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THE POETRY
OF THE
CODEX VERCELLENSIS,
WITH AN
ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

BY
J. M. KEMBLE, M.A.

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PREFACE.

In the year 1832 a German man of letters, Dr. Blum, in the course of his inquiries into the contents of the Italian libraries, discovered at Vercelli, in the Milanese, a thick volume of Anglosaxon homilies. The interest which this very unexpected piece of good fortune excited both in England and Germany, was soon increased to the very utmost by the announcement that the Manuscript contained, in addition to and interspersed with the homilies, a collection of sacred poems, hitherto unknown and of great beauty. In the hope of bringing these valuable remains to England, and publishing them here, I set out in the summer of 1834 for Vercelli; but having spent some months in traversing Germany, I found myself, at the commencement of winter, still on this side the Alps, and cut off from all hope of crossing them by the storms which had broken up the passes. On returning to England, however, I found that one portion of my plan was already executed. The then existing Record Commission had employed Dr. Blum to copy the Manuscript, and had caused the poems to be extracted and printed under the care of Mr. Thorpe. Circumstances prevented the publication of the book, but a few copies of it found their way into the hands of persons interested in the subject, both here and in Germany. One of them had been placed at my disposal (through the courtesy of Mr. Cooper), and had furnished important aid during the preparation of the second volume of Beowulf; but in general the contents remained inaccessible
and unknown. In 1840 James Grimm, feeling that this was a wrong done to the world of letters at large, and apparently under a mistake respecting the number of copies printed by the Commission, and their intention of ultimately publishing their book, extracted from Dr. Lappendorf's copy the two longest poems, which he published at Cassell under the title of "Andreas und Elene," together with an introduction and very copious notes. It would not be fair to institute a comparison between two works composed with very different aims, or to make Thorpe responsible for the meagre form in which his appeared. It was intended as an Appendix, or rather as part of an Appendix, to another and very different composition, and was consequently compressed into the smallest possible space, without introduction, translation or notes of any description. On the other hand, Grimm's edition, expressly intended to supply a want which was loudly complained of in Germany, was executed with all the skill and care that might have been anticipated from the eminent qualifications of its amiable editor, and forms at this moment one of the most valuable monuments for the student of our ancient tongue.

It may be asked, what is then the necessity for a third edition of these poems? The answer is plain: Thorpe's edition is not to be obtained at all, and, even were it accessible, consists of a mere text, without the slightest attempt to assist the reader. Grimm's book contains only a portion of the Vercelli poems, and, did it even contain the whole, would still be inaccessible to those who could not read the German, in which the notes and introduction are written. Neither editor has thought it necessary to give a translation of the text. In commencing a series of publications which, it is to be hoped, will give to the world of scholars every yet inedited remain of Anglo-Saxon, the Ælfric Society could not close their eyes to the paramount importance of these poems; and knowing that my attention had been long be-
stowed upon them, the Council requested me to prepare them for the press, with a literal translation and such other appliances as might seem requisite for their full comprehension and general utility. This I have now done to the best of my ability, making use, wherever I saw occasion, of the labours of my two learned friends and predecessors.

The poems found in the Vercelli Codex are six in number. The first and longest of them may be called "A Legend of St. Andrew;" it contains 3444 lines, or 1722 according to the German custom of printing each separate couplet as a single line. As the object of the present remarks is general, and applies to the whole collection, I shall now content myself with naming the remaining pieces in the volume, reserving the details till I come to the consideration of the separate poems, each by and for itself. The second may be named "The Fates of the XII. Apostles;" it occupies 190 lines. The third is named "The departed Soul's address to the Body;" it comprises 920 lines, and is found with some variations in the Codex Exoniensis. The fourth is a religious fragment of 92 lines, the fifth is "A Dream of the Holy Rood," and contains 310 lines. The sixth and last, called by Grimm "Elene," and by Thorpe "The invention of the Cross," extends to 2644 lines.

The dialect in which the poems are composed is that which is known as the Westsaxon, and which, from the period of the establishment of Wessex in possession of the supreme power in England, became the language of literature, the court and the pulpit. In this the works attributed to Alfred are written; we find it in Beowulf and Cædmon, and it still survives in the homilies of Archbishop Ælfric. The Vercelli poems present no noticeable deviation from the general form, nor does their language supply any data that can be relied on to settle either the time or the locality to which we owe them. There is, however, one passage which contains matter for consideration, and may possibly one day lead us to a con-
clusion on both these points. Towards the close of the poem of "Elene" the author deserts the epic narrative which he has so long pursued, and runs off into a train of lyrical reflections, having himself and his fortunes for their subject. In the course of these lines occur certain runic characters, which when taken together compose the name Cynewulf, which recurs more than once in the Exeter Book under precisely similar circumstances. There cannot be a doubt that this Cynewulf was the author of the poem of Elene, probably of all the rest, and those likewise which occur in the other collection, and it becomes a matter of much interest to decide who he was. Unhappily this is not an easy task: the name itself is extremely common, and, without any evidence leading us to fix upon any particular individual, it would perhaps be hardly justifiable to select as our author some dignified ecclesiastic merely because he bore that name. James Grimm, who seems to me to attribute too great an antiquity to the poems in their present form, hints that there was a bishop of Lindisfarne named Cynewulf who died in A.D. 780; but that bishop could neither have written nor read one word of the poems we possess, which would to him have been nearly as unintelligible as new German to an Englishman. No doubt these may be only translations from an earlier Northumbrian version, but this hypothesis has no basis whatever save the name Cynewulf, and that has been shown to be totally inadequate. Still less ground is there for another supposition of Grimm's, that Aldhelm (who died in 705) may have been their author, and which appears to me to rest upon nothing more than the fact that Aldhelm was a poet; for the philosophical ground, viz. that the author at one period addresses two persons (using the dual git vos duo), will certainly not show that Aldhelm was that author, even if we admit—which I do not—that git in this passage is the dual pronoun in question. There was however a Cynewulf who may possibly have a better claim to the honour: he was an abbat of Peter-
 borough or Medehamsted, in which capacity he is mentioned with praise by Hugo Candidus, the historian of that abbey, as a man of extensive and various learning, and of great reputation among his contemporaries. He died in 1014, and, according to my view, is more likely to have composed these poems than an earlier author.

For, from internal evidence, it seems to me that the Vercelli poems are not referable to the old and purely epic period. There occurs from time to time something of the poet's own personality, and there is also a more lavish use of ornaments than was required in the truly national epos. To this, probably, similes were originally unknown, being replaced by metaphors: Beowulf has but two, and the much later Nibelunge Not but two or three: in the Vercelli poems there are several, and one or two which have a smack of abstraction about them strongly indicative of an advanced (and corrupt) state of civilization. A fresh and lively nature, which does not analyse the processes of thought, but trusts itself and its own feeling, can venture, for example, to call a ship a "sea-bird" without checking itself, and saying that "it goes along like a sea-bird." Grinn’s opinion respecting the antiquity of our poems rests apparently upon the old epic words and phrases which abound in them beyond the common measure, and render them so extremely valuable to the Teutonic scholar. But this seems an insufficient ground for the assumption; since it is probable that these peculiarities belong to the poetical language of the Anglosaxons in contradistinction to their prose, and were kept up by tradition among their scópas or poets. To this is owing the retention, even in Christian works, of modes of expression which must have had their origin in the heathen feeling, and which, in order to fit them for their new application, are gradually softened down and gain less personal and more abstract significations. The language of poetry is as distinct from that of prose among the Anglosaxons as any two different dialects, and it is not
too much to say, that a scholar who might be well able to read the Gospels, the Homilies or the Chronicle, might not be able to construe ten consecutive lines of Beówulf or Cædmon. It is in fact in their poems that the stubborn nationality of our forefathers shows itself most thoroughly: their prose works are almost always literal translations, and even if original, are deeply imbued with tramontane feelings, derived from the models most in vogue. But the epic forms maintained themselves despite of the book-learning which was so overprized; and even translations became originals, from the all-pervading Teutonic spirit which was unconsciously preserved in the forms and phrases of heathen poetry. In the use of these, far more than in the alliterative measure, consists the poetical element, and, without these, the alliteration cannot save a saint's legend from assuming the guise of a dull homily, and being read as such in the churches.

It will well repay the pains to read Grimm's excellent remarks upon this class of words in the introduction to "Andreas und Elene;" he has collected together from all the Anglosaxon poems the principal expressions for the occurrences of warfare and seafaring, and the superstitious veneration for certain natural phenomena, such as day and night, sunrise, sunset, storms, dreams and death. He has himself shown the heathen character of these expressions, and the epic nature of others which continually occur in some of the poems. Into this long subject I will not now follow him, but earnestly recommend this and all his works to all who wish to study Anglosaxon in earnest; my business will be to embody in the glossarial notes to this volume the more important of his results, as the occasion arises to notice them, too proud and happy

Princps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos,

and caring very little for the repute of originality, if I can deserve the far more satisfactory praise of usefulness.
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

This is the first and longest of the Vercelli poems; it describes the conversion of the heathen Mermedonians by the apostol whose name we have assigned to it, his call to that work while in Achaia, his martyrdom among the pagan cannibals, and his safe return after the completion of his mission. After the death of Christ the Apostols had divided the whole world among themselves, as scenes of missionary exertion. Matthew had visited the Mermedonians, a race of sorcerers and anthropophagi, who devoured every stranger that landed on their shores. The saint had, like all their victims, been cast into prison together with a multitude of men and women, who appear to belong to his company. According to their custom they had put out his eyes, and given him to drink a potion which reduces man to the level of the beasts, and causes him to feed on grass and hay like the cattle of the field. But from this fate his faith appears to have saved him: he prays to God that he may not lose the intellect by which he is enabled to glorify his Creator; and he receives by a voice from heaven the gracious assurance that his prayer is heard, and that St. Andrew shall be sent to release him from his misery. To this saint a command is now delivered to set out for Mermedonia, which dangerous undertaking he at first attempts to decline; but being rebuked by God, he manfully addresses himself to his journey with a number of selected comrades. At the sea-shore he sees a boat with three rowers, who being interrogated as to their country reply that they are from Mermedonia, whither they are about to return. Andrew requests a passage, which they are willing to give, on condition of payment. On hearing however that the saint and his companions have no gold and silver, and are servants of Jesus Christ, the strangers agree to take them gratuitously to Mermedonia. The three rowers are in fact Almighty God, and two of his angels. During the voyage Andrew is in-
duced to relate various events in the life of his master, for
the instruction of the supposed steersman and the edification
of his own comrades. One of these episodes is of importance
to the history of the poem. According to St. Andrew, the
Jews having demanded a sign of the Saviour and a proof of
his divine descent, Jesus performed a great miracle to con-
found them. On the walls of the temple, to left and right,
were carved two images of the Seraphim*: these the Saviour
caued to descend from their places, and endowed them with
speech; he then sent them over the desert to the plain of
Mamre, where Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were buried, com-
manding them to call the patriarchs from their graves, that
they might bear witness to him. This is done, and the re-
animated remains are not dismissed to their repose till they
have testified that Jesus is indeed the Christ, the Son of the
Living God.

A deep sleep falls upon St. Andrew and his comrades;
during which they are laid upon the shore of Mermedonia,
when it is first revealed to them who has been the guide of
their journey. Invisible to all eyes, the saint advances to
the prison where St. Matthew and his companions languish.
On his arrival the guards fall down dead; sight is restored
to the blind apostol, who departs with his whole company,
praising God. The next day is the one on which, according
to their custom, the cannibals assemble to slaughter and eat
some of their captives; they find the prison open, the jailers
dead and their prey escaped. Horror and despair seize upon
them: they are reduced to the necessity of choosing a victim
from among themselves by lot. The heavy doom falls upon
an old man, a principal councillor among them, who to re-
deem his own life offers his young son for sacrifice. But
this awakens the compassion of St. Andrew, who miracu-
ously blunts the weapons that are directed against the youth,
and rescues him from death. While the confusion and terror

* Teraphim?
of the Mermedonians are at the highest, a fiend, watchful for opportunities to molest the servants of God, calls attention to the apostol, whom he denounces as the rescuer of St. Matthew and the cause of their present trouble. On this the saint is seized and imprisoned, and for several days grievously torment ed by being dragged over the rough ways, till the flesh is torn from the bones: in his prison, devils revile and scoff him, but he defeats them by a steadfast faith, and drives them from him in confusion. At length his patience gives way under the intensity of torture; he remonstrates with God, praying for speedy death, and is told that his martyrdom is accomplished. He now calls a mighty flood, which sweeps away the most active of his tormentors. The rest, stricken with terror, are converted, instructed and baptized; and after remaining with them for a season, St. Andrew sets sail and returns to Achaia. Grimm was at once struck with the probability of this poem being founded upon some apocryphal gospel or legend current in the early church, and endeavoured to discover it. In this he was for a while unsuccessful: hints indeed and allusions to the story there were, but not such a detailed resemblance as would prove the recovery of the original work from which the poem was translated. Two of these passages are cited by Grimm, one from the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacobus de Voragine, the other from the *Pseudo-Abdias* (Fabricius, Cod. Apoc. N. T. p. 457); but I do not copy them, because, though they prove a knowledge of a story similar in its general outlines to our own, they show no acquaintance whatever with some of the most remarkable points of the legend: for example, they are silent as to the Mermedonians being cannibals, the personal convoy which the Almighty vouchsafes to his servant, the story of the statues and the raising of the patriarchs, and the mode by which the conversion of the heathen was effected. Farther inquiry was necessary, and on application to Thilo, the learned editor of the Cod. Apoc. N. T., the wished-for in-
information was obtained. In the Royal Library at Paris are several MSS. containing the Πράξεις Ἀνδρέου καὶ Ματθαίου, and two of these, Cod. Bibl. Reg. 808, fol. 348–359, and Cod. 1556, fol. 1–11, are cited from Thilo’s unpublished collections. In these we find the details in question. Thus, the Mermedonians are cannibals: κατὰ κλήρον οὖν ἐλαχε τὸν Ματθαίον πορευθῆναι ἐν τῇ χώρᾳ τῶν ἀνθρωποφόρων. Again, it is God himself who steers the ship: ὁ γὰρ κύριος τῇ ἑαυτοῦ δυνάμει καὶ ἵσχυί κατεσκευάσα τῆς πλοίου, καὶ αὐτὸς ἦν ὁ στερ πρωεῖς ἐν τῷ πλοίῳ καὶ ἐνέγκας δύο ἀγγέλους ἐμόρφωσεν αὐτούς. The adventure of the statues is thus told: Καὶ θεασάμενος ὁ Ἰσσός ἐκ δεξιῶν καὶ ἐξ εὐωνύμων τοῦ ναοῦ ἔδει βους (I. γλυπτῶς) σφάγης δύο, μίαν ἐκ δεξιῶν καὶ μίαν ἐξ εὐωνύμων καὶ στραφεὶς ὁ Ἰσσός πρὸς ἡμᾶς ἐπείθει θεωρῆσατε τὸν τύπον τοῦ σταυροῦ ταῖτα γὰρ ὅμοια εἰσὶ τῷ Χερουβίμ καὶ τῷ Σεραφίμ, τῶν ἐν υἱρανφ. Τότε ὁ Ἰσσός ἐμβελέφας ἐκ δεξιῶν, ὥς ἢ Ἰφίγε, ἐπείν αὐτῆς· σοὶ λέγω, τὸ ἐκτύπωμα τὸ (I. τοῦ) ἐν υἱρανφ, ὃς ἐγνωσαν τεχνιτῶν χεῖρες, ἀποκολληθητι ἀπὸ τοῦ τύπου σου, καὶ ἔλθε κάτω, καὶ ἀποκριθητι, καὶ ἔλεγχον τοὺς ἀρχιερεῖς καὶ ὑπόδειξον αὐτοῖς, εἰ ἐγὼ θεὸς εἰμι ἡ ἄνθρω- πος· καὶ εὐθέως ἀνεπηδήσαν ἐκείνη τῇ ὁρᾷ ἢ σφιγξ, καὶ ἀνα- λαβοῦσα φωνὴν ἄνθρωπην, ἔπειν. etc. etc.

