

Ic eom anhaga iserne wund,
 bille gebennad, beadoweorca sæd,
 ecgum werig. Oft ic wig seo,
 frecne feohtan. Frofre ne wene,
 þæt me geoc cyme gudgewinnes, 5
 ær ic mid ældum eal forwurðe,
 ac mec hnossiað homera lafe,
 heardecg heoroscearp, hondweorc smiþa,
 bitað in burgum; ic abidan sceal
 laþran gemotes. Næfre læcecynn 10
 on folcstede findan meahte,
 þara þe mid wyrstum wunde gehælde,
 ac me ecga dolg eacen weorðað
 þurh deaðslege dagum ond nihtum.

I am the lone wood in the warp of battle,
 Wounded by iron, broken by blade,
 Weary of war. Often I see
 Battle-rush, rage, fierce fight flaring--
 I hold no hope for help to come 5
 Before I fall finally with warriors
 Or feel the flame. The hard hammer-leavings
 Strike me; the bright-edged, battle-sharp
 Handiwork of smiths bites in battle.
 Always I must await the harder encounter 10
 For I could never find in the world any
 Of the race of healers who heal hard wounds
 With roots and herbs. So I suffer
 Sword-slash and death-wound day and night.

solut

Ic eom wunderlicu wiht, wifum on hyhte,
 neahbuendum nyt. Nængum sceþþe
 burgsittendra nymþe bonan anum.
 Staþol min is steapheah; stonde ic on bedde,
 neoþan ruh nathwær. Neþeð hwilum 5
 ful cyrtenu ceorles dohtor,
 modwlonc meowle, þæt heo on mec gripeð,
 ræseð mec on reodne, reafað min heafod,
 fegeð mec on fæsten. Feleþ sona
 mines gemotes seo þe mec nearwað, 10
 wif wundenlocc-- wæt bið þæt eage.

I am a wonderful help to women,
 The hope of something to come. I harm
 No citizen except my slayer.
 Rooted I stand on a high bed.
 I am shaggy below. Sometimes the beautiful
 Peasant's daughter, an eager-armed,
 Proud woman grabs my body,
 Rushes my red skin, holds me hard,
 Claims my head. The curly-haired
 Woman who catches me fast will feel
 Our meeting. Her eye will be wet.

solu

Wratlic hongað bi weres þeo,
 frean under sceate. Foran is þyrel.
 Bið stiþ ond heard, stede hafað godne;
 þonne se esne his agen hrægl
 ofer cneo hefeð, wile þæt cuþe hol 5
 mid his hangellan heafde gretan
 þæt he efenlang ær oft gefylde.

A small miracle hangs near a man's thigh,
 Full under folds. It is stiff, strong,
 Bold, brassy, and pierced in front.
 When a young lord lifts his tunic
 Over his knees, he wants to greet
 With the hard head of this hanging creature
 The hole it has long come to fill.

solu

Ic eom indryhten ond eorlum cuð,
 ond reste oft ricum ond heanum,
 folcum gefræge. Fere wide,
 ond me fremdes ær freondum stondeð
 hiþendra hyht, gif ic habban sceal 5
 blæd in burgum oþþe beorhtne god.
 Nu snottre men swiþast lufiþ
 midwist mine: ic monigum sceal
 wisdom cyþan; no þær word sprecað
 ænig ofer eorðan. Peah nu ælda bearn 10
 londbuendra lastas mine
 swiþe secað, ic swaþe hwilum
 mine bemipe monna gehwylcum.

I am noble, known to rest in the quiet
 Keeping of many men, humble and high born.
 The plunderers' joy, hauled far from friends,
 Rides richly on me, shines signifying power,
 Whether I proclaim the grandeur of halls, 5
 The wealth of cities, or the glory of God.
 Now wise men love most my strange way
 Of offering wisdom to many without voice.
 Though the children of earth eagerly seek
 To trace my trail, sometimes my tracks are dim. 10