### Literatura Inglesa I: Ejes de la Literatura Inglesa Medieval y Renacentista

Centro Asociado UNED La Laguna

Curso 2021-2022

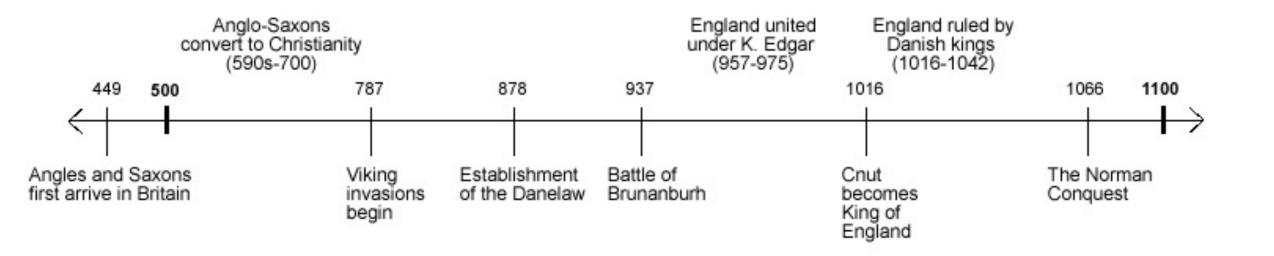
Grado en Estudios Ingleses



#### THE COURSE

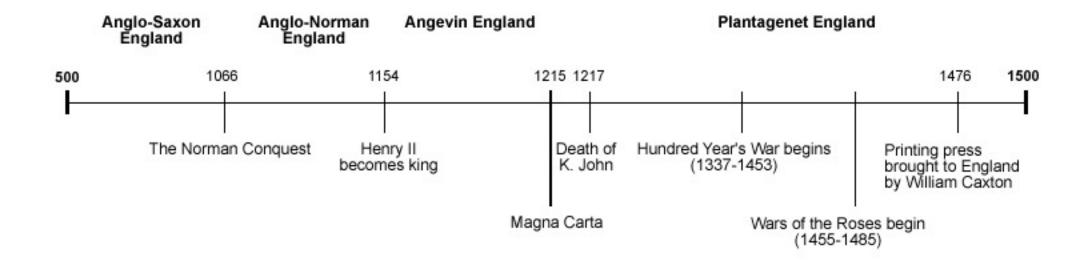
- Annual course. (1. Medieval 2. Renaissance)
- 2 PECs (Pruebas de Evaluación Continua)
  - December 17<sup>th</sup>, 2021
  - May 4th, 2022
- Sessions: practical, based on texts and resolution of doubts and problems.
- It is highly recommended to read the texts beforehand.
- HIGHLIGHTED SECTIONS IN "Orientaciones para el estudio", "Guía de estudio" and "Antología de textos"

#### THE MIDDLE AGES





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### BEOWULF (contextualization)

- Cotton Vitellius Ms. Sir Robert Cotton (1571-1631), currently preserved in the British Library.
  - Oral transmission (scop) manuscript from late 10<sup>th</sup>- early 11<sup>th</sup> century.
- Geographical setting: Heorot, in the Isle of Seland, a border between the Geats and the Danes.
- Chronological setting: circa 450 AD (composed between the  $7^{th}$  and the  $10^{th}$  century).
- Seamus Heaney's renowned translation.
- Structure: [fight victory celebration, from b to d]
- a. Introduction: genealogy of the house of Heorot (Shield Sheafson, Beow, Halfdane, Hrothgar...)
  - b. Grendel's attack.
  - c. Beowulf arrives fight with Grendel.
  - d. Grendel's mother.
- e. Beowulf, king of the Geats fight with the dragon and death.





#### **BEOWULF**

So times were pleasant for the people there Until finally one, a fiend out of hell, Began to work his evil in the world. **Gr**endel was the name of this **gr**im demon Haunting the marches, marauding<sup>1</sup> round the heath<sup>2</sup> And the **d**esolate fens; he had **d**welt for a time In misery among the banished monsters, Cain's clan, whom the Creator had outlawed And condemned as outcasts. For the killing of Abel The **E**ternal Lord had **e**xacted a price: **C**ain got no good from **c**ommitting that murder Because the Almighty made him anatema And out of the curse of this exile there sprang Ogres and elves and evil phantoms And the giants too who strove<sup>3</sup> with God Time and again until He gave them their reward.

