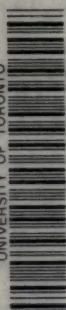


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YALE STUDIES IN ENGLISH

ALBERT S. COOK, EDITOR

LXIII

THE  
OLD ENGLISH PHYSIOLOGUS

TEXT AND PROSE TRANSLATION

BY

ALBERT STANBURROUGH COOK

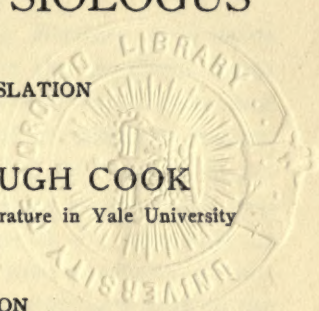
Professor of the English Language and Literature in Yale University

VERSE TRANSLATION

BY

JAMES HALL PITMAN

Fellow in English of Yale University



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THE

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## PREFACE

The Old English *Physiologus*, or *Bestiary*, is a series of three brief poems, dealing with the mythical traits of a land-animal, a sea-beast, and a bird respectively, and deducing from them certain moral or religious lessons. These three creatures are selected from a much larger number treated in a work of the same name which was compiled at Alexandria before 140 B. C., originally in Greek, and afterwards translated into a variety of languages—into Latin before 431. The standard form of the *Physiologus* has 49 chapters, each dealing with a separate animal (sometimes imaginary) or other natural object, beginning with the lion, and ending with the ostrich; examples of these are the pelican, the eagle, the phoenix, the ant (cf. Prov. 6.6), the fox, the unicorn, and the salamander. In this standard text, the Old English poems are represented by chapters 16, 17, and 18, dealing in succession with the panther, a mythical sea-monster called the asp-turtle (usually denominated the whale), and the partridge. Of these three poems, the third is so fragmentary that little is left except eight lines of religious application, and four of exhortation by the poet, so that the outline of the poem, and especially the part descriptive of the partridge, must be conjecturally restored by reference to the treatment in the fuller versions, which are based upon Jer. 17. 11 (the texts drawn upon for the application in lines 5–11 are 2 Cor. 6. 17, 18; Isa. 55.7; Heb. 2. 10, 11).

It has been said: 'With the exception of the Bible, there is perhaps no other book in all literature that has been more widely current in every cultivated tongue and among every class of people.' Such currency might be illustrated from many English authors. Two passages from Elizabethan literature may serve as specimens—the one from Spenser, the other from Shakespeare. The former is from the *Faerie Queene* (I. II.34):

At last she saw, where he upstarted brave  
 Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay;  
 As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean wave,  
 Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,  
 And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay,  
 Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,  
 His newly budded pineons to assay,  
 And marveiles at himselfe, still as he flies:  
 So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

The other is from *Hamlet* (Laertes to the King):

To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;  
 And like the kind life-rendering pelican,  
 Repast them with my blood.<sup>1</sup>

However widely diffused, the symbolism exemplified by the *Physiologus* is peculiarly at home in the East. Thus Egypt symbolized the sun, with his death at night passing into a rebirth, by the phoenix, which, by a natural extension, came to signify the resurrection. And the Bible not only sends the sluggard to the ant, and bids men consider the lilies of the field, but with a large sweep commands (Job 12.7, 8): 'Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee; or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee.'

<sup>1</sup> Alfred de Musset, in *La Nuit de Mai*, develops the image of the pelican through nearly thirty lines.

The text as here printed is extracted from my edition, *The Old English Elene, Phœnix, and Physiologus* (Yale University Press, 1919), where a critical apparatus may be found; here it may be sufficient to say that Italic letters in square brackets denote my emendations, and Roman letters those of previous editors. The translations have not hitherto been published, and no complete ones are extant in any language, save those contained in Thorpe's edition of the *Codex Exoniensis*, which appeared in 1842. The long conjectural passage in the *Partridge* is due wholly to Mr. Pitman.

A. S. C.

March 27, 1921.

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PHYSIOLOGUS

## PHYSIOLOGUS

### I

#### THE PANTHER

Monge sindon geond middangeard  
unrīmu cynn, [þāra] þe wē æþelu ne magon  
ryhte āreccan nē rīm witan ;  
þæs wīde sind geond wor[u][d] innan  
5 fugla and dēora foldhrērendra  
wornas widsceope, swā wæter bibūgeð  
þisne beorhtan bōsm, brim grymetende,  
sealtȳpa geswing.  
Wē bi sumum hȳrdon  
wrætlic[um] gecynd[e] wildra secgan,  
10 fīrum frēamāerne, feorlondum on,  
eard weardian, ēðles nēotan,  
æfter dūnscreafum. Is þæt dēor Pandher  
bi noman hāten, þæs þe niþpa bear[n],

Many, yea numberless, are the tribes throughout the world whose natures we can not rightly expound nor their multitudes reckon, so immense are the swarms of birds and earth-treading animals wherever water, the roaring ocean, the surge of salt billows, encompasses the smiling bosom of earth.

