or her experience, when one turns from loneliness and isolation to accept, even embrace, the shared suffering of the human condition. And despite their interpretive problems—which are found to some degree in all early literature—the Exeter Book elegies are among the most moving and powerful poems in Old English; their vision of life as both infinitely precious and inevitably transitory still strikes a responsive chord in the minds of many readers.

⌘⌘⌘

The Wanderer[1]

Always the one alone longs for mercy,[2]
the Maker's mildness, though, troubled in mind,
across the ocean-ways he has long been forced
to stir with his hands the frost-cold sea,
and walk in exile's paths. *Wyrd*[3] is fully fixed.

Thus spoke the Wanderer, mindful of troubles,
of cruel slaughters and dear kinsmen's downfall:[4]
"Often alone, in the first light of dawn,
I have sung my lament. There is none living
to whom I would dare to reveal clearly
my heart's thoughts. I know it is true
that it is a nobleman's lordly nature
to closely bind his spirit's coffer,
hold fast his treasure-hoard, whatever he may think.
The weary mind cannot withstand *wyrd*,
the troubled heart can offer no help,
and so those eager for fame often bind fast
in their breast-coffers a sorrowing soul,
just as I have had to take my own heart—
often wretched, cut off from my own homeland,
far from dear kinsmen—and bind it in fetters,
ever since long ago I hid my gold-giving friend
in the darkness of earth, and went wretched,
winter-sad, over the ice-locked waves,
sought, hall-sick, a treasure-giver,
wherever I might find, far or near,
someone in a meadhall who might know my people,
or who would want to comfort me, friendless,
accustom me to joy. He who has come to know
how cruel a companion is sorrow
for one with few dear friends, will understand:
the path of exile claims him, not patterned gold,
a winter-bound spirit, not the wealth of earth.
He remembers hall-holders and treasure-taking,
how in his youth his gold-giving lord
accustomed him to the feast—that joy has all faded.

And so he who has long been forced to forego
his lord's beloved words of counsel will understand:
when sorrow and sleep both together
often bind up the wretched exile,
it seems in his mind that he clasps and kisses
his lord of men, and on his knee lays
hands and head, as he sometimes long ago
in earlier days enjoyed the gift-throne.[5]
But when the friendless man awakens again
and sees before him the fallow waves,

[1] *The Wanderer* The following poems are edited by Bernard J. Muir, *The Exeter Anthology of Old English Poetry*, revised 2nd edition (Exeter, 2000) and have been translated for *The Broadview Anthology of British Literature* by R.M. Liuzza.

[2] *longs for mercy* The Old English word *gebidan*, translated "longs for," can also mean "awaits" or "experiences." The word *ar* "mercy" can also mean "prosperity" in an earthly sense.

[3] *Wyrd* The Old English word for Fate; a powerful but not quite personified force. It is related to the verb *weorthan*, meaning roughly "to occur." Its meanings range from a neutral "event" to a prescribed "destiny" to a personified "Fate"; it is useful to think of *wyrd* as "what happens," usually in a negative sense. In a poem so preoccupied with puzzling over the nature and meaning of *wyrd*, it seemed appropriate to leave the word untranslated.

[4] *Thus spoke … kinsmen's downfall* Old English manuscripts do not use quotation marks, and there are no clear indications of where one speech begins and ends in this poem; we are not sure whether lines 1–5 are spoken by the same character that speaks the following lines, or whether they are the narrator's opinion on the general situation of the Wanderer.

