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4a	Mæg ic be me sylfum soðgied wrecan, siþas secgan, hu ic geswincdagum earfoðhwile oft þrowade, bitre breostceare gebiden hæbbe, gecunnad in ceole cearselda fela, atol yþa gewealc, þær mec oft bigeat nearo nihtwaco æt nacan stefnan,	I can make a true song about me myself, tell my travels, how I often endured days of struggle, troublesome times, [how I] have suffered grim sorrow at heart, have known in the ship many worries [abodes of care], the terrible tossing of the waves, where the anxious night watch often took me at the ship's prow, when it tossed near the cliffs.
8a	þonne he be clifum cnossað. Calde geþrunge wæron mine fet, forste gebunden caldum clommum, þær þa ceare seofedun hat ymb heortan; hungor innan slat merewerges mod.	Fettered by cold were my feet, bound by frost in cold clasps, where then cares seethed hot about my heart -- a hunger tears from within the sea-weary soul.
12a	Ðæt se mon ne wat þe him on foldan fægrost limpeð, hu ic earmcearig iscealdne sæ winter wunade wræccan lastum, winemægum bidroren, bihongen hrimgicelum; hægl scurum fleag. þær ic ne gehyrde butan hlimman sæ, iscaldne wæg.	This the man does not know for whom on land it turns out most favourably, how I, wretched and sorrowful, on the ice-cold sea dwelt for a winter in the paths of exile, bereft of friendly kinsmen, hung about with icicles; hail flew in showers.
16a	þær ic ne gehyrde butan hlimman sæ, iscaldne wæg. Hwilum ylfete song dyde ic me to gomene, ganotes hleoþor	There I heard nothing but the roaring sea, the ice-cold wave. At times the swan's song I took to myself as pleasure, the gannet's noise
20a		

24a	<p>ond huilpan sweg fore hleahtor wera, mæw singende fore medodrinche. Stormas þær stanclifu beotan, þær him stearn oncwæð, isigfeþera; ful oft þæt earn bigeal, urigfeþra; nænig hleomæga feasceaftig ferð frefran meahte. Forþon him gelyfeð lyt, se þe ah lifes wyn</p>	<p>and the voice of the curlew instead of the laughter of men, the singing gull instead of the drinking of mead. Storms there beat the stony cliffs, where the tern spoke, icy-feathered; always the eagle cried at it, dewy-feathered; no cheerful kinsmen can comfort the poor soul. Indeed he credits it little, the one who has the joys of life,</p>
28a	<p>gebiden in burgum, bealosipa hwon, wlonc ond wingal, hu ic werig oft in brimlade bidan sceolde. Nap nihtscua, norþan sniwde, hrim hrusan bond, hægl feol on eorþan, corna caldast. Forþon cnyssað nu heortan geþohtas þæt ic hean streamas, sealtyþa gelac sylf cunnige --</p>	<p>dwells in the city, far from terrible journey, proud and wanton with wine, how I, weary, often have had to endure in the sea-paths. The shadows of night darkened, it snowed from the north, frost bound the ground, hail fell on the earth, coldest of grains. Indeed, now they are troubled, the thoughts of my heart, that I myself should strive with the high streams, the tossing of salt waves --</p>
32a	<p>monað modes lust mæla gehwylce ferð to feran, þæt ic feor heonan elþeodigra eard gesece -- Forþon nis þæs modwlonc mon ofer eorþan, ne his gifena þæs god, ne in geogube to þæs hwæt, ne in his dædum to þæs deor, ne him his dryhten to þæs hold, þæt he a his sæfore sorge næbbe, to hwon hine Dryhten gedon wille.</p>	<p>the wish of my heart urges all the time my spirit to go forth, that I, far from here, should seek the homeland of a foreign people -- Indeed there is not so proud-spirited a man in the world, nor so generous of gifts, nor so bold in his youth, nor so brave in his deeds, nor so dear to his lord, that he never in his seafaring has a worry, as to what his Lord will do to him.</p>
36a	<p>36a</p>	<p>36a</p>
40a	<p>40a</p>	<p>40a</p>

