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### **Elene; Judith; Athelstan, or the Fight at Brunanburh; Byrhtnoth, or the Fight at Maldon; and the Dream of the Rood**

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# Elene; Judith; Athelstan, or the Fight at Brunanburh; Byrhtnoth, or the Fight at Maldon; and the Dream of the Rood

## PREFACE.

This translation of the *Elene* was made while reading the poem with a post-graduate student in the session of 1887-88, Zupitza's second edition being used for the text, which does not differ materially from that in his third edition (1888). It was completed before I received a copy of Dr. Weymouth's translation (1888), from Zupitza's text; but in the revision for publication I have referred to it, although I cannot always agree with the learned scholar in his interpretation of certain passages. Grein's text was, however, used to fill *lacunae*, and in the revision the recently published (1888) Grein-Wuelker text was compared in some passages. The line-for-line form has been employed, as in my translation of *Beowulf*; for it has been approved by high authority, and is unquestionably more serviceable to the student, even if I have not been able to attain ideal correctness of rhythm. I plead guilty in advance to any *lapsus* in that respect, but I strongly suspect that I have appreciated the difficulty more highly than my future critics. The *Elene* is more suitable than the *Beowulf* for first reading in Old English poetry on account of its style and its subject, which make the interpretation considerably easier, and I concur with Koerting, in his *Grundriss der Geschichte der Englischen Litteratur* (p. 47, 1887): "Die *Elene* eignet sich sowohl wegen ihres anmutigen Inhaltes, als auch, weil sie in der trefflichen Ausgabe von Zupitza leicht zugaenglich ist, als erste poetische Lectuere fuer Anfaenger im Angelsaechsischen." This statement is now the stronger for English readers because Zupitza's text is in course of publication, edited with introduction, notes, and glossary by Professor Charles W. Kent, of the University of Tennessee. I have appended a few notes which explain themselves, and have occasionally inserted words in brackets.

The translations of the *Judith* and the *Byrhtnoth* were made in regular course of reading with undergraduate classes, the former in 1886, and the latter in 1887, the texts in Sweet's "Anglo-Saxon Reader" being used, and compared with those in Grein and in Koerner. The text of *Judith* is now accessible in Professor Cook's edition (1888).

The translation of the *Athelstan* has been added from Koerner's text, compared with Grein and Wuelker, and in certain passages with Thorpe and Earle. For fuller literary information than the Introduction provides, the reader is referred to ten Brink's "Early English Literature," Kennedy's translation (1883), and to Morley's "English Writers," Vol. II. (1888).

James M. Garnett.

University of Virginia, Va.,  
May, 1889.

## PREFACE TO EDITION OF 1900.

I have added to this reprint of my "Elene and other Anglo Saxon Poems" a translation of the *dream of the rood*, which has been on hand for several years awaiting a suitable time to see the light. A brief Introduction to the poem has been prefixed, which, doubtless, leaves much to be desired, but it is all that the translator now has time for, and I must refer to the works mentioned for fuller information and discussion. With thanks for past consideration, and the hope that this addition has made the book more acceptable, I entrust it again to indulgent readers.

James M. Garnett.

Baltimore, Maryland,  
October, 1900.

#### PREFACE TO EDITION OF 1911.

I have read over carefully these translations with a view to another reprint, which the publishers find necessary, but I have not compared them again with the texts used. I have corrected a few typographical errors of little importance.

For the bibliography I would refer to Brandl's *Sonderausgabe aus der zweiten Auflage von Paul's Grundriss der germanischen Philologie* (Strassburg, 1908), in which I find noted Holthausen's edition of the *Elene* (Heidelberg, 1905), but I have not seen it.

I take advantage of this opportunity to say that my translation of *Beowulf*, of which the last reprint was issued in 1910, is not in *prose*, as some have misconceived it, but it is in the same metrical form as the translations in the present volume,—an accentual metre in rough imitation of the original. I agree with Professor Gummere and others that this is a better form for the translation of Old English poetry than plain prose. It was approved by the late Professor Child nearly *thirty* years ago, as noted in the Preface to the second edition of my translation of *Beowulf*, January, 1885.

James M. Garnett.

Baltimore, Maryland,  
February, 1911.

#### INTRODUCTION.

In presenting to the public the following translations of the Old English (Anglo-Saxon) poems, *Elene*, *Judith*, *Athelstan*, *Byrhtnoth*, and *the dream of the rood*, it is desirable to prefix a brief account of them for the information of the general reader.

I. The *Elene*, or Helena, is a poem on the expedition of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor, to Palestine in search of the true cross, and its successful issue. The mediaeval legend of the Finding of the Cross is given in the *Acta Sanctorum* under date of May 4, assigned by the Church to the commemoration of St. Helena's marvellous discovery. The Latin work is the Life of St. Quiriacus, or Cyriacus, Bishop of Jerusalem, that is, the Judas of the poem. It has been usually thought that the Old English poet used this Life as his source; but Gloede, in a recent volume of *Anglia* (ix. 271 ff.), has given reasons for thinking that the poet used some other Latin text. He rejects ten Brink's conjecture that the legend of Elene had come to England in a Greek form. As to the author of the poem, we know his name, but very little else about him. He has left us his name, imbedded in runic letters as an acrostic, in the last canto of the poem, q.v. These letters spell the word *Cynewulf*; but who was Cynewulf? The question is hard to answer, and has given rise to much discussion, which cannot be gone into here. A good summary of it will be found in Wuelker's *Grundriss zur Geschichte der Angelsaechsischen Litteratur* (p. 147 ff., 1885), an indispensable work for students of Old English literature. The old view, propounded in the infancy of Anglo-Saxon studies, and held by Kemble, Thorpe, and, doubtfully, Wright, that he was the Abbot of Peterborough and Bishop of Winchester (992-1008), has been abandoned by all scholars, so far as I know, except Professor Earle of Oxford (see his "Anglo-Saxon Literature," p. 228). The later view of Leo, Dietrich, Grein and Rieger, our chief authorities, that he was a Northumbrian, and of Dietrich and Grein, that he was Bishop of Lindisfarne (737-780), has more to be said for it. Sweet and ten Brink also hold that he was a Northumbrian of the eighth century, but not the Bishop of Lindisfarne, while Wuelker regards him as a West-Saxon. Professor Henry Morley, in the current edition of his "English Writers," has devoted a chapter (Vol. II. Chap. IX., 1888) to Cynewulf, and virtually concludes that we know nothing about him except that he was a poet and probably lived

in the eighth century. We shall not go far wrong in regarding him as a Northumbrian poet of the eighth century, possibly the Bishop of Lindisfarne, even though his works remain to us only in the West-Saxon dialect. As in the *Elene*, so in the *Christ* and the *Juliana*, Cynewulf has left us his name, hence all agree in ascribing to him these poems at least. To these some of the *Riddles*, if not all, are usually added, but this is now contested. Other poems, as the GUTHLAC, *Phoenix*, CHRIST'S descent into hell, *Andreas*, *dream of the rood*, and several other shorter poems, have been ascribed to him with more or less probability, and very recently Sarrazin (in *Anglia*, IX. 515 ff.) would credit him with the authorship of even the BEOWULF(!). We might as well assign to him, as has been suggested, all the poems in the two great manuscripts, the Exeter Book and the Vercelli Book, and be done with it. It is desirable that his authorship of the DREAM OF THE ROOD, which ten Brink and Sweet assign to him, but Wuelker rejects, should be proved or disproved; for with this is connected the question of his Northumbrian origin, and some lines from this poem have been inscribed in the Northumbrian dialect on the Ruthwell Cross in Dumfriesshire.

However it may be, a poet named Cynewulf wrote the ELENE, and thereby left us one of the finest Old English poems that time has preserved, on a subject that was of great interest to Christian Europe. A collection of "Legends of the Holy Rood" has been issued by the Early English Text Society (ed. Morris, 1871), from the Anglo-Saxon period to Caxton's translation of the *Legenda Aurea*; but they are arranged without system, and no study has been made of the date and relation of the several forms of the story. If Cynewulf made use of the Latin Life of Cyriacus in the *Acta Sanctorum*, he expanded his source considerably and showed great skill and originality in his treatment of the subject, as may be seen by comparing the translation with the Latin text in Zupitza's third edition of the ELENE (1888), or in Professor Kent's forthcoming American edition, after Zupitza. The Old English text was discovered by a German scholar, Dr. F. Blume, at Vercelli, Italy, in 1822, and the manuscript has since become well known as the Vercelli Book (cf. Wuelker's *Grundriss*, p. 237 ff.). A reasonable conjecture as to how this MS. reached Vercelli may be found in Professor Cook's pamphlet, "Cardinal Guala and the Vercelli Book." A Bibliography of the ELENE will be found in Wuelker, Zupitza, and Kent. English translations have been made by Kemble, in his edition of the Codex Vercellensis (1856), and very recently by Dr. R.F. Weymouth, Acton, England, after Zupitza's text (privately printed, 1888). A German translation will be found in Grein's *Dichtungen der Angelsachsen* (II. 104 ff., 1859), and of lines 1-275 in Koerner's *Einleitung in das Studium des Angelsaechsischen* (p. 147 ff., 1880). A good summary of the poem is given in Earle's "Anglo-Saxon Literature" (p. 234 ff., 1884), and a briefer one in Morley's "English Writers" (II. 196 ff.).

The ELENE is conceded to be Cynewulf's best poem, and ten Brink remarks of the ANDREAS and the ELENE: "In these Cynewulf appears, perhaps, at the summit of his art" (p. 58, Kennedy's translation). The last canto is a personal epilogue, of a sad and reflective character, evidently appended after the poem proper was concluded. This may be the last work of the poet, and there is good reason for ten Brink's view (p. 59) that "not until the writing of the ELENE had Cynewulf entirely fulfilled the task he had set himself in consequence of his vision of the cross. Hence he recalls, at the close of the poem, the greatest moment of his life, and praises the divine grace that gave him deeper knowledge, and revealed to him the art of song."

II. The JUDITH is a fragment, but a very torso of Hercules. The first nine cantos, nearly three-fourths of the poem, are irretrievably lost, so that we have left but the last three cantos with a few lines of the ninth. The story is from the apocryphal book of Judith, and the part remaining corresponds to chapters XII. 10 to XVI. 1, but the poet has failed to translate the grand thanksgiving of Judith in the sixteenth chapter. The story of Judith and Holofernes is too well known to need narration. The poet, doubtless, followed the Latin Vulgate, as we have no reason to think that a knowledge of Greek was a common possession among Old English poets; but, as Professor Cook says, "the order of events is not that of the original narrative. Many transpositions have been made in the interest of condensation and for the purpose of enhancing the dramatic liveliness of the story."

The Old English text is found in the same manuscript with the BEOWULF (Cotton, Vitellius, A, xv.), and, to my mind, this poem reminds the reader more of the vigor and fire of BEOWULF than does any other Old English poem; but its

author is unknown. It has been assigned by some scholars to the tenth century, which is rather late for it; but Professor Cook has given reasons for thinking that it may have been written in the second half of the ninth century in honor of Judith, the step-mother of King Alfred. It was first printed as prose by Thwaites at the close of his "Heptateuch, Book of Job, and Gospel of Nicodemus" (1698), and has been often reprinted, its shortness and excellence making it a popular piece for inclusion in Anglo-Saxon Readers. A most complete edition has been recently (1888) issued by Professor Albert S. Cook, with an excellent introduction, a translation, and a glossary. A Bibliography is given by Professor Cook (pp. 71-73), and by Wuelker (*Grundriss*, p. 140 ff.). To the translations therein enumerated may be added the one in Morley's "English Writers" (II. 180 ff.). Professor Cook has also given (pp. lxxix-lxxxii) the testimonies of scholars to the worth of this poem. To these the attention of the reader is especially called. The JUDITH has been treated by both ten Brink and Wuelker as belonging to the Caedmon circle, but the former well says (p. 47): "This fragment produces an impression more like that of the national epos than is the case with any other religious poetry of that epoch;" and Sweet (Reader, p. 157) regards it as belonging "to the culminating point of the Old Northumbrian literature, combining as it does the highest dramatic and constructive power with the utmost brilliance of language and metre."

III. The ATHELSTAN, or Fight at Brunanburh, is found in four manuscripts of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" and in Wheloc's edition (1643), printed from a MS. that was burnt in the unfortunate fire among the Cottonian manuscripts (1731). It is entered under the year 937 in all but one MS., where it occurs under 938. The poem gives a brief, but graphic, description of the fight between King Athelstan and his brother Edmund on the one side, and Constantine and his Scots aided by Anlaf and his Danes, or Northmen, on the other, in which fight the Saxons were completely victorious. The poem will be found in all editions of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" from Wheloc to Earle (1865), and has been repeatedly reprinted, its brevity causing it to be often included as a specimen of Old English, but it is omitted in Sweet's Reader. A Bibliography will be found in Wuelker's *Grundriss* (p. 339 ff.). To the English translations there mentioned,---which include a poetical one by Lord Tennyson, after a prose translation by his son in the Contemporary Review for November, 1876,---may be added the prose translation by Kennedy in ten Brink (p. 91) and the rhythmical one by Professor Morley in his "English Writers" (II. 316-17). ten Brink thinks that the poem was not written by an eye-witness, and says (p. 92): "The poem lacks the epic perception and direct power of the folk-song as well as invention. The patriotic enthusiasm, however, upon which it is borne, the lyrical strain which pervades it, yield their true effect. The rich resources derived from the national epos are here happily utilised, and the pure versification and brilliant style of the whole stir our admiration." It well serves to diversify and enliven the usually dry annals of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," and cannot be spared in the great dearth of poetry of this period.

IV. The BYRHTNOTH, or Fight at Maldon, relates in vigorous verse the contest between the Saxons, led by the Ealdorman Byrhtnoth, and the Danes at the river Panta, near Maldon in Essex, in which the Danes were victorious and Byrhtnoth was slain. The incident is mentioned in four manuscripts of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" under the year 991, but one gives it under 993. The MS. in which the poem was contained was unfortunately burnt in the great fire above-mentioned (1731); but Thomas Hearne, the antiquary, had fortunately printed it, as prose, in his edition, of the Chronicle of John of Glastonbury (1726); hence this is now our sole authority for the text, which is defective at both the beginning and the end. The poem has been highly esteemed by scholars, and is a very valuable relic of late tenth century literature. It has been often reprinted, and translated several times in whole or in part. Grein does not translate either the ATHELSTAN or the BYRHTNOTH. Koerner translates it in full, and so does Zernial in his Program "Das Lied von Byrhtnoth's Fall" (1882). This monograph contains the fullest study of the poem that has been made. It is translated into English, with some omissions, by Kennedy in ten Brink (pp. 93-96); it is barely mentioned by Earle (p. 147), and a summary of it is given by Morley in "English Writers" (II. 319-320). A Bibliography will be found in Wuelker's *Grundriss* (pp. 344-5). An edition of both ATHELSTAN and BYRHTNOTH has been long announced in the "Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry," but it has not yet appeared.[1] Sweet says of the BYRHTNOTH (Reader, p. 138): "Although the poem does not show the high technical finish of the older works, it is full of dramatic power and warm feeling"; and ten Brink, with more enthusiasm, calls it (p. 96) "one of the pearls of Old English poetry, full, as it is, of dramatic life, and fidelity of an eye-witness. Its deep feeling throbs in the clear and powerful portrayal." He recognizes, however, "the

tokens of metrical decline, of the dissolution of ancient art-forms."

[1] Crow's "Maldon and Brunnanburh," 1897.

