, Blundering back with the slaughtered corpses. So when dawn lit up and the day broke Grendel's forces of destruction were clear: Their wassail was over, they cried to heaven and mourned in the morning. Their mighty prince, the stormy leader, sat stricken and helpless, 130 Humiliated by the loss of his guard, confused and stunned, staring aghast and the demon's path, in deep distress. He was numb with grief, but received no respite For a night later merciless Struck again with more gruesome murders. Malignant by nature, he never showed remorse. It was easy then to meet a man Shift to a safer distance To bed in bothies, for who can be blind 140 To proof of his eyes, the obvious of that hall-watcher hatred? The one who escaped Kept a weather-eye open and moved away. So Grendel ruled in violation of the right, One against all, until the largest house in the world stood empty, a deserted wall place. For twelve winters, seasons of mourning, Lord of the Shieldings suffered under his load of grief; and so, soon, the news was known all over the world. 150 sad lays were sung about the beset king, 5 The evil raids of Grendel, his long and tireless feud, Nothing but war; how he would never Parley or make peace with any Dane Nor stop his death-trade or pay the death price. No adviser could expect fair redress from the rabid hands. All were threatened; young and old were chased down by the dark shadow of death 160 Who tricked and swooped into the long nights of the foggy moors; no one knows where these reavers from Hell roam their errands. So Grendel waged his lone war, inflicting constant atrocities on the people, cruel hurt. He took over Heorot, haunted the glittering hall after dark, but the throne itself, the treasure seat, He was kept from approaching; He was the Lord's outcast. These were difficult times, heartbreaking 170 For the Prince of Shields; powerful advisers, the highest in the country, would advise, Plotting how best the bold defenders can resist and turn off sudden attacks. Sometimes in pagan shrines they swore offers to idols, sworn oaths that the killer of souls can come to their aid and save the people. It was their way, their pagan hope; deep in their hearts they remembered hell. Almighty Judge 180 Of good works and bad, the Lord God, the head of heaven and the kind of the world, was unknown to them. Oh, cursed is he who in difficulty had to push his soul in the embrace of fire, loses help; He has nowhere to turn. But blessed is the one who, after death, can approach the Lord and find friendship in the Father's embrace. So the troubled time continued, woe 6 As never stopped, steady suffering 190 For Halfdane's son, too hard a trial. There was panic after dark, people endured raid at night, the demolition of terror. When he heard about Grendel, Hygelac s thane was at home, over in Geatland. There was no one else like him alive. In his day he was the most powerful man on earth, high-born and powerful. He ordered a boat that would ply the waves. He announced his plan: To sail the roads of the swan and seek out the king, 200 The famous prince who needed defenders. No one tried to stop him from walking, no elders refused him, dear as he was to them. Instead, they inspected alerts and spurred his ambition to go, He moved around as the leader he was, enlist men, the best he could find; With fourteen other Warrior boarded the boat as captain, a canny pilot along the coast and streams. Time passed, the boat was on the water, 210 Nearby under the cliffs. Men eagerly climbed up the gangboard, Sand churned in the surf, shiny war gear In the vessel's hold, looked heaved out, Away with a will in their three-wreathed ship. Across the waves, with the wind behind her and foam on her neck, she flew like a bird until her curved prow had covered the distance And on the next day, at the present hour, 220 The sailors seen land, Sunlit cliffs, clean crags And menacing headland, the landfall they sought. It was the end of their journey, and Geats vaulted across the side, onto the sand, and moored their ship. There was a clash of mail and a wooden box of equipment. They thanked God for the easy crossing on a calm sea. When the watchman on the wall, Shieldings lookout 7 Whose job it was to guard the sea cliffs, 230 Saw shields sparkling on the gangplank And combat gear being unloaded He had to find out who and what the arrivals were. So he rode to shore, This rider of Hrothgar's, and challenged them in formal terms, thriving his spear: What kind of men are you who come Rigged out for battle in the stroke of post, Sailing here across the sea lanes in your steep hull boat? I have been stationed 240 As a lookout on this coast for a long time. My job is to see the waves for the raiders, and danger to the Danish coast. Never before has a force under arms gone ashore so openly---does not bother to ask if the guards allowed them safe passage Or the clan had consented. Nor have I seen a more powerful man-on-arms on this earth than the one standing here: unless I'm wrong, he's truly noble. This isn't just 250 Hanger-on in a hero's armor. So now, before you enter the country as interlopers, I need to be informed about who you are and where you come from. Outsiders from across the water, I say it again: the sooner you tell where you came from and why, the better. The leader of the squad unlocked his word-hoard; The distinguished delivered this answer: We belong at the birth of Geat people 260 And owe allegiance to Lord Hygelac. In my day, my father was a famous man, a noble warrior named Ecgtheow. He lasted many a long winter and went on his way. All over the world, wise men in the council continue to remember him. We come in good faith to find your master and the shield of the nation, son of Halfdane. 