**Lecture 2 From The Voyages of Ohthere and Wulfstan, the late 9th century**

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| Ohthere sæde his hlaforde, Ælfrede cyninge, þæt he ealra Norðmonna norþmest bude.2 He cwæþ þæt he bude on þæm lande norþweardum wiþ þa Westsæ. 3 He sæde þeah þæt þæt land sie swiþe lang norþ þonan;4 Ac hit is eal weste, buton on feawum stowum styccemælum wiciaþ Finnas, on huntoþe on wintra, and on sumera on fiscaþe be þære sæ. | Othere said to his lord, King Alfred, that he lived northernmost of all the Northmen (or Norwegians).He said that he lived in the land [that is] northward along the Western Sea (i.e. the sea to the west of Norway).He said, however, that the land is [i.e. extends] very long to the north from there.But it is all waste, except that Sámi people camp out in a few places here and there—by hunting in winter and fishing in summer along the sea. |

 **Caedmon’s Hymn (c.658-680) translated into** Old English in the mid-8th century Northumbria from *Historia ecclesiastica gentis Anglorum* (by **Bede the Venerable, c.673-735**)

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| Nu scylun hergan hefaenricaes uard metudæs maecti end his modgidanc uerc uuldurfadur sue he uundra gihuaes eci dryctin or astelidæ he aerist scop aelda barnum heben til hrofe haleg scepen. tha middungeard moncynnæs uard eci dryctin æfter tiadæ firum foldu frea allmectig | Now let me praise the keeper of Heaven's kingdom, The might of the Creator, and his thought, The work of the Father of glory, how each of wonders The Eternal Lord established in the beginning. He first created for the sons of men Heaven as a roof, the holy Creator, Then Middle-earth the keeper of mankind, The Eternal Lord, afterwards made, The earth for men, the Almighty Lord. |

 ***from* Beowulf** (8th century - the early 11th century)

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| Fyrst forð gewat; flota wæs on yðum,bat under beorge. Beornas gearwe on stefn stigon,--- streamas wundon, sund wið sande; secgas bæron on bearm nacanbeorhte frætwe, guðsearo geatolic; guman ut scufon, weras on wilsið, wudu bundenne. Gewat þa ofer wægholm winde gefysed flota famiheals fugle gelicost, oð þæt ymb antid oþres dogores wundenstefna gewaden hæfde,þæt ða liðende land ge sawon, brimclifu blican, beorgas steape, side sænæssas;  | Time had now flown; afloat was the ship,boat under bluff. On board they climbed,warriors ready; waves were churningsea with sand; the sailors boreon the breast of the bark their bright array,their mail and weapons: the men pushed off,on its willing way, the well-braced craft.Then moved o'er the waters by might of the windthat bark like a bird with breast of foam,till in season due, on the second day,the curved prow such course had runthat sailors now could see the land,sea-cliffs shining, steep high hills,headlands broad.  |

**The Lord's Prayer**

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|  Old English - Anglo-SaxonFæder ure þu þe eart on heofonum;Si þin nama gehalgodto becume þin ricegewurþe ðin willaon eorðan swa swa on heofonum.urne gedæghwamlican hlaf syle us todægand forgyf us ure gyltasswa swa we forgyfað urum gyltendumand ne gelæd þu us on costnungeac alys us of yfele soþlice | Modern English (word-for-word)Father our thou that art in heavensbe thy name hallowedcome thy kingdombe-done thy willon earth as in heavensour daily bread give us todayand forgive us our sinsas we forgive those-who-have-sinned-against-usand not lead thou us into temptationbut deliver us from evil. truly | The King James Bible (1611)Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.**10**Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.**11**Give us this day our daily bread.**12**And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.**13**And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen. |

**Geoffrey Chaucer (c.1340-1400),** from the **Prologue** to the ***Canterbury Tales***

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| Whan that aprill with his shoures soote The droghte of march hath perced to the roote, And bathed every veyne in swich licour Of which vertu engendred is the flour; Whan zephirus eek with his sweete breeth Inspired hath in every holt and heeth Tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne Hath in the ram his halve cours yronne, And smale foweles maken melodye, That slepen al the nyght with open ye (so priketh hem nature in hir corages); Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages, And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes, To ferne halwes, kowthe in sondry londes; And specially from every shires ende Of engelond to caunterbury they wende, The hooly blisful martir for to seke, That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.Bifil that in that seson on a day, In southwerk at the tabard as I lay Redy to wenden on my pilgrymage To caunterbury with ful devout corage, At nyght was come into that hostelrye Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignye, Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle In felaweshipe, and pilgrimes were they alle, That toward caunterbury wolden ryde. | When April with his showers sweet with fruitThe drought of March has pierced unto the rootAnd bathed each vein with liquor that has powerTo generate therein and sire the flower;When Zephyr also has, with his sweet breath,Quickened again, in every holt and heath,The tender shoots and buds, and the young sunInto the Ram one half his course has run,And many little birds make melodyThat sleep through all the night with open eye(So Nature pricks them on to ramp and rage)-Then do folk long to go on pilgrimage,And palmers to go seeking out strange strands,To distant shrines well known in sundry lands.And specially from every shire's endOf England they to Canterbury wend,The holy blessed martyr there to seekWho help ed them when they lay so ill and wealBefell that, in that season, on a dayIn Southwark, at the Tabard, as I layReady to start upon my pilgrimageTo Canterbury, full of devout homage,There came at nightfall to that hostelrySome nine and twenty in a companyOf sundry persons who had chanced to fallIn fellowship, and pilgrims were they allThat toward Canterbury town would ride. |