Now such coincidences as these are more than accidental, and I think they justify the conclusion that, mediately or immediately, the τράξεις ‘Ἀνδρέου are the original of our Anglosaxon poem. Perhaps it is more consonant with probability that a literal Latin translation should have supplied the Anglosaxon monk with his materials, than that he should have been competent to adapt a Greek legend. In the North of England, at an early period, some knowledge of Greek seems to have been found, and the companions of Theodor of Tarsus may have left scholars in the cloisters south of the Humber: but with the close of the eighth, or beginning of the ninth century, the last traces of this knowledge perished away in England, nor was even a word of Greek intelligible in the
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eleventh, save perhaps here and there a title or an epithet, borrowed from the pompous pedantry of Byzantium. From the time of Lucius Charinus (the Manichean of the sixth century, to whom Thilo attributes the original legend) till that of Cynewulf, Abbot of Peterborough, nearly five centuries elapsed; and a work so well known as the Περίοδος could hardly fail to find translators in the West. I feel little hesitation in avowing my belief that this was the case, rather than in supposing a Northumbrian or early Southern (Kentish for instance) version to have been directly made from the Greek, and this again retranslated into Westsaxon at the end of the tenth century.

This is not the only instance of similar processes: “Salomon and Saturn” appears to have arisen in the same manner; and so in all probability did “Elene,” the most valuable of the poems contained in this volume. The service which Pope Gelasius (A.D. 492–496) did the church, by eliminating a multitude of apocryphal Gospels from the Canon, may have been somewhat diminished by his recognition of them as works tending to edification; but the student of our national antiquities will acknowledge with gratitude, that to such modified recognition we owe the preservation of many monuments of thought and language which would otherwise have been sought in vain. It is true that they are of little interest in their Latin or Greek forms, except insofar as they may have influenced the universal mind of Europe at the commencement of our modern civilization: in the early German translations, however, they have remained to supply the most important materials for the history of the thoughts, feelings and mind of the Teutonic races. For, partly, through the strong nationality of the Anglosaxons, partly through the existence of a peculiar language, devoted to a particular use, the classical original becomes an equally original Germanic poem, in all but the subject; and having so become, bears in very many of its details the strong impress of early and even
heathen tradition. Devoted only to the elucidation of heathen themes, their heathen element would have been compelled to an unequal struggle with the power of the Christian priesthood, in which it must ultimately have succumbed: but once saved from this fate, adopted, and as it were Christianized by the priesthood itself, it became the surest guarantee of the national development, helping to ensure the failure of every attempt to introduce the elements of a foreign civilization, or the usurpation of a foreign authority in matters of civil or ecclesiastical polity.
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

Lo! We have learned in days of yore
of twelve beneath the stars
heroes gloriously blessed,

servants of the Lord:
their glory failed not,
of their warfare,
when ensigns clashed;

after they had made distribu-
as God himself to them,
high king of heaven,
had a lot assigned.

Those were famous
men throughout the earth,
pious leaders,
and bold in warfare,
celebrated warriors,
when shield and hand
on the battle-field
the helmet guarded,
on the fatal plain.

Matthew was one of them,
who amongst the Jews began
the gospel first.
in words to write,
with miraculous power.
To him holy God assigned a lot
out on that island,
where yet not any one
of strangers
might a home
or prosperity enjoy.
Oft had the hand of slaught-
on the battle-field
hardly decided for him.
That border-land was all
wound round with slaughter,
with the treachery of the foe,
the metropolis of men,
the dwelling of heroes.
There was no supply of bread
for men in that country,
nor drink of water
to enjoy.
But they the blood and skin,
the flesh of men
comers from afar,
partook of among the people:
such was their custom
that they every one
of strangers
made to them for food,
wanting meat,
of those who that island
visited from without.
Such was the people’s
peaceless token,
the suffering of the wretched,
that they the eye-sight,
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hettend heorogrimme,
heafodgimme
águton gealgmodé
gára ordum:
siddan him gebeldon
bitere tósomme
dryas purbídvolcwést
drync unheórne,

se onwende gewit,
wera ingébanc
heorton hréðre;

tyge was oncyredd
þæt hie ne murndon
éfter mandréáme,
hæléo heorogrédicge,
ac hie hig and gær,
for meteleást
mèse gedréhte.

Pá was Matheus
tó þære márnan byrig
cumen, in þa ceastré.
þær was círm micel
géond Mermedonia,
máunfræ bloð.
fordénera gedræg,
siddan deofle pegr
* * * *
* * *
* * *
* * *
* * *
* * *
* geáscodon,
ægelingsa sté.

Eódon him pá tornés
gárump gehyrsted
lungre under linde,
nales late wærón

sword-grim enemies,
the gem of the head
gallows-minded poured out
with javelin points:
afterwards mixed for them
bitter together
these wizards through magic
a fatal drink,
which turned away the wit,
the intellect of men,
the heart within the breast;
the mind was turned
so that they cared not
for the joys of human life,
the men fatally greedy,
but they hay and grass,
for want of food
weary, oppressed.
Then was Matthew
to the famous burgh
come, to the city.
There was such outcry
throughout Mermedonia,
the sinful tribe
the defiled
a tumult of undone men,
since the devil’s servant
* * * *
* * *
* * *
* * *
* * *

Towards him they went
with javelins adorned
swiftly under linden-shield,
not slow were

B 2
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

the fierce spear-bearers
to the onset.

They for the holy one there
his hands bound,
and fastened them
with hostile craft,
men hell-prone,
and the gem of his head
broke with the bill's edge.
Nevertheless he still in his
in his heart honored [breast-
the ward of heaven's kingdom,
though he the drink of poison
the terrible had tasted;
_"blessed and steadfast_
his courageously continued
to glorify with his words
the prince of glory.
the ward of heaven's kingdom,
with holy voice,
from out his prison.

To him was Christ's praise
within his breast.
steadfastly wound about;
he then weeping
with weary tears,
_"his victorious Lord_
with sorrowful speech
addressed, the prince of men,
with mournful voice
the benefactor of hosts,
and thus in words he spake:
"How for me _these_ strangers
a _chain of mischief_
a net of snares, are sewing!
I was evermore in every way, of thy will
desirous in my mind; now with sorrow must I,
deeds do such as the dumb cattle.

Thou alone knowest the thoughts of all men,
the Lord of mankind, the mind within the breast.
If it be thy will, Prince of glory,
that me the perfidious men
with edge of weapons,
with swords shall set to sleep,
I shall be soon ready to endure
whatsoever thou, my Lord,
bliss-giver of angels,
to me an exile,
thou origin of virtuous deeds,
art willing to adjudge.
Grant me as a boon, Almighty God,
light in this life;
lest I shall forthwith, [ings,
blinded as I am in these dwell-
the abuse
of savage greedy men,
of hostile malefactors,
longer suffer
contemptuous speech.
I to thee only,
Guardian of the world, keep my mind firmly fixed, the steadfast love of my soul: and thee, Father of angels, bright giver of prosperity, will pray that thou appoint me not among these guilty ones, these base artificers of crime, the worst,— Ruler of dignities!— death on the earth.” After these words came a token of glory holy from heaven, like a serene star, to the prison. There was manifested that Holy God gave help. Then was heard the voice of heaven’s king wondrous under the welkin, the sound of the oracular word of the great King; he to his servant, in the bonds of evil safety and comfort to the bold in war did offer, with a clear voice: “I to thee, Matthew, grant my [not thou peace under the firmament. Be too fearful in mind, nor mourn in mind.
THE LEGEND OF ST ANDREW.

Ic þe mid wunige and þe af lyse of þys sum leodubendum, and ealle þa menigo þe þe mid wuniað on nearonendum. þe is neorxna wangi, blide beornést, boldwela beargost, hama hylhitost, halegum mihtum torht ontyned; þær þat tires most, tó witan þeore, willan þrúcan. Gepola þeoda þreå, nis sec þrah micel, þet þe wærlogan witebendum, synne þurh searoerest swencan moton.

Ic þe Andreas ædre onsende þo bleò and þo hróðre, in þas haœênan burg: þe þe aflyseð of þissum leóðhete: is þo þære tide þelmet hwile, emne mid sóde sefoñ and twentig níhtgermes. þet þa of nède most, sorgum geswenced, sigore gewyrægod, I will dwell with thee and release thee from these limb-bonds, and all the multitude that abideth with thee in strait need. To thee is Paradise, brightest of glories, the fairest of dwelling, pleasantest of homes, by holy powers brightly opened; where thou glory mayest, to all eternity, at will enjoy. [people; Endure the oppression of this the period is not long, that for thee the perfidious one with bonds of punishment, sinfully through insidious craf may afflict.

I to thee, Andrew, will speedily send for protection and comfort, into this heathen city: he will release thee from this vast hatred: up to that time is a calculable interval, even in sooth seven and twenty nights by number, when thou shalt from this need, afflicted with sorrows, glorified with victory,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

hweorcif of hæsum. 339 thou shalt go from miseries
in gebyld godes. 335 into God's grace."
Gewát him þa se hâlga 335 Departed then the holy
helm ælwihtæ, 334 protector of all beings,
engla scippend, 335 creator of angels,
tó þám uplican 336 to the supernatural
ècelrice.

he is on riht cyning, 340 He is justly King,
staðolfæst styrend 340 a firm ruler
in stowa gehwâm. 341 in every place!
Dâ-wæs Matheus 345 Then was Matthew
miclum onbryrđed 345 much moved
niwan stefne; 345 by the new summons;
nihthelm 346 the night-helm glôde away,
þglâd, 346 rapidly it departed,
lungre leorde, 346 light came after,
leocht æfter com, 346 the rushing noise of dawn.

dægrêdwôma. 245 The powerful collected,
Dûgô saññade, 250 heathens battle-savage,
hæðne hildfrecañ, 250 in heaps they thronged:
heâpum brungon: 250 their war-trappings sung,
gûðsearo 350 they brandished their javelins
gâras hryâsdon 255 angry of mood
bolgenmôde 255 under the wall of shields.
under bôrdhreðdan. 255 They would prove
Woldon cunnian 260 whether yet quick lived
hwæðer twîce lifdon 260 those who in prison
pa þe on carcerne 260 fast in bonds,
†clommum fæste 260 a comfortless dwelling
hleóleásan wic 260 awhile had occupied;
hwile wunoned; 260 which of them they for food
hwylcne hie tó æte 260 might first
ærest mihton 260 after the appointed interval
†æfter firstmearcæ 265 deprive of life?
†feores berêdan? 267
Haefdon hie on rûne — 267 They had in rune
and on rimecraft
written, greedy of slaughter,
the end of the men:
when they for food
to the hungry
in that tribe
should become;
the coldhearted
noisily shouted,
out
on troop thronged on troop,
savage onset-bringers;
for right they cared not
the mercy of the Lord;
oft their mind went
under dim shadow
by the devil’s lore,
when they of savage spirits
believed in the might.
They then found
the prudent of mind,
the holy man,
in his dark den
warlike-bold abiding—[king,
whatsoever to him the bright
the prince of angels,
should grant.
Then was the space expired
of the predestined time,
the fixed period,
except three nights,
as it the wolves of slaughter
had written down,
that they the bone-rings
thought to break,
forthwith to divide
body and soul,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

and þonne þodælan—dugude and gegeode,
werum to wiste and þô wilpege,
þæges fleischoman.
Feorh ne bemurndon

grædige guðrincas, hû þæst gæstes stô
aefter swylctwale

geset wede.
Swa hie simble ymb þritig
þing gehëgdon
nihtgerimes:
wees him neôd micel,
þæt hie þôbrugdon
blôdium ceætum —
fiara fleischoman
him þô fôddorpege.

þa was gemyndig
se þe middangeard
gestaclode
strangum mihtum,
hû he in ellþodigum
yrmûm wunade,
belocen leoðubendum,
þe of his luþan adreág
for Êbrëum
and Israelem,
swylce he Judëa
galdorcræftum
wiðstôd stranglice.
þa siô stefn gewearð

gehëred of heofenum,
þær se halga wer
in Achaia—

and then to distribute
to old and young,
to the men for food
and acceptable feast,
the flesh of the slain.
For the soul cared not
the greedy warriors,
how the spirit’s journey
after death
might be appointed.
Thus they ever about thirty
nights by number
held their public meeting:
great was their need
that they must teach
with bloody jaws
the flesh of men
for their food.
Then was mindful
He who the earth
established
by his strong might,
how he among strangers
miserably dwelt,
locked up in limb-bonds,
who for his sake had suffered
before Hebrews
and Israelites,
also of the Jews
the magical powers
had strongly withstood.
Then the voice was
heard out of heaven,
where the holy man
in Achaia—
Andrew was.
The people he instructed
in the way of life.
There to him royally bold in decision
the glory of kings,
the lord of mankind,
unlocked the treasure of words,
the Lord of hosts,
and thus in words he spake:
"Thou shalt go
and bear my peace,
in journey seek
camible
where the anthropophagi
defend the land,
hold the possession
by murderous power;
such is the custom of that
multitude,
that they of strangers
to no one will
in that country
spare the life
when the guilty ones
in Mermedonia
find a wretch,
then must life-parting,
miserable slaughter of men,
afterwards take place.
There I know to languish
thy brother in glory
among the citizens
fast in bonds:
now is it three nights before,
that he shall among that people
through the heathens'
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

hand-wfare,
through gripe of javelin
send forth his spirit
ready to depart, [earlier."
unless thou come thither
At once to him Andrew
returned answer:
"How may I, my Lord,
over the deep sea
accomplish the journey
on so far a way
so speedily,
creator of the heavens,
ruler of glory,
as thou in words sayest?
That may thine angel
more easily travel,
from the heavens he knows
the passages of the deeps,
the salt sea-streams
and the swan's road,
the contest of the sea-waves
and the terror of waters,
ways over wide land.
To me are no known friends
the strange men,
nor do I in anything know
the disposition of the people,
nor are to me the high-roads
over the cold water
known."
Him then answered
eternal God:
"Alas! Andrew,
that ever thou wouldst
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

To this journey be slow! It is not difficult for Almighty God to accomplish in this place, that the city hither in this tribe beneath the sun's path should be transported, the proud metropolis together with the burghers, [it if with a word should command the Lord of glory! Thou mayest not to this journey be slow, nor too weak in wit, if thou desirest well towards thy prince covenant to hold, true token!