[5] *lays hands … enjoyed the gift-throne* The description seems to be some sort of ceremony of loyalty, charged with intense regret and longing.

seabirds bathing, spreading their feathers,
frost falling and snow, mingled with hail,
then the heart's wounds are that much heavier,
longing for his loved one. Sorrow is renewed
when the memory of kinsmen flies through the mind;[1]
he greets them with great joy, greedily surveys
hall-companions—they always swim away;
the floating spirits bring too few
familiar voices. Cares are renewed
for one who must send, over and over,
a weary heart across the binding waves.[2]

And so I cannot imagine for all this world
why my spirit should not grow dark
when I think through all this life of men,
how suddenly they gave up the hall-floor,
mighty young retainers. Thus this middle-earth
droops and decays every single day;
and so a man cannot become wise, before he has weathered
his share of winters in this world. A wise man must be patient,
neither too hot-hearted nor too hasty with words,
nor too weak in war nor too unwise in thoughts,
neither fretting nor fawning nor greedy for wealth,
never eager for boasting before he truly understands;
a man must wait, when he makes a boast,
until the brave spirit understands truly
where the thoughts of his heart will turn.

The wise man must realize how ghastly it will be
when all the wealth of this world stands waste,
as now here and there throughout this middle-earth
walls stand blasted by wind,
beaten by frost, the buildings crumbling.
The wine halls topple, their rulers lie
deprived of all joys; the proud old troops
all fell by the wall. War carried off some,
sent them on the way, one a bird carried off
over the high seas, one the gray wolf
shared with death—and one a sad-faced man
covered in an earthen grave. The Creator
of men thus destroyed this walled city,
until the old works of giants[3] stood empty,
without the sounds of their former citizens.

He who deeply considers, with wise thoughts,
this foundation and this dark life,
old in spirit, often remembers
so many ancient slaughters, and says these words:
'Where has the horse gone? where is the rider? where is the giver of gold?
Where are the seats of the feast? where are the joys of the hall?
O the bright cup! O the brave warrior!
O the glory of princes! How the time passed away,
slipped into nightfall as if it had never been!
There still stands in the path of the dear warriors
a wall wondrously high, with serpentine stains.
A storm of spears took away the warriors,
bloodthirsty weapons, *wyrd* the mighty,
and storms batter these stone walls,
frost falling binds up the earth,
the howl of winter, when blackness comes,
night's shadow looms, sends down from the north
harsh hailstones in hatred of men.
All is toilsome in the earthly kingdom,
the working of *wyrd* changes the world under heaven.
Here wealth is fleeting, here friends are fleeting,
here man is fleeting, here woman is fleeting,
all the framework of this earth will stand empty.'"

So said the wise one in his mind,[4] sitting apart in meditation.
He is good who keeps his word,[5] and the man who never too quickly

[1] *the memory … through the mind* Old English *þonne maga gemynd mod geondhweorfeð* could also mean "when the mind surveys the memory of kinsmen."

[2] *greets them … the binding waves* The grammar and reference of this intense, almost hallucinatory scene is not entirely clear; the translation reflects one commonly-proposed reading.

[3] *old works of giants* Ruined buildings are called "the work of giants" (*enta geweorc*) in several places in Old English literature.

[4] *the wise one in his mind* Old English *snottor on mode* could also mean "the one who was wise in mind."

[5] *keeps his word* Keeps faith. These last lines offer an answer to the Wanderer's unresolved melancholy—the wisdom of self-control and the hope of Christian salvation.

shows the anger in his breast, unless he already knows
the remedy
a noble man can bravely bring about. It will be well
for one who seeks mercy,
consolation from the Father in heaven, where for us
all stability stands.

The Seafarer

I can sing a true song of myself,
tell of my journeys, how in days of toil
I've often suffered troubled times,
endured hard heartache, come to know
many of care's dwellings on the keel of a ship,
terrible tossing of the waves, where the anxious
night-watch often held me at the ship's stem
when it crashes against the cliffs. Pinched with cold
were my feet, bound by frost
in cold fetters, while cares seethed
hot around my heart, and hunger gnawed
my sea-weary mind. That man does not know,
he whose lot is fairest on land,
how I dwelt all winter, wretched with care,
on the ice-cold sea in the paths of exile,
deprived of dear kinsmen,[1]
hung with icicles of frost while hail flew in showers.
I heard nothing there but the noise of the sea,
the ice-cold waves; the wild swan's song
sometimes served for music, the gannet's call
and the curlew's cry for the laughter of men,
the seagull's singing for mead-drink.
Storms beat the stone cliffs; the tern answered,
icy-feathered, the eagle screamed,
dewy-feathered—no sheltering family
could bring consolation to my desolate soul.