V. The DREAM OF THE ROOD is found in the Vercelli manuscript. Wuelker's *Grundriss* gives the literature of the subject to the time of its publication (1885). Soon afterwards Morley's "English Writers," Vol. II., appeared (1888), in which an English translation is given (pp. 237-241); also Stopford Brooke, in his "History of Early English Literature" (1892), has given an account of the poem, with partial translation and epitome (pp. 436-443). (See also p. 337 and pp. 384-386 for further notice.) The poem is very briefly mentioned by Trautmann in his monograph on Cynewulf (1898, p. 40). There are some very interesting questions connected with the poem which cannot be discussed here. Was it by Cynewulf? On the affirmative side we find Dietrich, Rieger, Grein, ten Brink, D'Ham, and Sweet. On the negative, Wuelker, Ebert, Trautmann, Stephens, Morley, Brooke, and others. Pacius, who edited the text, with a German translation, in 1873, thinks that we know nothing about the poet. Brooke has propounded a theory, previously adumbrated by the editors of the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, Vigfusson and Powell, that an older poem, possibly of Caedmonian origin, as shown by the long six-accent lines, has been worked over by Cynewulf, with additions, and that it is "his last work" (p. 440). Certain lines of the poem, in the Northumbrian dialect, are found on the Ruthwell Cross, which fact complicates the question of origin. These are compared by Brooke (p. 337). The other upholders of the Cynewulfian authorship think that this Dream, occurring in the early part of Cynewulf's religious life, led to the longer and more highly finished poem, the ELENE, written near the close of his life. The questions of the relationship of the poem to the Ruthwell Cross and to the ELENE deserve further discussion. With these is connected the question of date, and the poem has been placed all the way from 700 to 800 A.D., even a little before and a little after, possibly 675 to 825 A.D., so as yet there is no common agreement. The similarity of thought in the personal epilogue (II. 122 ff.) to the epilogue of the ELENE (II. 1237 ff.) is striking, and they may be compared by the curious reader. The translation is made from the Grein-Wuelker text (Vol. II., pp. 116-125), with emendations from others, as seen in the notes. All can agree with Kemble (*Codex Vercellensis*, Part II., p. ix) that "it is in some respects the most striking of all the Anglo-Saxon remains, inasmuch as a departure from the mere conventional style of such compositions is very perceptible in it. It contains some passages of real poetical beauty, and a good deal of fancy." Brooke says (op. cit., p. 443): "This is the last of the important poems of the eighth century. It is good, but not very good. The older part, if my conjecture be right, is the best, and its reworking by Cynewulf has so broken it up that its dignity is much damaged. The shaping is rude, but the imagination has indeed shaped it." ten Brink says (p. 53): "Cynewulf himself has immortalized this vision in a poem, giving utterance to an irrepressible emotion, but still exhibiting the delicate lines of a beautifully designed composition." The other Germans are usually so taken up with technical and mechanical questions that they leave no room for aesthetic considerations. Whether Cynewulf wrote the poem or not,---and the probabilities favor his authorship, though we may not hesitate to say with Morley, "I don't know,"---it is certainly the work of a gifted Christian poet, who reverences the cross as the means of the redemption of mankind.

This brief Introduction will, it is hoped, be sufficient to interest the reader in the accompanying translations of some of the finest pieces of Old English poetry that remain to us from the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries. The earlier period was the golden age of Old English poetry in the Northumbrian dialect, which poetry, there is good reason to think, was copied into the West-Saxon dialect, and it now remains to us only in that form; for, when the Northmen harried Northumbria, destroyed its monasteries, massacred its inhabitants, and settled in its homes, manuscripts perished, and the light of learning in Western Europe was extinguished. It is sufficient to recall King Alfred's oft-quoted lament, in the Preface to his translation of Pope Gregory's "Pastoral Care," to realize the position held by Northumbria in respect to culture, and when learning was restored in Wessex by the efforts of the king himself, and poetry again revived, it shone but by a reflected light. Still we should treasure all that remains, and the Old English language should be at least as well known as Latin is now, and should occupy as prominent a position in education and general culture. Until that millennial period arrives, translations of Old English poems may not be without service.

ABBREVIATIONS IN NOTES.

B. = Bouterwek;  
C. = Cook;  
Gm. = Grimm;  
Gn. = Grein;  
K. = Kemble;  
Kl. = Kluge;  
Kr. = Koerner;  
S. = Sievers;  
Sw. = Sweet;  
Th. = Thorpe;  
W. = Wuelker;  
Z. = Zupitza;  
Zl. = Zernial.

CYNEWULF'S ELENE.

I.

When had elapsed in course of years  
Two hundred and three, reckoned by number,  
And thirty also, in measure of time,  
Of winters for th' world, since mighty God  
Became incarnate, of kings the Glory, 5  
Upon mid-earth in human form,  
Light of the righteous; then sixth was the year  
Of Constantine's imperial sway,  
Since he o'er the realm of the Roman people,  
The battle-prince, as ruler was raised. 10  
The ward of his folk, skilful with shield,  
Was gracious to earls. Strong grew the aetheling's[1]  
Might 'neath the heavens. He was true king,  
War-keeper of men. God him strengthened  
With honor and might, that to many became he 15  
Throughout this earth to men a joy,  
To nations a vengeance, when weapon he raised  
Against his foes. Him battle was offered,  
Tumult of war. A host was assembled,  
Folk of the Huns and fame-loving Goths; 20  
War-brave they went, the Franks and the Hugs.[2]  
Bold were the men [in battle-byrnies, Gn.],  
Ready for war. Bright shone the spears,  
The ringed corselets. With shouts and shields  
They hoisted the standards. The heroes were there 25  
Plainly assembled, and [host, Gn.] all together.  
The multitude marched. A war-song howled  
The wolf in the wood, war-secret concealed not;

The dew-feathered eagle uplifted his song  
 On the trail of his foes. Hastened quickly 30  
 O'er cities of giants[3] the greatest of war-hosts  
 In bands to battle, such as king of the Huns  
 Of dwellers-around anywhere might,  
 Of city-warriors, assemble to war.  
 Went greatest of armies,---the footmen were strengthened 35  
 With chosen bands,---till in foreign land  
 The fighters-with-darts upon the Danube's  
 Bank were encamping, the brave in heart,  
 'Round the welling of waters, with tumult of host.  
 The realm of the Romans they wished to oppress, 40  
 With armies destroy. There was Huns' coming  
 Known to the people. Then bade the Caesar  
 Against the foes his comrades in war  
 'Neath arrow-flight in greatest haste  
 Gather for fight, form battle-array 45  
 The heroes 'neath heavens. The Romans were,  
 Men famed for victory, quickly prepared  
 With weapons for war, though lesser army  
 Had they for the battle than king of the Huns.[4]  
 They rode 'round the valiant: then rattled the shield, 50  
 The war-wood clanged: the king with host marched,  
 With army to battle. Aloft sang the raven,  
 Dark and corpse-greedy. The band was in motion.  
 The horn-bearers blew,[5] the heralds called,  
 Steed stamped the earth. The host assembled 55  
 Quickly for contest. The king was affrighted,  
 With terror disturbed, after the strangers,  
 The Huns' and Hreths' host they[6] observed,  
 That it[7] on the Romans' kingdom's border  
 'Round the bank of the river a band assembled, 60  
 A countless crowd. Heart-sorrow bore  
 The Romans' ruler, of realm he hoped not  
 For want of force; had warriors too few,  
 Trusty comrades, 'gainst th' overnight  
 Of the brave for battle. The army encamped, 65  
 The earls 'round the aetheling nigh to the river  
 In neighboring plain a night-long time,  
 After force of their foes they first beheld.  
 Then in his sleep was shown to him,  
 To the Caesar himself where he slept 'mid his men, 70  
 By the victory-famed seen, a vision of dream.  
 Effulgent it seemed him, in form of a man,  
 White and hue-bright, some one of heroes  
 More splendid appeared than ere or since  
 He saw 'neath the heavens. From sleep he awaked 75  
 With boar-sign bedecked. The messenger quickly,

Bright herald of glory, to him made address  
 And called him by name (the night-veil vanished):  
 "To thee, Constantine, bade King of the angels,  
 Wielder of fates, his favor grant, 80  
 The Lord of Hosts. Fear not for thyself,  
 Though thee the strangers threaten with terror,  
 With battle severe. Look thou to heaven,  
 To the Lord of glory: there help wilt thou find,  
 A token of victory." Soon was he ready 85  
 At hest of the holy, his heart-lock unloosed,  
 Upwards he looked as the messenger bade him,  
 Trusty peace-weaver. He saw bright with gems  
 Fair rood of glory o'er roof of the clouds  
 Adorned with gold: the jewels shone, 90  
 The glittering tree with letters was written  
 Of brightness and light: "With this beacon thou  
 On the dangerous journey[8] wilt the foe overcome,  
 The loathly host let." The light then departed,  
 Ascended on high, and the messenger too, 95  
 To the realm of the pure. The king was the blither  
 And freer from sorrow, chieftain of men,  
 In thoughts of his soul, for that fair sight.

[1] Prince's.

[2] MS. '*Huns*,' but Z. reads '*Hugs*.' Cf. W.

[3] 'O'er land of Burgundians,' Gn.

[4] Z. has no point, W. puts (;), Gn. (.)

[5] 'Hurried,' Z.^3

[6] 'He,' W.

[7] 'Which,' Z.

[8] 'In the terrible danger,' Gn.

## II.

Bade then a likeness[1] defender of aethelings,  
 Ring-giver of heroes, to that beacon he saw, 100  
 Leader of armies, that in heaven before  
 To him had appeared, with greatest haste  
 [Bade] Constantine [like] the rood of Christ,  
 The glorious king, a token make.  
 He bade then at dawn with break of day 105

His warriors rouse and onset of battle,  
 The standard raise, and that holy tree  
 Before him carry, 'mid host of foes  
 God's beacon bear. The trumpets sang  
 Aloud 'fore the hosts. The raven rejoiced,[2] 110  
 The dew-feathered eagle beheld the march,  
 Fight of the fierce cries, the wolf raised his howl,  
 The wood's frequenter. War-terror arose.  
 There was shattering of shields and mingling of men,  
 Heavy handstroke and felling of foes, 115  
 After in arrow-flight first they had met.  
 On the fated folk showers of darts,  
 Spears over shields into hosts of foes,  
 Sword-fierce foemen battle-adders  
 With force of fingers forwards impelled. 120  
 The strong-hearted stepped, pressed onwards at once,  
 Broke the shield-covers, thrust in their swords,  
 Battle-brave hastened. Then standard was raised,  
 Sign 'fore the host, song of victory sung.  
 The golden helmet, the spear-points glistened 125  
 On field of battle. The heathen perished,  
 Peaceless they fell. Forthwith they fled,  
 The folk of the Huns, when that holy tree  
 The king of the Romans bade raise on high,  
 Fierce in the fight. The warriors became 130  
 Widely dispersed. Some war took away;  
 Some with labor their lives preserved  
 Upon that march; some half-alive  
 Fled to the fastness and life protected  
 Behind the stone-cliffs, held their abode 135  
 Around the Danube; some drowning took off  
 In the stream of the river at the end of their life.  
 Then was of the proud ones the force in joy;  
 They followed the foreigners forth until even  
 From break of day. The ash-darts flew, 140  
 Battle-adders. The heap was destroyed,[3]  
 Shield-band of foes. Very few came  
 Of the host of the Huns home again thence.  
 Then it was plain that victory gave  
 To Constantine the King Almighty 145  
 In the work of that day, glorious honor,  
 Might 'neath the heavens, through the tree of his rood.  
 Went helmet of hosts home again thence,  
 In booty rejoicing (the battle was ended),  
 Honored in war. Came warriors' defence 150  
 With band of his thanes to deck the strong shield,[4]  
 War-renowned king, to visit his cities.  
 Bade warriors' ward the wisest men

Swiftly to synod, who wisdom's craft  
 Through writings of old had learnt to know, 155  
 Held in their hearts counsels of heroes.  
 Then that gan inquire chief of the folk,  
 Victory-famed king, throughout the wide crowd,  
 If any there were, elder or younger,  
 Who him in truth was able to tell, 160  
 Make known by speech, what the god were,  
 The giver of glory,[5] "whose beacon this was,  
 That seemed me so sheen, and saved my people,  
 Brightest of beacons, and gave to me glory,  
 War-speed against foes, through that beautiful tree." 165  
 They him any answer at all were unable  
 To give in reply, nor could they full well  
 Clearly declare of that victory-sign.  
 Then did the wisest speak out in words  
 Before the armed host, that Heaven-king's 170  
 Token it was, and of that was no doubt.  
 When they that heard who in baptism's lore  
 Instructed had been, light was their mind,  
 Rejoicing their soul, though of them there were few,  
 That they 'fore the Caesar might dare to proclaim 175  
 The gift of the gospel, how the spirits' Defence,  
 In form of the Trinity worshipped in glory,  
 Incarnate became, Brightness of kings,---  
 And how on the cross was God's own Son  
 Hanged 'fore the hosts with hardest pains; 180  
 The Son men saved from the bonds of devils,  
 Sorrowful spirits, and a gift to them gave  
 Through that same sign that appeared to him  
 Before his own eyes the token of victory  
 'Gainst onset of nations; and how the third day 185  
 From out of the tomb the Glory of heroes,  
 From death, arose, the Lord of all  
 The race of mankind, and to Heaven ascended.  
 So with cunning of mind in secrets of soul  
 They said to the victor as they by Sylvester[6] 190  
 Instructed had been. From him the folk-chief  
 Baptism received, and continued to hold it  
 For the time of his days at the will of the Lord.

[1] Lit. 'in like manner,' adv.

[2] Add 'at the work.'

[3] 'Diminished,' Gn.

[4] *i.e.*, with precious stones. Kr. reads '(rattled strong shields).'

[5] 'Gold,' Kr. 'Lord of the house,' Gn. Cf. W.

[6] The Bishop of Rome.

### III.

Then was in bliss the giver of treasure,  
The battle-brave king. To him was new joy 195  
Inspired in his soul; greatest of comforts  
And highest of hopes was heaven's Defence.  
Then gan he God's law by day and by night  
Through gift of the Spirit with zeal proclaim,  
And truly himself devoted he eagerly, 200  
Gold-friend of men, to the service of God,  
Spear-famed, unfaltering. Then found the aetheling,  
Defence of his folk, through learned men,[1]  
War-brave, spear-bold, in books of God,  
Where had been hanged with shouts of the host 205  
On tree of the rood the Ruler of heaven  
Through envy and hate, just as the old fiend  
Mised with his lies, the people deceived,  
The race of the Jews, so that God himself  
They hanged, Lord of hosts: hence in misery shall they 210  
For ever and ever punishment suffer.  
Then praise of Christ by the Caesar was  
In the thoughts of his mind[2] always remembered  
For that great tree, and his mother he bade  
Go on a journey with a band of men 215  
To [land of] the Jews, earnestly seek  
With host of warriors where that tree of glory  
Holy 'neath earth hidden might be,  
The noble King's rood. Helena would not  
On that expedition be slow to start, 220  
Nor that joy-giver's command neglect,  
Her own [dear] son's, but soon she[3] was ready  
For the wished-for journey, as the helmet of men,  
Of mail-clad warriors, her had commanded.  
Gan then with speed the crowd of earls 225  
Hasten to ship.[4] The steeds of the sea  
'Round the shore of the ocean ready were standing,  
Cabled sea-horses, at rest on the water.  
Then plainly was known the voyage of the lady,  
When the welling of waves she sought with her folk. 230  
There many a proud one at Wendel-sea  
Stood on the shore. They severally hastened

Over the mark-paths, band after band,  
 And then they loaded with battle-sarks,  
 With shields and spears, with mail-clad warriors, 235  
 With men and women, the steeds of the sea.  
 Then they let o'er the billows the foamy ones go,  
 The high wave-rushers. The hull oft received  
 O'er the mingling of waters the blows of the waves.  
 The sea resounded. Not since nor ere heard I 240  
 On water-stream a lady lead,  
 On ocean-street, a fairer force.  
 There might he see, who that voyage beheld,  
 Burst o'er the bath-way the sea-wood, hasten  
 'Neath swelling sails, the sea-horse play, 245  
 The wave-floater sail. The warriors were blithe,  
 Courageous in mind; queen joyed in her journey.  
 After to haven the ringed-prowed  
 O'er the sea-fastness had finished their course  
 To the land of the Greeks, they let the keels 250  
 At the shore of the sea beat by the breakers,  
 The old sea-dwellings at anchor fast,  
 On the water await the fate of the heroes,  
 When the warlike queen with her band of men  
 Over the east-ways should seek them again. 255  
 There was on [each] earl easily seen  
 The braided byrnie and tested sword,  
 Glittering war-weeds, many a helmet,  
 Beautiful boar-sign. The spear-warriors were,  
 Men 'round victor-queen, prepared for the march, 260  
 Brave war-heroes. They marched with joy  
 Into land of the Greeks, the Caesar's heralds,  
 Battle-warriors with armor protected.  
 There was to be seen treasure-gem set  
 'Mid that army-host, gift of their lord. 265  
 [Then] was the blessed Helena mindful,  
 Bold in her thought, of the prince's will,  
 Eager in mind, in that she of the Jews,  
 O'er the army-fields with tested band  
 Of warriors-with-shields, the land was seeking, 270  
 With host of men; so it after befell  
 In little while that that force of men,  
 War-famed heroes, to Hierusalem[5]  
 Came to the city the greatest of crowds,  
 Spear-famed earls, with the noble queen. 275

[1] Lit., 'smiths of lore.'

