

## Excerpt 4: The Battle Begins—From Lesson 2

Nearer **he** strode then, the **stout-hearted warrior**  
Snatched as he slumbered, seizing with hand-grip,  
Forward the foeman **foined** with his hand;  
**Caught he quickly the cunning deviser,**  
On his elbow **he** rested. This early discovered  
The **master of malice**, that in middle-earth's regions,  
'Neath the whole of the heavens, **No hand-grapple greater**  
**In any man else had he ever encountered:**  
**Fearful in spirit, faint-mooded waxed he,**  
Not off could betake him; death he was pondering,  
Would fly to his covert, seek the devils' assembly:  
**His calling no more was the same he had followed**  
**Long in his lifetime.**  
The liege-kinsman worthy  
Of Higelac **minded his speech of the evening,**  
Stood he up straight and stoutly did seize him.  
His fingers crackled; the giant was outward,  
The earl stepped farther. **The famous one** minded  
To flee away farther, if he found an occasion,  
And off and away, avoiding delay,  
To fly to the fen-moors; **he** fully was ware of  
The strength of his grapple in the grip of the foeman.

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