

Beowulf 702-727: Grendel attacks Heorot, while Beowulf and his men lie waiting.

The three texts in this document are (a) MS Cott. Vitellius A.XII, (b) *Bjólfsviða*, Halldóra B. Björnsson íslenskaði (Reykjavík: Fjölvi 1983), (c) *Beowulf*, Translated by Seamus Heaney (Faber 1999)

(a)

Com on wanre niht
scriðan sceadugenga. Sceotend swæfon,
þa þæt hornreced healdan scoldon,
705 ealle buton anum. þæt wæs yldum cup
þæt hie ne moste, þa metod nolde,
se scynscaþa under sceadu bregdan;
ac he wæccende wrapum on andan
bad bolgenmod beadwa geþinges.
710 ða com of more under misthleopum
Grendel gongan, godes yrre bær;
mynte se manscaða manna cynnes
sumne besyrwan in sele þam hean.
Wod under wolcnum to þæs þe he winreced,
715 goldsele gumena, gearwost wisse,
fættum fahne. Ne wæs þæt forma sið
þæt he Hroþgares ham gesohte;
næfre he on aldordagum ær ne siþðan
heardran hæle, healðegnas fand.
720 Com þa to recede rinc siðian,
dreamum bedæled. Duru sona onarn,
fyrbendum fæst, syþðan he hire folmum æthran ;
onbræd þa bealohydig, ða he gebolgen wæs,
recedes muþan. Raþe æfter þon
725 on fagne flor feond treddode,
eode yrremod; him of eagum stod
ligge gelicost leoht unfæger.

(b)

Um óttu náttmyrka
kemur skuggabaldur. Skatnar sváfu
þeir sem horngaflað hús átti að verja
705 allir utan einn. Öld það vissi
að ekki meгнаði móti Guðs vilja,
merkuraurriði í myrkri að varast
þann er vakandi í vígahuga
beið móðþrunginn böðvarþings.
710 Kom þá frá mýri undir misturhlíðum
Grendill gangandi, Guðs reiði sleginn.
Hugði meinskaða manna sonum
ýmsum snarlega í þeim sali hámm .
Vóð hann haustmyrkur að vínhús-gafli,
715 gunnsali gumna er gjörla þekkti,
fagurfjallaðan. Var ei fyrsta sinni
að Hróðgeir hann heima sótti, [heim sótti
þó hann aldregi áður né síðan

hali harðari hallarþegnum fann!
 720 Bar hann að garði þá er bragnar voru
 horfnir að draumþingum. Hurð gekk frá stöfum
 við eldi hert, er hann hramm reiddi,
 hratt upp bölúðugur heiftum þrunginn
 salar dyrum. Síðan hraðskreiður
 725 yfir fáðan flór fetaði dólgur
 í jötunmóði; úr augum honum
 lýsti líkast logum brennandi.

(c)

Then out of the night
 came the shadow-stalker, stealthy and swift;
 the hall-guards were slack, asleep at their posts,
 all except one; it was widely understood
 that as long as God disallowed it,
 the fiend could not bear them to his shadow-bourne.
 One man, however, was in fighting mood,
 In off the moors, down through the mist-bands
 God-cursed Grendel came greedily loping.
 The bane of the race of men roamed forth,
 hunting for a prey in the high hall.
 Under the cloud-murk he moved towards it
 until it shone above him, a sheer keep
 of fortified gold. Nor was that the first time
 he had scouted the grounds of Hrothgar's dwelling –
 although never in his life, before or since,
 did he find harder fortune or hall-defenders.
 Spurned and joyless, he journeyed on ahead
 and arrived at the bawn. The iron-braced door
 turned on its hinge when his hands touched it.
 Then his rage boiled over, he ripped open
 the mouth of the building, maddening for blood,
 pacing the length of the patterned floor
 with his loathsome tread, while a baleful light,
 flame more than light, flared from his eyes.