Be thou at the time ready: of this errand there may be no delay: thou shalt then set forward, and bear thy life into the grasp of foes; where warlike contest to thee, through the heathens' battle rush, the war-craft of heroes, shall be proclaimed. Thou shalt certainly at early dawn, even tomorrow.
set meres ende, — — — at the sea's end,
cool gestigan, mount a ship.
and on cald water and on the cold water
brecon ofer bædweg. break over the bathway.
Hafa beletsunge Have my blessing
of er middangeard throughout the earth
mne þær þære. whithersoever thou go!"

Then departed the holy
upholder and wielder,
the prince of archangels,
to seek his home,
the warder of earth,
the famous dwelling
where of the pious
the souls may
after the body's fall
enjoy life.

Then was the errand
to the noble champion
proclaimed in the town:
his mind was not slack,
but he was steadfast
in his great work,
hard and noble-minded,
no skulker from battle,
ready for war, stout
for God's battle.

He went then at dawn,
with break of day,
over the sand-hills
to the sea-shore,
bold in thought, also
and his thanes with him,
going on the sand.
The ocean sounded
beóton brimstréamás; the sea-streams dashed:
séðbeorn wæs on hyhte the man was full of hope
síðtan he on waruðe after he on the strand
widsæðme scip a wide-bosomed ship
courages found.
módig geméttæ. Then came splendid morning,
på com morgen torht, brightest of beacons,
beácinia bearhtost, hastening over the waves;
ofer bræomo sneówan; holy from out the darkness
hálig of heólstre heaven’s candle shone
heófoncandallblác over the lake-floods;
ofer lægofódæs; he there ship-keepers
he þær lidweardas glorious three
brymlícce pry thanes beheld,
thesgæas (gesæawode), courageous men
módiglice mén in the sea-boat
on merebáte sitting bold to journey,
sittan síðfróme,
swylcne hie ofer sæ comon: even as they had come over sea:
þæt wæs dryhþen sylf, that was the Lord himself,
dugeða wealdend, the prince of dignities,
éce ælmihtig the eternal Almighty God
with his two angels.
mid his englum twâm. They were in habit like
Wæron hie on gescirikan unto seafarers,
scipferendum,
ecoralpelice the men like
dealþendum, sailors over the wave, [flood
ponge hie on fódes fæðm when they on the bosom of the
ofersworeweg far away
on cald wæter
ceðlum laças, on the cold water
Hie þægegrêtte with ships play.
se þe on greótte stód
fóso on farðe,
frægn, reordade: They then addressed
hwanon comon ge he who on the strand stood
“Whence come ye
he inquired and said:
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

sailing in ships,
men powerful on the sea,
on the water-beater,
solitary floaters over the wave?
whence hath the ocean-stream
over the rolling of the waters
brought you?"
Him then answered
Almighty God,—
so that he might not know,
he namely who awaited his word,
what man it was
of men conversing,
whom he there upon the strand
communed with:
― We from Mermedonia
our country are
far travelled:
us with the flood bare
on the whale's path
the high-stemmed boat,
the swift sea-horse,
twisted about with speed;
until we of this people
the land sought
afflicted with the sea, [about.]”
so hath the wind driven us
Him then Andrew
humbly addressed:
― I would beg thee—
though I to thee few rings
or treasure-offerings
may give,
that thou wouldst bring us
with the forming keel,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

heá hornscepe, - - - - say
ofer hwæles edel,
on þære mægde:
býð þe meorð wið god, 550
þæt þu us on láde
lífde weorðe.
Eft him andswaroðe
æðelinga helm
ofðlide, 555
engla scippend:
Ne magon þær gewunian
widferende,
280 né þær elpeðige
færdes brúcað; 560
ah in þære ceastr
cwealm prówiað,
þæ þe fæorran þiscer
feorch gelæðadæ;
and þu wilnast ná, 565
ofer wídne mere,
þæt þu on þægðe
þiné feorðe spilde!

285 Him þá Andreas - - 569
ågef ondsware : 570
-86 Usic lust hwæted
on þá leódmearce,
icel módes hyht,
tó þære màeran byrig,
þeóden leófesta, 575
giff þu us þine wilt
on meresfaroðe
milse cecÝsan.
290 Him ondswarode
engla þeóden, 580
neregend Þra, - - - - 581
verc.
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

We be lostlice mid us willað, from the boat's stem:
ferigan freolice 585 freely convey
ofer ðæs bore, over the fishes' bath,
tæne to ðam lande, even to the land
þæt ðe lust myneð which desire urges thee
to seek,
tægesæcanne, after ye your
sidan ge eowre payment
ægisen habbað, have given, I have laid your
sceattas gescrifene, the appointed sum,
swā ðow scipwardas according as the ship-warders
arias ofer þòbord the men over the sea-board
unnan willað. will grant to you."

Him þæt ðistlice Him then quickly
Andreas wæt. Andrew, the needy man,
wine þearfende, addressed with words:
wordum mælde: "I have no solid gold
Næbbe ic fætedgold nor store of silver,
nè feohgestreōn, wealth nor abundance,
welan nê wiste, nor the joints of wires,
nê wîla gespann, land, nor locked rings,
landes nê locenra beða, that I may excite thy desire,
þætic þe ðæs lust ðæhwettan, thy will in the world,
willan in worulde, as thou with word sayest."
swâ þu wordæ becwist. Him then the king of men

Hım þæt beornabreogo when he sat upon the beam,
þæt he on holcan sæt, over the dashing of the waves,
ofer warodas gewercep, addressed again:
wiþingode: "How doth this befall thee,
Hū gewærð þæs pæs, dearest friend,
wine leofesta, that thou the sea-hills
þæt þæ sēbeorgas 615 wouldst seek,
secan woldes,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

merestreamal gemet, — 617 the boundary of the sea-streams,
matsum bedeled, devoid of treasures,
offercalcleofu 620 over the cold cliffs
ceoles neosan? a ship wouldst visit?
Nafast pe to frore onfarostrete the subsistence of bread,
blies wiste, — 623 nor bright
ne blutterne drink for thy comfort
drync to dagge: severe is the way of life
is seldrohtas strang for him who a sea-journey
pam pe lagolade long trieth."
lange cunnad.

Dahim Andreas — 629 Then to him Andrew
purh andswere, through his answer,
wis on gewitte, wise in wit,
wordhord onleac: unlocked the treasure of words:
Ne gedaferan pe 630 "It befiteth thee not
nua pe dryhten geaf since to theethe Lord hath given
welan and wiste wealth and abundance
and woruldspede, and worldly prosperity,
pat pone andsware that thou an answer
mid ofehygdum, with arrogance, [ous words;
and swa pat Crist bebead shouldst seek, with contumel-
peoden þrymfaest. better is it for everyone
We his þegnas sind that he with modesty affability
gecoren to cempum. the ready to depart
He is cyning on riht should openly acknowledge, trust
wealdend and wyryhta as that Christ commanded
wuldoprymmes; the glorious king.
An ece god — — 651 We are his thanes
one eternal God

526
of all creatures,
even as he comprehendeth all
by his sole power,
heaven and earth
by his holy might,
most excellent of Lords;
He himself said that,
the father of every nation,
and bid us depart
beyond the abysmal deep
to save souls:
“Go now throughout all
the quarters of the earth
even as far
as water encircleth,
or the fixed plains
lie on the way;
preach through the cities
the bright faith
throughout the bosom of the
I will hold peace with you.
Ye must not on that journey
take treasure,
gold or silver;
I to you of every good,
in your own decision,
the love excite.
Now thou thyself mayst
our journey
hear, reflecting:
I shall soon know
what favour thou us
wilt do.”
Him then answered
eternal God:
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

If ye are the servants of him that uplifted his majesty over the whole world, as ye say to me, and ye have observed [you, that the holy one commanded then I you with joy will convey over the sea-streams, as ye petition."

Then stept into the ship, the bold of spirit, the famed for valour; of each one was on the sea-beach, the spirit blessed. Then over the swing of waves Andrew began for the sea-sea, for king men mercy to beg the Lord of glory, and thus spake in words: "The Lord grant thee the honour of dignity, thy will in this world, and increase in glory, —the Creator of mankind, —as thou hast to me upon this journey friendship manifested!"

Then sat himself the holy one near the sea-warder, noble by the noble:

Never heard I that in a comelier
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

ship laden
with lofty treasures
men sat.
glorious kings,
beauteous thanes!
Then spoke
the powerful king,
the eternal, almighty, bade
his angel go,
his glorious attendant
and give food,
comfort the wretched men
over the flood's gush,
that they the easier might
over the clash of waves
their way of life endure.
Then was vexed,
excited the whale
the horn-fish plaid,
glode through the ocean,
and the gray mew       [ter:
circled round greedy of slaugh-
the weather-candle darkened,
the winds waxed,
the waves ground together,
the streams stirred,
the ropes creaked,
wet with the waters;
water-terror stood
with the might of troops.
The thanes were
with terror chilled,
none thought
that he alive
should reach land,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

of those who with Andrew
on the ocean-stream
sought the ship:
as yet they knew not
who the sea-floater's
swimming directed.
To him then the holy man
upon the ocean-way
over the sea
Andrew yet,
the thane faithful to his Lord,
said thanks,
to the powerful chieftain,
when he was satisfied with food.
"To thee for this reflection
may soothfast God,
the giver of the light of life,
grant reward,
the Lord of hosts,
and grant to thee the food of heavenly bread,
even as thou grace to me
over the mighty stream,
and peace hast manifested!
Now are rebuked
my thanes,
my young warriors;
the ocean roareth,
the pouring sea:
the abyss is excited,
deeply vexed;
their strength is oppressed,
the main of the valiant,
much troubled!
"Him over the sea addressed
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

hæleða scippend: the creator of men:
Læt nū geferian
flotan úsere
lid tō lande
ofær lagufæsten,
and þonne gebëdan
beornas þine,
āras onerce
hwænne þū eft cyme.
Hdre him þa eorlas
ägefæn ondswære,
þegnas þrothærde,
þaftan ne woldon
þæt hie forlēton
þæt līdes stefnan
leōfne lāreow
and him landfucuron:

The vessel to land
over the sea-fortress,
and then await
thy men
thy messengers on land
when thou comest back again."
Immediately to him the earls
gave answer,
the thanes exceeding bold,
they would not consent
that they should desert
at the prow of the ship
their dear teacher
and choose land for themselves:

"Whither can we go
without our lord,
mournful of mood,
of good devoid,
wounded with sins,
if we should shrink from thee?

We shall be odious
in every land,
hateful to the people,
when the sons of men
famed for courage
sit in council,
which of them best
ever performed
towards his lord in battle,
when hand and shield
on the battle-plain,
ground down with bills swords
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

at niðplegen, nearu þrōweden.

Pa reordade rice þeoden, wærstæt cyning word stunde ðhōf:

Gift þa þegnþie þrymsettendes, wuldoreyninges,

swæ þu wordē becwist, rece þa gerðnu, hā þreordberend lærde under lyfte.

Lang is þeos sittfæt oferfealweþt flōd:

† frētra þine mæcgas on móde,

micel is nú gēna lād oferlagustream, land swīcē sceaf tō gesēcanne;

sand is geblonden,

grudt wīð greote. God eāse mæg

-26 heōlftendum helpe gefremman. Ongan þa gleāwlice

gingran sīne, wuldorspēdige weras, wordum tryman:

Ge þæt gehogodon, ða ge on holm stigon,

-29 þæt ge on fāra folc feorhgelēddoun,

in the hostile play,
suffered straits."

Then spake

the powerful prince,

the truthful king

his word at once upraised:

"If thou be the servant

of him that sitteth in majesty,

the king of glory,

as thou in words assertest,

expound the mysteries,

how he the bearers of speech

taught under the sky.

Long is this journey

over the fallow flood:

comfort thy

young men in mood,

great is now still

our voyage over the lake-stream,

very far is the land

to seek;

the sand is mixed together,

the abyss with the strand.

God may easily

to them that sail the deep

give help!

Then intelligently began he

his disciples,

men gloriously blest,

with words confirm:

"Ye meditated that,

when ye embarked on the deep

sea,

that ye among a hostile people

would lead your life,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

and for dryhtnes lufan, and for the love of God
dead þrygwoodon, would suffer death,
on Ælmyrca Ælmyrcan
realm,
edelice, your soul would offer up.
sawle gescaedon. I myself know that,
Ic þæt sylfa wæt, that us will shield
þæt us gescealde the creator of angels,
scippend engla, the Lord of Hosts!
wéoruda dryhten.

Wæteregesa sceal, The terror of the water shall,
þeþpeled and þepreasted being rebuked and threatened
þurh þrydigynge, through the Lord of power,
lagu læcende, the dancing wave,
lifra wyrðan, become more gentle.
Swa gesælde iú So of yore it befell
þat we on sæbæ over the strife of the waves
of er waru ðegewinn tried the fords,
wada cummedon, riding over the waters:

færoridende: terrible appeared
þfrece þehton the fearful seaways;
egle céálada; the ocean-streams
þeigorrstréamæs beat the boundary-shores;
þeþtoni bordstæða; the sea made answer again,
þbrim eft oncwæð, one wave to the other:
þdod óderre: by whiles uprose
hwilum uppástod from the bosom of the sea
of brimes þósme on the lap of the boat
on bǽtes fæðm terror over our waveship.

Ælmihtig þær, The Almighty there,
meotud mancyynes, the creator of mankind,
on merebyssan upon the sea-beater
beorht basnode. bright awaited.
Beornas wurdon The men were
forhte on móde; fearful of mood;
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

peace they desired,
mercy from the mighty one.
Then the multitude began
to call in the ship:
soon arose the king,
glory-giver of angels:
he stilled the waves,
the boiling of the waters;
he rebuked the winds;
the sea subsided,
smooth became
the clashing of the sea-streams.
Then laughed our mood,
after we saw [ment
beneath the path of the firma-
the winds and waves
and the terror of the water
become terrified themselves
for fear of the Lord.
Therefore I in sooth to you
will say,
that never will desert
the living God
a man on earth,
if his courage avail.”
Thus spake
the holy champion,
wisely thoughtful
he admonished his thanes,
the blessed warrior
confirmed the men:
until them all at once
sleep invaded,
weary beside the mast.
The sea calmed itself,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

66

the struggle of the waves
turned back again,
the fierce ocean-power.

90

Then was for the holy one,
after a period of terror,
his spirit blest.

93

Then began to speak
the prudent of council,
wise of wit

94

he unlocked the locks of words:
"Never a sailor
better met with,
more powerful
as me thinks,

95

a more famous rower,
one more prudent of council,
one wiser of word:
I will of thee,
O man well reputed,
one more
boon require;
though I to thee few rings,

96

few compliments of treasure,
I would thy friendship,
powerful chief,
if I might,
thy good friendship obtain.

