

Riddle 3

Ic eom anhaga iserne wund,
 bille gebennad, beadoweorca sæd,
 ecgum werig. **O**ft ic wig seo,
 frecne feohtan. **F**rofre ne wene,
 þæt me geoc cyme guðgewinnes, 5
 ær ic mid ældum eal forwurðe,
 ac mec hnossiað homera lafe,
 heardecg heoroscearp, hondweorc smiþa,
 bitað in burgum; ic abidan sceal
 lapran gemotes. **N**æfre 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. **O**ften 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. **T**he 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. **S**o I suffer
 Sword-slash and death-wound day and night.

Riddle 4

Mec gesette soð sigora waldend
 Crist to compe. **O**ft ic twice bæme,
 unrimu cyn eorþan getenge,
 næte mid niþe, swa ic him no hrine,
 þonne mec min frea feohtan hateþ. 5
Hwilum ic monigra mod arete,
 hwilum ic frefre þa ic ær winne on
 feorran swiþe-- hi þæs felað þeah,
 swylce þæs opres, þonne ic eft hyra
 ofer deop gedreag drohtað bete. 10

The culminant lord of victories, Christ,
 Created me for battle. **O**ften I burn
 Countless living creatures on middle-earth,
 Treat them to terror though I touch them not,
 When my lord rouses me to wage war. 5
Sometimes I lighten the minds of many,
 Sometimes I comfort those I fought fiercely
 Before. **T**hey feel this high blessing
 As they felt that burning, when over the surge
 And sorrow, I again grace their going. 10

Riddle 14

Oft ic sceal wiþ wæge winnan ond wiþ winde feohtan,
 somod wið þam sæcce, þonne ic secan gewite
 eorþan yþum þeah; me biþ se eþel fremde.
Ic beom strong þæs gewinnes, gif ic stille weorþe;
 gif me þæs tosæleð, hi beoð swiþran þonne ic, 5
 ond mec slitende sona flymað,
 willað opfergan þæt ic friþian sceal.
Ic him þæt forstonde, gif min steort þolað
 ond mec stiþne wiþ stanas moton
 fæste gehabban. **F**rige hwæt ic hatte. 10

In battle I rage against wave and wind,
 Strive against storm, dive down seeking
 A strange homeland, shrouded by the sea.
In the grip of war, I am strong when still;
 In battle-rush, rolled and ripped 5
 In flight. **C**onspiring wind and wave
 Would steal my treasure, strip my hold,
 But I seize glory with a guardian tail
 As the clutch of stones stands hard
 Against my strength. **C**an you guess my name? 10

Riddle 18

Ic eom wunderlicu wiht, on gewin sceapen,
 frean minum leof, fægre gegyrwed.
Byrne is min bleofag; swylce beorht seomað
 wir ymb þone wælgim þe me waldend geaf,
 se me widgalum wisað hwilum 5
 sylfum to sace. **P**onne ic sinc wege
 purh hlutterne dæg, hondweorc smiþa,
 gold ofer geardas. **O**ft ic gæstberend
 cwelle compwæpnum. **C**yning mec gyrweð
 since ond seolfre ond mec on sele weorþað; 10
 ne wyneð wordlofes, wisan mæneð
 mine for mengo, þær hy meodu drincað,
 healdeð mec on heapore, hwilum læteð eft
 radwerigne on gerum sceacan,
 orlegfromne. **O**ft ic oþrum scod 15
 frecne æt his freonde, **F**ah eom ic wide,
 wæpnum awyrged. **I**c me wenan ne þearf
 þæt me bearn wræce on bonan feore,
 gif me gromra hwylc gupe genægeð;
 ne weorþeð sio mægburg gemicledu 20
 eaforan minum þe ic æfter woc,
 nymþe ic hlafordleas hweorfan mote
 from þam healdende þe me hringas geaf.
 Me bið forð witod, gif ic frean hyre,
 gupe fremme, swa ic gien dyde 25
 minum þeodne on þonc, þæt ic þolian seal
 bearngestreona. **I**c wiþ bryde ne mot
 hæmed habban, ac me þæs hyhtplegan
 geno wymeð se mec geara on
 bende legde; forþon ic brucan seal 30
 on hagatealde hæleþa gestreona.
Oft ic wirum dol wife abelge,

