

# BEOWULF

Translated

By

Frances B. Grummere



---

## Chapter 19

THEN SANK THEY TO SLEEP. WITH SORROW ONE BOUGHT  
HIS REST OF THE EVENING, — AS OFTTIME HAD HAPPENED  
WHEN GRENDEL GUARDED THAT GOLDEN HALL,  
EVIL WROUGHT, TILL HIS END DREW NIGH,  
SLAUGHTER FOR SINS. 'T WAS SEEN AND TOLD  
HOW AN AVENGER SURVIVED THE FIEND,  
AS WAS LEARNED AFAR. THE LIVELONG TIME  
AFTER THAT GRIM FIGHT, GRENDEL'S MOTHER,  
MONSTER OF WOMEN, MOURNED HER WOE.  
SHE WAS DOOMED TO DWELL IN THE DREARY WATERS,  
COLD SEA-COURSES, SINCE CAIN CUT DOWN  
WITH EDGE OF THE SWORD HIS ONLY BROTHER,  
HIS FATHER'S OFFSPRING: OUTLAWED HE FLED,  
MARKED WITH MURDER, FROM MEN'S DELIGHTS  
WARDERD THE WILDS. — THERE WOKE FROM HIM  
SUCH FATE-SENT GHOSTS AS GRENDEL, WHO,  
WAR-WOLF HORRID, AT HEOROT FOUND  
A WARRIOR WATCHING AND WAITING THE FRAY,  
WITH WHOM THE GRISLY ONE GRAPPLED AMAIN.  
BUT THE MAN REMEMBERED HIS MIGHTY POWER,  
THE GLORIOUS GIFT THAT GOD HAD SENT HIM,  
IN HIS MAKER'S MERCY PUT HIS TRUST

FOR COMFORT AND HELP: SO HE CONQUERED THE FOE,  
FELLED THE FIEND, WHO FLED ABJECT,  
REFT OF JOY, TO THE REALMS OF DEATH,  
MANKIND'S FOE. AND HIS MOTHER NOW,  
GLOOMY AND GRIM, WOULD GO THAT QUEST  
OF SORROW, THE DEATH OF HER SON TO AVENGE.  
TO HEOROT CAME SHE, WHERE HELMETED DANES  
SLEPT IN THE HALL. TOO SOON CAME BACK  
OLD ILLS OF THE EARLS, WHEN IN SHE BURST,  
THE MOTHER OF GREDEL. LESS GRIM, THOUGH, THAT TERROR,  
E'EN AS TERROR OF WOMAN IN WAR IS LESS,  
MIGHT OF MAID, THAN OF MEN IN ARMS  
WHEN, HAMMER-FORGED, THE FALCHION HARD,  
SWORD GORE-STAINED, THROUGH SWINE OF THE HELM,  
CRESTED, WITH KEEN BLADE CARVES AMAIN.  
THEN WAS IN HALL THE HARD-EDGE DRAWN,  
THE SWORDS ON THE SETTLES, [FOOTNOTE 1] AND SHIELDS A-MANY  
FIRM HELD IN HAND: NOR HELMET MINDED  
NOR HARNESS OF MAIL, WHOM THAT HORROR SEIZED.

HASTE WAS HERS; SHE WOULD HIE AFAR  
AND SAVE HER LIFE WHEN THE LIEGEMEN SAW HER.  
YET A SINGLE ATHELING UP SHE SEIZED  
FAST AND FIRM, AS SHE FLED TO THE MOOR.  
HE WAS FOR HROTHGAR OF HEROES THE DEAREST,  
OF TRUSTY VASSALS BETWIXT THE SEAS,  
WHOM SHE KILLED ON HIS COUCH, A CLANSMAN FAMOUS,  
IN BATTLE BRAVE. – NOR WAS BEOWULF THERE;  
ANOTHER HOUSE HAD BEEN HELD APART,  
AFTER GIVING OF GOLD, FOR THE GEAT RENOWNED. –  
UPROAR FILLED HEOROT; THE HAND ALL HAD VIEWED,  
BLOOD-FLECKED, SHE BORE WITH HER; BALE WAS RETURNED,  
DOLE IN THE DWELLINGS: 'T WAS DIRE EXCHANGE  
WHERE DANE AND GEAT WERE DOOMED TO GIVE  
THE LIVES OF LOVED ONES. LONG-TRIED KING,  
THE HOARY HERO, AT HEART WAS SAD  
WHEN HE KNEW HIS NOBLE NO MORE LIVED,  
AND DEAD INDEED WAS HIS DEAREST THANE.  
TO HIS BOWER WAS BEOWULF BROUGHT IN HASTE,

DAUNTLESS VICTOR. AS DAYLIGHT BROKE,  
ALONG WITH HIS EARLS THE ATHELING LORD,  
WITH HIS CLANSMEN, CAME WHERE THE KING ABODE  
WAITING TO SEE IF THE WIELDER-OF-ALL  
WOULD TURN THIS TALE OF TROUBLE AND WOE.  
STRODE O'ER FLOOR THE FAMED-IN-STRIFE,  
WITH HIS HAND-COMPANIONS, – THE HALL RESOUNDED, –  
WISHING TO GREET THE WISE OLD KING,  
INGWINES' LORD; HE ASKED IF THE NIGHT  
HAD PASSED IN PEACE TO THE PRINCE'S MIND.

**Footnotes**

1. They had laid their arms on the benches near where they slept.