And so[2] he who has tasted life's joy in towns,
suffered few sad journeys, scarcely believes,
proud and puffed up with wine, what I, weary,
have often had to endure in my seafaring.
The night-shadow darkened; snow came from the
north,
frost bound the ground, hail fell on earth,
coldest of grains. And so[3] they compel me now,
my heart-thoughts, to try for myself
the high seas, the tossing salt streams;[4]
my heart's desire urges my spirit
time and again to travel, so that I might seek
a foreign land somewhere far from here.

And so no man on earth is so proud in spirit,
nor so gifted in grace nor so keen in youth,
nor so bold in deeds, nor so beloved of his lord,
that he never has sorrow over his seafaring,
when he sees what the Lord might have in store for him.
He has no thought of the harp or the taking of rings,
nor the pleasures of woman nor joy in the world,
nor anything else but the tumbling waves—
he who hastens to sea always has longing.
The groves take blossom, the cities grow fair,
the fields brighten, the world rushes on;
all these urge the eager-hearted
spirit to travel, when one intends
to journey far over the flood-ways.

[1] *deprived of dear kinsmen* A half-line may be missing here. There is no break in the manuscript or in the sense of the poem, but the line has only two stresses instead of the expected four.

[2] *And so* The repeated connecting word *forþon* is notoriously difficult in this poem—it points forwards and/or backwards, meaning either "therefore" or "thus" or "because." In a poem whose logical progression is by no means clear or easy to follow this is a significant source of ambiguity. I have chosen to render it with the vague "and so," hoping to preserve some of the loose connection and interpretive difficulty found in the original.

[3] *And so* The disjunction between what has come before and what comes after this line is so great that it has been proposed that a second speaker is introduced here (there are no quotation marks in the manuscript that might clarify this ambiguity). Though this "two-speaker" theory is no longer widely accepted, it reflects the difficulty many critics have reconciling the conflicting attitudes presented in the poem—sea voyage as terrible suffering, sea voyage as longed-for escape (as in the opening of Melville's *Moby-Dick*), sea-voyage as metaphor for spiritual pilgrimage, or even for life itself.

[4] *they compel me … salt streams* Or "and yet my heart-thoughts are pressing me, now that I myself might explore the high seas and tossing salt waves."

Even the cuckoo urges with its sad voice,
summer's guardian announces sorrow
bitter in the breast-hoard. He does not know,
the man blessed with ease, what those endure
who walk most widely in the paths of exile.

And so now my thought flies out from my breast,
my spirit moves with the sea-flood,
roams widely over the whale's home,
to the corners of the earth, and comes back to me
greedy and hungry; the lone flier cries out,
incites my heart irresistibly to the whale's path
over the open sea—because hotter to me
are the joys of the Lord than this dead life,
loaned, on land.[1] I will never believe
that earthly goods will endure forever.
Always, for everyone, one of three things
hangs in the balance before its due time:
illness or age or attack by the sword
wrests life away from one doomed to die.
And so for every man the praise of posterity,
those coming after, is the best eulogy—
that before he must be on his way, he act
bravely on earth against the enemies' malice,
do bold deeds to beat the devil,
so the sons of men will salute him afterwards,
and his praise thereafter live with the angels
forever and ever, in the joy of eternal life,
delight among heaven's host.

