

## Excerpt 1: Grendel—From Lesson 1

Then the mighty war-spirit endured for a season,  
Bore it bitterly, he who bided in darkness,  
That light-hearted laughter loud in the building  
Greeted him daily; there was dulcet harp-music,  
Clear song of the singer.

...

When the sun was sunken, he set out to visit  
The lofty hall-building, how the Ring-Danes had used it  
For beds and benches when the banquet was over.  
Then he found there reposing many a noble  
Asleep after supper; sorrow the heroes,  
Misery knew not. The monster of evil  
Greedy and cruel tarried but little,  
Fell and frantic, and forced from their slumbers  
Thirty of thanemen; thence he departed  
Leaping and laughing, his lair to return to,  
With surfeit of slaughter sallying homeward.  
In the dusk of the dawning, as the day was just breaking,  
Was Grendel's prowess revealed to the warriors:  
Then, his meal-taking finished, a moan was uplifted,  
Morning-cry mighty. The man-ruler famous,  
The long-worthy atheling, sat very woful,  
Suffered great sorrow, sighed for his liegemen,  
When they had seen the track of the hateful pursuer,  
The spirit accursed: too crushing that sorrow,  
Too loathsome and lasting. Not longer he tarried,  
But one night after continued his slaughter  
Shameless and shocking, shrinking but little  
From malice and murder; they mastered him fully.

...

So ruled he and strongly strove against justice  
Lone against all men, till empty uptowered  
The choicest of houses. Long was the season:  
Twelve-winters' time torture suffered  
The friend of the Scyldings, every affliction,  
Endless agony; hence it after became  
Certainly known to the children of men  
Sadly in measures, that long against Hrothgar  
Grendel struggled:—his grudges he cherished,  
Murderous malice, many a winter,  
Strife unremitting