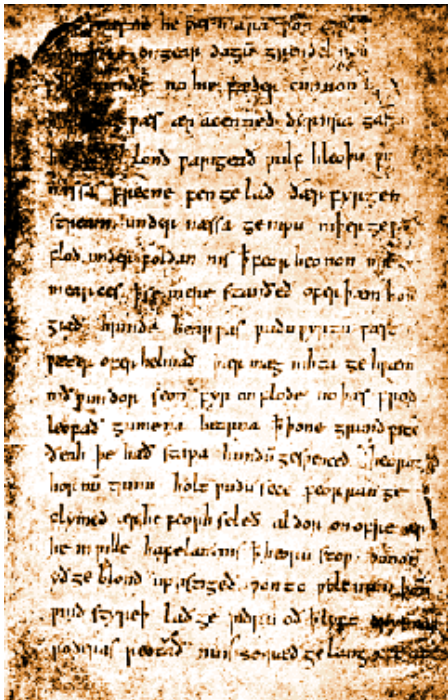


## TRANSLATIONS OF BEOWULF

LO, praise of the prowess of people-kings  
of spear-armed Danes, in days long sped,  
we have heard, and what honor the athelings won!  
Oft Scyld the Scefing from squadroned foes,  
from many a tribe, the mead-bench tore,  
awing the earls. Since erst he lay  
friendless, a foundling, fate repaid him:  
for he waxed under welkin, in wealth he throve,  
till before him the folk, both far and near,  
who house by the whale-path, heard his mandate,  
gave him gifts: a good king he!

*tr. F. Grummere*



Listen:

You have heard of the Danish Kings  
in the old days and how  
they were great warriors.  
Shield, the son of Sheaf,  
took many an enemy's chair,

terrified many a warrior,  
after he was found an orphan.  
He prospered under the sky  
until people everywhere  
listened when he spoke.  
He was a good king!

*tr. Breesden*

Yo! We have heard tell of the majesty of the Speardanes, of the Folk-kings, how the  
princes did valorous deeds.

Often, Scyld the Son of Sheaf took away the meadbenches, terrified the lords, with bands  
of raiders. After he was first found destitute, he took comfort for it, grew under the  
clouds, throve in honor, until each of those around him over the whale-road had to obey  
him, yield tribute to him.  
That was a good king!

*tr. M. Ellen*