The days are lost,
and all the pomp of this earthly kingdom;
there are now neither kings nor emperors
nor gold-givers as there once were,
when they did the greatest glorious deeds
and lived in most lordly fame.
All this noble host is fallen, their happiness lost,
the weaker ones remain and rule the world,
laboring and toiling. Joy is laid low,
the earth's nobility grows old and withers,
like every man throughout middle-earth.
Old age overtakes him, his face grows pale,
the graybeard grieves; he knows his old friends,
offspring of princes, have been given up to the earth.
When his life fails him, his fleshly cloak will neither
taste the sweet nor touch the sore,
nor move a hand nor think with his mind.
Though a brother may wish to strew his brother's
grave with gold, bury him among the dead
with heaps of treasure to take with him,
that gold will be useless before the terror of God
for any soul that is full of sin,
the gold he had hidden while here on earth.

Great is the terror of God, before which the earth
trembles;
He established the sturdy foundations,
the earth's solid surface and the high heavens.
Foolish is he who dreads not the Lord; death will find
him unprepared.
Blessed is he who lives humbly; mercy from heaven
comes to him,
the Maker strengthens his spirit, for he believes in His
might.
A man must steer a strong mind and keep it stable,
steadfast in its promises, pure in its ways;
every man must hold in moderation
his love for a friend and his hatred for a foe,
though he may wish him full of fire …[2]
… or his friend consumed
on a funeral pyre. Fate is greater,
the Maker mightier than any man's thoughts.

Let us consider where we should have our home,[3]
and then think how we might come there,
and let us also strive to reach that place
of eternal peace, unending blessedness,

[1] *this dead life, / loaned, on land* At this point the sea-voyage is revealed to be a journey of spiritual discovery, as in the Hiberno-Latin *Voyage of St Brendan*. The hermit-monks of Ireland had a particular penchant for taking to small boats and trusting in God for their safety. Some reached Iceland; some are rumored to have reached the Americas; many others, no doubt, found rest at the bottom of the sea.

[2] *full of fire …* Something is missing here, though there is no gap in the manuscript; the translation is conjectural and makes as little sense as the original.

[3] *Let us consider … our home* The tone of these last lines, different in many respects from the rest of the poem, seems to place the poem finally in a homiletic setting—the exhortation of a preacher rather than the confession of a weathered Ancient Mariner.

where life is found in the love of the Lord,
hope in heaven. Thanks be to the holy one
that he has so honored us, ruler of glory,
eternal Lord, throughout all time. Amen.

Deor

Wayland learned suffering from snares—[1]
that strong-minded earl endured misery,
with care and sorrow as companions,
and ice-cold exile; he found ample woe
after Nithhad laid hard restraints on him,
supple sinew-bonds on the better man.[2]
That passed away; so can this.[3]

To Beadohild, her brother's death was not
so sore in her heart as her own situation,
once she came clearly to see
that she carried a child; she could never
think through how that might turn out.[4]
That passed away; so can this.

We have heard many things of Mæthhild—
her desire for Geat was so deep, boundless,
that her sorrowful love stole all sleep.[5]
That passed away; so can this.

For thirty winters Theodoric held
the Mæring's stronghold; many knew that.[6]
That passed away; so can this.

We have heard of Eormanaric's
wolfish wit; he ruled far and wide
in the Gothic kingdom—a grim king.
Many a warrior sat wrapped in sorrow,
expecting woe, often wished
that his kingdom would be overcome.[7]
That passed away; so can this.

If a man sits sorrowing, bereft of joy,
his spirit darkens, and it seems to him
that his share of troubles is endless.
He may then think that throughout this world
the Lord in his wisdom often works changes,
to many a man He shows mercy
and certain fame, and to some a share of woe.

Concerning myself I will say this:
that once I was the Heodenings' *scop*,
dear to my lord, and Deor was my name.[8]

---

[1] *from snares* Old English *be wurman* means either "by sorrow" or "by worms"—the latter does not make much sense, though many critics have tried; the emendation *be wearnum* "by hindrances" is translated here.