I am a strange creature shaped for battle
 Coated in colors, dear to my lord.
Bright thread lurks and swings in my mail,
 Cradles the death-gem, gift of a lord
 Who grips and guides my body forward 5
 Through the wide rush of war. In the clear
 Court of day, I bear the glint of gold,
 Bright song of smiths. **O**ften I slay
 Soul-bearers with thrust and slash.
Sometimes the hall-king decks me in silver 10
 Or garnet praise, raises my power
 Where men drink mead, reigns my killing
 Or cuts me loose, heart-keen, swing-tired,
 Through the broad room of war. **S**ometimes I sing
 Through the throat of a friend-the curse 15
 Of weapons. **N**o son will seek vengeance
 On my slayer when battle-foes ring death.
My tribe will not count children of mine
 Unless I lordless leave the guardian
 Who gave me rings. **M**y fate is strange: 20
 If I follow my lord and wage war,
 Sure thrust of a prince's pleasure,
 Then I must stroke in brideless play
 Without the hope of child-treasure.
I am bound by an ancient craft to lose 25
 That joy-so in sheer celibacy I enjoy
 The hoard of heroes. **W**rapped with wire
 Like a bright fool, I frustrate a woman;
 Steal her joy, slake desire. **S**he rants,
 Rails, curses, claps hands, chants 30
 Unholy incantations-bladed words
 In a bloodless battle I cannot enjoy

Riddle23

<p>Ic eom wunderlicu wiht, wifum on hyhte, neahbuendum nyt. Nængum sceþþe burgsittendra nymþe bonan anum. Stapol 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. Felep sona mines gemotes seo þe mec nearwað, 10 wif wundenlocc-- wæt bið þæt eage.</p>	<p>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 5 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 10 Our meeting. Her eye will be wet.</p>
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Riddle30

<p>Is þes middangeard missenlicum wisum gewlitigad, wrættum gefrætwad. Sipum sellic ic seah searo hweorfan, grindan wið greote, giellende faran. Næfde sellicu wiht syne ne folme, 5 exle ne earmas; sceal on anum fet searoceap swifan, swiþe feran, faran ofer feldas. Hæfde fela ribba; muð wæs on middan. Moncynne nyt, fereð foddurwelan, folcscipe dreogeð, 10 wist in wigeð, ond werum gieldeð gaful geara gehwam þæs þe guman brucað, rice ond heane. Rece, gif þu cunne, wis worda gleaw, hwæt sio wiht sie.</p>	<p>Middle-earth is made lovely in unmatched ways Rich and rare. I saw a strange creature Riding the road, weird craft and power From the workshops of men. She came sliding Up on the shore, shrieking without sight, 5 Eyes, arms, shoulders, hands Sailed on one foot over smooth plains Treasure and haul. Her mouth in the middle Of a hoard of ribs, she carries corn Gold, grain-treasure, wine-wealth. 10 The feast-floater brings in her belly food For rich and poor. Let the wise who catch The drift of this riddle say what I mean.</p>
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Riddle31

<p>Wiht cwom æfter wege wrætlicu lipan; cymlic from ceole cleopode to londe, hlinsade hlude-- hleahtor wæs gryrelc, egesful on earde Ecge wæron scarepe. Wæs hio hetegrim, hilde to sæne, 5 biter beadoweorca Bordweallas grof, heardhiþende. Heterune bond! sægde searocræftig ymb hyre sylfre gesceaft: "Is min modor mægða cynnes þæs deorestan, þæt is dohtor min 10 eacen uploden, swa þæt is ældum cup, firum on folce, þæt seo on foldan sceal on ealra londa gehwam lissum stondan."</p>	<p>An awesome beauty angled the wave; The deep-throated creature called to land, Laughed loud-lingering, struck terror Home to men. Her blades honed sharp, She was slow to battle but battle-grim, 5 Savage wound-worker. The slaughterer Struck ship-walls, carried a curse. The cunning creature said of herself: "My mother, who comes from the kind of women Dearest and best, is my daughter grown 10 Great and pregnant; so is it known to men On earth that she shall come and stand Gracefully on the ground in every land."</p>
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Riddle 32

