

point for investigating the line. In the following extract the alliteration of the first three lines is indicated by italics).

Stræt was stan-fah, stig wisode
gunnum ætfeðere. *Guthhyrne scan*
heard hondloccu, hringiren seir
song in searwum, tha hie to sele furthum
in hyra gryregeatwum gangan cwomon.
Setton sæmethe side scyðlas,
ronðas regnhærde with thæs recedes weal,
bygon tha to hence; byrnau hringdon,
guthsearo gumena; garas stodon,
sæmonna searo samol ætgaðere,
æscholt ufan græg; was æ irenthreot
wæpnum gewurthad.

"The way was paved with stone; the path guided the men as they marched in a body. The war-corslet glittered, hard of temper, and interlaced by hand; The bright rings of iron rang in their armour as they came marching on towards the hall in their grim array. Weary of the sea, they placed their wide shields, thrice hard, against its wall; then they bent to the bench; the corslets, the battle dress of the warriors, rang; the spears, the equipment of sailors, stood up in a cluster together; ashen shafts were they, tipped with iron. The armoured band was decked out with weapons."

XII.

Béowulf, ll. 864-871. The horse-racing. (Compare *Odyssey*, bk. viii, vv. 97-265.

Now, the warriors, valiant in fight, made their bay steeds leap and run in rivalry where the tracts of land seemed fair or were famed for their excellence; now, a thegn of the king, a man full of vaunt, and mindful of ballads, who remembered rich stores of ancient sagas, found a new tale in verses true.

XIII.

Béowulf, ll. 1357-1376. The abode of Grendel and his mother. They possess a hidden place where the slopes are haunted by wolves, and the cliffs are wind-beaten, and the paths over the marsh are dangerous; where the mountain torrent vanishes under the gloom of the crags, as its streams sink into the soil. It is not far hence, measured by miles, that the pool lies, and over it hang groves covered with rime—a wood firm-rooted in the ground overshadows the water. There may a dire portent be seen every night—fire on the flood. No son of man liveth so wise as to know its depths. Even though the hart (heath-stepper-met.), started from afar and run down by the hounds, the hart strong of horns, should make for the covert, he will yield his life, his life on the brink ere he will hide his head in the pool. It is a wild spot, whence the storm of the surge mounts up white to the clouds, when the wind wakens baleful tempests, until the heaven grows dark and the skies weep.