[2] *on the better man* Wayland (Old English *Weland*, Old Norse *Volundr*) was the famous smith of Northern legend; his story is told in the Old Norse *Volundarkviða* in the *Poetic Edda* and, in a somewhat different form, in the twelfth- or thirteenth-century Norse *Thidrekssaga*. King Nithhad (Old Norse *Niðuðr*) is so greedy for Wayland's work that he cuts the smith's hamstrings to prevent his escape. In revenge (as we read in the next stanza) Wayland kills the king's sons—he fashions bowls out of their skulls, gems from their eyeballs, and brooches from their teeth, and presents these to the king; he then rapes and impregnates the king's daughter Beadohild and escapes by means of a flying coat made of feathers.

[3] *That passed away; so can this* The Old English line *þæs ofereode; þisses swa mæg* is almost passive: "it passed away with respect to that; so may it with respect to this."

[4] *how that might turn out* In the world of legend, at least, it turned out better than you might expect; Beadohild and Wayland were reconciled, and their child Widia (Old English *Wudga*, Old Norse *Viðga*) became famous as one of Dietrich von Berne's warriors (see the note to line 19, below) in the Norse *Thidrekssaga*.

[5] *stole all sleep* In fact nothing is known of Mæthhild, or the story to which this stanza alludes, and the translation is conjectural.

[6] *many knew that* Theodoric (Old Norse *Thidrek*), king of the Ostrogoths who ruled from 493–526, became the legendary Dietrich von Berne; he is said to have lived in exile at the court of Attila the Hun for thirty years. The identity of "the Mæring's stronghold" (Old English *Mæringa burg*) is unknown, and it is not clear whether we are supposed to sympathize with Theodoric or the city he ruled/oppressed.

[7] *would be overcome* Eormanaric, king of the Goths (died around 375), is, in legend, the uncle of Theodoric, and the one who drove him out of Berne and into exile. He had a widespread reputation for outrageous cruelty.

[8] *Deor was my name* A *scop* is a singer/poet. The character Deor (the name means either "beloved" or "wild beast") is otherwise unknown. The *Heodenings* would be a tribe founded by Heoden. The Norse *Skáldskaparmál* (*Prose Edda* ch. 49) tells how king Hedinn (Old Norse *Heðinn*) of the Hjaðnings (equivalent to the Old

Many winters I held this high-ranking post,
with a noble lord, until now Heorrenda,
a man skilled in song, has snatched the estate
that the protector of warriors had once given to me.
That passed away; so can this.

Wulf and Eadwacer

It's as if someone should give a gift to my people—[1]
they will kill him[2] if he comes to the troop.
It is otherwise for us.

Wulf is on an island, I on another.
Fast is that island, surrounded by fen.
The men on the island are murderous and cruel;
they will kill him if he comes to the troop.
It is otherwise for us.

I felt far-wandering hopes[3] for my Wulf,
as I sat weeping in the rainy weather,
when the bold warrior's arms embraced me—
it was sweet to me, yet I also despised it.

Wulf, my Wulf! My wanting you
has made me sick—your seldom coming,
my mourning heart, not lack of meat.

Do you hear, Eadwacer?[4] A wolf bears away
our wretched cub to the woods.
One can easily split what was never united,
the song of the two of us.

The Wife's Lament

I make this song of myself, deeply sorrowing,
my own life's journey. I am able to tell
all the hardships I've suffered since I grew up,
but new or old, never worse than now—
ever I suffer the torment of my exile.

First my lord left his people
over the tumbling waves; I worried at dawn
where on earth my leader of men might be.
When I set out myself in my sorrow,
a friendless exile, to find his retainers,
that man's kinsmen began to think
in secret that they would separate us,
so we would live far apart in the world,
most miserably, and longing seized me.