Ic wiht geseah in wera burgum,
 seo þæt feoh fedeð. Hafað fela toþa;
 nebb biþ hyre æt nytte, niþerweard gongeð,
 hiþeð holdlice ond to ham tyhð,
 wæþeð geond weallas, wyrte seceð; 5
 Aa heo þa findeð, þa þe fæst ne biþ;
 læteð hio þa wlitigan, wyrtum fæste,
 stille stondan on stapolwonge,
 beorhte blican, blowan ond growan.

I saw close to the houses of men
 A strange creature that feeds cattle.
 By tooth-hoard and nose-haul
 (A useful slave), it scruffs the ground,
 Scratches at plants, dogs walls 5
 Or drags fields for plunder-seeks
 A crop-catch and carries it home.
 Its prey is bent stalk and weak root;
 Its gift is firm grain and full flower
 On a glittering plain-growing, blooming. 10

Riddle48

Wiga is on eorþan wundrum acenned
 dryhtum to nytte, of dumbum twam
 torht atyhted, þone on teon wigeð
 feond his feonde. Forstrangne oft
 wif hine wrið. He him wel hereð, 5
 þeowaþ him geþwære, gif him þegnað
 mægeð ond mægga mid gemete ryhte,
 fedað hine fægre; he him fremum stepeð
 life on lissum. Leanað grimme
 þam þe hine wloncne weorþan læteð. 10

On earth this warrior is strangely born
 Of two dumb creatures, drawn gleaming
 Into the world, bright and useful to men.
 It is tended, kept, covered by women--
 Strong and savage, it serves well, 5
 A gentle slave to firm masters
 Who mind its measure and feed it fairly
 With a careful hand. To these it brings
 Warm blessings; to those who let it run
 Wild it brings a grim reward. 10

Riddle 65

Ic on þinge gefrægn þeodcyniges
 wrætlice wiht, wordgaldra[. . . .
] snytt[. . . .] hio symle deð
 fira gehw[. . . .] [.].
 wisdom. Wundor me þæt [. . . .] 5
 [.] nænne muð hafað
 fet ne [.] [.]
 [.] welan oft sacað,
 cwipeð cy[.] [.] wearð
 leoda lareow. Forþon nu longe mæg 10
 [.] ealdre ece lifgan
 missenlice, þenden menn bugað
 eorþan sceatas. Ic þæt oft geseah
 golde gegierwed, þær guman druncon,
 since ond seolfre. Secge se þe cunne, 15
 wisfæstra hwylc, hwæt seo wiht sy.

In the hall of the High King I heard
 That a voiceless creature spoke charmed
 Words, chanted praise, prayer-song
 Wise and wonderful it seemed to me
 * * *
 It speaks without mouth, moves without feet 5
 * * *
 Saying, "I am now teacher of men,
 Preacher to many on middle-earth--
 I will live as long as men walk the land." 10
 Wound with silver and plated gold,
 I have seen it open where men sit
 Drinking together. Now a wise man
 Should know what this creature is called.

Riddle68

þe swa wrætlice be wege stonde
heah ond hleortorht hælepum to nytte.

(Riddle 68 equals K-D 70, lines 5-6)

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Who am I who stand so boldly by the sea road--
Hightowering, cheek-bright, useful to men?