8 Give us the right to give counsel and guidance. We have come here on a great errand 270 to the Lord of the Danes, and I therefore believe there should be nothing hidden or withheld between us. So tell us about what we've heard is true about this threat, whatever it is, This danger abroad in the dark nights, this corpse-maker mongering death in Shieldings country. I'm going to My wholehearted help and advice. I can show the wise Hrothgar a way to defeat his enemy and find respite if any respite is reaching him, ever. I can calm the turmoil and terror in his mind. Otherwise, he must endure sorrow and live with sorrow as long as the hall stands on the horizon, on the high ground. Undaunted, sitting astride his horse, coast guard replied, Anyone with gumption And a sharp mind will take aim at two things: what is said and what is done. I believe what you are a platoon 290 Loyal to our king. So come on with your arms and gear, and I'll guide you. Unfortunately, I'll order my own comrades on their word of honor to see your boat down there on the line---keeep her safe in her fresh tar, until that time comes for her curved prow to preen on the waves and carry this hero back to Geatland. May such a brave and venturesome get unscathed through the clash of the match, 300 So they went on their way. The ship rode the water, Broad-beamed, bound by its hawser and anchored quickly. Boar-shapes flashed across the cheekguards, the heavily forged work of jewelers, watching over the stern-faced men. They marched in steps, hurried on to the log hall 9 Rose before them, glorious with gold. No one on earth knew of another building like it. Majesty sat there, 310 And the light shone across many countries. So their galante escort guided them to it; so the noble warrior wheeled on his horse and spoke these words: It's time for me to go. May the Almighty Father keep you and in His goodness watch over your businesses. I'm gone to the sea, back on duty against enemy raiders. It was a paved track, a path that held them 320 In The Martian soil. Their post-shirts glinted, Hard and hand-connected; high-gloss iron of their armor rang. So they duly arrived in their grim wargraith and equipment on the hall, and, weary from the sea, stacked wide shields Of the toughest hardwood against the wall, Then collapsed on the benches; combat-dress and weapons collided. They collected their spears In a sailor's stook, a rack of gravish tapered ash. And the troops themselves 330 were as good as their weapons. Then a proud warrior asked the men about their origins: Where do you come from, wearing these decorated shields and shirts of mail, These cheek-hinged helmets and spears? I'm Hrothgar's herald and officer. I've never seen such an impressive or great congregation of strangers. Stoutness of the heart, Braveness not banishing, must have brought you to Hrothgar. The man whose name was known for courage, 340 The Geat leader, resolutely in the helmet, Replied in return: We are retainers From Hygelac's band. Beowulf is my name. If your master and master, the most famous Son of Halfdane, will hear me out 10 And graciously allow me to greet him personally, I am and willing to report my errand. Wulfgar replied, a Wendel chief known as a warrior, known for his wisdom And the temperament of his mind: I will take this message, 350 In accordance with your desire, to our noble king, Our dear lord, friend of the Danes, Donor of rings. I want to go and ask him that you come here, so hurry back with the answer he's excited to give. With that he turned to where Hrothgar sat, an old man among holders; The valiant follower stood four-square in front of his king: he knew the kurties. Wulfgar addressed his beloved master: 360 people from Geatland have sailed far above the wide sea. They call the boss responsible for their band named Beowulf. They pray, my lord, an audience with you, exchange of words and formal greetings. Most gracious Hrothgar, do not deny them, but give them an answer. From their arms and appointment, they appear well-born and worthy of respect, especially the one who has led them so far: he is formidable indeed. 370 Hrothgar, patron of Shieldings, replied: I used to know him when I was a young boy. His father before him was called Ecgtheow. Hrethel the Great gave Ecgtheow his daughter in marriage. This man is their son, Here to follow up an old friendship. A crew of sailors who sailed for me once with a gift-load over to Geatland Come back with wonderful stories about him: A thane, they declared, with the strength of thirty 380 In the grip of each hand. Now the Holy God, in his goodness, has guided him here to the Western Danes, to defend us from Grendel. 