My lord commanded me to live here;[5]
I had few loved ones or loyal friends
in this country, which causes me grief.
Then I found that my most fitting man
was unfortunate, filled with grief,
concealing his mind, plotting murder
with a smiling face. So often we swore
that only death could ever divide us,
nothing else—all that is changed now;
it is now as if it had never been,

English *Heodenings*) kidnaps Hild, daughter of Högni. The Middle High German heroic epic *Kudrun* tells a somewhat different version of this tale, in which King Hettel (Middle High Germanic *Hetele*) plans to steal the beautiful Hild from her father Hagen. Among his helpers in this adventure is a minstrel named Horant (equivalent to the Old English *Heorrenda*). Somewhere behind or among these tales may lie the story implied here.

[1] *a gift to my people* The Old English word *lac* "gift" can also mean "battle."

[2] *kill him* The Old English word *aþecgan*, translated "kill," can also mean "receive, accept" or "devour, destroy."

[3] *felt far-wandering hopes* The word translated here as "felt" is Old English *dogode*. It is found nowhere else in Old English and is probably a scribal mistake (I have assumed the correct form is *hogode*, "thought" or "intended") but the similarity with the Old English *docga* "dog" (itself found very rarely in written Old English, but presumably used in popular speech as an informal synonym of the more commonly-attested *hund* "hound") has led some readers, almost irresistibly, to imagine a hypothetical verb *dogian* "to follow like a dog," which would certainly be appropriate in a poem about a man named "wolf."

[4] *Eadwacer* The name—if it is in fact a proper name—means roughly "guardian of property." It seems an appropriate name for a jealous husband.

[5] *to live here* Or, "to take up a dwelling in a grove" or "to live in a (pagan) shrine." The precise meaning of the line, like the general meaning of the poem, is a matter of dispute and conjecture.

our friendship. Far and near, I must
endure the hatred of my dearest one.

They forced me to live in a forest grove,
under an oak tree in an earthen cave.[1]
This earth-hall is old, and I ache with longing;
the dales are dark, the hills too high,
harsh hedges overhung with briars,
a home without joy. Here my lord's leaving
often fiercely seized me. There are friends on earth,
lovers living who lie in their beds,
while I walk alone in the first light of dawn
under the oak tree and through this earth-cave,
where I must sit the summer-long day;
there I can weep for all my exiles,
my many troubles; and so I can never
escape from the cares of my sorrowful mind,
nor all the longings that seize me in this life.

May the young man always be sad-minded[2]
with hard heart-thoughts, yet let him have
a smiling face along with his heartache,
a crowd of constant sorrows. Let to himself
all his worldly joys belong! Let him be outlawed
in a far distant land, so that my friend sits
under stone cliffs chilled by storms,
weary-minded, surrounded by water
in a sad dreary hall! My beloved will suffer
the cares of a sorrowful mind; he will remember
too often a happier home. Woe to the one
who must wait with longing for a loved one.

[1] *in an earthen cave* Or even "in an earthen grave or barrow."

[2] *May the young man … sad-minded* These difficult lines have been read as a particular reflection, imagining the mental state of her distant beloved, or as a general reflection on the double-faced nature of the world; here, following the reading of some critics, they are taken as a kind of curse, wishing upon the beloved all the suffering and sorrow felt by the speaker.

The Ruin

Wondrous is this wall's foundation—*wyrd*[3] has broken
and shattered this city; the work of giants crumbles.
The roofs are ruined, the towers toppled,
frost in the mortar has broken the gate,
torn and worn and shorn by the storm,
eaten through with age. The earth's grasp
holds the builders, rotten, forgotten,
the hard grip of the ground, until a hundred
generations of men are gone.

This wall, rust-stained
and covered with moss, has seen one kingdom after another,
stood in the storm, steep and tall, then tumbled.
The foundation remains, felled by the weather,
it fell. …[4]
grimly ground up. …
… …cleverly created. …
… … a crust of mud surrounded …
… … put together a swift
and subtle system of rings; one of great wisdom
wondrously bound the braces together with wires.