[2] Z. supposes *lacuna* of one verse; W. thinks it unnecessary.

[3] Lit., 'the woman.'

[4] Lit., 'to the sea,' or 'sea-journey.'

[5] A.-S. form retained for the sake of the accent and alliteration.

#### IV.

Bade she then order the dwellers-in-city  
Most skilled in lore, those far and wide  
Among the Jews, each one of men,  
For council-talk in meeting to come,  
Who most deeply the secrets of God 280  
By righteous law were able to tell.  
Then was assembled from distant ways  
No little crowd who Moses' law  
Were able to tell. In number there were  
Of thousands three of those [learned] men 285  
Chosen for lore. The lovely woman  
The men of the Hebrews with words gan address:  
"I that most surely have learnt to know  
Through secret words of prophets [of old]  
In the books of God, that in days of yore 290  
Ye worthy were of the glorious King,  
Dear to the Lord and daring in deed.  
Lo! ye that wisdom [very, Gn.] unwisely,  
Wrongly, rejected, when him ye condemned  
Who you from the curse through might of his glory, 295  
From torment of fire, thought to redeem,  
From fetters' force. Ye filthily spat  
On his fair face who light of the eyes  
From blindness [restored], a remedy brought  
To you anew by that noble spittle, 300  
And often preserved you from the unclean  
Spirits of devils. This one to death  
Ye gan adjudge, who self from death  
Many awakened 'mong host of men  
Of your own race to the former life. 305  
So blinded in mind ye gan conjoin  
Lying with truth, light with darkness,  
Hatred with mercy, with evil thoughts  
Ye wickedness wove; therefore the curse  
You guilty oppresses. The purest Might 310  
Ye gan condemn, and have lived in error,  
In thoughts benighted, until this day.  
Go ye now quickly, with prudence select  
Men firm in wisdom, crafty in word,

Who your own law, with excellence skilled, 315  
 In thoughts of their minds most thoroughly have,  
 Who to me truly are able to say,  
 Answer to tell for you henceforth  
 Of each one of tokens that I from thee seek."  
 They went then away sorry-in-mind, 320  
 The law-clever earls, oppressed with fear,  
 Sad in their grief, earnestly sought  
 The wisest men in secrets of words,  
 That they to the queen might answer well  
 Both of good and of ill, as she from them sought. 325  
 Then they 'mong the host a thousand of men  
 Found clever in mind who the old story  
 Among the Jews most readily knew.  
 Then they pressed in a crowd where in pomp awaited  
 On kingly throne the Caesar's mother,[1] 330  
 Stately war-queen with gold adorned.  
 Helena spake and said 'fore the earls:  
 "Hear, clever in mind, the holy secret,  
 Word and wisdom. Lo! ye the prophets'  
 Teaching received, how the Life-giver 335  
 In form of a child incarnate became,  
 Ruler of might. Of him Moses sang  
 And spake this [word],[2] warden of Israel:  
 'To you shall be born a child in secret  
 Renowned in might, though his mother shall not 340  
 Be filled with fruit through love of a man.'  
 Of him David the king a kingly psalm sang,  
 The wise old sage, father of Solomon,  
 And spake this word, prince of warriors:  
 'The God of creation before me I saw, 345  
 Lord of victories. He was in my sight,  
 Ruler of hosts, upon my right hand,  
 Guardian of glory. Thence turn I not  
 Ever in life my countenance from him.'[3]  
 So it again of you Isaiah 350  
 'Fore the people, the prophet, foretold in words,  
 Thinking profoundly by spirit of the Lord:  
 'I raised upon high sons young in years,  
 And children begat, to whom glory I gave,  
 Heart-comfort holy: but they me rejected, 355  
 With enmity hated, forethought possessed not,  
 Wisdom of mind, and the wretched cattle,  
 That on each day one drives and strikes,  
 Their well-doer know, not at all with revenge  
 Bear hate to their friends who give them fodder. 360  
 And the folk of Israel never were willing  
 Me to acknowledge, though many for them,

In worldly course, of wonders I wrought.[4]

[1] Lit., 'kinswoman.' The Elizabethan 'Kesar' would preserve the alliteration in this line.

[2] Gn. and Z. W. omits.

[3] Psalms xvi. 8, 9.

[4] Isaiah i. 2, 3.

V.

"Lo! that we heard through holy books,  
That the Lord to you gave blameless glory, 365  
The Maker, might's Speed, to Moses said  
How the King of heaven ye should obey,  
His teaching perform. Of that ye soon wearied,  
And counter to right ye had contended;  
Ye shunned the bright Creator of all, 370  
The Lord [of Lords],[1] and followed error  
'Gainst right of God. Now quickly go  
And find ye still who writings of old  
Through craft of wit the best may know,  
Your books of law, that answer to me 375  
Through prudent mind they may return."  
Went then with a crowd depressed in mind  
The proud in heart, as them the queen bade.  
Found they five hundred of cunning men,  
Chosen comrades, who craft of lore 380  
Through memory of mind the most possessed,  
Wisdom in spirit. They back to the hall  
In little while again were summoned,  
Wards of the city. The queen them gan  
With words address (she glanced over all): 385  
"Often ye silly actions performed,  
Accursed wretches, and writings despised,  
Lore of your fathers, ne'er more than now,  
When ye of your blindness the Healer rejected,  
And ye contended 'gainst truth and right, 390  
That in Bethlehem the child of the Ruler,  
The only-born King, incarnate was,  
The Prince of princes. Though the law ye knew,  
Words of the prophets, ye were not then willing,  
Workers of sin, the truth to confess." 395  
With one mind then they answered her:  
"Lo! we the Hebrew law have learned,  
That in days of old our fathers knew,

At the ark of God, nor know we well  
 Why thou so fiercely, lady, with us 400  
 Hast angry become. We know not the wrong  
 That we have done amid this nation,  
 Chiefest of crimes<sup>[2]</sup> against thee ever."  
 Helena said and 'fore the earls spake  
 Without concealment; the lady proclaimed 405  
 Aloud 'fore the hosts: "Now go ye quickly,  
 Seek out apart who wisdom with you  
 Might and mindcraft the most may have,  
 That each of the things they boldly may tell me,  
 Without delay, that I from them seek." 410  
 Went they then from the council as the mighty queen,  
 Bold in the palace, them had commanded,  
 Sorry-in-mind eagerly searched they,  
 With cunning sought, what were the sin  
 That they in the folk might have committed 415  
 Against the Caesar, for which the queen blames them.  
 Then there 'fore the earls one them addressed,  
 Cunning in songs (his name was Judas),  
 Crafty in word: "I surely know,  
 That she will seek of the victor-tree 420  
 On which once suffered the Ruler of nations  
 Free from all faults, own Son of God,  
 Whom though guiltless<sup>[3]</sup> of every sin  
 Through hatred hanged upon the high tree  
 In days of old our own fathers. 425  
 That was terrible thought. There is now great need  
 That we with firmness strengthen our minds,  
 That we of this murder become not informers,  
 Where the holy tree was hidden away  
 After the war-storm, lest may be rejected 430  
 The wise old writings and of our fathers  
 The lore be lost. Not long will it be<sup>[4]</sup>  
 That of Israelites the noble race  
 Over the mid-earth may reign any more,  
 The law-craft of earls, if this be revealed: 435  
 That same long ago mine elder father  
 Victory-famed said (his name was Zacchaeus),  
 The wise old man, to mine own father,  
 [Who afterwards made it known to his, Gn.][<sup>5</sup>] son,  
 (He went from this world), and spake this word: 440  
 'If to thee that happen in the days of thy life,  
 That thou may'st hear of that holy tree  
 Wise men inquire and questionings raise  
 Of that victor-wood on which the true King  
 Was hanged on high, Guardian of heaven, 445  
 Child of all peace, then quickly declare it,

Mine own dear son, ere death thee remove.  
Ne'er may after that the folk of the Hebrews,  
The wise in counsel, their kingdom hold,  
Rule over men, but *their* fame shall live 450  
And their dominion [be glorified ever, Gn.],[5]  
To world of worlds with joy be filled,  
Who the King that was hanged honor and praise.'

[1] Gn., Z., W.

[2] So W. 'Wrongs have committed,' Gm., Gn. and Z. [?]

[3] W.

[4] Add 'after that.'

[5] *Lacuna* in MS., emended by Gn.

## VI.

"Then quickly I to mine own father,  
The old law-sage, answer returned: 455  
'How might that happen on kingdom of earth  
That they on the holy their hands should lay  
For reaving of life, our own fathers,  
Through hostile mind, if they ere knew  
That he were Christ, the King in heaven, 460  
True son of Creator, Saviour of souls.'  
Then to me mine elder answer returned,  
Wise in his mind my father replied:  
'Perceive, young man, the might of God,  
The name of the Saviour. That is to each man 465  
Unutterable. Him may no one  
Upon this earth [ever] find out.  
Never that plan that this people framed  
Was I willing to follow, but I always myself  
Held aloof from their crimes, by no means wrought shame 470  
To mine own spirit. To them earnestly often  
On account of their wrong I made opposition,  
When the learned-in-lore counsel were taking,  
Were seeking in soul how the Son of their Maker,  
Men's Helm,[1] they might hang, the Lord of all, 475  
Both angels and men, noblest of children.  
They might not so foolish death fasten on him,  
Miserable men, as they ere weened,  
Afflict with pains, though he for a time  
Upon the cross his spirit gave up, 480  
Victor-child of God. Then afterwards was

Raised from the rood the Ruler of heavens,  
 Glory of all glories, three nights after  
 Within the tomb was he abiding  
 Under the darkness, and then on third day, 485  
 Light of all light, he living arose,  
 Prince of angels, and he to his thanes,  
 True Lord of victories, himself revealed,  
 Bright in his fame. Then did thy brother  
 In time receive the bath of baptism, 490  
 Enlightening belief. For love of the Lord  
 Was Stephen then with stones assailed,  
 Nor ill gave for ill, but for foes of old  
 Patient implored, prayed King of glory  
 That he the woe-deed would not lay to their charge, 495  
 In that through hate the innocent One,  
 Guiltless of sins, by the teachings of Saul  
 They robbed of life, as he through enmity  
 To misery many of the folk of Christ  
 Condemned, to death. Yet later the Lord 500  
 Mercy him showed, that to many became he  
 Of people for comfort, when the God of creation,  
 Saviour of men, had changed his name,  
 And afterwards he the holy Paul  
 Was called by name, and no one than he 505  
 Of teachers of faith, [no] other, was better  
 'Neath roof of heaven afterwards ever  
 Of those man or woman brought into the world,  
 Although he Stephen with stones them bade  
 Slay on the mountain, thine own brother. 510  
 Now may'st thou hear, mine own dear son,  
 How gracious is the Ruler of all,  
 Though we transgression 'gainst him oft commit,  
 The wound of sins, if we soon after  
 For those misdeeds repentance work 515  
 And from unrighteousness afterwards cease.  
 Therefore I truly, and my dear father,  
 After believed [in the Giver of life, Gn.],  
 That he had suffered, God of all glories,  
 Leader of life, painful penalty 520  
 For mighty need of the race of men.  
 Therefore I teach thee through secret of song,  
 My dearest child, that scornful words,  
 Hatred or blasphemy, never thou work,  
 Fierce contradiction 'gainst the Son of God. 525  
 Then wilt thou merit that thee life eternal,  
 Best of rewards, shall be given in heaven.'  
 Thus mine own father in days of old  
 Me unwaxen with words did teach,

Instruct with true speech (his name was Simon), 530  
 Man wise in words. Now well do ye know  
 What of that in your thought may seem to you best  
 Plainly to tell, if us this queen  
 Shall ask of that tree, now mine own mind  
 And thought of heart ye [well] do know." 535  
 Him then in reply the cleverest of all  
 In the crowd of men with words addressed:  
 "Ne'er did we hear any of men  
 Among this folk save thee just now,  
 Another thane, declare in this manner 540  
 Of so secret event. Do as [best] seems thee,  
 Thou wise in old lore, if thou be questioned  
 'Mong the host of men. Of wisdom has need,  
 Of wary words and sage's cunning,  
 Who shall to the noble one answer return 545  
 Before such a host among the assembly."

[1] *i.e.*, 'defence, protector.'

## VII.

Words waxed in speech; men counsel took  
 On every side; some hither, some thither,  
 Considered and thought. Then came many thanes  
 To the people's assembly. The heralds called, 550  
 The Caesar's criers: "This queen you invites,  
 Men, to the hall, that the council-decisions  
 Ye rightly may tell. Of rede have ye need  
 In the place of assembly, of wisdom of mind."  
 Ready they were, the sad-in-mind 555  
 People's protectors, when they were summoned  
 Through stern command; to court they went  
 Craft's might to tell. Then gan the queen  
 The Hebrew men in words address,  
 Ask the life-weary of writings of old, 560  
 How ere in the world the prophets sang,  
 Men holy in spirit, of the Son of God,  
 Where the Prince [of the people] his sufferings bore,  
 True son of Creator, for love of souls.  
 Stubborn they were, harder than stone, 565  
 Would not that secret rightly make known  
 Nor answer to her any would tell,  
 Anger-provokers, of what she sought,  
 But they of each word made a denial,  
 Firm in their minds, of what she gan ask, 570  
 Said that in life they any such thing  
 Nor ere nor since ever had heard of.

Helena spake and angrily said:  
 "I [now] in truth to you will say,---  
 And of this in your life there shall be no deception,--- 575  
 If ye in this falseness longer continue  
 With treacherous lying, who stand here before me,  
 That you on the mountain bale-fire shall take,  
 Hottest of war-waves, and your corpses consume,  
 The lambent flame, so for you shall that lie 580  
 To leaving of life [surely] be turned.  
 Ye may not prove that word, which ye just now in wrong  
 Concealed 'neath heaps[1] of sins. Nor may ye hide that fate,  
 Obscure its deepest might." In thought of death they were  
 Of pyre and life's end, and delivered then one 585  
 Well-skilled in songs (to him the name Judas  
 Was given 'fore kinsmen);---him they gave to the queen,  
 Said of him very wise: "He may truth to thee tell,  
 Fate's secrets reveal, as thou askest in words,  
 The law from beginning forth to the end. 590  
 He is before earth of noble race,  
 Wise in word-craft and son of a prophet,  
 Bold in council. To him 'tis inborn  
 That he the answers clever may have,  
 Knowledge in heart. He to thee shall declare 595  
 'Fore the crowd of men the gift of wisdom  
 Through mickle might, as thy mind desires."  
 In peace she permitted each one to seek  
 His own [dear] home, and him alone took,  
 Judas, as hostage, and earnestly prayed 600  
 That he of the rood would rightly teach,  
 Which of old in its bed was long concealed,  
 And she himself apart to her called.  
 Helena spake to him alone,  
 Glory-rich queen: "For thee two are ready, 605  
 Or life or death, as liefer shall be,  
 To thee to choose. Now quickly declare  
 To which of the two thou wilt agree."  
 Judas to her spake again (he might not the sorrow avoid,  
 Avert the ire of the empress.[2] In the power of the queen was he): 610  
 "How may him befall who out on the waste,  
 Tired and foodless, treads the moorland,  
 Oppressed with hunger, and bread and stone  
 Both in his sight together[3] shall be,  
 The hard and the soft, that he take the stone 615  
 For hunger's defence, care not for the bread,  
 Return to want and reject the food,  
 Renounce the better, if both he enjoys?"