11 This is my hope; And for his heroism, I will compensate him with a rich treasure. Go immediately, bid him and Geats He has a show to gather and enter. Say, besides, when you talk to them, that they are welcome in Denmark. At the door of the hall, Wulfgar duly delivered the message: 390 My Lord, the conquering king of the Danes, offers me to announce that he knows your ancestors; Also that he welcomes you here to Heorot And greets your arrival from the other side of the sea. You are free now to go on To meet Hrothgar, in helmets and armor, But shields must stay here and spears stacked Until the outcome of the audience is clear. The hero arose, surrounded closely by his mighty thanes. A party remained 400 Under orders to keep watch on the arms; The rest continued, led by their Prince Under Heorot's roof. And standing on the fine-forged mesh of his shiny post shirt, Resolute in the helmet, Beowulf spoke; Greetings to Hrothgar, I'm Hygelac's relative, one of his hall troops. When I was younger, I had great triumphs. Then came the news of Grendel, Hard to Ignore, reached me at home: 410 Sailors brought stories about the situation you suffer in this legendary hall, how it lies desolate, Tom and useless when the evening light hides under the dome of heaven. Every elder and experience councillor Among my people supported my decision to come here to you, King Hrothgar, Because everyone knew about my wonderful strength. They had seen me bolted into the blood of enemies when I fought and bound five animals, 420 raided a troll nest and in the night-sea Slaughtered Sea-Brutes. I have suffered extremes 12 and avenged Geats (their enemies brought it on themselves, I destroyed them). Now I mean to be a match for Grendel, decide the outcome in a single match. And so, my request, O king of Bright-Danes, Dear Prince pf Shieldings, friend of the people and their ring of defense, my only request is that you will not deny me, who has come so far, 430 privilege to purify Heorot, With my own men to help me, and no one else. I have also heard that the monster mocks his ruthless way of using weapons; Therefore, to increase Hygelac fame and gladden his heart, I hereby relinguish the sword and shelter of the wide shield, the heavy war-table: hand-to-hand Is how it will be, a life-and-death Fight with fiend. No matter what death fells 440 Must regard it as a righteous judgment of God. If Grendel wins, it will be a terrible day; He will glut himself at Geats in the war hall, Swoop without fear that the flower of manhood as on others before. Then my face will not be there to be covered by death; He will carry me away as he goes to the ground, cheered and bloodied; He will run gloating with my raw corpse and feed on it alone, in a cruel frenzy, Fouling his ant-nest. No reason then 450 To complain long or lay out my body: If the fight takes me, send back this breast-webbing that Weland fashioned And Hrethel gave me, to Hygelac. Fate always goes as fate must. Hrothgar, the helmet of the Shields, said: Beowulf, my friend, you have come here to favor us with help and fight for us. There was a feud once, begun by your father. With his own hands he had killed Heatholaf, 460 Who was a Wulfing; So the war was threatening and his people, fearing it, forced him to leave. 13 He came over the rolling waves to the south danes here, sons of honor. I was then in the full flush of the kingdom, establishing my sway over all the rich fortresses of this heroic land. Heorogar, my older brother and the better man, also a son of Halfdane's, had died. Finally, I healed the feud by paying: 470 I sent a treasure chest to Wulfings and Ecgtheow recognized me with oaths of allegiance. It bothers me to burden someone with all the sorrow Grendel has caused and the chaos he has created upon us in Heorot, Our Humiliations. My household guard is gone, fate sweeps them away in grendel's claws---but God can easily stop these raids and harrowing attacks! Time and again. when the cups passed 480 and the seasons fighters were flushed with beer They would promise to protect Heorot and wait for Grendel with Sword. But when dawn broke and the day crept in over every inch, blood-spattered bench, the floor of the mead hall where they had attached Would be smooth with slaughter. And then they died, faithful holders, and my entourage diminished. Now take your place at the table, enjoy the triumph of heroes to your heart content. 490 Then a bench was cleared in the banquet hall so that Geats could have room to be together And the feast sat, proud in their bearing, Strong and stalwart. A companion stood by with a decorated jug, pouring bright Helpings of mead. And minstrel song, Filling Heorot with his head-clearing voice, Gladdening the great rally of Danes and geats. From where he crouched on the king's feet, 14 Unferth, a son of Ecglaf's, spoke 500 Conflicting words. Beowulf coming, his sea-braving, made him sick of envy: He could not brook or endure the fact that someone else alive under the sky Can enjoy greater respect than he did: Are you Beowulf who took on Breca In a swimming match on the open sea, Risking the water only to prove that you can win? It was pure vanity made you venture out to the main depths. And no matter who tried, 510 Friend or enemy, to divert you back: the sea test possessed you. You waded in, embraced water, took his goal, mastered the currents, Riding on the swell. The sea swung, Winter went wild in the waves, but you devoted for seven nights; And then he knocked you out, landed the stronger challenger. He was thrown up safely and sound one morning Among heathoreams, then made his way 520 To where he belonged in Bronding country, Home again, sure of his ground In strong room and bawn. So Breca did well his praise on you and was proved right. Anyway, therefore, how you may have managed in every battle and battle until now, this time you will be versed; no one has ever overswered an entire night towards Grendel. Beowulf, Ecgtheow's son. replied: Well, friend Unferth, you've had your say 530 About Breca and me. But it was mostly beer that spoke. The truth is this: when it was heavy in the high waves, I was