Bright were the buildings, with many bath-houses,
high noble gables and a great noise of armies,
many a meadhall filled with men's joys,
until mighty *wyrd* made an end to all that.
The slain fell on all sides, plague-days came,
and death destroyed all the brave swordsmen;
the seats of their idols became empty wasteland,
the city crumbled, its re-builders collapsed
beside their shrines. So now these courts are empty,
and the rich vaults of the vermilion roofs

[3] *wyrd* On this Old English word, see the note to line 5 of *The Wanderer*.

[4] *it fell.…* Several lines are lost here; the translation tries to make sense of a few surviving words.

shed their tiles. The ruins toppled to the ground,
broken into rubble, where once many a man
glad-minded, gold-bright, bedecked in splendor,
proud, full of wine, shone in his war-gear,
gazed on treasure, on silver, on sparkling gems,
on wealth, on possessions, on the precious stone,
on this bright capital of a broad kingdom.

Stone buildings stood, the wide-flowing stream
threw off its heat; a wall held it all
in its bright bosom where the baths were,[1]
hot in its core, a great convenience.
They let them gush forth …..
the hot streams over the great stones,
under…
until the circular pool …. hot…
…..where the baths were.
Then….
….. that is a noble thing,
how …. the city ….[2]
—? 10th century

[1] *where the baths were* This description has led many readers to assume the poem is describing the actual ruins of the Roman temple complex at Aqua Sulis in the modern city of Bath.

[2] *the city*.... The poem, appropriately, trails off into incoherent decay.

The Broadview Anthology of

BRITISH LITERATURE

Volume 1
The Medieval Period
Third Edition

GENERAL EDITORS

Joseph Black, University of Massachusetts
Leonard Conolly, Trent University
Kate Flint, University of Southern California
Isobel Grundy, University of Alberta
Don LePan, Broadview Press
Roy Liuzza, University of Toronto
Jerome J. McGann, University of Virginia
Anne Lake Prescott, Barnard College
Barry V. Qualls, Rutgers University
Claire Waters, University of California, Davis

broadview press

Library and Archives Canada Cataloguing in Publication

The Broadview anthology of British literature / general editors, Joseph Black (University of Massachusetts), Leonard Conolly (Trent University), Kate Flint (University of Southern California), Isobel Grundy (University of Alberta), Don LePan (Broadview Press), Roy Liuzza (University of Toronto), Jerome J. McGann (University of Virginia), Anne Lake Prescott (Barnard College), Barry V. Qualls (Rutgers University), Claire Waters (University of California, Davis). —Third edition.

(Broadview anthology of British literature)
Includes bibliographical references and indexes.
Contents: Volume 1. The medieval period.
ISBN 978-1-55481-202-8 (v. 1 : pbk.)

1. English literature. I. Black, Joseph, 1962-, editor II. Title: British literature. III. Series: Broadview anthology of British literature (Series)

PR1109.B772 2014 820.8 C2014-907235-X

Broadview Press is an independent, international publishing house, incorporated in 1985.

We welcome comments and suggestions regarding any aspect of our publications—please feel free to contact us at the addresses below or at broadview@broadviewpress.com.

North America
PO Box 1243
Peterborough, Ontario
K9J 7H5 Canada

555 Riverwalk Parkway,
Tonawanda, NY, 14150,
USA
Tel: (705) 743-8990
Fax: (705) 743-8353
email: customerservice@broadviewpress.com

UK, Ireland, Central Asia, Middle East, Africa, India, and Southeast Asia
European Group
3 Henrietta St.
London WC2E 8LU, UK
TEL: 44 (0) 1767 604972
FAX: 44 (0) 1767 601640
eurospan@turpin-distribution.com

Australia and New Zealand
Footprint Books
1/6a Prosperity Parade
Warriewood, NSW 2102
Australia
TEL: 1300 260 090
FAX: 02 9997 3185
email: info@footprint.com.au

www. broadviewpress.com
Broadview Press acknowledges the financial support of the Government of Canada through the Book Publishing Industry Development Program (BPIDP) for our publishing activities.

Cover design by Lisa Brawn

PRINTED IN CANADA