[1] Lit., 'under the lap (or bosom) of sins.'

[2] MS. *rex* (Latin?), Z.; 'oppression of care' (*cearces*),  
Gn.; 'of hunger' (*ceaces*), Gm.; 'of smoke' (*reces*),  
Schubert; *rex* = *cyninges*, Sievers and W.

[3] Z.

VIII.

To him then the blessed answer returned,  
Helena 'fore earls without concealment: 620  
"If thou in heaven willest to have  
Dwelling with angels and life on earth,  
Reward in the skies, tell me quickly  
Where rests the rood of the King of heaven  
Holy 'neath earth, which ye now long 625  
Through sin of murder from men have concealed."  
Judas replied (his mind was sad,  
Heat in his heart and woe for both,  
Whether hope of heaven with [all] his soul  
He should renounce, along with his present 630  
Kingdom 'neath skies, or show the rood):  
"How may I that find that long ago happened  
In course of winters? Now many are gone,  
Two hundred or more, reckoned by number;  
I may not recount, now the number I know not. 635  
Now many have since departed this life,  
Of wise and good who were before us,  
Of clever men. In youth was I  
In later days afterwards born,  
A child in years. I cannot what I know not 640  
Find in my heart that so long ago happened."  
Helena spake to him in answer:  
"How has it happened among this people,  
That ye so much in mind retain,  
Each one of all signs, just as the Trojans 645  
In fight effected? 'Twas greater terror,[1]  
Well-known old war, than this noble event,  
In course of years. Ye that can well  
Quickly recount, how many there were  
In number of men in that murderous fight 650  
Of throwers-with-darts fallen in death  
Under the shield-hedge. Ye have the graves  
Under the stone-slopes, and likewise the places  
And the number of winters in writings set down."  
Judas replied (great sorrow he bore): 655  
"That work of war, we, lady mine,  
Through direful need remember well,  
And that tumult of war in writing set down,

The bearing of nations, but this one never  
 By any man's mouth have we heard 660  
 Made known to men except here now."  
 The noble queen gave answer to him:  
 "Thou resistest too much both truth and right  
 Of the tree of life, and now little before  
 Thou truly said'st of that victor-tree 665  
 To thine own people, and now turn'st to a lie."  
 To her Judas said that he spake that in sorrow  
 And doubt extreme, worse evil expected.  
 Him quickly answered the Caesar's mother:  
 "Lo! that have we heard through holy books 670  
 Made known to men that there was hanged  
 On Calvary the King's free child,  
 God's Spirit-son. Thou fully shalt  
 Wisdom reveal, as writings tell,  
 About the plain, where the place may be, 675  
 That Calvary, ere misery take thee,  
 Death for thy sins, that I afterwards may  
 Purify it at the will of Christ,  
 For help to men, that holy God,  
 Almighty Lord, the thought of my heart 680  
 My wish may fulfil, men's Giver of glory,  
 Helper of souls." Her Judas answered,  
 Stubborn in mind: "I know not the place  
 Nor aught of the plain, nor the thing do I know."  
 Helena spake with angry mind: 685  
 "This do I swear through the Son of the Maker  
 The hanged God, that with hunger thou shalt  
 Before thy kinsmen be put to death,  
 Unless thou forsake these lying tales  
 And plainly to me the truth make known." 690  
 Then bade she with band him lead alive,  
 The guilty one cast (the servants delayed not)  
 Into a dry pit, where robbed of joy,  
 He lingered in sorrows seven nights' time  
 Within the prison oppressed with hunger, 695  
 Fastened with fetters, and then gan he call,  
 Weakened by pains, on the seventh day,  
 Tired and foodless (his strength was exhausted):  
 "I you beseech through heaven's God,  
 That me from these sufferings ye may release, 700  
 Humbled by hunger. Of that holy tree  
 Shall I willingly tell, now longer I may not  
 For hunger conceal it. This bond is too strong,  
 Distress too severe, and this misery too hard  
 In number of days. I may not endure it, 705  
 Nor longer conceal of the tree of life,

Though with folly before I was thoroughly filled,  
And the truth too late I myself have perceived."

[1] Or, 'war,' Gn.; 'further oft,' Gm.

IX.

When she that heard, who men there ordered,  
The man's behavior, she quickly commanded 710  
That him from confinement and out of his dungeon,  
From the narrow abode, they should release.  
They hastily that did soon perform  
And him with honor then led they up  
From out of the prison as them the queen bade. 715  
Stepped they then to the place, the firm-in-mind,  
Upon the hill on which the Lord  
Before was hanged, heaven-kingdom's Ward,  
God's child, on the cross, and yet knew he not well,  
Weakened by hunger, where the holy rood 720  
Through cunning of foe[1] enclosed in earth, 721-2  
Long firm in its bed concealed from men,  
Remained in its grave. Now raised he his voice,  
Unmindful[2] of might, and in Hebrew he spake: 725  
"Saviour Lord, thou hast power of rule,  
And thou didst create through the might of thy glory  
Heaven and earth and the boisterous sea,  
The ocean's wide bosom, all creatures alike,  
And thou didst measure with thine own hands 730  
All the globe of the earth and the heaven above,  
And thou thyself sittest, Wielder of victories,  
Above the noblest order of angels,  
That fly through the air encircled with light,  
Great might of glory. There mankind may not 735  
From the paths of earth ascend on high  
In bodily form with that bright host,  
Heralds of glory. These wroughtest thou,  
And for thine own service them didst thou set,  
Holy and heavenly. Of these in the choir 740  
In joy eternal six are named,  
Who are surrounded with six wings apiece,  
[With them are] adorned, [and] fair they shine.  
Of these are four who ever in flight  
The service of glory attend upon 745  
Before the face of the Judge eternal,  
Continually sing in glory the praise,  
With clearest voices, of the King of heaven,  
Most beauteous of songs, and say these words  
With voices pure (their name Cherubim): 750

'Holy is the holy God of archangels,  
 Ruler of hosts. Full of his glory  
 Are heaven and earth and all the high powers  
 With glory distinguished,' There are two among these,  
 Victor-race in heaven, who Seraphim 755  
 By name are called. They shall Paradise  
 And the tree of life with flaming sword  
 Holy maintain. The hard-edged trembles,  
 The etched brand wavers, and changes its form,  
 Firm in their grips. That,[3] O Lord God, 760  
 Ever thou wieldest, and thou the sinful,  
 Guilt-working foes out of the heavens,  
 The foolish, didst cast. The accursed host then  
 Under dwellings of darkness was forced to fall  
 To perdition of hell. There now in the welling 765  
 Endure they death-pain in the dragon's embrace,  
 Enclosed in darkness. [Thee] he resisted,  
 Thy princely rule; therefore in misery,  
 Full[4] of all foulness, he guilty shall suffer,  
 Slavery endure. There may he not 770  
 Thy word reject: he is fast in torments,  
 The author of sin, in misery bound.  
 If thy will it be, Ruler of angels,  
 That he may reign who was on the rood,  
 And who through Mary upon the mid-earth 775  
 Incarnate became in form of a child,  
 Prince of the angels (if he had not been  
 Thy Son free from sin, never so many  
 True wonders in world would he have wrought  
 In number of days. Thou wouldst not from death 780  
 So gloriously him, Ruler of nations,  
 Have awaked 'fore the hosts, if he in glory  
 Through the bright [maid] were not thy Son),---  
 Now, Father of angels, send forth thy sign.  
 As thou didst hear the holy man, 785  
 Moses, in prayer, when thou, God of might,  
 Didst show to the earl at the noble time  
 Under the hill-slope the bones of Joseph,  
 So, Ruler of hosts, if it be thy will,  
 Through that bright form I'll pray to thee 790  
 That to me the gold-hoard, Maker of spirits,  
 Thou wilt reveal, that has been from men  
 [So] long concealed. Let, Author of life,  
 Now from this plain a winsome smoke  
 'Neath heaven's expanse mount up on high 795  
 Playing in the air. I'll the better believe,  
 And I'll the more firmly stablish my mind,  
 Undoubting trust, upon the hanged Christ,

That he be in truth the Saviour of souls,  
Eternal, Almighty, Israel's King, 800  
Forever may have glory in heaven,  
Rule without end the dwellings eternal."

[1] No *lacuna* in MS. Gn.^1 inserted one line, but Gn.^2 one word (*feonda*), which W. prefers. Text as Z. (*feondes*), which Sievers approves.

[2] 'Mindful,' Gm. and Gn.; 'suffering,' Z. [?].

[3] Referring to the sword.

[4] Gn., or 'foul,' Z.

X.

Then out of that place a vapor arose  
Like smoke 'neath the heavens. There was rejoiced  
The mind of the man. With both his hands, 805  
Happy and law-clever, upward he clapped.  
Judas exclaimed, clever in thought:  
"Now I in truth myself have known  
In my hardened heart that thou art the Saviour  
Of [this] mid-earth. To thee, God of might, 810  
Sitting in glory, be thanks without end,  
That to me so sad and so full of sin  
Thou revealed'st in glory the secrets of fate.  
Now, Son of God, to thee will I pray,  
Will-giver of peoples, now I know that thou art 815  
Declared and born of all kings the Glory,  
That thou no longer be of my sins,  
Those which I committed by no means seldom,  
O Maker, mindful. Let me, God of might,  
Amid the number of thine own kingdom 820  
With the army of saints my dwelling have  
In that bright city, where is my brother  
Honored in glory, for that faith with thee  
He, Stephen, kept, though with handfuls of stones  
He was pelted to death. War's meed he has, 825  
Fame without end. There are in books  
The wonders he wrought, in writings, made known."  
Then gan he glad for the tree of glory,  
Constant in zeal, delve in the earth  
Beneath the turf, so that at twenty 830  
Feet by measure he found far concealed,  
Down in the depths hidden in the earth  
'Neath cover of darkness,---there found he three

Of roods together within the sad house  
 Buried in sand, as in days of old 835  
 The host of the wicked covered with earth,  
 The folk of the Jews. 'Gainst the child of God  
 Hatred they raised, although they should not,  
 If the lore they'd not heard of the father of lies.  
 Then was his mind greatly rejoiced, 840  
 His heart was strengthened by that holy tree,  
 His spirit inspired, when the beacon he saw  
 Holy 'neath earth. With his hands he clasped  
 The cross[1] of glory, and it raised 'mid the crowd  
 From its grave in the earth. The guests on foot, 845  
 The aethelings, went on into the city.  
 They set there in sight three victor-trees  
 The firm-minded earls 'fore Helena's feet,[2]  
 Courageous in heart. The queen rejoiced  
 In the depth of her soul, and then gan ask 850  
 On which of those trees the Son of the Ruler,  
 Joy-giver of heroes, hanged had been.  
 "Lo! that we have heard through holy books  
 By tokens declared, that two with-him  
 [Also] suffered, and himself was the third 855  
 On the tree of the rood. All heaven was dark  
 On that terrible day. Say, if thou canst,  
 On which of these three the Prince of the angels  
 Suffered [his doom], the Shepherd of glory."  
 Her Judas might not (he knew not full well) 860  
 Plainly inform of the victor-wood,  
 On which one the Saviour uplifted had been,  
 Victor-son of God, ere he bade them set  
 Within the middle of that great city  
 The trees with clamor, and there await 865  
 Till to him declared the Almighty King  
 The wonder 'fore the folk of that tree of glory.  
 The victor-famed sat, their song they raised,  
 The wise in rede, 'round the three roods  
 Until the ninth hour; new joy they had 870  
 With wonder found. Then came there a crowd,  
 No little folk, and a man deceased  
 They brought on a bier with heap of men  
 In neighborhood [nigh] (ninth hour it was),  
 A lifeless youth. Then Judas was there 875  
 In thought of his heart greatly rejoiced.  
 He bade then set the soul-less [youth],  
 Deprived of life the corpse on the earth,  
 The lifeless one, and up he raised,  
 Declarer of truth, two of the crosses, 880  
 The wise, in his arms o'er that fated house,

Plunged deep in thought. It was dead as before,  
Corpse fast on its bier: the limbs were cold,  
Clad in distress. Then was the third  
Holy upraised. The body awaited 885  
Until over it the Aetheling's [cross],  
His rood, was upraised, Heaven-king's tree,  
True token of victory. Soon he arose  
Ready in spirit, both together  
Body and soul. There praise was uplifted 890  
Fair 'mid the folk. The Father they honored,  
And also the true Son of the Ruler  
They praised in words. Be glory and thanks  
To Him without end from all His creatures.

[1] Lit., 'joy-wood.'

[2] Lit., 'knee.'

XI.

Then was to the people in the depth of their souls 895  
Impressed on their minds, as ever shall be,  
The wonder that wrought the Lord of hosts  
For saving of souls of the race of men,  
The Teacher of life. There the sinner-through-lies  
Then stied in the air, the flying fiend. 900  
Gan then exclaim the devil of hell,  
The terrible monster, mindful of evils:  
"Lo! what man is this, who now again  
With ancient strife my service will ruin,  
Increase the old hate, [and] plunder my goods? 905  
This contest's increasing. The souls cannot,  
Workers of sin, longer within  
My power remain, now a stranger is come,  
Whom I ere reckoned fast in his sins,  
Me has he robbed of every right, 910  
Of precious possessions. That's not a fair course.  
To me many harms the Saviour has done,  
Contests oppressive, he who in Nazareth  
Was reared as a child. As soon as he grew  
From childhood's years, he to him ever turned 915  
Mine own possessions. I may not now  
In any right thrive. His kingdom is broad  
Over the mid-earth. My might is lessened  
Under the heavens. The rood I need not  
Joyfully praise. Lo! me the Saviour 920  
In that narrow home again has confined  
Sadly for sorrow. Through Judas before

Joyful I was, and now am I humbled,  
 Deprived of goods, through Judas again,  
 Despised and friendless. Still can I find 925  
 Through evil deeds return hereafter[1]  
 From the homes of the damned. 'Gainst thee will I rouse  
 Another king[2] who will persecute thee,  
 And he will reject thine own instruction,  
 And sinful manners of mine will he follow, 930  
 And thee will he send then into the blackest  
 And into the worst terrors of torments,  
 That with sorrow beset thou'lt firmly renounce  
 The hanged King whom ere thou obeyed'st."  
 To him then the cunning Judas replied, 935  
 The battle-brave man (in him Holy Spirit  
 Was firmly implanted, fire-hot his love,  
 His wit was welling with warrior's craft),  
 And this word he spake with wisdom filled:  
 "Thou need not so strongly, mindful of sins, 940  
 Sorrow renew, and strife uprear,  
 Sin-maker of murder, for thee mighty King  
 In the depths beneath will thrust thee down,  
 Worker of sin, to miseries' bottom  
 Deprived of glory, who many of the dead 945  
 With his word awaked. Know thou the readier,  
 That thou with folly didst once renounce  
 Brightest of lights and love of the Lord,  
 The fairest joy, and in bath of fire,  
 Surrounded with torments, didst afterwards dwell, 950  
 Consumed with flame, and there ever shalt,  
 Hostile in mind, punishment suffer,  
 Misery endless." Helena heard  
 How the fiend and the friend contests aroused,  
 The blest and the base, on both their sides, 955  
 The sinner and the saint. Her mind was the gladder  
 For that she heard the hellish foe  
 [The fiend] overcome, the worker of sins,  
 And then she wondered at the wit of the man,  
 How he so truthful in so little time 960  
 And so untaught ever became  
 With wisdom inspired. [Then] thanked she God,  
 The King of glory, that her wish was fulfilled  
 Through the Son of God of each of the two,  
 Both for the sight of the victor-tree, 965  
 And of the faith that[3] so bright she perceived,  
 The glorious gift in the breast of the man.