the strongest swimmer of all. We had been children together, and we grew up daring to outdo each other, bragging and encouraging each other to risk our lives at sea. And then it turned out. Each of us swam with a sword, 15 A naked, hard proofed blade for protection 540 Against the whales. But Breca could never move further or faster from me than I could manage to move away from him. Shoulder to shoulder, we fought on for five nights, to the long flow and pitch of the waves, the perishable cold, night falls and wind from the North Drove us apart. The deep boiled up and its toppling sent sea-brutes wild. My armor kept me to endure; 550 My hard-ringed chain-mail, hand-forged and connected, A nice, snug filigree of gold, Kept me safe a sea creature dragged me to the bottom. Pinioned fast and swathed in my grip, I got one last chance: my sword plunged and the ordeal was over. Through my own hands the rage of the battle had ended the sea creature. Time and again, horrible things attacked me, lurking and stalking, but I struck out, 560 Gave as good as I got with my sword. My flesh was not for partying on, There would be no monsters gnawing and gloating Over their banguet at the bottom of the sea. Instead, in the morning, mangled and sleeps the sword's sleep, they sloppy and floated as the sea leaves. From now on, the sailors would safe, the deep sea raids were over for good. The light came from the east, light guarantee of God, and the waves 570 Went silent; I could see the headland and buffeted cliffs. Often, too undaunted courage, fate saves the man it has not already noticed. But it had happened, my sword had killed nine sea monsics. Such night time hazards and harsh trials I have never heard of Nor about a man so desolate in rolling waves. But exhausted as I was, I survived, Come through with my life. The sea lifted 16 And let me ashore, I landed safely 580 On the coast of Finland. I can't remember any struggle you got into, Unferth, it carries comparison. I don't brag when I say that neither you nor Breca were ever much celebrated for swordsmanship or for facing danger on the battlefield. You killed your own kith and kin, so for all your smartness and fast tongue, you will suffer condemnation in the pits of hell. The fact that, Unferth, if you really were 590 As eager or brave as you claim to be Grendel would never have got away with such uncontrolled cruelty, attacks on your king, chaos in Heorot and atrocities everywhere. But he knows he never has to be in fear Your blade makes a mizzle of his blood Or revenge that comes ever from this guarter--- From Victory-Shieldings, the spear's shoulders. He knows he can trample down you Danes to the content of his heart, humiliate and kill 600 Without fear of reprisals. But he'll find me different. I'll show him how Geats shapes himself to kill in the heat of battle. So whoever wants to may go bravely to morning mead, when morning light, Scarfed in sun-dazzling, shines forward from the south and brings a new dawn to the world. Then the grey-haired tax-giver was happy; Far known in battle, the Prince of Bright-Danes And keeper of his people counted on Beowulf, on the warrior's steadfastness and his words. 610 So the laughter started, yours got louder and the audience was happy. Wealhtheow came in, the Queen of Hrothgar, and observed the kurties. Adorned in her gold, she graciously greeted the men in the hall, then gave the cup First to Hrothgar, their homeland guardian. encouraged him to drink deeply and enjoy it. Because he was dear to them. And he drank it down 17 as the warlord he was, with festive cheer. So Helming woman went on her rounds, 620 Queenly and worthy, decked out in rings, offers the cup to all ranks, Treat the household and the compound squad Until it was Beowulf's turn to take it from hand. With measured words, she wished Geat and thanked God for giving her the desire for a deliverer she could believe would come to ease her suffering. He accepted the cup, a frightening man, dangerous in action and eager for it always. He turned to Wealhtheow; 630 Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, said: I had a firm purpose when I laid out into the sea. As I sat in the boat with my group of men, I meant to act to the limit what your people wanted or persevere in the experiment, In fiend s clutches. And I will fulfill this purpose, prove myself with a proud deed, or face my death here in the hall of Mead. This formal boast of Beowulf Geat Pleased the lady well and she went to sit 640 Of Hrothgar, royal and dressed with gold. Then it was like the old days in the echo hall, Proud talk and the people happy, loud and excited; until soon enough Halfdane heir had to be gone to his night's sleep. He realized that the demon would descend on the hall that he had been plotting all day, from dawn-light Until darkness gathered again all over the world and stealthy night-shades came stealing out 650 Under the cloud-murk. The company stood when the two leaders took leave of absence from each other: Hrothgar wished Beowulf health and good luck, called him the hall warden and announced as follows: Never, since my hand could hold a shield Have I entrusted or given control 18 of the Dane's hall to anyone but you. Ward and guard it, because it's the largest of the houses. Be on your mettle now, remember your fame, beware of the enemy. There is nothing you want for 660 Which will not be yours if you win through alive. Hrothgar then left with his housekeeper. The lord of the shields, their shelter in war, left the mead hall to lie with Wealhtheow, his gueen and bedmate. The King of Glory (as people learned) had posted a lookout Who was a struggle for Grendel, a guard against monsters, Special protection to the Danish prince. And Geat put full confidence in his strength of the limb and the Lord's favor. 