99

Thus mayst thou have grace to
holy hope [thy lot,
in heaven's glory,
if thou to us sea-weary,
of thy instruction
be gracious!
I would of one from thee, a noble hero,
that thou teach me,
since now to thee the King glory
the Creator of men,
how thou to the wave-floater,
stained with the salt-sea,
to the sea-stallion
its swimming directest.
I was by hap,
now and then,
sixteen times
on a seaboat
stirring the wave,
the ocean-streams,
freezing as to my hands:
this is once more:
yet never beheld I
any man,
their hero,
like unto thee,
steer over prow.
The stream-bubbling delayeth,
the sea beateth the shores,
this boat is full clothed,
foamy-necked it fareth,
likest unto a bird
it glideth over ocean!
Well I know
that I never beheld
over the leavings of the waves,
on the sea to lead
a more wondrous craft.
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

Is ën gelícóst... 1001
swâ he on landsceape
stille stande,
þêr hine storm ne mæg
wind òwecgan,
ne waterflòdas
þércan bròndstæfne;
hwæcere on brím sneòweð
snel under sègle.

505
Dù eart seolfa geóng, 1010
wigendra hlie,
ñálas wintrum fròd:
hafast þe on yfìhcìe
faroðlànctes
corles ondsware:
ægðìwlice canst
words for worulde,
wíslic andgìt.

510
Him ondswarode
téce dryhten:
Oft þét gesèlèc,
þet we on sèlâdæ,
scipum undre sce cálcum,
þómmne sceór cymed,
þércad osfer bæðweg
þbrìmhengestum.

514
Hwìllum ñs on yðum
tefollic

518
gesèlèc, on sèwe, — 1029
þè hwe stì neson,
frècne gesèran;
ñòðwylm ne mæg
manna ënignæ,
ofer meotudes est.

518
lungre geëlttan:

Most like then it is
as if it on a landskip
stilly stood,
where him the storm may not
or the wind move,
nor the waterfloods
break him the ship prowed,
but over the sea he hasteneth
swift under sail!

Thou art thyself young,
O refuge of warriors,
not old in years:
thou hast in spirit for thyself
a sea-playing
man's answer:
in every matter thou art knowing
of words for worldly converse,
thou hast an intelligent under-
Him answered [standing."
the eternal Lord:
"That often befalleth,
that we on a seafaring,
in ships among our men,
when the storm cometh,
break over the pathway
with our ocean stallions.
By whiles to us upon the waves
miserably
it befalleth, on the sea,
though we live through our
bold comrades;
the fury of the flood may not
any one of men,
against the Lord's will,
at once let:
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW. An 535

áh him lifes geweald
se þe brímu bindē, brunē, ýða
þō and þreatað.
He þeódum scéal
rédan mid rihte,
se þe róðor áhōf, and gefestnode
folnum sinum;
wórhte and wþrēde,
wúldres þyldde
beorhtne boldwélæn.
Swæ geblesedod wearð
inglamæsel
þurh his ánes miht.
Forþan is gesýne,
 sóð orgete,
cōðoncénæwen, þét þu cýninges eart
þegen gebungen,
þrymítendæs.
Forþan þe sóna
“séholm oncénæw,
Garþeges begang."
þét þu gíf heafdes
háliges gástæ.
Hærn eft onwand,
þe ægæsa gestylde
wiðfeðom wēg;
wæðu swǒ sporodon
se ðoðan hie ongōtēn
þét þe god heafde
wære bewunden,
se þe wúldres blæd
He hath power over life
who bindeth the seas,
the brown waves
restraineth and threateneth.
He the nations shall
justly rule,
who uplifted the firmament,
and set it fast
with his own hands;
wrought it and established it,
with glory filled
the bright dwelling of wealth.
So blessed was
the dwelling of the angels
through his might alone.
Therefore is it seen,
truly intelligible,
certainly acknowledged,
that thou art the king’s
dignified servant,
that sitteth in glory.
Therefore thee straightway
the deep sea recognised,
the circuit of ocean,
that thou hast grace
of the Holy Ghost.
The tide turned back,
the blending of the waves;
terror stilled
the wide-bosomed wave;
the fords subsided
when they perceived
that God had
with his covenant invested,
he who the increase of glory.
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

established
by his strong might!"

Then spake
with holy voice
the bold-hearted warrior,
he praised the King
the Lord of Glory,
and thus spake with words:
"Be thou blessed,
prince of human kind;
Lord the Saviour!
For ever liveth thine honour,
near and far
is thy name holy,
beautified with glory
throughout the tribes of men,
magnified with mercies!
There is none of men
under the vault of heaven,
none of the race of men,
that may relate,
or know the number,
how gloriously thou
king of men,
saviour of spirits,
dost thy grace distribute.
It at least is seen,
saviour of souls,
that thou to this man
hast been gracious,
and him young as he is
with gifts hast dignified;
wise is he in wit
and sayings of words.
I from one of his age
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

553 fre ne mette. 554 on modsefan
555 Him þa of ceole oncwæð
556 frægn fromlæce
557 Saga þances gleaw,
558 þegn, gif þa cunne,
559 þæt þæt gewurde,
560 Iudæa cynn
561 Åðof hearmcwide.
562 Hæleð unsælige
563 in hira liifruman,
564 sceotultra and gesynra:
565 synnige ne mihton
566 oncnawan þæt cynebearn
567 word and wisdom:
568 dóm Agende,
569 ne hæf ne onode, never met
with greater prudence!
Him then from the ship an-
prudently he asked
the beginning and the end:
"Say, wise of thought,
man, if thou know,
how that came to pass,
between two men,
that the impious men,
with hostile intentions,
the race of Jews
against God's son
set up an accusation.
The hapless men
believed not there
in their Prince of Life,
fierce and gallows-minded,
that he was God:
although he many miracles
to their tribes exhibited,
evident and visible:
they sinful might not
acknowledge the royal child
that was born
for a refuge and comfort
to the race of men,
for all earth's dwellers;
in the prince grew
word and wisdom:
but he of miracles ever,
the lord of power,
some portion
VERC.
fraestre pedde — — — 1141 before the proud people
beorfan cynde.
Him þa Andreas — — 1143 To him then Andrew
ágæf andshare:
Hū mihte þæt gewyrðan 1145 “How might that happen
in werpæode,
þæt þa ne gehyrde
hielendes miht,
gumena leodost,
hū he his gif cynde 1150 how he showed his grace
giend woruld wite,
wealdendes barn?
sealde he dumumb gesprec;
deaf gehyrdon;
healtum and hreofum
hýge ðlissode,
 þa þe limseoce — 1157 lange wæron,
wērige, wanhale,
wertum gebundene; 1160 weary, wretched,
aefyr burhstedum
blinde gesegon;
swā he on grundwæge
humena cynnes
manige misenlice
men of dede
wórde ðwehte;
swylce he ec wundra feala
criere of cynde,
burih his crefes miht. 1170 royally glorious showed,
Þæt gehalode
for heremægene
wín of wetere,
and wende hét,
beornum tó blisse, 1175 before the multitude
wine from water,
and bade it change,”
for the joy of men,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

on þa beterant geceyn. — 1176
Swylce he æfede
of ðisum twām
and of ðif blāsum,
Þra cynnes
— 1180
fif þusendo;
feðan sæton
reómigmóde — 1184
reste gefegon
wērice æfter wæðe;
wíste þegon
mehn on moldan,
swá him þæt gemædost wæs.
Nû þa mihht gehyræn, 1190
hyse leofesta,
— 1196
hû us wuldræs wreard,
wordum and dædam, —
lufed in lif, =
and þû ðlu æþþ speon
to þam þægæran gefæan, —
þer þreó moton,
eadige mid englum,
eard weardigan,
600 pa þe æfter deâde
dryhten tæcað.
— 1200
Dâ gen weges weard
word hord onleaċ,
beorn ofer bolcan
beald reordæ:
Miht þu me gesæcgan, —
æt ic sóð wite, —
hwæðer wealdæ ðun —
wunder on eorðan
— 1205
þa he gefremede,
nalasþeám stíðum
—
into the better nature.
Also he fed
from two fishes
and from five loaves,
of the race of men
five thousand:
the troops sat down
weary of mood,
in rest they rejoiced
weary after wandering:
the feast they received
the men upon the earth,
as was most commodious for.
Now thou mayst hear, [them.
dearest man,
how was the Lord of glory,
with words and deeds,
loved during life,
and by his teaching drew us
to the fair joy,
where free they might,
blessed among the angels,
infanþ a country,
rule the earth,
those namely who after death
seek the Lord !’’
Again the ruler of the wave
unlocked the treasure of speech,
the man over the balks
spake boldly:
“Thou mightest see,
that I may truly know,
whether thy lord
miracles on earth
when he performed,
no few times
for the benefit of the people,
revealed them openly.
where bishops
and scribes
and princes
sat in council,
interchanging speech.
It seemeth to me
that they through jealousy
conspired mischief,
through deep error,
by the devil's lore,
the men death-devoted
too readily listened to
the furious warlock;
them fate deceived,
seduced and taught ill.
Now shall they immediately,
weary among the weary,
suffer vengeance,
bitter burning
in the embrace of foes."

To him then Andrew
returned answer:
"I say to thee in sooth
that he very often
performed before
the princes of the people
miracle after miracle,
in the sight of men:
also privately secretly
the Lord of men
did public benefits,
as he for their good devised."
Him answered
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

624 Miht þu, wits hælæð, the defence of nobles:
wordum gesecgan, "Might thou, O wise man,
625 maga mêde rôf, say in words,
mægen þæ ce yðde, O young man, famous of mood,
626 ðeôrmôd on ðe, how he revealed his power,
på mid dryhten oft, the beloved one in secret,
rœdrena rôdend, when often with the Lord,
rûne heæston? the ruler of the firmament
Him þæ Andreas — 1255 ye sat in council?"
andswære ægef: To him then Andrew
Hwæt frinest þu me? returned answer:
fræa leofesta,
wordum wæstlicum? "What askest thou of me,
and þe wyrða gehwære best beloved lord,
1260 with cunning words?
31 þurh snytrru cæft and thou every hap
sôs uncástwest? through power of wisdom
Dâ git him ðæges weard thyself truly knowest!"
withingode: Again with him the guardian of
Neðrine ic þe for tæle, conversed:
ne þurh teoncéwide, [the wave
1265 ic þe foe for tale, "I ask thee not for blame,
ne þurh teoncéwide,
on hránrêdæ,
ac ðem hygel blissað,
wynnum wridað, nor for abuse,
þurh þine wordlêde but my mind rejoiceth,
on ðæcum ðeone. buddeth with joys,
Neþcum ic ðána þæt, through thy discourse
ac manna gehwâm with virtues great.
1270 mód hið on hyhte, Nor am I that only,
þyrhþ æfresed, but for every man
pæm þelgeor ðôðe neâh the mind is in expectation,
on môde geman, the spirit comforted,
hû seð maga fremede, who either far or near
þe seð ðôðe neâh remembereth in mood,
on mód e gemean, how the young man acted,
how seð ðôðe fremede, the divine child on earth:
gastas hwurfor, souls departed,
1280 ðe seð ðôðe fremede,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

they sought rejoicing in their
the joys of heaven, [journey
the home of angels,
through his noble might!]

At once Andrew
returned him answer:
“Now I in thee thyself
truly acknowledge
wit of wisdom
in wondrous power,
success in glory given:
wisely bloweth
in bright bliss
the breast within.

Now to thyself I
will say myself
the beginning and the end,
as I the noble’s
word and wisdom
in the concourse of men,
through his own mouth,
ever heard.

Often collected
the wide troops
uncounted crowds,
to the lord’s doom;
there they hearkened to
the lore of the holy one;
then again departed
the defence of men,
the bright giver of glory,
into another building, temple
where to meet him
praising God,
unto the place of converse
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

manige eðmon — 1316 many came
snottere sele-rēðend:
symble gefgēgon prudent, wise in council:
1320 ever rejoiced
beornas blitheorde the blithe-hearted men
burhweardescymer in the coming of the prince.
Swā gesælde ðū, So it once befell
ptet se sigedēma, that the ruler of victory,
tērēde fēa mihtig: the mighty lord went:
nēs pēr folces mā there was no greater company
on sīðfaste on that journey
sīdra leōda of his own people
nemne ellefne than eleven
orettmæcgas, champions,
geteled tīrēdīge; numbered glorious;
he was twelfta sylf. 1330 he was himself the twelfth.
Dā we becōmon When we came
to bām cynestōle, to the royal throne,
pergetimbred wēs where was built
tempel dryhtnes the temple of the lord,
heā and borngeāp lofty and arched with pinnacles,
hælēcum gefrēge, famous among men,
wuldrē gewlītegod, beautified with glory,
huscworē ongan with words of insult began
670 purh inwitbanc through malicious purpose
sældorsacerd the high priest
herme hyspan, mischievously to revile him,
hordlocan onspeōn, he opened the treasure-locks,
wōrdht webbade: 1353 malice he wove:
he on gewitte oncnēow he in spirit knew
ptet we sōdfēastes that we the true one’s
swādē folgodon track followed,
lēston lārcwīde: obeyed his doctrine:
he lunge ēhōf, he raised at once,
wōde wīderhydīg, in language hostile,
weān onblonden: evil unmixed:
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

Hwaet ge sindon earne. ‘Lo ye are wretched
phier ealle menn, — above all men,
wadað wiflásas, ye tread wide ways,
weorn gëfæða — many ye travel
tæserendia : of laborious journeys:
ellaþegiges nû a stranger’s now—
bitan leodrihtte against the law of the land—
lärûm hýrað;
EÁDIGES ORHLYLTE doctrine ye obey :
ædeling cyðað ; deprived of blessing
secgæð sóðlice
Pæt mid suna metudes ye announce a prince;
drohtigen dégwmwlisc : ye say for truth
Pæt is dugum cûð that with the son of God
hwanon ðâm ordfruman ye converse daily:
ægelu oñwöcon it is well known to men
Whence your prince’s
He was hæled nobility arose.
ON pisse folsceare, He was brought up
Cildgeöng acenned in this district,
mid his ceneomagum : child-young-born
Pûs sindon hâten with his near relatives :
Hámsittende, thus are called
Fæder and módur, the home-dwellers,
Pæs we gefrægen habbað his father and mother,
Purh môdgemyn, as we have learned
Maria and Joseph ;
sindon him ægelum by remembrance of mood,
Ödere twegen
Beornas geborene Mary and Joseph ;
Bròðorsibum, to him in his family
Suna Josephes, are other twain
Simon and Jacob.
Swâ hleþrodon men born
Hælëða ræswan,
Dugoð dómgeorne, in brotherly
the sons of Joseph,
Simon and James.
Thus spake
the leaders of the people,
the ambitious rulers,
dyran þoht. they thought to hide
mætude mihte: the might of God:
mân eft gehwear, their sin returned,
yfel endeles, endless evil,
þær hit êr årás. thither, where it first arose.