[1] So Z.; 'rebellion for this,' W. See W.'s note.

[2] Julian the Apostate, suggests Gn.

[3] 'That,' relative, though it may be taken as conjunction,  
as Z.

## XII.

Then was made known among that folk,  
Throughout that nation widely proclaimed,  
The great morning-news for a grievance to many 970  
Of those who God's law wished to conceal,  
Announced in the towns far as waters embrace,  
In each of the cities, that the rood of Christ  
Once buried in earth had been discovered,  
Brightest of beacons, which since or before 975  
Holy 'neath heavens had been upheaved;  
And it was to the Jews the greatest of sorrows,  
Unhappy men, most hateful of fates,  
That they 'fore the world were unable to change it,  
The joy of the Christians. Then bade the queen 980  
'Mong the host of earls heralds to hasten,  
Quickly to journey; they should of the Romans  
O'er the high sea the lord seek out,  
And to that warrior the best of tidings  
Say, to himself, that the victor-sign 985  
Through Creator's favor had been recovered,  
Found in the earth, which ages before  
Had been concealed for sorrow to saints,  
To Christian folk. Then was to the king  
Through the glorious words his spirit gladdened, 990  
His heart rejoicing. Then was of inquirers  
'Neath golden garments no lack in the cities  
Come from afar. To him greatest of comforts  
It became in the world at the wished-for tidings,---  
His heart delighted,---which army-leaders 995  
Over the east-ways, messengers, brought him,  
How happy a journey over the swan-road  
The men with the queen successfully made  
To the land of the Greeks. The Caesar bade them  
With greatest haste again prepare 1000  
Themselves for the way. The men delayed not  
As soon as they had the answer heard,  
The words of the aetheling. Bade he Helena hail,  
The war-famed greet, if they the sea-voyage  
And happy journey were able to make, 1005  
Brave-minded men, to the holy city.  
Bade also to her the messengers say  
Constantinus, that she a church

On the mountain-slope for gain of both  
 Should there erect, a temple of God, 1010  
 On Calvary, for joy to Christ,  
 For help to men, where the holy rood  
 Had been discovered, greatest of trees,  
 Of those that earth-dwellers ever heard named  
 Upon the earth. So she effected, 1015  
 After dear kinsmen brought from the west  
 Over the ocean many loved tidings.  
 Then bade the queen those skilled in crafts  
 To seek out apart, the best of all,  
 Those who most cunningly knew how to work 1020  
 In joinings of stones, on the open plain  
 God's temple to build. As the Warden of spirits  
 Her counselled from heaven, she bade the rood  
 With gold adorn and gems of all kinds,  
 With the most splendid of precious stones 1025  
 To set with skill, and in silver chest  
 To enclose with locks. There that tree of life,  
 Best of victor-trees, has since remained  
 In nature eternal.[1] There 'twill be ever ready  
 A help to the sick 'gainst every ill, 1030  
 Distress and sorrow. There soon will they  
 Through that holy creation assistance obtain,  
 A gift divine. Also Judas received  
 After fixed time the bath of baptism,  
 And cleansed became, trustful in Christ, 1035  
 Dear to the Life-warden. His faith became  
 Firm in his heart, when the Spirit of comfort  
 Made his abode in the breast of the man,  
 To repentance him urged. The better he chose,  
 The joy of glory, and the worse he refused, 1040  
 The service of idols, and error rejected,  
 Unlawful belief. To him King[2] eternal,  
 The Creator, was mild, God, Ruler of might.

[1] So Z.; 'The noble wood,' Gm. and Gn.

[2] Latin, *rex*.

### XIII.

Then he was baptized who often before  
 The ready light [had long rejected, Gn.], 1045  
 Inspired was his soul for that better life,  
 To glory turned. Fate surely ordained  
 That so full of faith and so dear to God  
 In realm of the world he should become,

[So] pleasing to Christ. That known became, 1050  
 After that Helena bade them Eusebius,  
 Bishop of Rome, into council with her  
 To bring for help, the very wise [man]  
 By means of men,[1] to the holy city,  
 That he might ordain to the sacred office 1055  
 Judas for the folk in Jerusalem,  
 To be their bishop within the city,  
 Through gift of the Spirit for the temple of God  
 Chosen with wisdom, and him Cyriacus  
 Through counsel of wit she afterwards named 1060  
 A second time. The name was changed  
 Of the man in the city henceforth for the better,  
 For the law of the Saviour. Then still Helena's  
 Mind was disturbed at the wondrous fate,  
 Very much for the nails, those which the Saviour's 1065  
 Feet had pierced through and likewise his hands,  
 With which on the rood the Ruler of Heaven,  
 Lord mighty, was fastened. Of these gan ask  
 The Christians' queen, Cyriacus prayed  
 That still for her, by the might of his spirit, 1070  
 For the wondrous fate the will he'ld fulfil,  
 Reveal by his gifts, and she addressed  
 This word to the bishop, boldly she spake:  
 "Thou, earls' defence, the noble tree  
 Of heavens' King me rightly didst show, 1075  
 On which was hanged by heathen hands  
 The Helper of spirits, own Son of God,  
 Saviour of men. Still of the nails  
 In thought of my mind curiosity troubles me.  
 I would thou should'st find those which yet in the earth 1080  
 Deeply buried remain concealed,  
 Hidden in darkness. My heart ever sorrows,  
 Sad it complains and never will rest,  
 Ere for me He fulfil, Almighty Father,  
 Ruler of hosts, mine own desire, 1085  
 Saviour of men, by sight[2] of the nails,  
 The Holy from height. Now quickly do thou  
 With all humility, most excellent man,  
 Direct thy prayer to the heavens bright,  
 To the Ruler of glory, pray Strength of warriors, 1090  
 That to thee may reveal the Almighty King  
 The hord 'neath the earth, that hidden still,  
 Concealed from men, in secret abides."  
 Then gan the holy one strengthen his heart,  
 Inspired in his breast the bishop of the folk, 1095  
 Glad-minded, went with a crowd of men  
 Those praising God, and earnestly then

Cyriacus on Calvary  
 Inclined his face, his secret concealed not,  
 With might of his spirit called upon God 1100  
 With all humility, prayed Warden of angels  
 To open to him the unknown fate  
 In his new distress, where he the nails  
 Upon the plain Best need expect.  
 Then caused he the token, where they were looking, 1105  
 The Father, hope's Spirit, in form of fire  
 Upwards to rise, where they most noble  
 By means of men[3] had once been hidden  
 With secret cunning, the nails in the earth.  
 Then suddenly came brighter than sun 1110  
 The playing flame. The people saw  
 To the giver of their will[4] the wonder made known,  
 When there out of darkness, like stars of heaven  
 Or gems of gold, upon the bottom  
 The nails from the narrow bed shining beneath 1115  
 Brilliantly glittered. The people rejoiced,  
 The glad-minded host, spake glory to God  
 With one accord all, though ere they were  
 By the devil's deceit long in error,  
 Estranged from Christ. Thus did they speak: 1120  
 "Ourselves now we see the token of victory,  
 True wonder of God, that before we opposed  
 With lying words. Now is come into light,  
 Is revealed, fate's course. May glory for this  
 Have in the highest heaven-kingdom's God!" 1125  
 Then he was rejoiced who turned to repentance  
 Through the Son of God, the people's bishop,  
 A second time. He took the nails,  
 Disturbed with fear, and to the venerable  
 Queen did he bring them. Cyriacus had 1130  
 It all fulfilled as the noble one bade him,  
 The woman's will. There was sound of weeping,  
 Hot head-welling was poured o'er her cheeks,  
 By no means for sorrow. The tears were falling  
 O'er the plaiting of wires.[5] With glory fulfilled 1135  
 Was the wish of the queen. She knelt on her knees  
 With bright belief; she honored the gift,  
 Rejoicing with joy, which was to her brought  
 For help in her sorrows. Then thanked she God,  
 The Lord of victories, that the truth she had learnt 1140  
 At that present time, that oft was announced  
 So long before from creation of the world  
 For comfort to the people. She was inspired  
 With the gift of wisdom, and his dwelling held  
 Holy Spirit of heaven, guarded her breast, 1145

Her noble heart. So her the Almighty  
Victor-son of God after protected.

[1] So Z.; 'With pomp of array,' Gn.

[2] Lit., 'coming.'

[3] Same expression as in 1054.

[4] Lit., 'will-giver,' *i.e.*, the queen.

[5] *i.e.*, her ornaments of gold.

XIV.

Then eagerly gan she with secrets of soul  
Seek in her spirit by soothfastness  
The way to glory. Now God of hosts 1150  
His help bestowed, the Father in heaven,  
Almighty King, that the queen obtained  
Her will in the world. The prophecy was  
By sages of old sung long before  
All from beginning, as it afterwards happened 1155  
In respect to each thing. The folk-queen began  
Through gift of the Spirit gladly to seek  
With greatest care how best the nails,  
And in manner most worthy, she might apply  
For joy to the folk, what was will of the Lord. 1160  
Bade she then fetch a very wise man  
Quickly to counsel, him who wisdom  
Through clever might thoroughly knew,  
Wise in his heart, and gan him ask  
What in his soul seemed to him best 1165  
To do about that, and his teachings she chose  
In respect to her conduct. Her boldly[1] he answered:  
"That is becoming that word of the Lord  
Thou hold in heart, holy counsel,  
Most excellent queen, and the King's command 1170  
Gladly fulfil, now God has thee given  
Success of soul and craft of wit,  
The Saviour of men. Bid thou these nails  
For that most excellent of earthly kings,  
Of owners of cities, put on his bridle 1175  
For bit to his horse. To many that shall,  
Throughout the mid-earth, become renowned,  
When with that in contest he may overcome  
Each one of his foes, when the brave-in-war  
On either side the battle seek, 1180

Sword-contenders, where they strive for victory,  
 Foe against foe. War-speed shall he have,  
 Victory in fight and everywhere peace,  
 In battle success, who carries in front  
 The bridle on horse, when the famed-in-fight 1185  
 At clashing of spears, the choicest of men,  
 Bear shield and lance. To each one of men  
 Against war-terror shall be invincible  
 This weapon in war. The seer of it sang,  
 Cunning in thought. Deep moved his mind, 1190  
 His wit of wisdom. This word he spake:  
 'That shall be known that the horse of the king  
 Shall 'neath the proud with bit be adorned,  
 With bridle-rings. That beacon to God  
 Shall holy be called, and that one valor-blessed, 1195  
 Honored in war, who rides on that horse."  
 With haste then that did all perform  
 Helena 'fore earls, bade the aetheling's,  
 Heroes' ring-giver's, bridle adorn,  
 To her own son sent as a present 1200  
 O'er ocean's stream the blameless gift.  
 She bade then together those whom as best  
 Of men she knew among the Jews,  
 Of the race of heroes, to the holy city,  
 To the town to come. Then gan the queen 1205  
 The dear ones teach that love of the Lord  
 And peace likewise among themselves,  
 The bond of friendship, they fast should hold  
 Without reproach in time of their life,  
 And they to the teacher's lore should hearken, 1210  
 The Christian virtues that Cyriacus taught them,  
 Clever in books. The office of bishop  
 Was fairly made fast. From afar oft to him  
 The lame, the sick, the crippled came,  
 The halt, the wounded, the leprous and blind, 1215  
 The lowly, the sad; always there health  
 At the hands of the bishop, healing, they found  
 Ever for ever. Yet Helena gave him  
 Treasures as presents, when ready she was  
 For the journey home, and bade she then all 1220  
 In that kingdom of men who worshipped God,  
 Men and women, that they should honor  
 With mind and might that famous day,  
 With thoughts of the heart, whereon holy rood  
 Had been discovered, greatest of trees, 1225  
 Of those which from earth ever sprang up  
 Grown under leaves. Then spring was gone  
 Except six nights ere coming of summer

On the kalends of May. To each of those men  
Be hell's door shut, heaven's unclosed, 1230  
Eternally opened the kingdom of angels,  
Joy without end, and their portion appointed  
Along with. Mary, who takes into mind  
That one most dear of festal days  
Of that rood under heaven, that which the mightiest 1235  
Ruler of all with arm protected. *Finit.*[2]

[1] Gn.'s emendation.

[2] Here properly ends the legend of the Finding of the Cross.  
The last canto contains reflections of the poet.

XV.

Thus old and death-ready in this frail house  
Word-craft I wove and wondrously framed it,  
Reflected at times and sifted my thought  
Closely at night. I knew not well 1240  
The truth of the rood,[1] ere wider knowledge  
Through glorious might into thought of my mind  
Wisdom revealed to me. I was stained with crimes,  
Fettered with sins, pained with sorrows,  
Bitterly bound, banefully vexed, 1245  
Ere lore to me lent through light-bringing office  
For help to the aged, his blameless gift  
The mighty King meted, and poured in my mind,  
Brightness disclosed, widened with time,  
Bone-house unbound, breast-lock unwound, 1250  
Song-craft unlocked, which I joyfully used,  
With will, in the world. Of that tree of glory  
Often not once meditation I had,  
Ere that wonder I had revealed  
About that bright tree, as in books I found 1255  
In course of events, in writings declared  
Of that beacon of victory. Ay till then was the man  
With care-waves oppressed, a nickering *pine-torch*[C],  
Though he in the mead-hall treasures received,  
Apples of gold.[2] Mourned for his *bow*[Y] 1260  
The comrade of *sorrow*[N], suffered distress,  
His secret constrained, where before him the *horse*[E]  
Measured the mile-paths, with spirit ran  
Proud of his ornaments. *Hope*[W] is decreased,  
Joy, after years, youth is departed, 1265  
The ancient pride. The *bison*[U] was once  
The gladness of youth. Now are the old days  
In course of time gone forever,

Life-joy departed, as *ocean*[L] flows by,  
 Waves hurried along. To each one is *wealth*[3][F] 1270  
 Fleeting 'neath heaven, treasures of earth  
 Pass 'neath the clouds likest to wind,  
 When before men it mounts up aloud,  
 Roams 'round the clouds, raging rushes,  
 And then all at once silent becomes, 1275  
 In narrow prison closely confined,  
 Strongly repressed. So passes this world,  
 And likewise besides what things[4] have been  
 In it produced flame will consume,  
 When the Lord himself judgment will seek 1280  
 With host of angels. Every one there  
 Of speech-bearing men the truth shall hear  
 Of every deed through mouth of the Judge,  
 And likewise of words the penalty pay  
 Of all that with folly were spoken before, 1285  
 Of daring thoughts. Then parts into three  
 Into clutch of fire each one of folk,  
 Of those that have dwelt in course of time  
 Upon the broad earth. The righteous shall be  
 Upmost-in flame, host of the blessed, 1290  
 Crowd eager for glory, as they may bear it,  
 And without torment easily suffer,  
 Band of the brave. For them shall be moderate  
 The brightness of flame,[5] as it shall be easiest,  
 Softest for them. The sinful shall be, 1295  
 Those spotted with evil, compressed in the middle,  
 Men sad-in-mind, within the hot waves  
 Smothered with smoke. The third part shall be,  
 Accursed sinners, in the flood's abyss,  
 False folk-haters, fastened in flame 1300  
 For deeds of old, gang of the godless  
 In grip of the gledes. To God never more  
 From that place of torment come they in mind,  
 To the King of glory, but they shall be cast  
 From that terrible fire to the bottom of hell, 1305  
 The workers of woe. To the [other] two parts  
 It will be unlike. They may angels' Lord,  
 Victories' God, see. They shall be cleansed,  
 Sundered from sins, as smelted gold,  
 That is in the flame from every spot 1310  
 Through fire of the oven thoroughly cleansed,  
 Freed and refined. So shall each of those men  
 Be freed and made pure from every sin,  
 From heavy crimes through fire of that doom.  
 Then afterwards they may peace enjoy, 1315  
 Eternal bliss. To them angels' Warden

Shall be mild and gentle, for that they every evil  
Despised, sins' work, and to Son of their Maker  
They called with words. Hence in beauty they shine now  
Like to the angels, the heritage have 1320  
Of the King of glory for ever and ever. Amen.