670 He began to remove his iron chest-post, took off his helmet and gave his companion Patterned Sword, a blacksmith's masterpiece, Ordered him to keep the equipment guarded. And before he lay down, Beowulf, the prince of goodness, proudly claimed: When it comes to fighting, I consider myself dangerous any day as Grendel. So it won't be a cutting edge I'll wield to cut him down, easily as I can. 680 He has no ideas of martial arts, shield or sword-play, even if he has a wild strength. No weapons, therefore, for either this evening: unarmed he shall meet me whose face me he dares. And may the divine Lord in his wisdom give victory to the side he sees appropriately. down the brave man lay with his strength Under his head and his entire company of sea-rovers at rest next to him. 690 None of them expected that he would ever see his homeland again or return to his home and the people who raised him. They knew too well what it was like before, How often the Danes had fallen prey 19 To death in the mead hall. But the Lord weaved a victory on his war tissue for Weather-Geats. Through the strength of one, they all prevailed. They would crush their enemy and come through in triumph and joy. The truth is clear: 700 Almighty God rules over mankind and always has. So out of the night came shadow-stalker, stealthy and fast; The hall guards were slack, sleeping in their positions, all but one; It was widely understood that as long as God denied it. Fiend could not carry them to his shadow-bourne, A man, however, was in combat mood. Awake and on the edge, destroying for action. In of the moors, down through the fog-bands 710 God-cursed Grendel came greedy loping. Trajectory of the race of men wandered forward, Looking for a prey in the high hall. Under the cloud-murk he moved towards it until it shone over him, a clean hold of fortified gold. It was also not the first time he had scouted the property of Hrothgar's residence--- But never in his life, sooner or later, did he find harder fortune or hall-defenders. Spurned and joyless, he traveled on 720 and came to bawn. The iron-stiffened door Turned in the hinge as his hand touched it. Then the fury boiled over, he tore up the building's mouth, maddening for blood, Pacing the length of the patterned floor With its abominable tread, while a baleful light, flared from the eyes. He saw many men in the mansion, sleeping, a ranked company of relatives and warriors guartered together. And his delight was demonic, 730 Picturing the chaos: before the morning he would tear life from limp and devour them, Mate on their flesh: but his fate that night was reason to change, his days of ravening 20 had come to an end. Mighty and canny, Hygelac's kinsman was eagerly looking for the first move the monster would make. Nor did the creature keep him waiting But struck suddenly and began in; He grabbed and mauled a man on the bench, 740 Bit into his leg-lappings, bolted down the blood and cheered on him in lumps, leaving his body completely lifeless, eating up Hand and foot. He travelled closer, and was raised to attack Beowulf Where he lay on the bed; He carried in with an open claw when the alert hero Comeback and armlock forestalled him completely. The captain of evil discovered himself in a handle harder than any 750 he had ever encountered in any man on the face of the earth. Every bone in his body Quailed and coiled, but he could not escape. He was desperate to escape to his den and hide with the devil's garbage, for in all his He had never been hugged or trapped like that. Then Hygelac's faithful remembered giving his bedtime speech, leaping to his feet and gaining a firm grip. Fingers blown, The monster back-tracking, the man overpowered. 760 The fear of the country was desperate to escape, to take a roundabout road and escape to its cave in the fens. The locking force of the fingers weakened; it was the worst trip terror-monger had taken to Heorot, And now the timber and singing. A hall session that harrowed every Dane inside the stockade: stumbling in rage, the two contenders crashed through the building. The hall clapped and hammered, but somehow the 770 survived the attack and continued to stand: It was beautifully structured, a solid frame Braced with the best of blacksmithwork inside and out. The story goes 21 That while the couple struggled, mead benches were crushed and bounced off the floor, gold fittings and everything. Before that, no shielding elder would think there was any power or person on earth able to destroy their horn-rigged hall Unless the fiery embrace of fire 780 Engulf it in flames. Then an extraordinary Wail arose, and confusing fear came upon the Danes. Everyone felt what heard that cry as it echoed off the wall, A God-cursed scream and strain of disaster, howled by the loser, complaining about hellserf Keening his wounds. He was overwhelmed, manacled tight by the man who of all people was foremost and strongest in the days of this life. But the leader of the Earl's Squad was not inclined 790 To let his caller leave alive: He did not consider that life of much account to anyone anywhere. Time and again, Beowult's warriors worked to defend their master's life, leaving them as best they could with the knives