Then the king departed
þegna hearra, the lord of men,
fram þám meðlestede, from the place of converse,
mihthum geswêðed, with power made strong,
dudgeça dryhten, the lord of princes,
æcan digol land: to seek a secret land:
he þurh wundra fæla he through many miracles
on þám westenne in the desert
through his power revealed,
þæt he wæs cyning on riht that he was justly king
osfer middangeard, over the world,
mægene geswêðed, with might strengthened,
waldend and wyrhta the ruler and creator
wuldorþrymmes, of glorious majesty,
ân ecge god one eternal God
eallra gesceafes: of all creatures:
swylce he ðóðerra also he other
unrim cyðe wondrous works

innumerable revealed
in the sight of men.

Siððan eft gewat Afterwards he returned
ðôrð stôð, a second time,
†getrunþ melc, with a great crowd,
þæt he in temple gestôð, until he stood in the temple,
wulðres aldor: the prince of glory:
†wordhelcðor ‡astâg the sound of words arose
geond heahrecc, through the high house,
háliges lâre; of the holy one’s lore;

synnige ne swulgon, . . . .

though he so many true
tácna gecnóde, tokens exhibited,
þær hie tóségon. while they looked on.
Swylice he wraetlice Also he a cunningly
wundortægræsene wondrously carved
†æntenesse image
engla sûra of his angels,
gesch, sigora freá beheld, the lord of victories,
on†seles†wage, on the wall of the room,
— — 1428 on both sides
on tาว healfé brightly adorned,
torhte gefrætwed, beautifully wrought.
wlítige geworhte.
he wordé cwæð: He spake with words:
‡is is æntenes ‘This is the image
†engeleynna of the races of angels
‡es bréme stan of the most celebrated
mid þam burgwarum amongst the inhabitants,
in þære ceastre is; in the town that is;
Cheruphim and Seraphim
they in the joys of heaven
are named;
— — 1440 before the face
‡a on swegeldreamum of the eternal lord
sindon nemned; the stout-hearted stand,
— — 1445 with their voices they praise,
fore‡onsyne with their holy songs,
— — 1450 the glory of heaven’s king,
écan dryhtnes the protection of God.
standað stigéðhe, Here is depicted
stefnum herigað, the form of the holy ones,
†áltgun†heòdrum, through might of hand
heofoncyninges þrym, upon the wall are carved
meotudes mundbyrd. the ministers of glory.’
Her†amearcród is
‡a húthgræ hw. Again spake with words
burh handmægen the Lord of hosts,
‡awiten on wealle the heaven holy-spirit,
wuldræ þegnas. 1455
— — —
ȳ. gen wordé cwæð
fore pam heremogene: before the multitude:
Nû ic bebede now I command
beácn ætwyn, a sign to be shown,
wundor geweordan, a miracle to be done,
on wera gemange: in the midst of men:
pæt þeós onlictuæn that this image
eordæanæce, shall seek the earth,
wlitig of wage, beauteous from the wall,
and word spreæc, and speak words,
sege sóxwìdum; say in phrases of truth;
þy scelorn gelyfan thereby shall believe
eorlas on cynde men in this country
hwæt mîn æcelosien. what my nobility is.'
Ne dorste þa forðyłman, Then dared it not conceal
hælendes bebod, the Saviour's command,
wundor fore weorodom, the miracle before the multi-
ac of wealle Æhleop tudes,
frōdrïyngegeweorc but from the wall leapt down
þæt he on foldan stôd, the venerable antique work
stân fram stône; so that it stood upon the ground,
steñ æfter cwom stone from the stone;
hlûd þurh heardne; after came a voice
þleðor þynede; loud through the hard one,
wordum wemde: the noise resounded;
wrætlic þæhte with words it blamed them:
stôhycgendum wondrous seemed
stânæælægin. unto the proud of heart
Sewe sauerdas the undertaking of the stone.
sweotolum tâcnum; It taught the priests
wittig werede, with manifest signs;
and wordæ cwæð: wittily it rebuked them,
Ge sind unliðe, and said with words:
earmægeþa, "Ye are rude,
searowum beswicene, of poor thoughts,
with snares deceived,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

or ye know no better,
marred in mind!
ye rebuke
God's eternal child, and him
who land and sea,
heaven and earth,
and the rough waves,
the salt sea streams,
and firmament aloft,
marked out
with his own hands.
This is the same
all-ruling God,
whom in days of old
your fathers knew:
he to Abraham
and Isaac
and Jacob
gave grace,
with wealth he dignified them,
with words he said to them,
first unto Abraham
the compact of his race,
that of his kin
born should
be the God of glory:
this wierd is among you
openly intelligible;
now may you with your eyes
see the God of victory,
the lord of the firmament.'
After these words
the multitude were astonished
through the wide hall,
they all were silent.
Then the eldest again began sinful to say, (the truth they acknowledged that it by magic arts was done, by glamour, that the bright stone spake before men. Wickedness blossomed in the men's breast. brand hōt malice boiled in their mind, grew hot the variegalled poison, all yellow. There was evident through their injurious word the faithless mood, the ill thought of the men with murder wound about. Then the king commanded the strong work to go the stone on the street, from the solid plain, and go forward, tread the earthway the green plains, God's errand in doctrines to lead into the district of Canaan, by the king's word; to command Abraham with his two descendants, from the earth cavern
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

Ærist fremman, 1560 to make resurrection,

lætan landreste, 1560 to leave their land-rest.
leoðolgradation, 1560 limbs to gather up,
gásti onfôn, spirit to take,
and geócycles hâdes
edniwinge; 1565 and of youth
andweard cuman,
fróde fyrnwoeton,
folce geçðan 85 (the pious ancient sages)

hwylcyn hie god mihtum whom they as God in might
ongiten hæfdon. 1570 had understood.

Gewát he þa fêran
swâ him freá mihtig
scippend were
nescrifen hæfde,
ofer mearcwaðu, 1575
þæt he on Membre becom
beorhtæ blêcan,
swâ him bebeâd meotud,
par þa lichoman
lange þrage, 1580
beâhsaðera hrâ
beheled wæron.
Hêt þa ðofslice
upâstandan
Habraham and Isaaç, 1585 Abraham and Isaac,
æcéling þriddan
Jacobs of greote,
tô godes geþinge,
95 Jacob from the sand,
tô godes geþinge,
sneôme of slêpe þâm faestan. speedily from their deep sleep.
Hêt hie tô þâm stöðigrywan, He bid them make ready for

faran tô freân dôme,— 98 go at the Lord’s command,
sceoldon hie þâm folce geçðan, they were to announce to the

hwâ set frumaceaste — 105 who in the beginning [people,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

first produced
the earth all green
and lofty heaven,
who the ruler were
that that work established.

Then dared they not delay
any longer
the word of the glorious king:
then went the three prophets
boldly to tread the march-land,
leaving the house of earth

they would at once proclaim
the father of creation's works.

Then was the people
terrified with fear,
when the nobles
glorified with words
the prince of glory.

Them then quickly commanded
the shepherd of power,
to their wealth of joy,
a second time
in peace to seek
the joys of heaven,
and there for ever
at will to enjoy them.

Now mayst thou hear,
dearest of men,
how he a multitude of miracles
in words proclaimed,
yet believed not
in his lore
the men blind of mood.

I know yet many
a great and mighty tale,
that the man performed,
the ruler of the heavens,
which thou canst not equal,
in thy breast comprehend,
wise of thought, as thou art."
Thus Andrew
the whole day long
praised in his discourse
the doctrine of the holy one,
until him suddenly
sleep invaded,
on the whale's path,
nigh to the king of heaven.
Then commanded to lead
the giver of life,
over the tumult of the waves
his angels,
in their bosoms to bear,
in the protection of the father,
the dear one peacefully
over the stronghold of the waves,
until the sea-weary
sleep invaded.
Through motion through the air
to land he came
unto the city,
which him the king of angels
then the messengers departed
joyfully on their upward way,
to visit their home.
They left the saint
by the highway.
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

swefan on sibbe, — 165
under swegles hleo,
blōne bidan, 1658
burhwealle neh,
his niðhetum,
niðlangenneyrst:
835 ond drýhten forlēt 1669
dēcgandelle
acīre sīcīnan:
sceadu sweðerodon
wōn under wōlncnum,
på com wederes blast. 1674
hādor heofonlēoma
ofēr hofu bītcan.
Onwōc þa wīges heard,
wang sceawode
840 fore burggeatun,
beorgas stēape
hleoðum hlifodon
ymbe hārne stān,
tigelfagan tāra,
torras stōdōn,
windige weallas. 1685
på se wīsoncneow
þæt he Marmedonia
mēgōc hēafde
845 stōge gesōhte,
swā him sylf bebeād,
þām him foregrēscraf,
féder mancynnes,
Gēseh he þa on greote
gingran sīne,
50 beornas beadurōfe, 1665
þrīhte him
851 swefan on sēpe. — 1697
slumbering in sleep.

VERC.

sleeping in peace,
under the vault of heaven,
joyfully abiding,

near the city wall,
his foes,
a whole night long:
until that the Lord permitted the sun
to begin:
darkness subsided
wan under the welkin,
then came the storm-blast,
the serene heaven-light
shining over the dwellings.
Then awoke the bold in war,
he observed the plain
before the city gates,
the steep hills
loftily impended about the hoary stone,
dwellings bright with tiles,
towers stood,

Then the wise man knew
that he of Marmedonia
had the land
in journey reached,
as he himself had commanded
who had predestined him,—
the father of mankind.
Then saw he on the sand
his disciples—
men famous in war—
before him
He soon began to wake the warriors, and in words he said:

"I may say to you, a recognizable truth, that us yesterday on the ocean-stream—over the realm of oars—a noble one conducted!

In the ship was the glory of kings, the ruler honored us;

I recognized his words, though he his beauty had concealed."

Him the noble ones answered, the young men with response, in the mysteries of spirit:

"We to thee Andrew joyfully proclaim our adventure,

that thou mayst thyself prudently understand it in the thoughts of thy spirit.

Us weary with the sea sleep invaded;

then came eagles over the fervor of the waves in flight, exulting in their wings, from us asleep

our soul they parted, with joy they conveyed it in flight through the sky,
brehtum blithe, — joyous with clamor,
bearhte and liðe, — bright and gentle,
lißum lufodon; — kindly they caressed it;
and hi lose wunedon and they in glory abode
þær wæs singal sang where was eternal song [ment,
and swegles gong, and the motion of the firma-
870 
and wulderes þreat: a beauteous throng of multi-
útan ymbe ædelne and glorious troop: [tudes
ænglas stódon, without, around the noble one
þegnas ymb þoden angels stood,
þusuendmælum: thanes around their prince
heredon on ðeó by thousands at a time:
hålgan stefne: they glorified on high
dryhtna dryhten; with holy voice
þæm wæs on hyhte; the Lord of lords;
875 we þær heahfdeoræs there was joy in hope;
þælge oncneðwon, there we the patriarchs
and martyr
mægen unlytel: holy recognized,
sungon sigedryhtne and of the martyrs
sæðfæstlic lóf, — no little power:
— — — — 1754 the Lord of Victory they sung
soothfast praise,
80 dugoð dómgeorne. they, noble lovers of justice.
Dær wæs David mid, There was David with them,
eádig oretta, the blessed champion,
Essages sunu, the son of Jesse,
880 for Crist cumen, come before Christ,
cyning Israhèla; the king of Israel;
swylce we geségon also we beheld
for suna metudes, before the Son of God,
æðelum fæcne, eternal in nobility,
þeow standan you to stand
guð twelfe getealde, twelve in number,
tírádige healða; heroes blessed with glory;
eów þegnodon — — — 1767 holy archangels
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

served you
sitting in glory:
well is it for those men
who those blisses
may enjoy!
There was the pleasure of glory,
the majesty of warriors,
noble beginning,
nor there had any one toil.
Misery shall be his lot,
punishment revealed,
who 4 those joys shall
be a stranger,
shall depart humiliated,
when from hence he goes."
Then was the mind
greatly pleased
of the saint in his breast,
after the discourse
of his disciples he heard,
in that God would them
so much regard
above all men,
and this word spake
the refuge of warriors:
“Now I, Lord God,
have understood
that thou upon the sea-street
wert not far from us,
Glory of kings,
when I mounted the ship;
though I on the sea-journey
the Prince of angels,
the Saviour of souls
could not recognize.
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

Weórð me nú milde— Be now merciful to me
meotud ælmihtig, O Almighty God,
blīc beorht cyning. blithe, bright king.
Ic on þrimstrēam spake many words;
spræc worda worn; now afterwards I know,
wætæfter nū, who me with honor
hwā me wyrðomund on the wood-boat
on wudubēt conveyed over the floods:
ferede ofer dūdas: that is the spirit of consolation
Ætt is frōtre gāst to the race of men;
hǣleða cynne; there is help ready— [one,
þēr is help gæarn mercy at the hand of the mighty
mīlts æt mǣrum, to every man
manna gehwylcnum speed of victory given,
sigorspēd gescaed, who seeketh it from him!"
þām be sæcēdō to him.

Dā hīmfore eāgum Then before his eyes
onsyne weard became visible
ædelingōðwēd a noble one revealed
in þā ilcan tid, in that same time,
cyningþcwētera gehwēs the king of all things living
þurhscnihtes hād. in the form of a youth.

Dā he wordē cwǣð, Then he spake in words,
wuldres alder: the Prince of Glory:
†Wēs þā Andreas hāl, "Hail to thee, Andrew,
†mid þās willgedryht, with this dear band,
fērōgeforde; rejoicing in spirit;
iċ þe frōðe healde, I will hold covenant with thee,
þēt þe ne mōtōn that for thee may not
†mānġenīðlan, the wicked enemies,
†grāmēgrynsmīðas, the fierce snare-makers,
gāste gesceðaran. thy soul:

Peōl þā tō foldan, He fell then to earth,
ē freōðo wilnode peace implored
wordum wīs hǣleo; the wise man with words;

Beowulf
his dear lord he asked:
“How could I do that,
Ruler of men,
sinning against the very
Saviour of souls,
that I thee, so good,
could not recognize
on our sea-journey,
where I of my words
spake before God
more than I ought?”

