This translation is by Erin Sebo, lecturer in English at Flinders University in Australia. Erin is especially interested in wisdom literature, heroism and the history of emotions (so, all the good stuff!).

Ic eom mare þonne þes middangeard
læsse þonne hondwyrm, þeohre þonne mona,
swifre þonne sunne. Sæs me sind ealle
flodas on fæðmum ond þes foldan bearm,
grene wongas. Grundum ic hrine,
helle underhnige, heofonas oferstige,
wuldres eþel, wide ræce
ofer engla eard, eorþan gefylyle,
ealne middangeard ond merestreamas
side mid me sylfum. Saga hwæt ic hatte.

I am greater than this middle-earth,
less than a hand-worm, lighter than the moon,
swifter than the sun. All the seas’ tides are
in my embraces and the earthen breast,
the green fields. I touch the foundations,
I sink under hell, I soar over the heavens,
the home of glory; I reach wide
over the homeland of angels; I fill the earth abundantly,
the entire world and the streams of the oceans
with myself. Say what I am called.

Highlight the box with your cursor to reveal the possible solutions: Creation, God

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