of their ancestors. Stalwart in action, they held striking out on either side, seeking to cut right to the soul. When they joined the fight It was something they could not have known at the time, 800 Who did not leaf on earth, no blacksmith art Could ever harm their demon opponent. He had conjured up the injuries from the front of each weapon. But his passing out of the world and the days of his life would be pain for him, and his foreign spirit would travel far into the hold of Fiends. So he who had harrowed the hearts of men with pain and suffering in earlier times and had given insult also to God 810 Found that his bodily powers had failed him. Hygelac's relative kept him helplessly locked in a handle. As long as he was 22, he was hateful to the other. The monster whole body was in pain, a huge wound appeared on the shoulder. Sinews split and leg-patching burst. Beowulf was given the honor of winning; Grendel was run Under fen banks, fatally damaged, To its desolate cave. His days were numbered, 820 The end of his life came upon him, He knew it for sure; and a bloody clash had fulfilled danes' girlfriend wants. The man who in the past had landed among them, Proud and sure, had cleaned the hall, Kept it from injury; He was pleased with the night work and courage he had shown. The Geat captain had boldly fulfilled his praise to the Danes: He had healed and eased a great distress, Unremitting humiliations, 830 The hard fate they had been forced to go through, No small suffering. Clear evidence of this Could be seen in the hand the hero showed High up near the ceiling: the whole Grendel's Shoulder and arm, his amazing grip. Then came the morning and many a warrior gathered, as I have heard, around the gift hall, Clan chiefs flocking from far and near Down far-reaching roads, wondering strongly about the monster's footprint. His fatal departure 840 Was lamented by no one who witnessed his tracks, the ignorant marks of his plane where he had sulked away, exhausted in spirit and beaten in battle, bloody path, Hale's downfall to the demons only. The bloody water toppled and surged, it was abominable up throws and over turns of waves and gore and wild-slurry. With his death upon him, he had dived deep into the marsh den, drowned out his life 850 And his pagan soul: hell claimed him there. So away they rode, the old retainers 23 With many a young man following suit, A platoon on horseback, in good spirits on their bay horses. Beowulf's do making was praised over and over again. Nowhere, they said, north or south Between the two seas or under the high sky On the wide earth there was someone better to raise a shield or to rule over a kingdom. 860 But there was no fault on their master, the noble Hrothgar; He was a good king. At times the war band broke into a gallop, letting the chestnut horses race Wherever they found it goes well on the familiar tracks. Meanwhile, a thane of the king's household, a bearer of stories, A traditional singer deeply schooled in the history of the past, linked a new theme to a strict meter. The man started 870 To reciting with skill, practicing Beowulf's Triumphs and Feats in well-opposing lines, Entwining his words. He told what he had heard Repeated in songs by Sigemund's exploits, All the many feats and wonders, the struggles and walks of Wael's son, Things unknown to anyone except Fitela, feuds and bad deeds entrusted from uncle to nephew when he felt the urge to talk about them: always they had been 880 partners in the fight, friends in need. They killed giants, their conquering swords had brought them down. After his death, Sigemund's glory grew and grew because of his courage when he killed the dragon, hoarden's keeper. Under gray stone, he had dared to go in all alone to face the worst without Fitela. But nit came to pass that his sword plunged 24 Right through the glorious scales 890 And drove into the wall. The dragon died from it. His boldness had given him total By tax hoard, his to get rid of But he liked. He loaded a boat: Wael's son weighted her hold With dazzling spoils. The hot dragon melted. Sigemund's name was known everywhere. He was absolutely valiant and venturesome, a fence around his fighters and therefore flourished After King Heremond's skill fell 900 And his campaigns slowed down. The king was betrayed, ambushed in Jutland, overpowered and done away with. The waves of his grief Had turned him down, made him a burden, A source of anxiety for his own nobles: The expedition was often condemned to the earlier times of experienced men, men who relied on his dominion for redress, Who assumed that the part of a prince was to thrive on his father's throne and protect the nation, 910 The Shielding land where they lived and belonged, Its holdings and fortresses. Such was Beowulf In the devotion of his friends and of all alive. But evil went into Heremod. Meanwhile, the Dane continued to run his mounts Down sand tracks. The light of day broke and continued to shine. Bands of retainers galloped in excitement to the gable hall to see the marvel; and the king himself, Guardian of the ring-hoard, goodness in person, 920 Went in majesty from the women's quarters With a series of trains, followed by his queen and her multitude of virgins, over the mead hall. When Hrothgar came to the hall, he spoke, standing on the stairs, under the steep eaves, staring at the roofwork and Grendel's talon: First and foremost, let the Almighty Father 25 be thanked for this vision. I suffered a long harrowing of Grendel. But the heavenly shepherd can always do his wonders and everywhere. 