We have heard about one marvelous kind of wild beast which inhabits, in lands far off, a domain renowned among men, rejoicing there in his home amid the mountain-caves. This beast is called panther, as the learned

## PHYSIOLOGUS

### I

### THE PANTHER

Of living creatures many are the kinds  
 Throughout the world—unnumbered, since no man  
 Can count their multitudes, nor rightly learn  
 The ways of their wild nature; wide they roam,  
 These beasts and birds, as far as ocean sets  
 A limit to the earth, embracing her  
 And all her sunny fields with salty seas  
 And toss of roaring billows.

  We have heard  
 From men of wider lore of one wild beast,  
 Wonderful dweller in a far-off land  
 Renowned of men, who loves his native glens  
 And dusky caverns. Him have wise men called

- wisfæste weras,        on gewritum cýpa[ð]  
15 bi þām ānstapan.        Sē is æ[g]hwām frēond,  
duguða ēstig,        būtan dracan ānum ;  
þām hē in ealle tid        andwrād leofaþ,  
þurh yfla gehwylc        þe hē geāfnan mæg.  
      Ðæt is wrætlic dēor,        wundrum scýne,  
20 hīwa gehwylces.        Swā hǣleð secgað,  
gāsthālge guman,        þætte Iōsēphes  
tunece wære        telga gehwylces  
blēom bregdende,        þāra beorhtra gehwylc,  
āghwæs ānlicra,        oþrum lixte  
25 dryhta bearnum,        swā þæs dēores hīw,  
blæc, brigda gehwæs,        beorhtra and scýnra  
wundrum lixeð,        þætte wrætlicra  
āghwylc oþrum,        ānlicra gien  
and fægerra,        fræt wum bliceð,  
30 symle sellicra.

Hē hafað sundorgecynd,

among the children of men report in their books concerning that lonely wanderer.

He is a friend, bountiful in kindness, to every one save only the dragon ; with him he always lives at enmity by means of every injury he can inflict.

He is a bewitching animal, marvelously beautiful with every color. Just as, according to men holy in spirit, Joseph's coat was variegated with hues of every shade, each shining before the sons of men brighter and more perfect than another, so does the color of this beast blaze with every diversity, gleaming in wondrous wise so clear and fair that each tint is ever lovelier than the next, glows more enchanting in its splendor, more rare, more beautiful, and more strange.

He has a nature all his own, so gentle and so calm is



The panther, and in books have told of him,  
The solitary rover.

He is kind,  
A bounteous friend to every living thing  
Save one alone, the dragon ; but with him  
The panther ever lives at enmity,  
Employing every means within his power  
To work him evil.

Fair is he, full bright  
And wonderful of hue. The holy scribes  
Tell us how Joseph's many-colored coat,  
Gleaming with varying dyes of every shade,  
Brilliant, resplendent, dazzled all men's eyes  
That looked upon it. So the panther's hues  
Shine altogether lovely, marvelous,  
While each fair color in its beauty glows  
Ever more rare and charming than the rest.

His wondrous character is mild, and free

- milde, gemetfæst.      Hē is monþwære,  
 lufsum and lēoftæl:      nele lāpes wiht  
 æ[ng]um geæfnan      būtan þām āttorsceaþan,  
 his fyrngeflitan,      þe ic ær fore sægde.  
 35      Symle, fylle fægen,      þonne fōddor þigeð,  
          æfter þām gereordum      ræste sēceð,  
          dýgle stōwe      under dūnscrifum ;  
          ðær se þēo[d]wiga      þrēonihta fæc  
          swifeð on swe[o]fote,      slāpe gebiesga[d].  
 40      Þonne ellenrōf      ūp āstondeð,  
          þrymme gewelga[d],      on þone þridan dæg,  
          snēome of slāpe.      Swēghlēoþor cymeð,  
          wōþa wynsumast,      þurh þæs wildres mūd ;  
          æfter þære stefne      stenc ūt cymeð  
 45      of þām wongstede —      wynsumra stēam,  
          swēttra and swīþra,      swæcca gehwylcum,  
          wyrta blōstmum      and wudublēdum,  
          eallum æþelicra      eorþan fræt[wum].

it. Kind, attractive, and friendly, he has no thought of doing harm to any save the envenomed foe, his ancient adversary of whom I spoke.