44a	Ne biþ him to hearpan hyge ne to hringþege ne to wife wyn ne to worulde hyht ne ymbe owiht elles nefne ymb yða gewealc; ac a hafað longunge se þe on lagu fundað.		Not for him is the sound of the harp nor the giving of rings nor pleasure in woman nor worldly glory -- nor anything at all unless the tossing of waves; but he always has a longing, he who strives on the waves.
48a	Bearwas blostmum nimað, byrig fægriað, wongas wlitigað, woruld onetteð: ealle þa gemoniað modes fusne sefan to siþe þam þe swa þenceð on flodwegas feor gewitan. Swylce geac monað geomran reorde; singeð sumeres weard, sorge beodeð bitter in breosthord. Ðæt se beorn ne wat, sefteadig secg, hwæt þa sume dreogað þe þa wræclastas widost lecgað. Forþon nu min hyge hweorfeð ofer hreþerlocan, min modsefa mid mereflode, ofer hwæles eþel hweorfeð wide, eorþan sceatas -- cymeð eft to me gifre ond grædig; gielleð anfloga, hweteð on hwæweg hreþer unwearnum ofer holma gelagu. Forþon me hatran sind Dryhtnes dreamas þonne þis deade lif læne on londe. Ic gelyfe no	Groves take on blossoms, the cities grow fair, the fields are comely, the world seems new: all these things urge on the eager of spirit, the mind to travel, in one who so thinks to travel far on the paths of the sea. So the cuckoo warns with a sad voice; the guardian of summer sings, bodes a sorrow grievous in the soul. This the man does not know, the warrior lucky in worldly things what some endure then, those who tread most widely the paths of exile. And now my spirit twists out of my breast, my spirit out in the waterways, over the whale's path it soars widely through all the corners of the world -- it comes back to me eager and unsated; the lone-flier screams, urges onto the whale-road the unresisting heart across the waves of the sea. Indeed hotter for me are the joys of the Lord than this dead life fleeting on the land. I do not believe	
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	þæt him eorðwelan ece stondað.	that the riches of the world will stand forever.
68a	Simle þreora sum þinga gehwylce ær his tiddege to tweon weorþeð: adl oþþe ylðo oþþe ecghete fægum fromweardum feorh oðþringeð.	Always and invariably, one of three things will turn to uncertainty before his fated hour: disease, or old age, or the sword's hatred will tear out the life from those doomed to die.
72a	Forþon biþ eorla gehwam æftercweþendra lof lifgendra lastworda betst, þæt he gewyrce, ær he on weg scyle, fremum on foldan wið feonda niþ, deorum dædum deofle togeanes, þæt hine ælda bearn æfter hergen, ond his lof siþþan lifge mid englum awa to ealdre, ecan lifes blæd, dream mid dugeþum.	And so it is for each man the praise of the living, of those who speak afterwards, that is the best epitaph, that he should work before he must be gone bravery in the world against the enmity of devils, daring deeds against the fiend, so that the sons of men will praise him afterwards, and his fame afterwards will live with the angels for ever and ever, the glory of eternal life, joy with the Hosts.
80a	Dagas sind gewitene, ealle onmedlan eorþan rices; nearon nu cyningas ne caseras ne goldgiefan swylce iu wæron, þonne hi mæst mid him mærþa gefremedon ond on dryhtlicestum dome lifdon. Gedroren is þeos duguð eal, dreamas sind gewitene; wuniað þa wacran ond þæs woruld healdap, brucað þurh bisgo.	The days are gone of all the glory of the kingdoms of the earth; there are not now kings, nor Cæsars, nor givers of gold as once there were, when they, the greatest, among themselves performed valorous deeds, and with a most lordly majesty lived. All that old guard is gone and the revels are over -- the weaker ones now dwell and hold the world, enjoy it through their sweat.
88a	Blæd is gehnæged, eorþan indryhto ealdað ond searað,	The glory is fled, the nobility of the world ages and grows sere,

	swa nu monna gehwylc geond middangeard. Ylðo him on fareþ, onsyn blacað, 92a gomelfeax gnornað, wat his iuwine, æþelinga bearn eorþan forgiefene. Ne mæg him þonne se flæschoma þonne him þæt feorg losað ne swete forswelgan ne sar gefelan 96a ne hond onhreran ne mid hyge þencan. Þeah þe græf wille golde stregan broþor his geborenum, byrgan be deadum maþmum mislicum, þæt hine mid wille, 100a ne mæg þære sawle þe biþ synna ful gold to geoce for Godes egsan, þonne he hit ær hydeð þenden he her leofað. Micel biþ se Meotudes egsa, forþon hi seo molde oncyrræð; 104a se gestaþelade stiþe grundas, eorþan sceatas ond uprodor. Dol biþ se þe him his Dryhten ne ondrædeþ: cymeð him se deað unþinged. Eadig bið se þe eaþmod leofaþ; cymeð him seo ar of heofonum. 108a Meotod him þæt mod gestaþelað, forþon he in his meahte gelyfeð. Stieran mon sceal strongum mode, ond þæt on stapelum healdan, ond gewis werum, wisum clæne. Scyle monna gehwylc mid gemete healdan 112a wiþ leofne ond wið laþne * * * bealo.	as now does every man throughout the world. Age comes upon him, his face grows pale, the graybeard laments; he knows that his old friends, the sons of princes, have been given to the earth. His body fails then, as life leaves him -- he cannot taste sweetness nor feel pain, nor move his hand nor think with his head. Though he would strew the grave with gold, a brother for his kinsman, bury with the dead a mass of treasure, it just won't work -- nor can the soul which is full of sin preserve the gold before the fear of God, though he hid it before while he was yet alive. Great is the fear of the Lord, before which the world stands still; He established the firm foundations, the corners of the world and the high heavens. A fool is the one who does not fear his Lord -- death comes to him unprepared. Blessed is he who lives humbly -- to him comes forgiveness from heaven. God set that spirit within him, because he believed in His might. Man must control his passions and keep everything in balance, keep faith with men, and be pure in wisdom. Each of men must be even-handed with their friends and their foes. ?
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	<p> þeah þe he hine wille fyres fulne oþþe on bæle forbærnedne his geworhtne wine, Wyrð biþ swiþre, 116a Meotud meahtigra, þonne ænges monnes gehygd. Uton we hycgan hwær we ham agen, ond þonne geþencan hu we þider cumen; ond we þonne eac tilien 120a þæt we to moten in þa ecan eadignesse þær is lif gelong in lufan Dryhtnes, hyht in heofonum. Þæs sy þam Halgan þonc þæt he usic geweorþade, wuldres Ealdor 124a ece Dryhten, in ealle tid. Amen. </p>	<p> ? though he does not wish him ? in the foulness of flames ? or on a pyre ? to be burned ? his contrived friend, Fate is greater and God is mightier and God is mightier than any man's thought. Let us ponder where we have our homes and then think how we should get thither -- and then we should all strive that we might go there to the eternal blessedness that is a belonging life in the love of the Lord, joy in the heavens. Let there be thanks to God that he adored us, the Father of Glory, the Eternal Lord, for all time. Amen. </p>
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