Him answered
Almighty God:
“Thou didst not
so great a sin,
as when thou in Achæa
madest denial,
that thou on distant ways
knewest not to go,
nor into the city
mightest come,
to hold the council;
of three nights
of the appointed time,
as I bid thee go
over the dash of waves;
now thou the better knowest
that I may easily
advance and further
every one
of my friends,
on any land
that may best please me;
arise now quickly,
at once understand my counsel,
beorn gebled sod, - 1053
swâ þe beorht fæder
reworc þu wuldrogifum 1075
to wîdan aldre,
craeste and mihte.
þære in þære eastré gyng, 1079
Thou go into the city,
under burglocan,
þær þin brôðor is. 1080
where thy brother is.
Wät ic Mathes
purh mæna hand
hrînan heorudolcum
heafod magan
searonetum beseted; 1085
þu hine secan scealt,
leófnæ ályfæ
of lâdra hete,
and cal þæt manegu
be him mid wunige
ælpeódigra
invitwæstranum,
bealuwe gebundene,
him sceal bût hrææ
weorcân in worulde, 1095
and in wuldra lêan,
swâ ic him sylfum þær
secgende wæs.
Nû þu Andreas scealt
edre genêðan 1100
firth with venture
in gramra gripe,
is þe gûd weotod
heardum heoruswengum,
sceal þin hrâ dælan,
wundum weorcân 1105
wættre gelcost,
faran flôde blôd ; 1107
thi blood shall flow in streams;
"
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

956 hie þin feorh ne magon 973 they thy life may not
deæge gedælan, deal to death,
þeh þu drypþpolie, though thou suffer stripes,
synnigraslage. the blows of the guilty.
Du þæt særþber, Do thou endure that sorrow,
me læt þelhweorfan let not turn thee away
hæðenra þrym the power of the heathen
grimþærgewinn, their javelin-clashing,
þæt þu gode swice, that thou shrink from God
dryhtne þinum. thy Lord.
Wes à dômes georn, Be ever emulous of glory,
læt þe on gemyndum keep in thy remembrance
hú þæt manegum wearð how that was among many
first gefrege men well-known
geond feala landa, throughout many lands,
pæt me þysemerdon, that me reviled,
bennum fæstne, bound fast with wounds,
weras wansælige; unblest men;
wordum tyrgodon, with words they abused me,
slögðon and swungon; they struck and scourged me;
synnige ne mihton sinful they might not
púrh sàrcwide through injurious speech
sód gecyðan, the truth make known,
pá ic mid lúdæum when I among the Jews
gealgan þéhte: the cross covered:
þæð wæs ásræd, the rood was reared,
pær rinca sum then a certain man
of minre sidan from my side
swát ðu forlét, let out the blood,
dreór tó foldan. the gore upon the ground.
Ic æðræð feala I suffered many
wrnþaþfer eordan; miseries on earth;
wolde ic éow on bon. it was my will for you thus,
púrh hitþne hyge, through my merciful mind,
þynþe onstellan. to set up an example,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

swa on telhebode — 1493
yweden wyrded.

Manige sindon 1485
in yisse mearan byrig
þara þe þe gehworefste
to heofonleode,

burh minne naman,
þeð hie morðenes feala 1990
in fyrdagum
gefremed habben.

Géwát him þa se halga
heofonas sæcan.

eallra cyningaleynig, 1585
bone cænan hám
kæmendum upp,
þær is är gelang.

fira gehwylcum
þam þe hie findan cann. 1980
Dà wæs gemyndig,
módgeþyldig,
beorn beaduwe heard;
eode in burh hraðe

Ánred oretta 1965
þenegeþyðred;
maga móde rôf,
meotude greowie,
stóp on strête;
stig wisode:
swà him näning gumena
ongitan ne mihte,
synfulra geseon;
hæde sigora weard

þam wangstede 1975
wére betolden

leófe leóðfruman,— 1977

as on this foreign land
shall be made manifest.
Many are there
in this famous city
whom thou shalt turn
to the light of heaven,
through my name,
though they much slaughter
in days of old
have done.”
Then departed the holy one
to seek the skies,
the King of all kings, to seek
the pure home
with happiness afloat;
where bliss is along
of every man
who can find it.
Then was mindful,
patient of mood,
the man stout in battle;
quickly went into the burgh
the stedfast champion
advanced with valour;
the man famous of mood,
faithful to his lord,
stepped on the street;
the road directed him:
so him none of men
might recognize,
none of the sinful see;
the lord of triumphs had
upon the plain
fenced with protection
the dear chieftain.
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

mid lofe stnum. — — — — —

Hæffe þa se ædeling

ingærunge,

Cristes cempa,
carcerne néh.

Geseh he heænre
hlöð ætægedere,
foere hlindura
hyrdas standan,
sefone ætæsomne:

ealle swylt fornam,

drong ældumæce,
dæþrea forfeng,
hæleð heorodreórig.

Dæ se hålgæ gehæd
bilwitne fæder,
þbreóstgehygdum
heredon hebaðo
heofoncyninges
godðryhten-dom.

Dura sónafornan

purh handhrine
hålges gæstes,
onð þær in eode
þelnes gemyndig,
hale hildedæor.
Hæðene swæfon

dreøre druncne,
deðswang rónon.
Geseh he Matheus
in þám mordorcofan,

hælað hygerofne
under heolstorlocan
secgan dryhtne lof,
dómweorðinga — — — — —

with his praise.

Then had the noble
pressed in,

Christ’s champion,
nigh unto the dungeon.

He beheld of the heathen
a troop together,

before the doors
watchmen standing,

seven together:
death tore them all away,
hapless they fell,

the death-rush clutched them,
a hero dropping blood!

Then the saint implored
the pious father,

in the thoughts of his breast
he praised on high
of heaven’s king,
of God the Lord the glory.

Soon he attacked the door
through hand-touch
of the holy ghost,

and entered there
mindful of valour,

the man a beast of battle.
The heathen slept
drunken with blood,

the death-plain they rode.

He saw Matthew
in the den of death,

the hero famous of mind
within the gloomy locks
singing praise to the Lord,
glory
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW. An 1026

1009

He þær anáset

to the King of angels.

1010

Geœum þecomor

He sat there alone

im þám gornhrofe.
sad of mind

Geseð þær under sweðle

in the cave of malice. [mament

swæðe and læferan,

He saw there beneath the far-
nis dear comrade,

hålíg háligne;
holy the holy one;

hyt wæs geniward.
hope was renewed.

Aras þá tógenes,

He arose then to meet him,

gode þancad

he thanked God

þæt þe hie onsunðe

that they each other in safety

sere móston

ever might

1015

geseön under sunnan;

behold beneath the sun;

sib wæs gemêne

peace was between

bám þam gebroðrum;

both the brethren,

blis edniwe;

joy renewed;

æghwæðer ðóerne

each the other

þæm þe beþehte.

with his arm embraced,

cyston hie and ðlynpton;

they kissed and clipped each

Criste wæron begun

to Christ were both [other;

ledae on móde.
dear in mood.

Hie leóht þymbscán

The light shone round them

hålíg and heofonforht,
holy and heaven-bright,

þreðer innan wæs

the breast within

wynnum swelled.
sobbled with joy.

Dā wordē ongan

Then with words began

Æres Andreas

Andrew first

æðine læferan,
his noble comrade,
on ðlusorcleofan
in the prison-house

mid cwiðe synum,
with his word,
greţan godþyrhtne;
to greet, the fearer of God;
sæde him güþgœþingu;
he told him the compact of war,

– 1015

rehtan þara monna;
the battle of the foes:

ña is þm folc on luste
"Now doth thy people desire

hæleð hider on * * 2017
the heroes hither * *
60 THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

1027 * * gewyrht... 2014 * * *

earde neōsan. 2050 their native land to seek.

Æfter þissum wordum 2055 After these words
wuldres þegnas,

begyn þe gebrosor 2056 the servants of glory,
tó gebede hyldon,

sendon hira bêne 2065 bent down to prayer,

— 30 before the Son of God,

fore bearn godes, also the holy one
swylce se hâlga
in þâm hearmlocan

1030 his god grætæ, 2060 in the place of torment
and him geoce bæd, addressed his God,
hælend helpe
ærpon hra ærune
fore hæœenra
hildeprymme;

— 35 oند på gleædde 2065 and then led forth
of leodobendum, from the fetters,
frâm þâm fæstenne from the prison
on frið dryhtnes,

1035 tâ and hundteontig into the Lord’s protection,
geteled rîme,

1040 swylce feowertig 2070 two and a hundred
told by number,

— 38 * * *

— 39 generede fram nīðe. also forty
Dêr he néninge forlet saved from malice.

1045 under burglocan 2075 There he left not one
bendum fæstne,

— 41 ne þêr wifja þå gyt, under the city-locks
weorodes tō-eácan, fast in bonds,

42 1040 þænes wana nor yet of the women,

1042 * * 2080 the increase of the troop,

1042 * * pe fiftig... 2082 * * fifty

wanting one
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

forhte gefreondode; - 2083 from terror freed;
faegn wearon stodes, 2085 glad were they of their journey,
lungre leordon, 2086 quickly they departed,
nalas leng bidon 2087 not longer did they await
in þam gnornhœfe 2088 in the house of sorrow
guðgeþingo.

Gewæt þa Matheus 2090 the settlement of war.
menigo lēdan 2090 Then Matthew went
ton gehyld godes, 2091 to lead the multitude
swā him se hālga beæðd, 2092 as the holy one commanded,
weorod on wilsteð 2093 his troop on their welcome
welcnum beþehte, 2094 concealed by a cloud, [journey
þæt læs him scyldhātan 2095 lest him the accusers
scyðdan cōmon 2096 might come to injure
mid earhsfare, 2097 with sending round of the arrow,
þældgeþelban. 2098 their old foes. [gether

Dār þa mōdigan mid him 2100 There the courageous ones to-
maþel gehedon, 2100 held converse,
treowgeþīftan, 2101 the true comrades, [another. 2102
er hieþon tu hweorfon. 2102 ere they departed from one
Ægðer þara corla Each of the men
ðormum试行ede 2105 confirmed in the others
heofonrīces hyht, 2106 the hope of heaven’s kingdom,
belle witu with words kept off.
wordum werede. 2107 So the warriors with them,
Swā þa wigend mid him, 2108 the men noble of mood,
hælæ hygerōfæ, 2110 with holy voices,
hålgmum stefnum 2111 the choice champions
cempan coste glorified the king
cyning weorðodon 2112 the ruler of fates,
wyrða waldend, 2113 of whose glory shall not
þæs wuldres ne þe 2114 ever in the ages among men
sēfre midþeldum 2115 the end be comprised.
ende befangeten.

Gewæt him þa Andreas - 2117 Then went Andrew
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

inn on ceastre. - - - 2118 into the city.

1060 gladmód gangan, glad of mood, [cruel ones.
tó þæs þē gramra gemót, shither where he a meeting of the
fāra folcmaegen. a general assembly of the foes,
1061 gefraegen hēfde; had heard of;
őðæt he gemètte until he found
be mearcpæde by a border-path
standan strēte neða. standing near the road
1062 stapul Ærenne. a brazen pillar.

- 65 Geseæ him þā be healfe, He sat him there beside,
hēfde hluttre lufan, pure love had he,
1065 eæc upgemynd, eternal remembrance of heaven,
englalblisse; the bliss of angels;
þanon basnode thence he awaited
under burhlocañ within the city's enclosure
hwæt him guðweorcæ what deed of warfare

gifææe wurde. should befall him.

- 38 þæone hildfrecan, Then collected
 tô þæs þē hæftas Ær their wide bands
1070 wælæsra werod; the leaders of the people
wæpnum cómon unto the fortress,

- 34 under hinscůwan the troop of false ones;
1071 hærm þröweðan, with weapons came
Wendon and woldon, the heathen warriors, [fore
widerhycgende because their captives there be-

- 14 bæt hie on elnecðigum in the dark shadow
1072 ðet geworhton. had suffered anguish.

- 17 weotude wiste; They thought and would,
1075 him seó wæŋgefleah, apostates as they were,
sīðcan mid ðorðre since with their troop
1076 carcernes dura. the prison-doors
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

1075

eorere...rescerend...—...2163
opene fundon,
onhliden...hamerátrewerec...
hirdas...deáde. 2166

1080
Hiere...unhydige
eft gecyrdon
luste belórène,
láßspell beran; 2160
sægdon...pám...folce
pæt...pær...ferrcundra,
ellreordigra.
ënigne...tó...lása
in carcerne 2165
cwtnne...ne...métton;
ac...pær...Theorodreónige
hirdas...légon
1085
gásne...on...gredète,
gäste...berofene
fægra...fæsamahan.
pá...wearg...forht...manig
for...pám...færspelle
folces...ræswa,
heánhygegrémor,
hungres...on...wénem
blátes...bédgesysta;
nyston...beteran...ræd
1090
ponne...hie...pá...behlídenan
him...to...lifnere
geformedon;
þurpegegnum...wearð
in...áne...tíd
callum...æteomne
burh...heard...gelác
hildbedd...styréd. 2185

1095
Dá...ic...lungre...gérzægn...—...2187
Then I learned at once

the fierce spear-bearers
found open,
undone the work of hammers,
dead the keepers.
They then sad-minded
back returned
deprived of their desire,
to bear sad tidings;
they told the people
that of the strangers there,
the foreigners,
not one remaining
in the prison
alive they found;
but there bloody
the keepers lay
sly on the sand,
of life deprived
the carcases of the slain.
Then was terrified many
a leader of the people
at the sudden news,
shamed, sad of mood,
in expectation of hunger
a pale guest at the table;
they knew no better counsel
then the said
in the support of their own lives
to feed on;
for the doorkeepers was
in one hour
for all at once
through hard fortune
the deathbed spread.
that the people together
the citizens were summoned;
the men came,
a troop of warriors
riding on horses
proudly on steeds,
counselling together,
proud with their spears.
Then was together
in the public place
the people collected;
they let between them
the lot decide,
which of them first
should to the rest
for food
his life give up;
they cast lots with hellish power
before the heathen gods,
they counted between them.
Then went the lot
even over one
of the old comrades,
who was a councillor
to the princes of the nobles,
a leader of the host;
soon was he
fast bound in fetters
without hope of life.
Then called out the fierce-
with sad speech, [minded man
said he his own son
would give
into the general power,
his young offspring,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

Hic pā lāc hrāsē

bidon to bance;

pēod was oflysted,

metes môdgeómre,

nēs him to môdme wynn

hyht to hordgestreónum,

hungrē wērōn

pēarlēgbreōtōd,

swā se pōdscesoā

hreōw riscode.

pā wēs rinc manig,

guēfrec gumā,

ymb pēs geōgan feorh

breōstum onbryrdē,

tō pam bēadulēce;

wēs pēt wēstācēn

wīdegēfrege,

geond pā burh bōdād

beorne manegum,

pēt hie bēs cnihtēs cwealn

cōrōs gesōhtōn

dugōdē and kōgoād,

dēl onfēngōn

līfes tō leofne.