When, delighting in a feast, he has partaken of food, ever at the end of the meal he betakes himself to his resting-place, a hidden retreat among the mountain-caves; there the champion of his race, overcome by sleep, abandons himself to slumber for the space of three nights. Then the dauntless one, replenished with vigor, straightway arises from sleep when the third day has come. A melody, the most ravishing of strains, flows from the wild beast's mouth; and, following the music, there issues a fragrance from the place — a fume more transporting, sweet, and strong than any odor whatever, than blossoms of plants or fruits of the forest, choicer

From all disturbing passion. Gracious, kind,  
And full of love, he meditates no harm  
But to that venomous foe, as I have told,  
His ancient enemy.

Once he has rejoiced  
His heart with feasting, straight he finds a nook.  
Hidden among dim caves, his resting-place.  
There three nights' space, in deepest slumber wrapped,  
The people's champion lies. Then, stout of heart,  
The third day he arises fresh from sleep,  
Endowed with glory. From the creature's mouth  
Issues a melody of sweetest strains;  
And close upon the voice a balmy scent  
Fills all the place—an incense lovelier,  
Sweeter, and abler to perfume the air,  
Than any odor of an earthly flower  
Or scent of woodland fruit, more excellent

- 50      Þonne of ceastrum      and cynestōlum  
 and of burgsalum      beornþrēat monig  
 farað foldwegum      folca þrȳpum ;  
 ēoredcystum,      ofestum gefȳsde,  
 dareðlācende      — dēor [s]wā some —  
 æfter þære stefne      on þone stenc farað.  
 55      Swā is Dryhten God,      drēama Rādend,  
 eallum ēaðmēde      oþrum gesceaftum,  
 duguða gehwylcre,      būtan dracan ānum,  
 āttres ordfruman —      þæt is se ealda fēond  
 þone hē gesælde      in sūsla grund,  
 60      and gefetrade      fȳrnum tēagum,  
 biþeahte þrēanȳdum ;      and þȳ þridan dæge  
 of dīgle ārās,      þæs þe hē dēað fore ūs  
 þrēo niht þolade,      þēoden engla,  
 sigora Sellend.      þæt wæs swēte stenc,  
 65      wlitig and wynsum,      geond woruld ealle.  
             Sippan tō þām swicce      sōðfæste men,

than aught that clothes the earth with beauty. Thereupon from cities, courts, and castle-halls many companies of heroes flock along the highways of earth ; the wielders of the spear press forward in hurrying throngs to that perfume—and so also do animals—when once the music has ceased.

Even so the Lord God, the Giver of joy, is gracious to all creatures, to every order of them, save only the dragon, the source of venom, that ancient enemy whom he bound in the abyss of torments ; shackling him with fiery fetters, and loading him with dire constraints, he arose from darkness on the third day after he, the Lord of angels, the Bestower of victory, had for three nights endured death on our behalf. That was a sweet perfume throughout the world, winsome and entrancing. Henceforth,

Than all this world's adornments. Then from town  
And palace, then from castle-hall, come forth  
Along the roads great troops of hurrying men—  
The very beasts come also; all press on  
Toward that sweet odor, when the voice is stilled.

Such as this creature is the Lord our God,  
Giver of joys, to all creation kind,  
To men benignant, save alone to him,  
The dragon, author of all wickedness,  
Satan, the ancient adversary whom,  
Fettered with fire, shackled with dire constraint,  
Into the pit of torments God cast down.  
The third day Christ arose from out the grave,  
For three nights having suffered death for us,  
He, Lord of angels, he in whom alone  
Is hope of overcoming. Far and wide  
The tidings spread, like perfume fresh and sweet,  
Through all the world. Then to that fragrance thronged

on healfa gehwone,      hēapum þrunon  
 geond ealne ymbhwyrft      eorþan scēat[a].  
 Swā se snottra gecwæð      Sanctus Paulus :  
 70 'Monigfealde sind      geond middangeard  
 gōd ungnȳðe      þe ūs tō giefre dæleð  
 and tō feorhnere      Fæder ælmihtig,  
 and se ānga Hyht      ealra gesceafta  
 uppe ge niþre.'      Þæt is æþele stenc.

through the whole extent of earth's regions, righteous men have streamed in multitudes from every side to that fragrance. As said the wise St. Paul : 'Manifold over the world are the lavish bounties which the Father almighty, the Hope of all creatures above and below, bestows on us as grace and salvation.' That, too, is a sweet odor.

From every side all men whose hearts were true,  
Throughout the regions of the circled earth.  
Thus spoke the wise St. Paul: 'In all the world  
His gifts are many, which he gives to us  
For our salvation with unstinting hand,  
Almighty Father, he, the only Hope  
Of all in heaven or here below on earth.'  
This is that noble fragrance, rare and sweet,  
Which draws all men to seek it from afar.