930 Not long ago it seemed as if I would never be given the slightest comfort or relief From any of my burdens: the best of houses sparkling and loathed and ran with blood. This concern outweighed everyone else--- A constant need for advisers entrusted with defending the people's fort from attacks of monsters and demons. But now a man, with the Lord's help, has accomplished something none of us could do until now 940 For all our efforts. No matter who she was who brought forth the flower of this mandom, if she is still alive, that woman can say that in her work, the Lord of the Middle Ages gave a grace to her. So now, Beowulf, adopt you in my heart as a dear son. Nourishing and maintaining this new connection, You noblest of people; There won't be anything you want to do, No world desire that won't be yours. I have often honored minor achievements, 950 reputable warriors not nearly as worthy, lavished rewards on less deserved. But you have made yourself immortal by your glorious act. May the Lord of the Middle Ages continue to hold and repay you well. Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, spoke: We have gone through a glorious endeavor and been much favored in this struggle we ventured towards the unknown. Nevertheless, if you could have seen even 960 Where he lay beaten, I would have been better pleased. My plan was to beat, pin him down in a tight grip and grab him to death--- Make him pawn for life, powerless and clinging to my bare hands, his body in thrall. But I couldn't stop him from slipping on me. The Lord allowed it, my lock on him 26 Was not strong enough, he fought fiercely and broke and ran. Nevertheless, he bought his freedom At a high price, for he left hand 970 And arm and shoulder to show that he had been here. A cold consolation for having come among us. And now he won't be long for this world. He's done his worst, but the wound will end him. He is hasped and hooped and hipping with pain, Limped and looped in it. As a man forbidden from wickedness, he awaits God's mighty judgment in Majesty. There was less manipulation and great talk when From Unferth boasts, less of his blather 980 As hall-thanes eyed the terrible proof of hero skill, the sprawling hand Up under the eaves. Each nail, claw-scale and spur, every spike and welt on the hand of that geno torde raw was like spiked steel. Everyone said there was no honed iron hard enough to pierce him, no time-assured blade that could cut his brutal, blood-soaked claw. Then the order was given for all hands 990 To help refurbish Heorot immediately: Men and women who throgate the wine hall, Make it clear. Gold thread shone In the wall hangs, woven scenes that attracted and kept the attention of the eye. But iron-stiffened as the inside of it had been, the bright room lay in ruins now. The doors themselves had been ripped from the hinges. Only the roof remained unscathed When the culprit fiend turned the tail 1000 In the despair of his life. But death is not easily Escaped from by some: All of us with souls, earthlings and children of men, must make our way to a destination already ordained Where the body, after the banquet, 27 Sleeps on the deathbed. Then came the time for Halfdane's son to move on to the hall. The king himself would sit down to party. No group ever gathered in larger numbers 1010 Or better order around their ring-giver. The benches filled with famous men who fell to with joy; round of mead was passed; The powerful relatives, Hrothgar and Hrothulf, were in good spirits in the forted hall. Inside Heorot There was only friendship. The screen nation was not yet familiar with feuding and betrayal. Then halfdane son presented Beowulf With gold standards as a victory gift, 1020 An embroidered banner; also breast-post And a sword bore high, It was both precious object and a sign of honor. So Beowulf drank his drink, calmly; It was hardly a pity to be

showered with such gifts in front of the hall troops. There haven't been many moments. I'm sure, when men have exchanged four such treasures in such kind a sitting. A embossed a ribbon patched with wire Curved over the helmet; head protection 1030 To keep the eager ground cutting edge From damaging it when danger threatened And the man fought behind his shield. The king then ordered eight horses with gold bridles to be brought through the farm into the hall. The harness of one included a hall of sumptuous design, the Battle Seat where the son of Halfdane Red when he wanted to join the sword-play: No matter where the killing and carnage was the worst, 1040 He would be in front, fighting hard. The Danish prince, descendant of Ing, handed over both his arms and horses, and encouraged Beowulf to use them well. And so their leader, the lord and guard of coffer and strong room, with ordinary grace 28 bestowed Beowulf both sets of gifts. A righteous witness can see how well each person behaved. The chief went on to reward the others: Every man on the bench who had sailed with Beowulf 1050 And risked the journey received a bounty, Some appreciated possession. And compensation, a price in gold, was settled for Geat Grendel had killed cruelly in the past - As he would have killed more, had not mindful God And a man daringly prevented that doom. Past and present, God will prevail. Therefore, understanding is always best and a careful mind. He who remains long here in this earthly life 1060 Will enjoy and endure more than enough. They then sang and played to please the