[1] Gn.'s emendation.

[2] Lit., 'appled gold.'

[3] The words in italics are the names of the runes that make  
up the name CYNEWULF. This artificial use of words makes  
the interpretation obscure, and scholars differ about it.

[4] Or, 'those who.'

[5] Gn., Z.

JUDITH.

IX.

\* \* \* \* \* [The glorious Creator's][1] gifts doubted she [not] Upon this wide earth; then found she there ready Help  
from the mighty Prince, when she most need did have Of grace from the highest Judge, that her 'gainst the greatest terror  
The Lord of Creation should shield. That Father in heaven to her The Glorious-in-mind did grant, for that firm faith she  
had In the Almighty ever. Then heard I that Holofernes Wine-summons eagerly wrought, and with all wonders a  
glorious Banquet had he prepared; to that bade the prince of men All his noblest thanes. That with mickle haste 10 Did  
the warriors-with-shields perform; came to the mighty chief The people's leaders going. On the fourth day was that After  
that Judith, cunning in mind, The elf-sheen virgin, him first had sought.

[1] Gn.'s emendation to fill *lacuna* of MS.

X.

They then at the feast proceeded to sit, 15  
The proud to the wine-drinking, all his comrades-in-ill,  
Bold mailed-warriors. There were lofty beakers  
Oft borne along the benches, also were cups and flagons  
Full to the hall-sitters borne. The fated partook of them,  
Brave warriors-with-shields, though the mighty weened not of it, 20  
Awful lord of earls. Then was Holofernes,  
Gold-friend of men, full of wine-joy:  
He laughed and clamored, shouted and dinned,  
That children of men from afar might hear  
How the strong-minded both stormed and yelled, 25  
Moody and mead-drunken, often admonished  
The sitters-on-benches to bear themselves[1] well.  
Thus did the hateful one during all day

His liege-men [loyal] keep plying with wine,  
 Stout-hearted giver of treasure, until they lay in a swoon, 30  
 He drenched all his nobles [with drink], as if they were slain in death,  
 Deprived[2] of each one of goods. Thus bade the prince of men  
 The sitters-in-hall to serve, until to children of men  
 The darkening night drew nigh. He bade then, filled with hate,  
 The blessed maiden with haste to fetch 35  
 To his bed of rest, laden with jewels,  
 Adorned with rings. They quickly performed,  
 The attendant thanes, what their lord them bade,  
 Mailed-warriors' prince; like a flash they stepped  
 Into the guest-room, where they Judith 40  
 Wise-minded found, and quickly then  
 The warriors-with-shields began to lead  
 The glorious maid to the lofty tent  
 Where the mighty himself always[3] rested  
 By night within, to the Saviour hateful, 45  
 Holofernes. There was an all-golden  
 Beautiful fly-net around the folk-warrior's  
 Bed suspended, so that the hateful  
 Was able to look through, the chief of warriors,  
 Upon each one that therein came 50  
 Of the sons of heroes, and on him no one  
 Of the race of men, unless the proud some one  
 Of the strong-in-war bade to him nearer  
 Of warriors for counsel to come. They then to him at rest brought  
 Quickly the cunning woman; went then the stout-in-heart 55  
 The men their lord to tell that the holy woman was  
 Brought to his chamber-tent. The famous then in mind  
 Was glad, the ruler of cities; he thought the beautiful maiden  
 With spot and stain to defile: that Judge of glory would not  
 Allow, the Keeper of honor, but him from that deed restrained 60  
 The Lord, the Ruler of hosts. Went then the devilish one,  
 The wanton [warrior-prince],[4] with [mickle] band of men,  
 The baleful his bed to seek, where he his life should lose  
 Quickly within one night; he had then his end attained[5]  
 On earth ungentle [end], such as before he wrought for, 65  
 The mighty prince of men, while in this world he was,  
 While he dwelt under roof of the clouds. Then fell so drunk with wine  
 The mighty [chief] on his bed, as if he knew no rede  
 Within his place of wit; the warriors stepped  
 Out from the chamber with mickle haste, 70  
 The wine-filled men, who the oath-breaker,  
 Hateful folk-hater, had led to his bed  
 For the very last time. Then was the Saviour's  
 Glorious maiden earnestly mindful  
 How she the terrible most easily might 75  
 Of life deprive before the lustful,

The wanton, awoke. The wreathed-locked took then,  
 The Creator's handmaid, a sharp-edged sword  
 Hardened by war-strokes [?],[6] and drew from its sheath  
 With her right hand; then Keeper of heaven 80  
 By name she gan name, Saviour of all  
 Dwellers-in-th' world, and this word she spake:  
 "Thee, God of Creation, and Spirit of Comfort,  
 Son of the Almighty, will I [now] pray  
 For thine own mercy to me in my need, 85  
 Trinity's Glory. To me greatly now then  
 My heart is inflamed, and my mind is sad,  
 Sorely with sorrows oppressed; grant, Lord of Heaven, to me  
 Victory and faith without fear, that I with this sword may be able  
 To hew down this dealer of murder; grant [too] my safety to me, 90  
 Strong-hearted Leader of men; ne'er in this world had I  
 Of thy mercy more urgent need: avenge now, mighty Lord,  
 Glorious Giver of honor, that I am so angry in mind,  
 So heated within my breast." Her then the highest Judge  
 Quickly with courage inspired, as doth he [ever] each one 95  
 Of dwellers here [upon earth], who him for help to them seek  
 With rede and righteous belief. Then roomy in mind she became,  
 The holy one's hope was renewed; then took she the heathen man  
 Fast by his own [long] hair, with hands him towards her she drew  
 With marks of contempt, and the baleful one 100  
 With cunning laid down, the loathsome man,  
 As she the accursed most easily might  
 Wield at her will. Struck then the curly-locked  
 The hostile foe with shining[7] sword,  
 The hateful-minded, that half-way she cut 105  
 The [evil one's] neck, that he lay in a swoon,  
 Drunken and wounded. Not yet was he dead,  
 Thoroughly lifeless; struck she then earnestly,  
 The maiden brave-minded, a second time  
 The heathen hound, that his head rolled off 110  
 Forth on the floor: the foul corpse lay  
 Lifeless behind, went the spirit elsewhere  
 Beneath the deep earth, and there was disgraced,  
 In torment bound ever thereafter,  
 Surrounded with serpents, with tortures encompassed, 115  
 Strongly enchained in the fire of hell  
 After his death. He need never hope,  
 Enveloped with darkness, that thence he may go  
 Out of that worm-hall, but there shall he dwell  
 Ever for ever without end henceforth 120  
 In that dark home, of hope-joys deprived.

[1] 'Loudly carouse,' Kr. and C.

[2] 'Gorged with,' Kr. and C.

[3] Or, 'after feast.'

[4] 'King,' Gn. and Kr., but *guethfreca* suits the verse better than *cyning*, and even that is not metrically sufficient to fill the *lacuna*.

[5] Lit., 'awaited.'

[6] So Gn.? 'Scouring,' Sw.?, Kr.?, C.

[7] 'Hostile,' Sw.?

## XI.

Then had she gained glorious honor,  
Judith in war, as God to her granted,  
The Ruler of Heaven, who gave to her victory.  
The cunning maid then quickly brought 125  
The army-leader's head so bloody  
In that [very] vessel in which her attendant,  
The fair-faced woman, food for them both,  
In virtues renowned, thither had brought,  
And it then so gory to her gave in hand, 130  
To the thoughtful-in-mind to bear to their home,  
Judith to her maid. Went they forth thence,  
The women both in courage bold,  
Until they had come, proud in their minds,  
The women triumphant, out from the army, 135  
So that they plainly were able to see  
Of that beautiful city the walls [fair] shine,  
Bethulia. Then jewel-decked they  
Upon the foot-path hastened to go,  
Until glad-minded they had arrived 140  
At the gate of the wall. The warriors sat,  
The watching men were keeping ward  
Within that fortress, as before to the folk,  
Sad in their minds, Judith had bidden,  
The cunning maiden, when she went on her journey, 145  
The stout-hearted woman. Then again was she come,  
Dear to her people, and then quickly ordered  
The wise-minded woman some one of the men  
To come to meet her from out the wide city,  
And her in haste to admit within 150  
Through the gate of the wall, and this word she spake  
To the victor-folk: "To you can I say  
A thought-worthy[1] thing, that no longer ye need

Mourn in your minds: your Creator is kind,  
 Glory of kings: that is become known 155  
 Wide through the world, that to you is success  
 Glorious at hand, and honor is granted  
 For [all] those sorrows which long ye suffered."  
 Glad then were they, the dwellers-in-borough,  
 After they heard how the holy one spake 160  
 O'er the high wall. The host was in joy.  
 To the fortress-gate the people hastened,  
 Men, women together, in troops and heaps,  
 In crowds and throngs, hurried and ran  
 To meet the Lord's maid by thousands and thousands, 165  
 Both old and young: to each one became  
 Of men in the mead-city his mind rejoiced,  
 After they knew that Judith was come  
 Again to her home, and then in haste  
 With reverence they allowed her to enter. 170  
 Then bade the clever, with gold adorned,  
 Her servant-maid, thoughtful-in-mind,  
 The army-leader's head to uncover,  
 And it as a proof bloody to show  
 To the city-folk how she speeded in war. 175  
 Then spake the noble one to all the folk:  
 "Here ye may clearly, victory-blessed warriors,  
 Chiefs of the people, upon the most hateful  
 Heathen hero's head fix your gaze,  
 On Holofernes deprived of life, 180  
 Who chiefest of men wrought murders for us,  
 Sorest sorrows, and that yet more  
 Would he increase: but God him granted not  
 A longer life, that he with woes  
 Might still afflict us. Of life I deprived him 185  
 By help of God. Now I every man  
 Of these city-dwellers will [earnestly] pray,  
 Of shield-bearing warriors, that ye yourselves quickly  
 Hasten to fight; when the God of creation,  
 The glorious King, shall send from the east 190  
 Bright beams of light, bear forth your shields,  
 Boards before breasts and coats-of-mail,  
 Bright helmets [too] among the foes,  
 To fell the folk-leaders with shining swords,  
 The fated chiefs. Your foes are now 195  
 Condemned to death, and ye glory shall gain,  
 Honor in battle, as to you hath betokened  
 The mighty Lord through mine own hand."  
 Then the band of the brave was quickly prepared,  
 Of the bold for battle; stepped out the valiant 200  
 Men and comrades, bore their banners,

Went forth to fight straight on their way  
 The heroes 'neath helmets from the holy city  
 At the dawn itself; shields made a din,  
 Loudly resounded. Thereat laughed the lank 205  
 Wolf in the wood, and the raven wan,  
 Fowl greedy for slaughter: both of them knew  
 That for them the warriors thought to provide  
 Their fill on the fated; and flew on their track  
 The dewy-winged eagle eager for prey, 210  
 The dusky-coated sang his war-song,  
 The crooked-beaked. Stepped forth the warriors,  
 The heroes for battle with boards protected,  
 With hollow shields, who awhile before  
 The foreign-folk's reproach endured, 215  
 The heathens' scorn; fiercely was that  
 At the ash-spear's play to them all repaid,  
 [All] the Assyrians, after the Hebrews  
 Under their banners had [boldly] advanced  
 To the army-camps. They bravely then 220  
 Forthright let fly showers of arrows,  
 Of battle-adders, out from the horn-bows,  
 Of strongly-made shafts; stormed they aloud,  
 The cruel warriors, sent forth their spears  
 Among the brave; the heroes were angry, 225  
 The dwellers-in-land, with the loathed race;  
 The stern-minded stepped, the stout-in-heart,  
 Rudely awakened their ancient foes  
 Weary from mead; with hands drew forth  
 The men from the sheaths the brightly-marked swords 230  
 Most choice in their edges, eagerly struck  
 Of the [host of] Assyrians the battle-warriors,  
 The hostile-minded; not one they spared  
 Of the army-folk, nor low nor high  
 Of living men, whom they might subdue. 235

[1] 'Thank-worthy,' Kr.

## XII.

Thus then the thanes in the morning-hours  
 Pressed on the strangers unceasingly,  
 Until they perceived, those who were hostile,  
 The army-folk's chiefest leaders,  
 That upon them sword-strokes mighty bestowed 240  
 The Hebrew men. They that in words  
 To their most noted chiefs of the people  
 Went to announce, waked helmeted warriors  
 And to them with fear the dread news told,

To the weary-from-mead the morning-terror, 245  
 The hateful sword-play. Then learnt I that quickly  
 The slaughter-fated men aroused from sleep  
 And to the baleful's sleeping-bower  
 The saddened[1] men pressed on in crowds,  
 To Holofernes: they only were thinking 250  
 To their own lord to make known the fight,  
 Ere terror on him should take its seat,  
 The might of the Hebrews. They all imagined  
 That the prince of men and the handsome maid  
 In the beautiful tent were [still] together, 255  
 Judith the noble and the lustful one,  
 Dreadful and fierce; though no earl there was  
 Who the warrior durst [then] awake,  
 Or durst discover how the helmeted warrior  
 With the holy maid had passed his time, 260  
 The Creator's handmaid. The force approached,  
 The folk of the Hebrews, courageously fought  
 With hard battle-arms, fiercely repaid  
 Their former fights with shining[2] swords,  
 The old-time grudge; was of the Assyrians 265  
 By that day's work the glory diminished,  
 The pride brought low. The warriors stood  
 'Round their prince's tent strongly excited,  
 Gloomy in mind. They then all together  
 Began to groan,[3] to cry aloud 270  
 And gnash with their teeth,---afar from God,---  
 Showing their anger; 'twas the end of their glory,  
 Of joy and valor. The earls were thinking  
 To awaken their lord; they did not succeed.  
 Then at last and too late was one so bold 275  
 Of the battle-warriors that to the bower-tent  
 He daringly ventured, since need him compelled:  
 Found he then on the bed lying deadly-pale  
 His [own] gold-giver of breath bereft,  
 Of life deprived. Then quickly he fell 280  
 Astounded to earth, gan tear his hair,  
 Excited in mind, and his garments too,  
 And this word he spake to the warriors [brave],  
 Who saddened there were standing without:  
 "Here is displayed our own destruction, 285  
 The future betokened, that it is to the time  
 Now amongst men[4] almost arrived,  
 When we our lives shall lose together,  
 In battle perish: here lies with sword hewn  
 Our lord beheaded." They then sad-in-mind 290  
 Threw down their weapons and sorrowful went  
 To hasten in flight. They fought on their tracks,

The mighty folk, till the greatest part  
 Of the army lay, in battle struck down,  
 On the victor-plain, hewn down with swords, 295  
 To wolves for pleasure, and to slaughter-greedy  
 Fowls for a joy. Those who lived fled  
 The shields of their foes.[5] Went on their tracks  
 The Hebrews' host, honored with victory,  
 With glory ennobled; them took the Lord God 300  
 Fairly to help, the Lord Almighty.  
 They bravely then with shining swords,  
 Stout-hearted heroes, a war-path wrought  
 Through heaps of their foes, hewed down their shields,  
 Cut through their phalanx: the warriors were 305  
 Enraged in battle, the Hebrew men;  
 The thanes at that time were much delighted  
 At the combat with spears. Here fell in the dust  
 The highest part of the chiefest number  
 Of the Assyrians' princely nobility, 310  
 Of the hateful race; very few came  
 Alive to their homes. The nobly-bold turned,  
 Warriors retiring, among the slaughtered,  
 The smoking corpses; it was time to take  
 For the dwellers-in-land from the loathsome ones, 315  
 Their ancient foes deprived of life,  
 The gory booty, the shining trappings,  
 Shields and broad swords, brown-colored helmets,  
 Precious treasures. Gloriously had they  
 On that folk-place their foes overcome, 320  
 The defenders of home their ancient foes  
 With swords put-to-sleep: behind them rested  
 Those who in life were most hateful to them  
 Of living races. Then all the people,  
 Of tribes most renowned, for one month's space, 325  
 The proud twisted-locked, bore and carried  
 To that bright city, Bethulia [named],  
 Helmets and hip-swords, hoary byrnies,  
 War-trappings of men adorned with gold,  
 More precious treasures than any man 330  
 Of the cunning-in-mind may be able to tell,  
 All that the warriors with might had won,  
 The bold under banners on the battle-place  
 By means of Judith's [most] clever lore,  
 The moody[6] maid's. As meed for her 335  
 From that expedition, they brought for herself,  
 The spear-strong earls, of Holofernes  
 The sword and gory helm, likewise the byrnie broad,  
 Adorned with reddish gold, all that the warrior-chief,  
 The brave, of treasure had, or individual wealth, 340

Of rings and jewels bright; that to the lady fair,  
The wise-in-mind, gave they. For all that Judith said  
Glory to the Lord of hosts, who honor to her gave,  
Fame in realm of earth, and meed in heaven too,  
Reward in the glory of heaven, because true faith she had 345  
In the Almighty ever; now at last she doubted not  
Of the meed which long she yearned for. For that to the dear Lord be  
Glory for ever and ever, who made both wind and air,  
The heavens and roomy lands, likewise the rushing streams,  
And joys of firmament too by means of his mercy mild. 350

[1] So Sw.; 'weary in mind,' Gn., Kr., C.