## II

## THE WHALE (ASP-TURTLE)

- Nū ic fitte gēn      ymb fisca cynn  
wille wōðcræfte      wordum cýþan  
þurh mōðgemynd,      bi þām miclan hwale.  
Sē bið unwillum      oft gemōted,  
5 frēcne and fer[h]ðgrim,      fareðlācendum,  
niþþa gehwylcum;      þām is noma cenned,  
fyr[ge]nstrēama geflotan,      Fastitocalon.  
Is þæs hīw gelic      hrēofum stāne,  
swylce wōrie      bi wādes ofre,  
10 sondbeorgum ymbseald,      sārȳrica mǣst,  
swā þæt wēnaþ      wāglīþende  
þæt hȳ on ēalond sum      ēagum wliten;  
and þonne gehȳd[i]að      hēahstefn scipu  
tō þām unlonde      oncyrrāpum,  
15 s[æ]laþ sǣmearas      sundes æt ende,

This time I will with poetic art rehearse, by means of words and wit, a poem about a kind of fish, the great sea-monster which is often unwillingly met, terrible and cruel-hearted to seafarers, yea, to every man; this swimmer of the ocean-streams is known as the asp-turtle.

His appearance is like that of a rough boulder, as if there were tossing by the shore a great ocean-reedbank begirt with sand-dunes, so that seamen imagine they are gazing upon an island, and moor their high-prowed ships with cables to that false land, make fast the ocean-courers at the sea's end, and, bold of heart, climb up



## II

### THE WHALE (ASP-TURTLE)

Now will I spur again my wit, and use  
Poetic skill to weave words into song,  
Telling of one among the race of fish,  
The great asp-turtle. Men who sail the sea  
Often unwillingly encounter him,  
Dread preyer on mankind. His name we know,  
The ocean-swimmer, Fastitocalon.<sup>asp-turtle</sup>

Dun, like rough stone in color, as he floats  
He seems a heaving bank of reedy grass  
Along the shore, with rolling dunes behind,  
So that sea-wanderers deem their gaze has found  
An island. Boldly then their high-prowed ships  
They moor with cables to that shore, a land  
That is no land. Still floating on the waves,  
Their ocean-coursers curvet at the marge ;

- and þonne in þæt ēglond      ūp gewitað  
 collenfer[*h*]pe;      cēolas stondað  
 bi stape fæste      strēame biwunden.  
 Ðonne gewīciað      wērigfer[*h*]ðe,  
 20 faroðlācende,      frēcnes ne wēnað.  
     On þām ēalonde      æled weccað,  
     hēah fyr ælað.      Hæleþ bēoþ on wynnum,  
     rēonigmōde,      ræste gel[*y*]ste.  
 Þonne gefōleð      fācnes cræftig  
 25 þæt him þā fērend on      fæste wuniaþ,  
     wīc weardiað,      wedres on luste,  
     ðonne semninga      on sealtne wāg  
     mid þā nōþe      niþer gewiteþ,  
     gārsecges gæst,      grund gesēceð,  
 30 and þonne in dēaðsēle      drenc bifæsteð  
     scipu mid scealcum.

- Swā bið scinn[*en*]a þēaw,  
 dēofla wīse,      þæt hī droht[*i*]ende  
 þurh dyrne meaht      duguðe beswicað,  
 and on teosu tyhtaþ      tilra dāda,  
 35 wēmað on willan,      þæt hī wraþe sēcen,

on that island; the vessels stand by the beach, enringed by the flood. The weary-hearted sailors then encamp, dreaming not of peril.

On the island they start a fire, kindle a mounting flame. The dispirited heroes, eager for repose, are flushed with joy. Now when the cunning plotter feels that the seamen are firmly established upon him, and have settled down to enjoy the weather, the guest of ocean sinks without warning into the salt wave with his prey (?), and makes for the bottom, thus whelming ships and men in that abode of death.

Such is the way of demons, the wont of devils: they spend their lives in outwitting men by their secret power, inciting them to the corruption of good deeds, misguiding

The weary-hearted sailors mount the isle,  
And, free from thought of peril, there abide.

Elated, on the sands they build a fire,  
A mounting blaze. There, light of heart, they sit—  
No more discouraged—eager for sweet rest.  
Then when the crafty fiend perceives that men,  
Encamped upon him, making their abode,  
Enjoy the gentle weather, suddenly  
Under the salty waves he plunges down,  
Straight to the bottom deep he drags his prey;  
He, guest of ocean, in his watery haunts  
Drowns ships and men, and fast imprisons them  
Within the halls of death.