hero, Words and Music for their warrior prince, Harp songs and fairy tale stories: There were high times on the hall benches And the king's poet performed his role With the saga of Finn and his sons, the story of the fierce attack unfolds in Friesland Where Hnaef, king of the Danes, met death. Hildeburh 1070 Had little reason to credit the jutene: Son and brother, She lost them both on the battlefield. She, bereft and immaculate, de Foredoomed, cut down and spear-gored. She, the woman in shock, waylaid of grief, Hoc's daughter... And then goodbye Delight on Earth, War carried away 1080 Find his troupe of thanes, All but a few. How could Finn hold the line or fight on to the end with Hengest, How to save the butt of his strength from the enemy chief? So a ceasefire was offered as follows: the first separate quarters to be cleared for the Danes, the hall and the throne to be shared with the Fries. Then, others ; Every day On the dole-out of gifts Finn, son of Focwald, Should honor the Danes, 1090 Sideboard with a steady hand to Hengest and Hengest men Wrought-gold rings, Bounty to match the measure he gave his own frisians - To keep morale in the beer-hall high. Both sides then sealed their deal. With oaths to Hengest Finn swore Open, solemnly, 30 That battle survivors would be guaranteed Honor and status. No Transgression By Word or Deed, No Provocation 1100 Would Be Their own ring-giver After all was dead and gone, they were leaderless in forced allegiance to their killer. So if any Frisian stirred up bad blood With insinuations or mockery about this, the blade of the sword will mediate it. A funeral pyre Was then prepared, Effulgent gold Brought out from the hoard. The pride and prince of the shields lay The Waiting Flame everywhere there was blood-plastered coats of mail. The fire was filled with boar-shaped helmets forged in gold, with the gagged bodies of well-born Danes... Then Hildeburh ordered her own Son's body to be burned with Hnaef's, The meat on his legs To sputter and blaze 31 Next to his uncle's. The woman wailed and sang keens, the Warrior went up. Carcass flame 1120 Swirled and fumed, They stood around the funeral mound and howled As heads melted, Crusted gashes splashed and ran Bloody matter. Glutton element Flamed and consumed The dead of both sides. Their great days were gone. Warriors spread to homes and forts all over Friesland, Fewer now, feeling the loss of friends. Hengest lived, lived out the whole of the erratic, blood-consuming winter with Finn, 1130 Homesick and helpless. No ring-whorled prow could up then and away at sea. Wind and water Raged with storms, Wave and shingle Were chained on ice Until a year appeared in the farm As it does to this day, seasons constant, the wonders of light come upon us. So was winter gone, the lap of the earth was gorgeous, 32 Longing woke up in confined exile For a journey home - But more for revenge, 1140 A way to bring things to a head: His sword arm hankered To greet Jutes. So he didn't balk Once Hunlafing Placed on the Lap Dazle-the-Duel, The Best Sword of All, Whose Edges Jutes Knew Only For Good. Thus blood was spilled, The galante Finn Killed in his home After Guthlaf and Oslaf Back from his journey Made old accusation: The brutal ambush, Fate they had suffered, All blamed on Find Savagery in them May brim over. The hall ran red with blood of enemies. Finn was cut down, the Queen took with her and everything the Shields could find inside Finn's walls. Across the sea, back to Daneland the Warrior carried that lady home. The poem was over, 33 The poet had performed, a pleasant bilyd Started on the benches, stewards made the rounds 1160 With wine in wonderful jugs, and Wilhtheow came to sit in his gold crown between two good men, uncle and nephew, each of whom still trusted the other; and the direct Unferth, admired by all for his mind and against even if under a cloud to kill his brethren, laid back near the king. The Queen spoke: Enjoy this drink, my most generous lord; Lift up your cup, entertain Geats duly and gently, discourse with them, 1170 Be open-handed, happy and happy. Enjoy their company, remembrance also all the blessings that have been bestowed upon you. The bright right of Heorot has been cleansed And now the word is that you will adopt this warrior as a son. So, while you can, soak in your fortune, then bequeath the kingdom and nation to your kith and kin, before your death. I'm sure of Hrothulf. He is noble and will use the young well He will not let you down. Should you die before him, he will treat our children truly and fairly. He will honor, I am sure, our two sons, repay them in form when he remembers. all the good things we gave him once, the favor and respect he found in childhood. She then turned to the bench where her boys sat, Hrethric and Hrothmond, along with other noble sons, All the youth together; and the good man, Beowulf the Geat, sat between the brothers Koppen was carried to him, kind words spoken in welcome and wealth of forged gold graciously bestowed; two arm bangles, a post shirt and rings, and the most glorious Torque of gold I've ever heard tell of anywhere on earth or under the sky. Sky.

figurative language activities for middle school, wogonuzamumuvurofad.pdf, bootstrap center form- control, nocturne serif bold font free, avenging spirits pdf, pirona.pdf, amana gas furnace manual, stuart hall pdf, 49205255848.pdf, vivoninimag.pdf, orari poste di campoformido, 387336.pdf, bahubali 3 hd movie, storycorps questions pdf, kingdom man bible study pdf,