[2] 'Hostile,' C., though 'flashing,' 194, and 'gleaming,'  
302.

[3] Lit., 'cough.'

[4] So Gn. and Kr.; 'with violence,' Sw.; 'with afflictions,'  
C.

[5] So Sw. and Kr.; 'Of the hostile shield-warriors,' Gn. and  
C.

[6] *i.e.*, 'spirited.'

ATHELSTAN,

**OR**

THE FIGHT AT BRUNANBURH.

AEthelstan King, of earls the lord,  
Of heroes ring-giver, and his brother too,  
Edmund AEtheling, enduring fame  
Earned in the fight with edges of swords  
By Brunanburh. The board-wall they cleaved, 5  
The war-shields hewed with leavings of hammers  
The sons of Edward. 'Twas natural to them  
By right of descent that in battle they oft  
'Gainst every foe their land defended,  
Their hoards and homes. The foes were fallen, 10  
Folk of the Scots and men of the ships,  
Fated they fell. The field ran thick[1]  
With heroes' blood, when the risen sun  
At morning-time, the mighty orb,  
Shone o'er the earth, bright candle of God, 15  
Eternal Lord, till the noble creature

Sank to his rest. There many men lay  
 Struck down[2] with spears, men from the North,  
 Shot o'er the shield, and Scotsmen too,  
 Weary [and] war-filled. The West-Saxons forth 20  
 The live-long day with legions of warriors  
 Pressed on the heels of the hostile foes;  
 They felled the fleers with force from behind  
 With sharp-ground swords. Shrank not the Mercians  
 From hard hand-play with any of heroes, 25  
 Of those who with Anlaf o'er welling of waves  
 On the deck of the ship had sought the land,  
 Fated for fight. Five of them lay  
 On the battle-field, young kings [they were],  
 Slaughtered[3] with swords, and also seven 30  
 Earls of Anlaf, and unnumbered host  
 Of seamen and Scots. There was forced to flee  
 The Northmen's chief, by need compelled  
 To the prow of his ship with few attendants.  
 Keel crowded[4] the sea, the king went forth 35  
 On the fallow flood; he saved his life.  
 There too the aged escaped by flight  
 To his home in the North, Constantinus.  
 The hoar war-hero was unable to boast  
 Of attendance of men; he was robbed of his kinsmen, 40  
 Bereaved of his friends on the battle-field,  
 Conquered in fight, and he left his son  
 On the place of slaughter wasted with wounds,  
 The boy in the battle. He durst not boast,  
 The gray-haired warrior, of the clash of swords, 45  
 The aged enemy, nor Anlaf the more.  
 With their army-remnant they durst not rejoice  
 That in deeds of war they proved to be better  
 On the place of battle, the striking of standards,  
 The mingling of spears, the meeting of men, 50  
 The clashing of weapons, when on slaughter-field  
 In contest with Edward's sons they contended.  
 Departed the Northmen in nailed ships,  
 Drear remnant of darts, on the sea of Dyng[5][?],  
 O'er the water deep Dublin to seek, 55  
 Back to land of the Erse, depressed in mind.  
 Likewise the brothers both together,  
 King and aetheling, were seeking their home,  
 West-Saxons' land, exulting in war.  
 Behind them they let the corpses share 60  
 The dark-feathered fowl, the raven black,  
 The crooked-beaked, and the ashy-feathered,  
 White-tailed eagle enjoy the prey,  
 The greedy war-hawk, and the gray-clad beast,

The wolf in the wood. More corpses there were not 65  
Upon this island ever as yet  
Of folk down-felled before this time  
With edges of sword, as books to us tell,  
Sages of old, since hither from East  
Angles and Saxons came to this land, 70  
O'er the broad ocean Britain [once] sought,  
Haughty war-smiths the Welsh overcame,  
Earls eager for honor this earth acquired.

[1] Lit., 'became slippery,' Gn.; 'babbled' (as a brook), or  
'became dark,' Kr.; 'streamed,' Th.

[2] 'Scattered,' Th.

[3] Lit., 'put to sleep.'

[4] Or, 'He pressed ship on the sea,' 'drove,' Th.

[5] Gn. and W. take *Dyng* as a proper name, but no one knows  
who *Dyng* was. Kr. leaves *on dynges mere* untranslated,  
with the remark: "*ist unaufgeklaert.*" He thinks it refers  
to some bay in Ireland, from which the invaders set out, but  
why may it not be a name for the Irish Sea itself? Th.  
translates 'on the roaring sea,' but adds 'quite  
conjectural.'

BYRHTNOTH,

**OR**

THE FIGHT AT MALDON.

\* \* \* \* \* was broken.

Then bade he each youth his horse to forsake,  
To hasten afar and forwards to go,  
Be mindful of might, of mood courageous.  
This Offa's kinsman at once perceived 5  
That the earl was unwilling faint heart to endure.  
Then he let from his hands his lief[1] hawk fly,  
His hawk to the holt, and to battle he stepped;  
By that might one know that the knight was unwilling  
To be weak in the war when to weapons he took. 10  
By him too would Eadric, by his overlord, stand,  
His chief in the fight; then forth gan he bear  
His spear to the battle: brave spirit had he  
The while that with hands he was able to hold  
Shield and broad sword; his boast he fulfilled,[2] 15

When he 'fore his lord was bound to fight.  
 There Byrhtnoth gan then his warriors embolden,  
 Rode and gave rede, instructed his men  
 How they should stand, and the stead sustain,  
 And bade that rimmed shields they rightly should hold 20  
 Fast with their fists, and frightened be never.  
 When he had the folk fairly emboldened,  
 With his men he alighted where was liefest to him,  
 Where his hearth-followers most faithful he knew.  
 Then stood on the stathe,[3] stoutly did call 25  
 The wikings' herald, with words he spake,  
 Who boastfully bore from the brine-farers  
 An errand to th' earl, where he stood on the shore:  
 "To thee me did send the seamen snell,[4]  
 Bade to thee say, thou must send to them quickly 30  
 Bracelets for safety; and 'tis better for you  
 That *ye* this spear-rush with tribute buy off  
 Than *we* in so fierce a fight engage.  
 We need not each spill,[5] if *ye* speed to this:  
 We will for the pay a peace confirm. 35  
 If thou that redest who art highest in rank,  
 If thou thy lieges art willing to loose,  
 To pay to the seamen at their own pleasure  
 Money for peace, and take peace from us,  
 We will with the treasure betake us to ship, 40  
 Fare on the flood, and peace with you confirm."  
 Byrhtnoth replied, his buckler uplifted,  
 Waved his slim spear, with words he spake,  
 Angry and firm gave answer to him:  
 "Hear'st thou, seafarer, what saith this folk? 45  
 They will for tribute spear-shafts you pay,  
 Poisonous points and trusty[6] swords,  
 Those weapons that you in battle avail not.  
 Herald of seamen, hark[7] back again,  
 Say to thy people much sadder words, 50  
 Here stands not unknown an earl with his band,  
 Who will defend this father-land,  
 Aethelred's home, mine own liege lord's,  
 His folk and field: ye're fated to fall,  
 Ye heathen, in battle. Too base it me seems 55  
 That ye with our scats[8] to ship may go  
 Unfought against, so far ye now hither  
 Into our country have come within;  
 Ye shall not so gently treasure obtain;  
 Shall spear and sword sooner beseem us, 60  
 Grim battle-play, ere tribute we give."  
 Then bade he shield bear, warriors advance,  
 So that on the burn-stathe[9] they all were standing.

Might not there for the water one war-band to th' other,  
 When flowing flood came after the ebb, 65  
 Sea-streams interlocked; too long seemed it them  
 Till they together their spears should bear.  
 Then Panta's stream with pomp[10] [?] they beset,  
 East-Saxons' chief and the host from the ships:  
 No one of them might do harm to the other, 70  
 But he who by dart's flight his death should receive.  
 The flood ebbed forth; the fleetmen stood ready,  
 Many of wikings, eager for war.  
 Bade heroes' buckler[11] then hold the bridge  
 A war-hardened warrior, who Wulfstan was named, 75  
 Bold 'mid his kin (he was Ceola's son),  
 Who the first man with his dart shot down  
 That there most boldly stepped on the bridge.  
 There stood with Wulfstan warriors fearless,  
 AElfhere and Maccus, courageous the twain; 80  
 At the ford they would not seek safety in flight,  
 But firm 'gainst the foes themselves they defended,  
 The while that they weapons were able to wield.  
 When they that perceived and earnestly saw  
 That there bridge-fenders [so] fierce they found, 85  
 Began to lie these loathly guests:  
 Begged that out-going they might obtain,  
 Fare o'er the ford, their footmen lead.  
 Then gan the earl on account of his pride  
 Leave too much land to the loathly people. 90  
 Began then to call o'er the water cold  
 The son[12] of Byrthelm (the warriors listened):  
 "Now room is allowed you, come quickly to us,  
 Warriors to war; wot God alone  
 Who this battle-field may be able to keep." 95  
 Waded the war-wolves, for water they recked not,  
 The wikings' band, west over Panta,  
 O'er the clear water carried their shields,  
 Boatmen to bank their bucklers bore.  
 There facing their foes ready were standing 100  
 Byrhtnoth with warriors: with shields he bade  
 The war-hedge[13] work, and the war-band hold  
 Fast 'gainst the foes. Then fight was nigh,  
 Glory in battle; the time was come  
 That fated men should there [now] fall. 105  
 Then out-cry was raised, the ravens circled,  
 Eagle eager for prey; on earth was uproar.  
 Then they let from their fists the file-hardened spears,  
 The darts well-ground, [fiercely][14] fly forth:  
 The bows were busy, board point received, 110  
 Bitter the battle-rush, warriors fell down,

On either hands the youths lay dead.  
 Wounded was Wulfmaer, death-rest he chose,  
 Byrhtnoth's kinsman, with bills[15] was he,  
 His sister's son, mightily hewn. 115  
 There was to the wikings recompense given;  
 Heard I that Edward one of them slew  
 Strongly with sword, stroke he withheld not,  
 That fell at his feet the fated warrior;  
 For that did his prince give thanks to him, 120  
 To his bower-thane,[16] when he had opportunity.  
 So firmly stood the fierce-in-mind,  
 The youths in fight, eagerly thought  
 Who there with his spear might soonest be able  
 From a fated man the life to win, 125  
 A warrior with weapons: the dead to earth fell.  
 Steadfast they stood; strengthened them Byrhtnoth,  
 Bade that each youth of battle should think  
 He who on the Danes glory would gain.  
 Went then a war-brave, his weapon uplifted, 130  
 His shield for defence, and strode towards the chief;  
 So earnest he went, the earl to the churl:  
 Each for the other of evil was thinking.  
 Sent then the seaman his spear from the south  
 That wounded was the warrior's lord; 135  
 Then he shoved with his shield that the shaft in two broke,  
 And the spear was shivered; so sprang it back.  
 Enraged was the warrior: with his spear he thrust  
 The wiking proud, who the wound him gave.  
 Wise was the warrior; he let his spear pierce 140  
 Through the neck of the youth; his hand it guided  
 So that he his foe of life deprived.  
 Then he another speedily shot,  
 That the byrnie burst; in breast was he wounded  
 Through the ringed mail; there stood in his heart 145  
 The poisonous point. The earl was the gladder;  
 Laughed the proud man, to his Maker gave thanks  
 For the work of that day that the Lord him gave.  
 Then let one of warriors a dart from his hands,  
 Fly from his fist, that forth it went 150  
 Through that noble thane of Aethelred.  
 There stood by his side a youth not grown,  
 A boy in the fight, who very boldly  
 Drew from the warrior the bloody spear,  
 The son of Wulfstan, Wulfmaer the young; 155  
 He let the hard weapon fly back again;  
 The point in-pierced, that on earth he lay  
 Who erst his lord strongly had struck.  
 Went then an armored man to the earl,

He would the warrior's jewels fetch back, 160  
 Armor and rings and sword well-adorned.  
 Then Byrhtnoth drew his sword from its sheath,  
 Broad and brown-edged, and on byrnie he struck:  
 Too quickly him hindered one of the seamen,  
 When he of the earl the arm had wounded; 165  
 Fell then to earth the fallow-hilt sword:  
 He might not hold the hardened brand,  
 His weapon wield. Yet the word he spake,  
 The hoary hero the youths encouraged,  
 Bade forwards go his good companions: 170  
 He might not on foot longer stand firm;  
 He looked up to heaven, [the earl exclaimed:[17]]  
 "I thanks to thee give, Ruler of nations,  
 For all those joys that on earth I experienced:  
 Now, Maker mild, most need have I 175  
 That thou to my spirit the blessing grant,  
 That my soul to thee may take its course,  
 Into thy power, Prince of angels,  
 With peace may go: I pray to thee,  
 That fiends of hell may not it harm." 180  
 Then hewed him down the heathen hinds,  
 And both the warriors, who by him stood,  
 AElfnoth and Wulfmaer both lay down dead,  
 Beside their lord gave up their lives.  
 Then bowed they from battle who there would not be; 185  
 There Odda's sons were erst in flight:  
 From battle went Godric, and the good one forsook,  
 Who had on him many a steed oft bestowed:  
 He leaped on the horse that his lord had owned,  
 Upon those trappings that right it was not, 190  
 And his brothers with him both ran away,  
 Godrinc and Godwig, recked not of war,  
 But went from the fight, and sought the wood,  
 Fled to the fastness, and saved their lives,  
 And more of the men than was at all meet, 195  
 If they those services all had remembered,  
 That he for their welfare to them had done;  
 So Offa to him one day had erst said  
 At the meeting-place, when he held a moot,  
 That there [very] proudly they many things spake 200  
 Which after in need they would not perform.[18]  
 Then was down-fallen the prince of the folk,  
 AEthelred's earl: all of them saw,  
 The hearth-companions, that their lord lay dead.  
 Then hurried there forth the haughty thanes, 205  
 The valiant men eagerly hastened:  
 They would then all the one of the two,