Such is the way  
Of demons, devils' wiles: to hide their power,  
And stealthily inveigle heedless men,  
Inciting them against all worthy deeds,  
And luring them to seek for help and comfort

frōfre tō fēondum,      oppæt h̄y fæste ðær  
æt þām wærlogan      wic gecēosað.  
Ðonne þæt gecnāweð      of cwicsūsle  
flāh fēond gemāh,      þætte fira gehwylc  
40 hæleþa cynnes      on his hringe biþ  
fæste gefēged,      hē him feorgbona,  
þurh slīpen searo,      siþþan weorpeð,  
wloncum and hēanum      þe his willan hēr  
firenum fremmað;      mid þām hē fēringa,  
45 heolophelme biþeaht,      helle sēceð,  
gōða gēasne,      grundlēasne wylm  
under mistglōme,      swā se micla hwæl  
se þe bisenceð      sālīpende  
eorlas and yðmearas.

Hē hafað ðpre gecynd,  
50 wæterþisa wlonc,      wrætlicran gien.  
Ðonne hine on holme      hungor bysgað,  
and þone āglēcan      ætes lysteþ,  
ðonne se mereward      mūð ontýneð,

them at will so that they seek help and support } from  
fiends, until they end by making their fixed abode with  
the betrayer. When, from out his living torture, the  
crafty, malicious enemy perceives that any one is firmly  
settled within his domain, he proceeds, by his malignant  
wiles, (to become the slayer of that man), be he rich or  
poor, who sinfully does his will; and, covered by his  
cap of darkness, suddenly betakes himself with them to  
hell, where naught of good is found, a bottomless abyss  
shrouded in misty gloom—like that monster which  
engulfs the ocean-traversing men and ships.

— This proud tosser of the waves has another and still  
more wonderful trait. When hunger plagues him on  
the deep, and the monster longs for food, this haunter  
of the sea opens his mouth, and sets his lips agape;

From unsuspected foes, until at last  
They choose a dwelling with the faithless one.  
Then, when the fiend, by crafty malice stirred,  
From where hell's torments bind him fast, perceives  
That men are firmly set in his domain,  
With treachery unspeakable he hastes  
To snare and to destroy the lives of those,  
Both proud and lowly, who in sin perform  
His will on earth. Donning the mystic helm  
Of darkness, with his prey he speeds to hell,  
The place devoid of good—all misty gloom,  
Where broods a sullen lake, black, bottomless,  
Just as the monster, Fastitocalon,  
Destroys seafarers, overwhelming men  
And staunch-built ships.

Another trait he has,  
This proud sea-swimmer, still more marvelous.  
When hunger grips the monster on the deep,  
Making him long for food, his gaping mouth  
The ocean-warder opens, stretching wide

- wīde weleras ; cymeð wynsum stenc  
 55 of his innope, þætte ðpre þurh þone,  
 sǣfisca cynn, beswīcen weorðap.  
 Swimmað sunðhwate þær se swēta stenc  
 ūt gewīt[e]ð. Hi þær in farað,  
 unware weorude, oppæt se wīda ceaf  
 60 gefylled bið ; þonne færinga  
 ymbe þā herehūpe hlemmeð tōgædre  
 grimme gōman.  
 Swā biþ gumena gehwām  
 se þe oftost his unwærlice,  
 on þās lænan tid, lif biscēawað :  
 65 læteð hine beswīcan þurh swētne stenc,  
 lēasne willan, þæt hē biþ leahtrum fāh  
 wið Wuldorcyning. Him se āwyrɡda ongēan  
 æfter hinsīpe helle ontýneð,  
 þām þe lēaslice lices wyne  
 70 ofer ferh[ð]gereahht fremedon on unræd.  
 Þonne se fæcna in þām fæstenne  
 gebrōht hafað, bealwes cræftig,

whereupon there issues a [ravishing perfume] from his inwards, by which other kinds of fish are beguiled. [With lively motions they swim to where the sweet odor comes forth, and there enter in, a heedless host, until the wide gorge is full ; then, in one instant, he snaps his fierce-jaws together about the swarming prey.]

Thus it is with any one who, in this fleeting time, full oft neglects to take heed to his life, and [allows himself to be enticed by sweet fragrance, a lying lure,] so that he becomes hostile to the King of glory by reason of his sins. The accursed one will, when they die, throw wide the doors of hell to those who [in their folly, have wrought the treacherous delights of the body,] contrary to the wise guidance of the soul. [When the deceiver, skilful in wrongdoing, hath brought into that fastness,

His monstrous lips ; and from his cavernous maw  
Sends an entrancing odor. This sweet scent,  
Deceiving other fishes, lures them on  
In swiftly moving schools toward that fell place  
Whence comes the perfume. There, unwary host,  
They enter in, until the yawning mouth  
Is filled to overflowing, when, at once,  
Trapping their prey, the fearful jaws snap shut.