Hic lungre tō pās,

hǣcēne heaergwēardās,

hēre samnōdon

cesterwarenā;

çyrm upp āstāh.

pā se geōnga ongann

geōmran stefēnē,

gehafted for herige,

hearmūnēs galān,

freōnda flēasceaf

VERC.
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

Friðes wilian; - - 2268 to beg for mercy;
Iú 1130 ni míhte earmsceapen
Arendan; 2269 nor might the poor wretch
1131 freðe et þám folce,
be him feores wolde
2270 find pity [people,
+ tealdres geunnan;
haefdon ðæglæcan
2271 or peace at the hands of the
+ scece gesóhte,
scelde sweorde ecg,
which would life
+ sceolde swéordes ecg,
scop and scóarheard,
of sceána folme,
1135 Frymaelum fæg,
feorh æscigan.
Dā þæt Andrea 2275 chosen hostility,
earlíc bæhte,
þeðhealo þearlic
to geholianne;
þæt he swá unscyldig
Þældre sceolde
sceolde
2276 the sword's edge should,
lungre linnan.
Wære se leódhete
2277 sharp and hard with scouring,
þrótheard . . . . . .
þrymman scéócgon
2278 from the hands of the foe,
módige maguþegnas
þorðres on luste, - - 2
2279 variegated with marks of fire,
woldon sëninga
þeþelranfe,
on þám hysebeorðere
2280 seek out the life.
heafolancæcænan,
garum ætædan;
hine god forstód
1145 hálig of healdo 2289 The general hate was
haðænum folce;
hét wepane wéra,
1147 wexe gellcóst, - - 2292 savage . . . . . .
hæð for on the east, male birth, male child
had the skin wound,
the wretches had
and with javelins pour out;
against the heathen people;
holy from above
he commanded the weapons of
the men,
on þam orlege

eal|formeltan,
þæ þæs scyldhatan
sceafdan mihton,
-50	łę|ondsacan
ecg| pryðum.
1150 Swá weard álýsed
of leódhete
geóng of gyrne;
gode ealles þanc
dryhtna dryhtne,
þæs þæ he dóm gifte

gumena gehwylcum
þára þæ geóce|to him
-55
geóce mid snytrum;
þær bið symle gearu
freónd unhyllin
þám þæ hie findan eann.
þá wæs wóþ|hæfen
in wera burgum,
-58
hú|m heriges cyrm,
hré|friccan, -
méndon meteleláste,
méðe stódon
hungre gehæfte.
Hornsalu wunedon
wéste wínæced.
welán ne benohton
beornas to brúcanne
on þa bitran tíd;
†gesétan saearuþancle
sundor to rúne
†ermðu|cahtigan,
næs him to cóle wynn;
†régna þæ gelóme
-1165
in the onset
all to melt away,
lest the foes
might injure him,
the terrible apostates
with the edges of swords.
Thus was rescued
from the popular hate
the youth from his misery;
all thanks be to God
the Lord of lords,
because he giveth justice
to every man
that aid from him
wisely seeketh;
there will be ever ready
an eternal friend
for him who can find him.
Then was weeping uplifted
in the towns of men,
the loud outcry of the host,
heralds shouted,
they moaned the famine,
weary they stood
with hunger bound.
The spired halls remained
the winehouses empty,
wealth needed not
the men to enjoy
in that bitter tide;
the wise of thought sat
apart in council
their misery to investigate,
they had no pleasure in the
then often asked
one warrior the other;
"Let him not hide it who hath
a beneficial counsel,
wisdom in mind!
Now is the occasion come,
an immeasurable plague;
now is it very needful
that we of the wise
the words should obey!"
Then before the chiefs
a devil appeared,
wan and colourless
he had the look of one accursed.
Then began to point out
the prince of murder,
the hate of hell,
the holy man,
with hostile thought
and these words said:
"Hither is come
from a long way off
a noble
into the city,
a stranger,
whom I Andrew
heard call;
he has given you
when he bore away
from your fortress
more of men
than was right;
now may you readily
the strange deeds
avenge upon the doer;
let... the spur
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

iron hard of edge,
the dwelling of life,
the soul-hoard of the mortal;
go boldly
that ye your adversary
from his war may subdue."

To him then Andrew
gave answer:

"Lo thou impudently
teachest the people,
encourageth them to strife,
knowest that thy death of fire
is hot in hell,
and yet leadezt a host,
a troop to battle;
thou art a foe to God
the Lord of glories.

Lo! thou shaft of the devil
increasest thy misery,
wherein thee the Almighty
humble bent down,
and created the darkness
where the King of kings
with chains did load thee,
and thee ever since
Satan have called
they who the Lord's law
could judge."

Yet the adversary
taught with words
the people to the contest,
with hostile craft:

"Now ye hear
the foe of your people,
who to this host the greatest
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

harm hath done. That is Andrew
who raileth on me
with cunning words
before the multitude of men!"
Then was the signal given
to the inhabitants;
bold in war they leaped forth
with the clamour of a host,
and to the wall-gates
the warriors thronged,
with a mighty troop
to the onset,
with points and shields.
Then spake with words
the Lord of hosts,
God strong in might
said unto his servant:
"Thou shalt Andrew
accomplish a deed of valour,
shrink not thou from the mul-
but thy mind
strength against the strong:
the time is at hand
when thee the savages
with torments will afflict,
manifest thyself,
harden thy mind,
confirm thy heart,
that they in thee my
power may recognize;
they may not and must not
against my will
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

After these words came a measureless multitude, criminal lore-smiths with the ensign of shields angry of mood they quickly bore out and then the holy man's hands they bound. Then was revealed the joy of princes, and they him present with their eyes might behold victorious.

There was many a man upon the fatal plain lusting for war, among the leaders of the people; little cared they what their reward should after be. Then bid they lead him over the country to drag him bit by bit, the angry foes, as they most furiously could devise; savagely they dragged him through mountain-caverns about the stone-hills,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

harden of mind,
even as far as
the roads lay before them,
the antique work of giants,
within the towns [stones.
the street variecoloured with
The storm uprose
above the city dwellings,
no little uproar
of the heathen band;
the body of the saint was
with sore wounds sodden,
with blood steamed,
the bone-house was broken,
blood flowed in waves
hot from the gore,
yet had he within
a courage unwavering;
the noble mind
was sundered from sin,
although he so much pain
through deep and wounding
was doomed to bear. [blows
Thus was the whole day long
until the evening came
the star-bright one beaten;
pain went backwards and for-
wards
about the breast of the man,
until that bright departed
the sun splendid in the firma-
to glide to its setting. [ment
Then people led
their hated foe
unto the prison,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

yet was he to Christ dear in mood;
light was his thought
holy near his heart
a mind unbroken.
Then was the saint
in the shadow of darkness,
warrior hard of courage,
the whole night long
with various thoughts beset;
snow bound the earth
with winter-casts,
cold grew the storms
with hard hail-showers,
and rime and frost,
the hoary warriors,
locked up the dwellings of men
the settlements of the people;
frozen were the lands,
with cold icicles
shrank the water's might,
over the river-streams
the ice made a bridge
a pale water-road.
Bliithe of heart abode
the steadfast man
mindful of valour,
bold and heard of courage
in his misery
throughout the cold winter
never in his mind ceased he,
in fear for the terror,
as he before began,
ever in the worthiest manner
to praise the Lord,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

to glorify him in words,
until the gem of glory
bright in the heaven impended.

Then came the troop of heroes
to the dim caves
with no little power,
greedy of slaughter to go
with the tumult of host.

They commanded quickly
to lead out the noble
into the power of foes,
the stedfast hero.

Then was he as before
the long day through
beaten with wounding blows;
the blood bubbled in waves
through the bone-chest,
the blood in the liver swelled
with hot gore;

the body thought not of work
weary with wounds.

Then came the ring of weeping
through the man's breast
saint to proceed,
the stream bubbled in waves,
and he said in words:
"Behold now, God my Lord,
my condition,
O joy-giver of hosts!

Thou knowest and understand-
every man's
the sorrowful times!

I believe in thee,
Lord of my life,

that thou mild-hearted,
The Legend of St. Andrew.

for thine megen'spedum, for thy great power,
nerigend fira saviour of men
næfre wille, never wilt,
écæ ælmhtig, eternal almighty God,
anforlætan; desert me;
swa ic þæt gefremme, so will I accomplish that,
þenden feorh leofaþ as long as my life endureth
myn on moldan; on earth;
ðæt ic, meotud, þinum that I, O God, thy
lærum leófwendum dear doctrines
lytigeswice; will not shrink from;
þa eart gescyldend thou art a defence
wæs sceadæan wæpnum, against the weapons of foes,
éce cædfruma, eternal prince of joy,
ellum þinum. for all thy servants!

Ne læt nú bysürían Now let not revile
banan mancyndnes, the murderers of men,
facnes frumbearn, first-born of crime,
burh seóudescræft through hostile craft,
leahnrum belecgan with crimes oppress
þa þin lóf berað. them that bear thy praise!"
Dâ þær ætýwde Then there appeared
se atola gást, the foul spirit,
wråð wærlæga; the fierce warlock;
wigend lærde he guided the warriors
for þam heremegene, before the hostile force,
helle dióful hell's devil
dæwerged in witu, cursed in torments,
and þæt word gecwæd: and spake the word:
Sleáð synnigne “Smite the sinner
öfer seolofes núð, over his own mouth,
folcsc gewinnan, the people's foe,
nú tó feala reordāð. now he speaketh too much!”
þa wæs orlege Then was the onset
eft unhrérd again commenced
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

1305 niwan stefne, 2607 with a new voice,
ntō upp ārās  malformed
nið sunne gewāt 2610 malice again arose
štō sete glidan, until the sun went
under niðan nēs; gliding to its setting,
nihelmade, under the dark promontory;
† brun-wann oferbrēd night covered over,
beorgas steāpe, brown, wan, it overspread
and se hālga wēs the steep mountains,
tō hōf lādēd, and the holy one was
10 deōr and dōngeorn led to the house,
in þæt dimme ræced; dear and virtuous
sceal þonne in neādocan to the dim dwelling;
in nihtlangne fyrst there he must in misery’s bonds
wārfeast wunian the whole night long
wic unsēfre. steadfast inhabit

2623 Then came with seven more
hāc cōm seofona sum a foul dwelling.
tō sele georgan

2625 atol Æglēca,
yfelā gemyning,

2630 morēres mānfreā
myrce gescyrded,
dōseful dēōrēow

dugūsum bereāfod. bereft of virtue.

2635 Ongan tō þām hālgan
hospword sprecan:
Hwēt hogodest þu, Andreas,
† hidercyme þinne
on wrādra geweald. of thy coming hither

2640 Hwēt is wuldor þīn into the power of thy foes?
pe þū oferhygdum What is thy glory
upp ārērdest, that in thy pride

† þū goda ussa then thou liftedst up,
gilpgēnægdest; when thou of our gods

2641 hafast nū þē Ænum the glory wouldst humble;
now hast thou on thyself
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

brought all
the land and people,
as thy teacher did.

he set up kingly pretensions,
who was named Christ,
over all the earth
as long as it was allowed him;
him did Herod
deprive of life;

he overcame in war
the king of the Jews,
deprived of his realm,
and fastened him on a rood,

So do I now command
my sons
my strong thanes
to humble thee
his disciple in war.

Let the javelin-point,
the arrow stained with poison,
dig into
the life of the doomed one;
go boldly
that ye the warrior's
pride may bow!"

They were fierce,
soon they rushed on
with greedy grappling;
God stood before him
steadfastly guiding him
through his mighty power.

After they recognized
of Christ's rood
the mighty token
terrified they became,
and into the contest; attack
and thrown into flight.
Then again began as before
the old fiend,
hell's captive,
to sing a mournful song:

How befell it you so bold,
my warriors,
my shield-comrades, [little?]
that your success has been so
one wretched one
made answer,
a varicoloured fiend,
and thus addressed his father:
“We cannot him at all
afflict with pain,
with death by our snares;
go thither thyself,
there wilt thou before thee
find war,
a savage contest,
if at all thou darest
against the solitary
wager thy life!
We may easily
dearest of urs,
at the play of men
teach thee better,
before thou again
attempt war,
the rush of battle;
guard thyself the better
in the change of blows.
Let us go again
and revile
him fast in bonds,
let us twit him with his misery;
we have words ready
against the wretch
all arranged!
Then called
with a loud voice
the stained with torments,
and these words spake:
"Thou Andrew
with juggling craft
hast long been conversant:
lo thou many people
hast deceived and seduced!
Now mayst thou no longer
have power over thy work,
to thee such grim torments
are adjudged according to thy acts;
thou shalt, weary of mood,
degraded and hopeless,
suffer wretchedness,
sore death;
my warriors
for the battle-play
are ready,
who thee altogether
in deeds of valour
will in little time
of life deprive;
who is so mighty
throughout the earth
as to release thee
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

from thy fetters,
of the race of men
against my will?"
Him then Andrew
an answer gave:
"Lo easily may save me
Almighty God
the saviour of men,
yore
who thee in wretchedness of
fastened
with fiery fetters,
where thou ever since
bound down in torment,
hast dwelt in misery,
hast been deprived of glory;
since thou despisedst
the word of Heaven's King,
(there was the beginning of evil,
never the end
of thy misery shall be !)
 thou shalt for ever
increase thy wretchedness;
to all eternity
from day to day
harder shall be thy condition!"
Then was driven to flight
he who the feud of yore
readily against God
had grimly undertaken.
Then at twilight came
with early day
a troop of heathens
 to visit the holy one
with a host of men;
they bid lead out
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

prothheardne þegn; the courageous thane
þriddan side; for the third time;
woldon åninga they would entirely
tellenrôses the bold man's
môt gemiltan; mood subdue;
hit ne mihte swâ. so it might not be!
þa wæs neówinga Then was anew
nið onhrêred malice excited
heard on hete, hard in hatred,
grim wæs se hâlga wer fierce was the holy man
sære geswungen, with wounds smitten,
searwum gebunden, with fetters bound,
dolgbennum þurhdrifên, as long as day gave light.
benden dag lyhte.

Ongan þæs geðormôd Then sad of mood he began
tô œodecleopian to cry to God
heard of hæfte, hard from his captivity,
hâlgan stefne; with holy voice;
weôp wērîgferð weary of his life he wept
and þæt word gecwæð: and spake the word:
Næfre ic gefêre "Never did I experience
mid freán willan, by the Lord's will,
under heofonhwealfe, under the vault of heaven,
heardran drohtnoð, a harder treatment,
- 5 þær ic dryhtnes & where I the law of the Lord
dèman sceolde; should judge;
sînt me leod tôlocen, my limbs are loosed,
îc sære gebrocnen, my body broken with pains,
bêhneôs blôdfag, my bone-house stained with
benna weallaf, my wounds bubble, [blood,
seôno-dolgwâtige. my sinews sweating blood!
Hwæt þu sigora weard, Lo! thou Lord of victory,
þryhten hêlênd, Lord Saviour,
on dæges tide in the day-time
mid Iudêum amongst the Jews

VERC.
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

1410  geometor wurde,  -  -  2816  wert sorrowful,
1411  þæ þu of gealgan,  when thou from the cross,
     god lîfgende  thou living God
1410  ðyrnweorca freá,  2820  Lord of creation,
     tō fæder cleopodest,  calledst to the Father,
     cyninga wuldor,  glory of kings,
     and cwæðe þus:  and thus didst say:
     Þæ, fæder engla  Father of angels I thee
     frîgnan wille,  will ask,

-15  ðifes legþtruma,  2825  O Prince of life,
     hwæt forlæst þu me?  why hast thou forsaken me?
     and ic nû þry dagas  and now for three days I
     þolian sceolde  must suffer
     wælgrim witu?  savage torments?
1415  bidde ic weoroda god  2830  I pray thee God of hosts
     þæt ic ðæst minne  that I my life
     ðgifan môte,  may yield up,
     swælþæstigifan,  O joy-giver of souls,
     on þines sylfes hand!  into thine own hand!