Riddle79

Frod wæs min fromcynn [.]
biden in burgum, sibþan bæles weard
[.] wera life bewunden,
fyre gefælsad. Nu me fah warað 5
eorþan broþor, se me ærest wearð
gumena to gyrne. Ic ful gearwe gemon
hwa min fromcynn fruman agette
eall of earde; ic him yfle ne mot,
ac ic hæftnyd hwilum arære
wide geond wongas. Hæbbe ic wundra fela, 10
middangeardes mægen unlytel,
ac ic miþan sceal monna gehwylcum
degolfulne dom dyran cræftes,
siðfæt minne. Saga hwæt ic hatte.

My race is old, my seasons many,
My sorrows deep. I have dwelt in cities
Since the fire-guardian wrought with flame
My clean beginning in the world of men,
Purged my body with a circling fire. 5
Now a fierce earth-brother stands guard,
The first to shape my sorrow--I remember
Who ripped our race, hard from its homeland,
Stripped us from the ground. I cannot bind
Or blast him, yet I cause the clench of slavery 10
Round the world. Though my wounds are many
On middle-earth, my strength is great.
My craft and course, power and rich passage,
I must hide from men. Say who I am.

Riddle 80

An wiht is on eorþan wundrum acenned,
 hreoh ond reþe; hafað ryne strongne,
 grimme grymetað, ond be grunde fareð.

Modor is monigra mærra wihta.

Fæger ferende fundað æfre; 5
 neol is nearograp. Nænig oþrum mæg
 wlite ond wisan wordum gecypan,
 hu mislic biþ mægen þara cynna,
 fyn forðgesceaft; fæder ealle bewat
 or ond ende, swylce an sunu, 10
 mære meotudes bearn, þurh [. . .]ed,
 ond þæt hyhste mæ[. . .] [. . .]es []æ[. . .].
 [.] dyre cræft[.]
 * * *

[.]onne hy aweorp[.] [.]
 [.]þe ænig þara [. . .] [.]
 [.]fter ne mæg [.]
 [.] oþer cynn eorþan [.]
 [.] þonne ær wæs
 wlitig ond wynsum, [.]

Biþ sio moddor mægene eacen,
 wundrum bewreþed, wistum gehladen,
 hordum gehroden, haleþum dyre.
 Mægen bið gemiclad, meajt gesweotlad,
 wlite biþ geweorpad wuldormyttingum 25
 wynsum wuldorgimm wloncum getenge,
 clængeorn bið ond cystig, cræfte eacen;
 hio biþ eadgum leof, earmum getæse,
 freolic, sellic. Fromast ond swiþost,
 gifrost ond grædgost grundbedd trideþ, 30
 þæs þe under lyfte aloden wurde
 ond zelda bearn eagum sawe.

Swa þæt wuldor wifeð, worldbearna mægen,
 þeah þe ferþum gleaw [.]

This mother of many well-known creatures
 Is strangely born. Savage and fierce,
 She roars and sings, courses and flows,
 Follows the ground. A beautiful mover,
 No one knows how to catch her shape 5
 And power in song, or how to mark
 The strength of her kin in myriad forms:
 Her lineage sings the spawn of creation.
 The high father broods over one flow,
 Beginning and end, and so does his son, 10
 Born of glory, and the heavenly spirit,
 The ghost of God. His precious skill

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All kinds of creatures who lived on the earth
 15 When the garden was graced with beauty and joy.

Their mother is always mighty 15
 Sustained in glory, teeming with power,
 Plenty, a feast of being, a natural hoard
 For rich and poor. Her power increases
 Her manifest song. Her body is a burbling 20
 Jewel of use, a celibate gem with a quick,
 Cleansing power--beautiful, bountiful,
 Noble and good. She is boldest, strongest,
 Greediest, greatest of all earth-travelers
 Spawnd under the sky, of creatures seen 25
 With the eyes of men. She is the weaver
 Of world--children's might.

A wise man

May know of many miracles--this one
 Is harder than ground, smarter than men,
 Older than counsel, more gracious than giving, 30
 Dearer than gold. She washes the world
 In beautiful tones, teems with children,
 Soothes hard suffering, crushes crime.