So, in this fleeting earthly time, each man  
Who orders heedlessly his mortal life  
Lets a sweet odor, some beguiling wish,  
Entice him, so that in the eyes of God,  
The King of glory, his iniquities  
Make him abhorrent. After death for him  
The all-accursed devil opens hell—  
Opens for all who in their folly here  
Let pleasures of the body overcome  
Their spirits' guidance. When the wily fiend  
Into his hold beside the fiery lake

æt þām [ā]dwyhme,      þā þe him on cleofiað,  
 gyltum gehrodene,      and ær georne his  
 75 in hira lifdagum      lārum hýrdon,  
 þonne hē þā grimman      gōman bihlemmeð,  
 æfter feorhcwale,      fæste tōgædre,  
 helle hlinduru.      Nāgon hwyrft nē swice,  
 ūtsīp æfre,      þā [þe] þær in cumað,  
 80 þon mā þe þā fiscas,      faraðlācende,  
 of þæs hwæles fenge      hweorfan mōtan.  
     Forþon is eallinga . . . . .  
     . . . . .  
 dryhtna Dryhtne, and ā dēoflum wiðsace  
 85 wordum and weorcum,      þæt wē Wuldorcýning  
 gesēon mōton.      Uton ā sibbe tō him,  
 on þās hwīlnan tid,      hælu sēcan,  
 þæt wē mid swā lēofne      in lofe mōtan  
 tō wīdan feore      wuldres nēotan.

the lake of fire, those that cleave to him and are laden  
 with guilt, such as had eagerly followed his teachings  
 in the days of their life, he then, after their death, snaps  
 tight together his fierce jaws, the gates of hell. They  
 who enter there have neither relief nor escape, no means  
 of flight, any more than the fishes that swim the sea can  
 escape from the clutch of the monster.

Therefore is it by all means [best for every one of us  
 to serve<sup>1</sup>] the Lord of lords, and strive against devils with  
 words and works, that so we may come to behold the  
 King of glory. Let us ever, now in this fleeting time, seek  
 from him grace and salvation, that so with the Beloved  
 we may in worship enjoy the bliss of heaven for evermore.

<sup>1</sup> Conjecturally supplied.



With evil craft has led those erring ones  
Who cleave to him, sore laden with their sins,  
Those who in earthly life have hearkened well  
To his instruction, after death close shut  
He snaps those woful jaws, the gates of hell.  
Whoever enters there has no relief,  
Nor may he any more escape his doom  
And thence depart, than can the swimming fish  
Elude the monster.

Therefore it is [best  
And<sup>1</sup>] altogether [right for each of us  
To serve and honor God,<sup>1</sup>] the Lord of lords,  
And always in our every word and deed  
To combat devils, that we may at last  
Behold the King of glory. In this time  
Of transitory things, then, let us seek  
Peace and salvation from him, that we may  
Rejoice for ever in so dear a Lord,  
And praise his glory everlastingly.

<sup>1</sup> Conjecturally supplied.

III  
THE PARTRIDGE<sup>1</sup>

Hyrde ic secgan gēn      bi sumum fugle  
wundorlicne<sup>3</sup> . . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . . fæger

þæt word þe gecwæð      wuldres Ealdor :  
5 'In swā hwylce tiid      swā gē mid trēowe tō mē  
on hyge hweorfað,      and gē hellfirena  
sweartra geswīcað,      swā ic symle tō ēow  
mid siblufan      sōna gecyrre  
þurh milde mōd ;      gē bēoð mē sippan

So, too, I have heard tell a wondrous [tale<sup>2</sup>] about a certain bird.<sup>3</sup> . . . fair the word<sup>4</sup> spoken by the King of glory : 'At whatsoever time ye turn to me with faith in your soul, and forsake the black iniquities of hell, I will turn straightway to you with love, in the gentleness of my heart ; and thenceforth ye shall be reckoned to

<sup>1</sup> The partridge (like the cuckoo) broods the eggs of other birds. When they are hatched and grown, they fly off to their true parents. So men may turn from the devil, who has wrongfully gained possession of them, to their heavenly Father, who will receive them as his children.

<sup>2</sup> Conjecturally supplied.

<sup>3</sup> Gap in the manuscript, probably of considerable length.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. 2 Cor. 6. 17, 18 ; Isa. 55. 7 ; Heb. 2. 10, 11.

### III THE PARTRIDGE

About another creature have I heard  
A wondrous [tale.] [There is] a bird [men call  
The partridge. Strange is she, unlike all birds  
In field or wood who brood upon their eggs,  
Hatching their young. The partridge lays no eggs,  
Nor builds a dwelling; but instead, she steals  
The well-wrought nests of others. There she sits,  
Warming a stranger brood, until at last  
The eggs are hatched. But when the stolen chicks  
Are fledged, they straightway fly away to seek  
Their proper kin, and leave the partridge there  
Forsaken. In such wise the devil works  
To steal the souls of those whose youthful minds  
Or foolish hearts in vain resist his wiles.  
But when they reach maturer age, they see  
They are true children of the Lord of lords.  
Then they desert the lying fiend, and seek  
Their rightful Father, who with open arms  
Receives them, as he long since promised them.<sup>1</sup>]

Fair is that word the Lord of glory spoke :  
'In such time as you turn with faithful hearts  
To me, and put away your hellish sins,  
Abominable to me, then will I turn  
To you in love for ever, for my heart  
Is mild and gracious. Thenceforth you shall be

<sup>1</sup> Conjecturally supplied, on the basis of other versions.