-20  þa þæt gehête  2835  Thou didst promise that,
     þurh þin hálig word  by thy holy word,
     þa þu ús twelþe  when thou us twelve
     trynnman ongonne,  beganst to confirm,
1420  þæt us heterísfra  2840  that us our enemy's
     þild ne gesceóde,  war should not injure,
     nê lîces dêl  nor divorce from life
     lungre oðdeode,  ever affect us,
     nê sinu ne bân  nor sinew nor bone
     on swæde lagon,  on swathe should lie,

-25  nê loc of heófde  2845  nor lock from our heads
     tō forlore warded,  be lost,
     gif we þine lâre  if we thy lore
     læstan wolde.  would perform.

1425  Nû sint sionwe tōslowen,  2850  Now are my sinews crampt,
1424  is min swât áðroven,  now is my blood sprinkled,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

throughout the land there lie
my driven locks
my hair upon the ground;
to me is death itself
much dearer
than this life-care!"

Him then a voice addressed
proudly thinking,
the King of glory's
word resounded:
"Weep not thy wretchedness,
dearest friend,
too hard it is not for thee;
I hold thee in peace
in my protection,
with strength set thee about;
to me is power over all
and glory of victory given!

Truly that shall exhibit
the multitude in our reckoning
on the great day,
that it shall happen
this beauteous creation,
shall fall together,
ere be removed
any word
which I through my mouth
have once spoken.
Behavior now thine own track,
where thy blood poured forth
through the breaking of bones
a bloody path,
the body's spots,
nothing worse to thee
through stroke of darts
may do
they who the worst of hard
harms inflicted on thee!"
Then looked behind him
the dear champion,
after these words
of the King of glory;
he saw blowing
bowers stand,
laden with blossoms
where he before his blood had
Then spake with words
the refuge of warriors:
"Thanks be to thee and praise
Ruler of nations
for ever and ever
glory in the heavens,
that thou me in anguish,
my glorious Lord,
like a stranger
hast not deserted!"
Thus the prince
praised the Lord
with holy voice,
till the serene constellation
wondrous bright departed
again to set.
Then the leaders of the people
for the fourth time,
fierce apostates,
led the noble
to the dungeon;  [power,
they would the thought of
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

1663 magorædendes  2920 the councillor's
mød oncyrnan      mood turn back.
on hære deorc an niht. in the dark night.
på com dryhten

-65 in þæt hlínscæced into that cavern-house
hælæða wuldor, glory of men,
and þâ wine sinne and there his friend
wordum grëtte, with words he greeted,
and frófre gecwæð; and promised comfort;
fæder mancynnes, the Father of mankind,
lifes læreow. teacher of life,

hëht his lichoman commanded his body
hâles brûcan: Ne scealt þâ to enjoy safety:
in hendum â leng "Thou shalt no longer in the

-70 seardœbbendra of these armed men
sâr prôwian. sorrow suffer!"
Arâs þâ mægene róf, sægde Then rose the famed for
strength, he said

meotude þanc, thanks to God,
hâl of hæfte, whole from his captivity,
heardra wíta; of the savage torments;
næs him gewemmed wíte neither was his beauty injured,
ne wíð of hraegle nor a fringe of his garment
lungre álýsed, even loosened,
ne loc of hæsfde, nor a lock of his head,
né bæng brrocen, nor a bone broken,
néblôdig wund nor bloody wound
licgelenge, belonging to his body,
né lôcês dæl nor any evil

1475 purh dolgsleæge through wounding-blow
dreôre bestêmed; with blood bestainted;
æ was eft swâ år but he was again as before
purh þâ sæðlan miht through that noble might
lof lêdendæ, giving praise,

-79 and on his lice trum. - 2953 and in his body whole.
Lo! I now awhile

the lore of the saint

the praise of songs

because I wrought

in words have spoiled,

an evident fortune!

beyond my power.

Much is it to say,

da tedious task,

what he endured in life

all in succession;

that must a more learned

man on earth

than I repute myself

invent in spirit, [knoweth

who from the beginning

all the sufferings

that he courageously endured,

of fierce wars.

Yet will I still

in little fragments

words of song

further relate.

It was said before

how he a multitude

of torments endured

of hard onsets

in the heathen town.

He saw by the wall

wondrous fast

upon the plain

mighty pillars

columns standing,

driven by the storm,

the antique work of giants.
He with one of them mighty and strong of mood, mad wilful and mad troth, made him mild, and so he was. He was with a man who was wondrous and wondrous prudent, who raised at once the word:  

"Hear thou marble stone,  
fore has on the heave ther,  
and the greatest of hosts  
and all creatures their face.  
Neat, and the wondrous  
and with the greatest of hosts  
and all creatures their face.  
Neat, and the wondrous  
and with the greatest of hosts  
and all creatures their face.  
Neat, and the wondrous
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

meotud mihtum swīð. 3024 the Lord mighty of power
Moyse sealde; 3025 gave thee to Moses;
swā hit sōðfæste as it the soothfast
sīðnan healdon since maintained
mōdige magofegnas, the bold servants,
magas ñīne, his own tribe,
godfyrhtne guman, 3030 god-fearing men,
Josua and Tobias.
Nū þa miht geecnāwan Joshua and Tobias.
þæt þe cyning engla Now mayst thou acknowledge
gefrætwode that thee the King of angels
þurður miclē adorned
þgiofum geardagum much more
þonne eall gimmatynn with gifts in days of yore
þurh his hālige hās. than all the kinds of gems
Þū scealt hreæde cyðan, through his holy command.
þif þa his londgitan Thou shalt speedily show
þægna hæbbe. if thou understanding of him
Næs þa wordlætu have any."
wiht þon māre
þæt se stan tōgan, There was no delay
stream út āweoll, more than
fleow ofer foldan, that the stone split open,
þamige walcan the stream bubbled forth,
þirdēde eordān; it flowed over the ground,
þiclade mereflōd, the foaming billows
meodulscerpen wearð at break of day
ærstē symeldēge; covered the earth;
slēpe tōbrēgdon the sea-flood increased,
searuhebende; the mead was spilled up
sund grunde onfēng after the day of feasting;
dēope gedrēfde; from sleep burst up
dugurð wearð āfyrhted the warriors;
purh þæs flōdes fēr; the sea seized on the earth
þro' the sudden onset of the
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

1538  Æge swultron  Æge on geofene,
1540  guðæs fornæm  þurh scealtæg swæg;

3040  þæt wæs þægbyrðen
biter þærpeod;
bylas ne ðælond,
þæg þær þægnes,
þær wæs þægum genð
fæm ðæges orde
þæg þæg sōna gearu!
Weox wætres þrym,
weras cwanedon,
calde æscberend,
þæg him ú myne
fælæn fealne stream,
wælon þeore beorgan,
þæg dunscæfum
drohtod sēcān.
1540  corðan andwist;
him þæt engel forstöd
se ða burh ofberbraegd
plæcan ðæge
hátan heoþowælme;
hreðh wæs þærinne
bætende brim,
ne mihte beorna hlōð
of þæm fæstenne
fleamæ spowan;
1546  wægas weoxon,
wadu hlynsodon,
flægung fyrngnæstas,
flæg ðæm wælend;
þær wæs þægynde
innan burgum—

3060  the destined perished
young in the ocean,
the war-rush carried them away
through the tumult of the salt
wave;
that was a sorry burthen,
a bitter service of beer;
the butlers delayed not,
the attendant thanes,
there was for each enough
from break of day
of drink prepared!
Waxed the water’s power,
the men lamented,
the old warriors,
they desired to escape
to fly from the yellow stream,
they would save their lives,
in mountain caverns
seek a refuge;
the support of the earth;
them an angel withstood
who spread abroad over the
town
hot warlike floods;
fierce was therein
the beating sea,
nor might the troop of men
from their fastness
succeed in flight;
the waves waxed,
the torrents roared,
fire-sparks flew aloft,
the flood boiled with its waves;
there might easily be found
within the dwellings.
a song of sorrow sung,
a song of sorrow sung,

misery bemoaned,

many a spirit terrified,

the death-song sung!

The terrible fire

was visible to the eye,

the fierce war-offspring,

the horrible noise!

Flying through the air

the blasts of fire

overwhelmed the walls;

the waters increased.

Then was the cry of men

heard afar off,

the wretched tumult of mortals;

there then began one

a wretched man

to gather the people,

humble, sad of mind

weeping he spake:

"Now ye yourselves

the truth may acknowledge,

that we unjustly

the stranger

in the prison

loaded with chains,

with bonds of torment;

us doth fate pursue

hard and grim in hate.

* * that is so known,

is it much better,

as I the truth repute,

that we release him

from his limb-bonds,

all unanimously,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

the sooner the better,
and for us from the saint
implore help
aid and comfort;
soon ready for us will be
peace after our sorrow
if we seek it at his hands.

There then to Andrew
became known
in his heart
the bearing of the people,
that there was of the haughty
the power bent,
the glory of the warriors;
the waters enveloped them,
the mountain-torrent flowed,
the flood had its pleasure
until it overtopped the breast,
the boiling sea,
above men’s shoulders;
then the noble commanded
the water-course to be still,
the storms to rest
about the hills of stone;
out quickly stepped he
bold and firm of mind,
his prison he relinquished,
prudent and dear to God.
For him was soon
through the stream’s course
a passage made;
serene was the plain of victory,
at once was dry
the earth from the flood,
where his foot stepped.
The inhabitants were blithe of mood,
in spirit rejoicing.
Then was come forth comfort after sorrow,
the ocean subsided
through the saint's command,
the storm gave up its rage,
the sea-road stopped,
then clove the hill
a fearful cavern
and there let in
the flood to be embraced,
the yellow waves
the pouring commotion
the abyss swallowed up;
yet not the wave
alone he plunged beneath,
but also of the host
the worst,
the eminent villains,
fourteen
departed with the wave
into destruction
under the abyss.
Then was terrified
and afraid many a spirit
among the people,
they thought and *
the slaughter of the men
of severe conditions;
fales
a smaller-period,
since the stained with crime
the guilty of murder,
the war-players,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

rested under the ground.

They then unanimously
all said:

“Now is it visible
that a true God
King of all creatures
powerfully governeth,
who this messenger
hither hath sent
for a help to these nations.
Now is it very needful
that we this excellent man
should gladly hear!”
Then the saint began
the man to be glad
the troop of warriors,
with words to comfort:

“Be not ye too terrified
although death chose
the race of sinners,
death hath suffered,
[deeds;
punishment according to their
you the light of glory
bright is opened
if ye think well.”

Then sent he up his prayer
before the Son of God,
he bade him holy
to give help
to the young men of the people,
who in the ocean before
through the flood’s embrace
had life given up;
that their spirits
by God deserted,
94

THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

in wita forwyrd, into the destruction of torments,
wuldra bescyrede, of glory cut off,
in feónda geweald into the power of fiends
gesêred wurdan.

Then was that message to Almighty God,

pa þæt ðærenda through the prompting
ealwealdan gode, of the Holy Ghost,
after hlæðorcwidum spoken to pleasure,
háliges gástes, the Prince of nations;
wéas on þanc sprécen, he commanded in safety
þeóda þæs ðæm;

hét pa þæconsunde all to arise
ealle árisan young from the sand
geóne of greóte whom the sea before had slain.
þæt georþ geofon ðæwealde.

Then there with speed
 stood up

pa þær ðostlice many in the congregation,
uppastóoden as I have heard,
manige on mede, young ungrown progeny;
míne gefrêge there was all together
enforan unwéaxne; the bodily and the ghostly,
þa wðes eall geador though they a little while be-
leòðolc and ðæstíc, through the flood's rush [fore
þéah he ðunge ær their life had lost;
þurh flóðes fær baptism they received
þeoh ælton;

and the covenant of peace

onfðegon fulwiht, with the pledge of glory,
and þrosewþære made prosperous by their suf-
wuldras wedde, the protection of God. [ferings,
ñittum þespede,
mundbyrd meotudes.
Dā se môdiga héð, Then commanded the bold one,

þær sió geóðo ðríras
þurh fæderfulwiht, than a king more powerful,

1025
cyninges cæftiga,
þær geðeimbran,
ciçiceran

to build a church,

géorwan godes tempel, to raise a temple to God,
þær sió geóðo ðríras where the young men arose
þurh fæderfulwiht, through the father's baptism,

1035
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

and the flood departed. Then collected together in a host of men, the men throughout the far and wide, the earls with one accord, and their wives with them; they said obediently they would hear and piously receive the bath of baptism to please the Lord, and their idolatry, their old temples would desert.

Then was among the people baptism raised up noble among the men, and God's law right set up, counsel on the land among the inhabitants, a church consecrated; there God's messenger placed one wise man prudent of speech in the bright town, a bishop over the people, and hallowed him before the host, through apostolic power Plato named, for the people's need; and boldly commanded
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

1688 in worulde worulda — to all eternity
wuldorgestaelda.
Swylce se hálga the mansions of glory.
herigeas bréade, Also the saint

—90 deófulgild tóðræf rebuked the multitudes,
and gedwolan fylde; their idolatry he banished

bet wæs Satane and their error put down;
sár tó gebollienne, that was for Satan

1690 micel modes sorg, hard to bear,
bet he hā menigeo géseah

1/3 thwærfan hygeblōe a mighty sorrow of mind,
hí ygelðe fram helletlætum when he beheld the many
turn asid blithe of mood from hell’s dwellings of hell

þurh Andreas through Andrew’s
este lāre,
gentle lore,

—95 tó ðægeran geofan ; unto a fairer joy ;
þær næfre feóndes ne bið where never shall be fiend’s
gestes græmydiges or savage spirit’s
gang on lande. walk upon the land.

1695 Dā wæron gefyld according to the Lord’s behest
æfter freán dóme the days in number
swā him dryhten bebeád, as the Lord commanded,
bet he hā wederburg that he the city of storms
wunian sceolde; should inhabit;

1700 ongan hine hā fýsan then began he to prepare
and tó fýðe gyfwan, and to get ready for sailing,
blissum hrémig rejoicing in bliss
wolde on brimbisan he would in a ship

1700 Achaia Achaia
öðre æðre
sylfa gesécan,

1/1 þær he sæwulgedál, himself revisit, [soul,
beaducwealm gebåd ; when he the separation of the

1705 þæt þám banan ne wærð war-death awaited;
hleafre behworfen, — that to his murderer was not

with laughter accompanied;
but in the jaws of hell
his journey he placed,
and never since,
hostile friendless,
comfort he enjoyed.
Then heard I that conducted
with a troop of men
the dear teacher
to the prow of the ship
the men sad of mood;
there was it to many a one
hot at heart,
the mind boiling.
Then brought they
at the sea-cliffs
into his wave-house
the active champion;
they stood there on the shore
shouting after him
as long as they upon the waves
the joy of princes
over the seal’s paths
could see;
and there they worshipped
the Lord of glory,
they called in companies,
and thus said:
"One is the eternal God
of all creatures,
is his might and power
throughout the earth
gloriously blessed,
and his joy over all
in heaven’s majesty
shineth on his saints,
THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

1723 wiltige on wulder, — beauteous in glory
  to wulan ealdre  for ever and ever
  ece mid englum;  eternally among angels;
1724 þæt is æðele cyning!  that is a noble king!"

END OF THE LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.