

BMFBNIF. NRFXFR. PIFRIF. YIYI.

"Heald þū nū, hrūse, nū hælēp ne mōston,
 "Hobo now, earth, now heroes may not,
 eorla ƿhte! Hwæt hit ƿr on þē
 the possessions of men! Truly, from you formerly
 gōde beƿeaton. Gūp-dēap fornam,
 the valiant obtained it. Death in battle has taken
 off.
 feorh-bealu frēcne, fira zehwelcne
 savage deathly evil, every man
 lēoda mīnra, ƿāra þe ƿis lif of ƿeaf,
 of my people, of those who gave up this life,
 zesāwon sele-drēam; nāh, hwā sweord weze
 saw the joy of the hall; I have no one who bears a
 sword
 oppe feormie ƿæted wāze,
 ok polishes the plated vessel,
 drinc-ƿæt dīere; dugup ellor scōc.
 precious drinking-cup; the nobility has gone else-
 where.
 Sceal se hearda helm, hyrsted golde
 The hard helmet adorned with gold must be
 ƿætum befeallen; feormend swefap,
 bereft of its plates; the polishers sleep
 ƿā þe beadu-grīman bīewan scoldon;
 who should burnish the battle-mask;
 zē swelce sēo here-ƿād, sēo xt hilde zebād
 and likewise the coat of mail, which in battle
 survived
 ofer borda zebræc bite irena,
 the bite of iron weapons over the shattering of
 shields,
 brosnap æfter beorne; ne mæz byrnan hring
 crumbles with the man; the ring of the corslet
 cannot
 æfter wīz-fruman wīde fēran
 along with the war-chief travel widely
 hælēdum be healfē. Næs hearpan wynn,
 by the side of heroes. There is no joy of the harp at
 all,
 gamen glēo-bēames, nē gōd hafoc
 mirth of the glee-wood, nor does a good hawk
 zeond sxl swingep, nē se swīsta mearh
 swoop through the hall, nor the swift steed
 burg-stede bēatep. Bealu-cwealm hafap
 trample the courtyard. Evil death has
 fela feorh-cynna forp onsended!"
 despatched many of the race of men!"

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