- 10 torhte, tīrēadge, talade and rīmde,  
 beorhte gebrōþor on bearna stæl.’  
 Uton wē þȳ geornor Gode ðliccan,  
 firene fōogan, friþes earnian,  
 duguðe tō Dryhtne, þenden ūs dæg scīne,  
 15 þæt swā æþelne eardwīca cyst  
 in wuldres wlite wunian mōtan.

Finit.

me as glorious and renowned, as my illustrious brethren,  
 yea, in the place of children.

Let us therefore propitiate God with all zeal, abhor  
 evil, and gain forgiveness and salvation from the Lord  
 while for us the day still shines, so that thus we may,  
 in glorious beauty, inhabit a dwelling excellent beyond  
 compare. Finit.

Refulgent, glorious, numbered with the host  
Of heaven, and, instead of children, called  
Bright brethren of the Lord.'

Let us by this  
Be taught to please God better, hating sin,  
And strive to earn salvation from the Lord,  
His full deliverance, so long as day  
Shall shine upon us, that we may at last  
Inhabit heavenly mansions, nobler far  
Than earthly dwellings, gloriously bright.

Finit.

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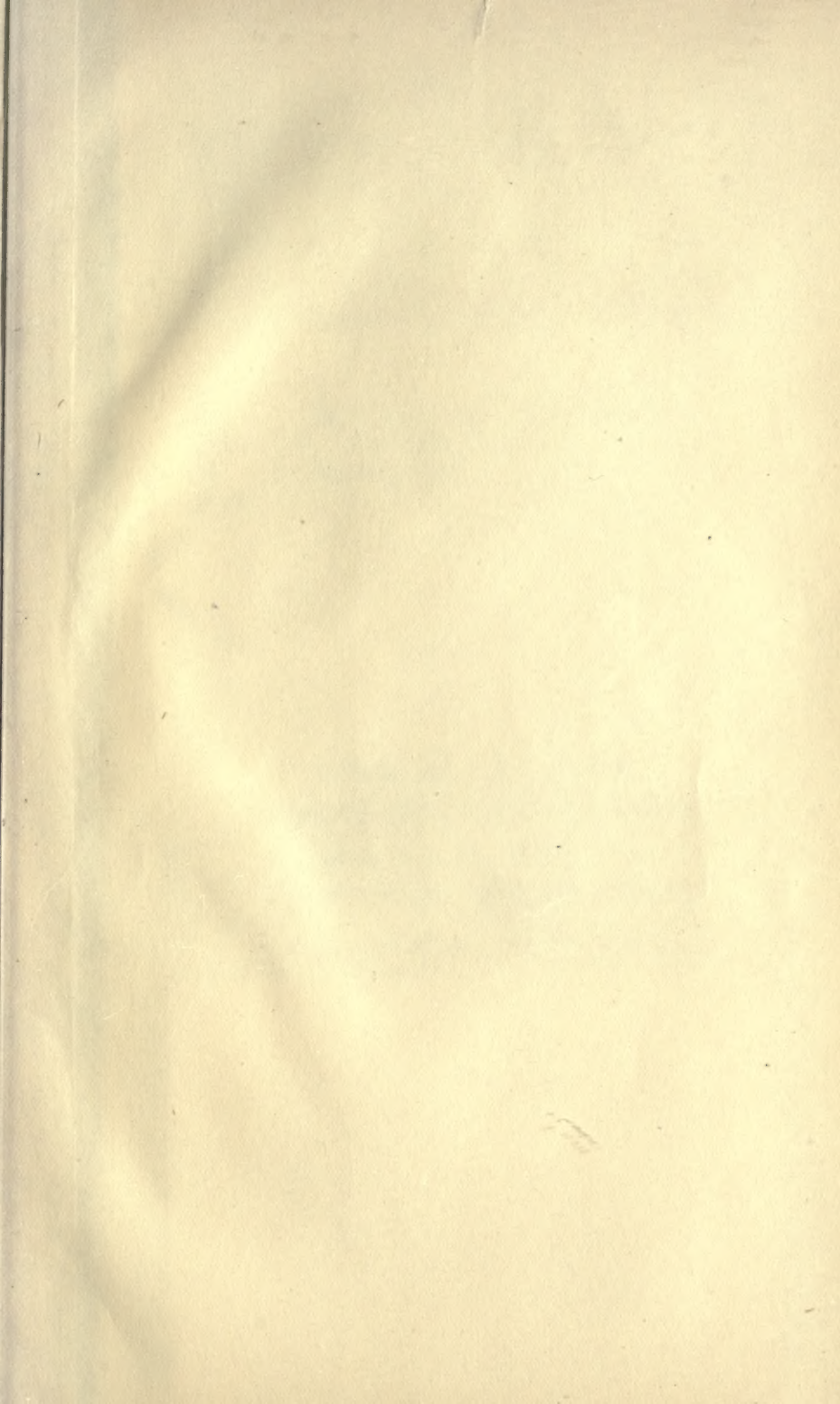
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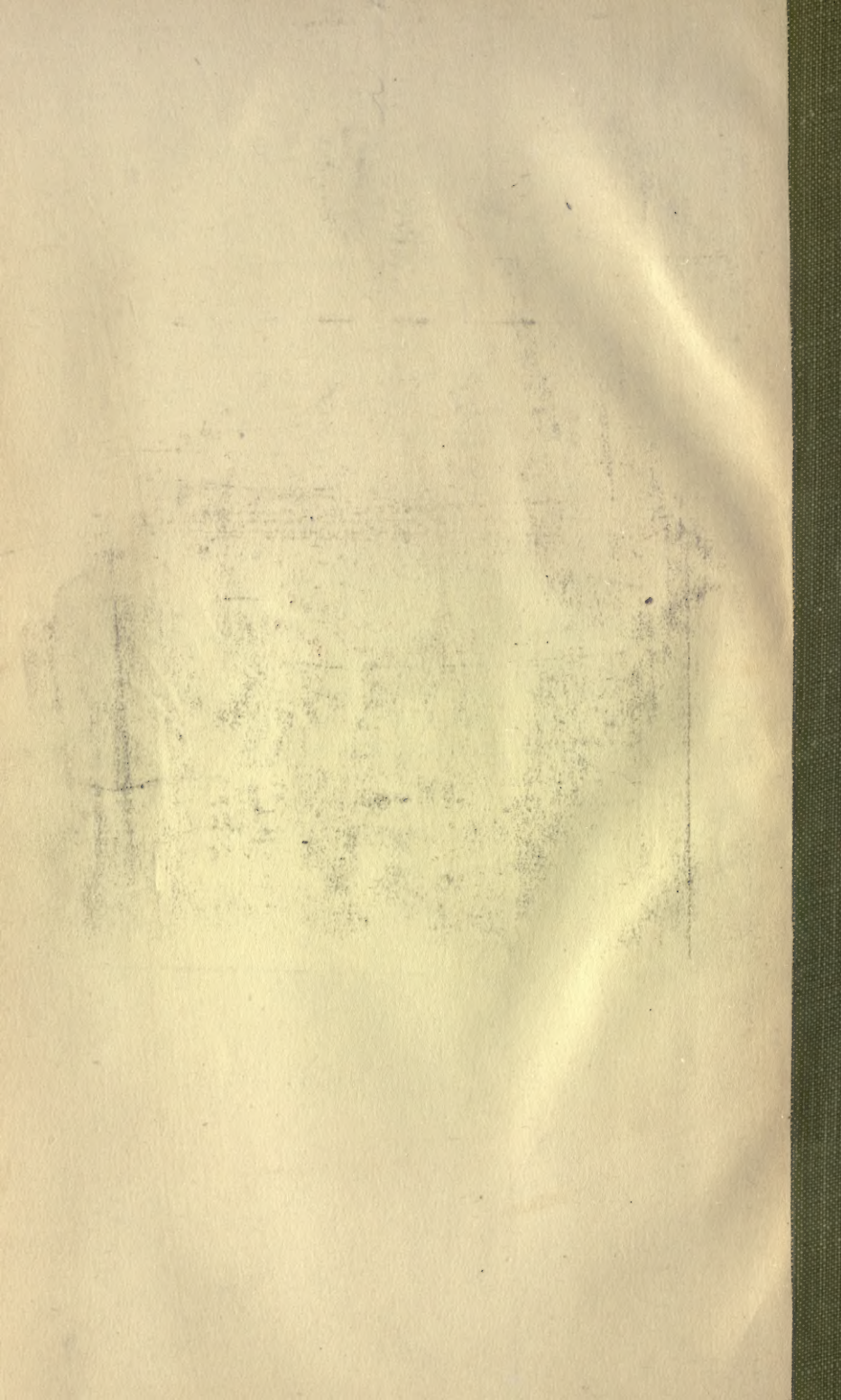
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