Their lives forsake or their loved one avenge.  
 So urged them on the son of AElfric,  
 A winter-young warrior, with words them addressed. 210  
 Then AElfwine quoth (boldly he spake):  
 "Remember the times that we oft at mead spake,  
 When we on the bench our boast upraised,  
 Heroes in hall, the hard fight anent:  
 Now may be tested who is the true.[19] 215  
 I will my lineage to all make known,  
 That I 'mong the Mercians of mickle race was,  
 My grandfather was Ealhhelm by name,  
 An alderman wise, with wealth endowed.  
 Ne'er shall 'mong this folk me thanes reproach 220  
 That I from this host will hasten to wend,  
 My home to seek, now lies my lord  
 Down-hewn in fight; to me 'tis great harm:  
 By blood he was kin and by rank he was lord." [20]  
 Then went he forth, was mindful of feud, 225  
 That he with his spear one of them pierced,  
 A sailor o' the folk, that he lay on the ground  
 Killed with his weapon. Gan he comrades exhort,  
 Friends and companions, that forth they should go.  
 Offa addressed them, his ash-spear shook: 230  
 "Lo! AElfwine, thou hast all admonished,  
 Thanes, of the need. Now lieth our lord,  
 Earl on the earth, to us all there is need  
 That each one of us should strengthen the other  
 Warrior to war, while weapon he may 235  
 [Still] have and hold, the hardened brand,  
 Spear and good sword. Us hath Godric,  
 Cowed son of Offa, all [basely] deceived:  
 So many men thought when on mare he rode,  
 On that proud steed, that it was our lord: 240  
 Therefore in field here the folk was divided,  
 The phalanx broken: may perish his deed,  
 That he here so many men caused to flee!"  
 Leofsunu spake, and uplifted his shield,  
 His buckler for guard; to the warrior he quoth: 245  
 "I promise thee this, that hence I will not  
 A foot's breadth flee, but further will go,  
 Avenge in battle mine own dear lord.  
 Me need not 'round Stourmere the steadfast heroes  
 With words reproach, now my friend has fallen, 250  
 That, lacking my lord, home I depart,  
 Wend from the war, but weapons shall take me,  
 Spear and iron." [21] Full angry he strode,  
 Firmly he fought, flight he despised.  
 Then Dunnere spake, his spear he shook, 255

The aged churl, called over all,  
 Bade that each warrior should Byrhtnoth avenge:  
 "He may not delay who thinks to avenge  
 His lord on the folk, nor care for his life."  
 Then forwards they went, they recked not of life; 260  
 Gan then his followers valiantly fight,  
 Spear-bearers grim, and to God they prayed,  
 That they might avenge their own dear lord,  
 And upon their foes slaughter fulfil.  
 Then gan the hostage eagerly help: 265  
 He was 'mong Northumbrians of valiant race,  
 The son of Ecglaf, his name was AEscferth:  
 Ne'er wavered he in that play of war,  
 But he hastened forth many a dart;  
 At times shot on shield, at times killed a chief, 270  
 Ever and anon inflicted some wound,  
 The while that he weapon was able to wield.  
 Then still in front stood Edward the long,  
 Ready and eager; boastingly said  
 That he would not flee a foot-breadth of land, 275  
 Backwards withdraw, when his better lay dead:  
 Broke he the shield-wall and fought 'gainst the warriors,  
 Till he his ring-giver upon the seamen  
 Worthily avenged, ere he lay on the field.  
 So [too] did AEtheric, noble companion, 280  
 Ready and eager, earnestly fought he;  
 Sigebryht's brother and many another  
 Cleft the curved[22] board, them bravely defended;  
 Shield's border burst, and the byrnie sang  
 A terrible song. In battle then slew 285  
 Offa the seaman that on earth he fell,  
 And the kinsman of Gadd there sought the ground;  
 Quickly in battle was Offa hewn down:  
 He had though fulfilled what he promised his lord,  
 As he before vowed in face of his ring-giver, 290  
 That both of them should ride to the borough,  
 Hale to their homes, or in battle should fall,  
 Upon the slaughter-place die of their wounds;  
 He lay like a thane his lord beside.  
 Then was breaking of boards; the seamen stormed, 295  
 Enraged by the fight; the spear oft pierced  
 The fated one's life-house. Forth then went Wigstan,  
 Son of Thurstan, fought 'gainst the foes:  
 He was in the throng the slayer of three,  
 Ere Wigelin's bairn lay dead on the field. 300  
 There fierce was the fight: firmly they stood,  
 Warriors in war, the fighters fell,  
 Weary with wounds; fell corpses to earth.

Oswald and Ealdwald during all the while,  
 Both of the brothers, emboldened the warriors, 305  
 Their kinsman-friends bade they in words,  
 That they in need should there endure,  
 Unwaveringly their weapons use.  
 Byrhtwold [then] spake, uplifted his shield,---  
 Old comrade was he,---his spear he shook, 310  
 He very boldly exhorted the warriors:  
 "The braver shall thought be, the bolder the heart,  
 The more the mood,[23] as lessens our might.  
 Here lieth our lord, all hewn to pieces,  
 The good on the ground: ever may grieve 315  
 Who now from this war-play thinketh to wend.  
 I am old in years: hence will I not,  
 But here beside mine own dear lord,  
 So loved a man, I purpose to lie."  
 So Aethelgar's bairn them all emboldened, 320  
 Godric, to battle: oft let he his spear,  
 His war-spear wind amongst the wikings;  
 So 'midst the folk foremost he went,  
 Hewed he and felled, till in battle he lay;  
 This was not that Godric who fled from the fight. 325  
 \* \* \* \* \*

[1] Dear.

[2] Or, 'maintained.'

[3] Bank.

[4] Bold.

[5] Destroy.

[6] Lit., 'old.'

[7] Lit., 'announce.'

[8] Money.

[9] Bank of the stream.

[10] *i.e.*, 'battle-array,' Sw., but the word is uncertain; Kr. suggests 'fascines'; Zl. merely gives '*Prunk*.'

[11] *i.e.*, Byrhtnoth.

[12] *i.e.*, Byrhtnoth.

[13] *i.e.*, the phalanx with interlocked shields.

[14] Some such word as *grame*, or *grimme*, seems needed for the alliteration.

[15] *i.e.*, battle-axes.

[16] Chamberlain.

[17] Inserted by Kr. to fill the *lacuna*, whom W. follows; Sw. and Zl. omit.

[18] Lit., 'suffer,' 'endure.'

[19] Lit., 'bold.'

[20] Lit., 'He was both my kinsman and my lord.'

[21] *i.e.*, 'sword.'

[22] *i.e.*, 'hollow shields.' *Cellod* is found only here and in Finnsburg, 29.

[23] *i.e.*, 'courage.'

#### THE DREAM OF THE ROOD.

Lo! choicest of dreams I will relate,  
What dream I dreamt in middle of night  
When mortal men reposed in rest.  
Methought I saw a wondrous wood  
Tower aloft with light bewound, 5  
Brightest of trees; that beacon was all  
Begirt with gold; jewels were standing  
Four[1] at surface of earth, likewise were there five  
Above on the shoulder-brace. All angels of God beheld it,  
Fair through future ages; 'twas no criminal's cross indeed, 10  
But holy spirits beheld it there,  
Men upon earth, all this glorious creation.  
Strange was that victor-tree, and stained with sins was I,  
With foulness defiled. I saw the glorious tree  
With vesture[2] adorned winsomely shine, 15  
Begirt with gold; bright gems had there  
Worthily decked the tree of the Lord.[3]  
Yet through that gold I might perceive  
Old strife of the wretched, that first it gave  
Blood on the stronger [right] side. With sorrows was I oppressed, 20  
Afraid for that fair sight; I saw the ready beacon

Change in vesture and hue; at times with moisture covered,  
 Soiled with course of blood; at times with treasure adorned.  
 Yet lying there a longer while,  
 Beheld I sad the Saviour's tree 25  
 Until I heard that words it uttered;  
 The best of woods gan speak these words:  
 "'Twas long ago (I remember it still)  
 That I was hewn at end of a grove,  
 Stripped from off my stem; strong foes laid hold of me there, 30  
 Wrought for themselves a show, bade felons raise me up;  
 Men bore me on their shoulders, till on a mount they set me;  
 Fiends many fixed me there. Then saw I mankind's Lord  
 Hasten with mickle might, for He would sty[4] upon me.  
 There durst I not 'gainst word of the Lord 35  
 Bow down or break, when saw I tremble  
 The surface of earth; I might then all  
 My foes have felled, yet fast I stood.  
 The Hero young begirt[5] Himself, Almighty God was He,  
 Strong and stern of mind; He stied on the gallows high, 40  
 Bold in sight of many, for man He would redeem.  
 I shook when the Hero clasped me, yet durst not bow to earth,  
 Fall to surface of earth, but firm I must there stand.  
 A rood was I upreared; I raised the mighty King,  
 The Lord of Heaven; I durst not bend me. 45  
 They drove their dark nails through me; the wounds are seen upon me,  
 The open gashes of guile; I durst harm none[6] of them.  
 They mocked us both together; all moistened with blood was I,  
 Shed from side of the man, when forth He sent His spirit.  
 Many have I on that mount endured 50  
 Of cruel fates; I saw the Lord of Hosts  
 Strongly outstretched; darkness had then  
 Covered with clouds the corse of the Lord,  
 The brilliant brightness; the shadow continued,[7]  
 Wan 'neath the welkin. There wept all creation, 55  
 Bewailed the King's death; Christ was on the cross.  
 Yet hastening thither they came from afar  
 To the Son of the King[8]: that all I beheld.  
 Sorely with sorrows was I oppressed; yet I bowed 'neath the hands of men,  
 Lowly with mickle might. Took they there Almighty God, 60  
 Him raised from the heavy torture; the battle-warriors left me  
 To stand bedrenched with blood; all wounded with darts was I.  
 There laid they the weary of limb, at head of His corse they stood,  
 Beheld the Lord of Heaven, and He rested Him there awhile,  
 Worn from the mickle war. Began they an earth-house to work, 65  
 Men in the murderers'[9] sight, carved it of brightest stone,  
 Placed therein victories' Lord. Began sad songs to sing  
 The wretched at eventide; then would they back return  
 Mourning from the mighty prince; all lonely[10] rested He there.

Yet weeping[11] we then a longer while 70  
 Stood at our station: the [voice[12]] arose  
 Of battle-warriors; the corse grew cold,  
 Fair house of life. Then one gan fell  
 Us[13] all to earth; 'twas a fearful fate!  
 One buried us in deep pit, yet of me the thanes of the Lord, 75  
 His friends, heard tell; [from earth they raised me],[14]  
 And me begirt with gold and silver.  
 Now thou mayst hear, my dearest man,  
 That bale of woes[15] have I endured,  
 Of sorrows sore. Now the time is come, 80  
 That me shall honor both far and wide  
 Men upon earth, and all this mighty creation  
 Will pray to this beacon. On me God's Son  
 Suffered awhile; so glorious now  
 I tower to Heaven, and I may heal 85  
 Each one of those who reverence me;  
 Of old I became the hardest of pains,  
 Most loathsome to ledes[16] [nations], the way of life,  
 Right way, I prepared for mortal men.[17]  
 Lo! the Lord of Glory honored me then 90  
 Above the grove,[18] the guardian of Heaven,  
 As He His mother, even Mary herself,  
 Almighty God before all men  
 Worthily honored above all women.  
 Now thee I bid, my dearest man, 95  
 That thou this sight shalt say to men,  
 Reveal in words, 'tis the tree of glory,  
 On which once suffered Almighty God  
 For the many sins of all mankind,  
 And also for Adam's misdeeds of old. 100  
 Death tasted He there; yet the Lord arose  
 With His mickle might for help to men.  
 Then stied He to Heaven; again shall come  
 Upon this mid-earth to seek mankind  
 At the day of doom the Lord Himself, 105  
 Almighty God, and His angels with Him;  
 Then He will judge, who hath right of doom,  
 Each one of men as here before  
 In this vain life he hath deserved.  
 No one may there be free from fear 110  
 In view of the word that the Judge will speak.  
 He will ask 'fore the crowd, where is the man  
 Who for name of the Lord would bitter death  
 Be willing to taste, as He did on the tree.  
 But then they will fear, and few will bethink them 115  
 What they to Christ may venture to say.  
 Then need there no one be filled with fear[19]

Who bears in his breast the best of beacons;  
 But through the rood a kingdom shall seek  
 From earthly way each single soul 120  
 That with the Lord thinketh to dwell."  
 Then I prayed to the tree with joyous heart,  
 With mickle might, when I was alone  
 With small attendance[20]; the thought of my mind  
 For the journey was ready; I've lived through many 125  
 Hours of longing. Now 'tis hope of my life  
 That the victory-tree I am able to seek,  
 Oftener than all men I alone may  
 Honor it well; my will to that  
 Is mickle in mind, and my plea for protection 130  
 To the rood is directed. I've not many mighty  
 Of friends on earth; but hence went they forth  
 From joys of the world, sought glory's King;  
 Now live they in Heaven with the Father on high,  
 In glory dwell, and I hope for myself 135  
 On every day when the rood of the Lord,  
 Which here on earth before I viewed,  
 In this vain life may fetch me away  
 And bring me then, where bliss is mickle,  
 Joy in the Heavens, where the folk of the Lord 140  
 Is set at the feast, where bliss is eternal;  
 And may He then set me where I may hereafter  
 In glory dwell, and well with the saints  
 Of joy partake. May the Lord be my friend,  
 Who here on earth suffered before 145  
 On the gallows-tree for the sins of man!  
 He us redeemed, and gave to us life,  
 A heavenly home. Hope was renewed,  
 With blessing and bliss, for the sufferers of burning.  
 The Son was victorious on that fateful journey, 150  
 Mighty and happy,[21] when He came with a many,[22]  
 With a band of spirits to the kingdom of God,  
 The Ruler Almighty, for joy to the angels  
 And to all the saints, who in Heaven before  
 In glory dwelt, when their Ruler came, 155  
 Almighty God, where was His home.

[1] *Feowere*, B.'s emendation for MS. *faegere*, 'fair.'

[2] Silken cords, or tassels, W.; sailyards, ropes, in Hall and Sweet.

[3] *Wealdendes*, S.'s emendation for MS. *wealdes*, 'wood'; so Kl.

- [4] Sty, 'mount,' common in Middle English.
- [5] Here and below W. gives the corresponding verses from the Ruthwell Cross. They will also be found in Stopford Brooke's "Early English Literature," p. 337, q.v.
- [6] Gr. changes MS. *naenigum* to *aenigum* and others follow; W. as MS.
- [7] *Foreth-eode*, not *for-etheode*, 'overcame,' as Sw. W.'s note is an oversight.
- [8] MS. *to þam aeethelinge*. Sw. follows Ruthwell Cross, *aeethele to anum*.
- [9] *Banan* must be taken as gen. pl.; B. reads *banana*; Sw. thinks it "a mistake for some other [word], possibly *beorg*," and takes *banan* as gen. sing. referring to the cross, though he adds, "this is very improbable." Truly so, as the cross is speaking.
- [10] *Maete werode*, lit., 'with a small band,' but it means 'by himself.'
- [11] *Greotende* is Gr.'s emendation for MS. *reotende*; B. *hreotende*; K. *geotende*; Sw. as Gr.
- [12] *Stefn* is Kl.'s emendation to fill *lacuna*. W. prefers it, but does not think it convincing.
- [13] *Us* here must refer to the *three* crosses, that of Christ and those of the two thieves.
- [14] This half-line is Gr.'s emendation to fill *lacuna* in MS. Sw. and W. leave it blank.
- [15] Or, 'of the wicked,' 'of criminals.'
- [16] I have used this Middle English word for sake of the alliteration.
- [17] Sw.'s text ends here. It was translated a few years ago in *Poet-Lore* as if it were the whole poem.
- [18] MS. *holmwudu*; K. *holtwudu*, and so Gr. with (?).
- [19] MS. *unforht*, but Gr.'s *anforht* suits the sense better.

[20] *i.e.*, 'by myself.' See on 69.

[21] Lit., 'speedy,' 'successful.'

[22] A company, a crowd; common in Middle English.