1. To destroy. – 2. deserted field. – 3. to struggle/fight

100

- 1. Contextualization.
- 2. Summary of the themes.
- 3. Features of the genre
- 4. Additional features
- 5. Conclusions

110



#### **BEOWULF**

The man whose name was known for courage,
The Geat leader, resolute in his helmet,
Answered in return: "We are retainers
From Hygelac's band. Beowulf's my name.
If your lord and master, the most renowned
Son of Halfdane, will hear me out
And graciously allow me to greet him in person,
I am ready and willing to report my errand."

340

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Therefore, to **h**eighten **H**ygelac's fame And gladden his heart, I hereby renounce **Sw**ord and the **sh**elter of the broad **sh**ield, The **h**eavy war-board\*: **h**and-to-hand Is how it will be, a life-and-death Fight with the fiend. Whichever one death fells Must deem it a just judgment by God. If Grendel wins, it will be a gruesome day; He will glut\* himself on the Geats in the war-hall, Swoop\* without **f**ear on that **f**lower of manhood As on others before. Then my face won't be there To be **c**overed in death: he will **c**arry me away As he goes to ground, gorged\* and bloodied; He will **r**un gloating\* with my **r**aw corpse And feed on it alone, in a cruel frenzy, Fouling his moor-**n**est. **No n**eed then To lament for long or lay out my body: If the battle takes me, send back This breast-webbing\* that Weland fashioned And Hrethel gave me, to Lord Hygelac. Fate goes ever as fate must."

board shield

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feed with relish to attack suddenly and swiftly

full to bursting mocking in triumph

type of breast armour



Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, spoke: "Wise sir, do not grieve. It is always better To avenge dear ones than to indulge in mourning. For every one of us, living in this world Means waiting for our end. Let whoever can Win glory before death. When a warrior is gone, That will be his best and only bulwark. So arise, my lord, and let us immediately Set forth on the trail of this troll-dam\*. I guarantee you: she will not get away, Not to dens underground nor upland groves Nor the ocean floor. She'll have nowhere to flee to. Endure your trouble today. Bear up And be the man I expect you to be."

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1390 Female troll



The wide kingdom

Reverted to Beowulf. He ruled it well

For fifty winters, grew old and wise

As warden of the land

Until one began

To dominate the dark, a dragon on the prowl\*

From the steep vaults of the stone-roofed barrow

Where he guarded a hoard; there was a hidden passage

Unknown to men, but someone managed

To enter by it and interfere

With the heathen trove\*. He had handled and removed

A gem-studded goblet; it gained him nothing,

Though with a thief's wiles he had outwitted

The sleeping dragon; that drove him into a rage,

As the people of that country would soon discover.

- 1. Contextualization.
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2210

moving around furtively

treasure



# THE WANDERER (Burton Raffel's translation)

Oft to the wanderer, weary of exile, Cometh God's pity, compassionate love, Though woefully toiling on wintry seas With churning oar in the icy wave, Homeless and helpless he fled from fate.

Thematic deviations: life of a scop
BE CAREFUL with translations



### THE WANDERER (Michael Alexander's translation)

'Where is that horse now? Where are those men? Where is the hoard-sharer? Where is the house of the feast? Where is the hall's uproar? Alas, bright cup! Alas, burnished fighter! Alas, proud prince! How that time has passed, Dark under night's helm, as though it never had been! There stands in the stead of staunch thanes A towering wall wrought with worm-shapes; The earls are off-taken by the ash-spear's point, - That thirsty weapon. Their Weird is glorious.

- 1. Contextualization.
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### THE WIFE'S LAMENT (Eavan Boland's translation)

My lost lord, my lover-felon— Let him be cast from his land alone By an icy cliff in a cold storm. Let his own mind bedevil him With weariness as the water flows Far below his makeshift house. Let my weary friend beside the sea Suffer his cruel anxiety Let him be reminded of this place Of another dwelling: all its grace, And all the affliction, all the cost Of longing for a love that's lost.



# THE WIFE'S LAMENT (Michael Alexander's translation)

Where my friend is stranded frost crusts the cracked cliff-face grey waves grind the shingle.

The mind cannot bear in such a bleak place very much grief.

He remembers too often less grim surroundings. Sorrow follows this too long wait for one who is estranged.

