

Kenrick. Translated from the Saxon

Control Page

[Back to Project Home Page](#)

Control Panel

Original Manuscript : **Missing presumed Lost**

First Printing :

★ The Town and Country Magazine, April 1769. p. 174 :

[Scroll to View panel 1 below](#) or [View online](#)

Subsequent Printing :

★ Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, 1778, p.11

: [View panel 2 below](#) or [View online](#)

Note:

I have compared the two printings and can confirm that they are word for word. The 1778 version chooses to break the work into sections, which makes for a comfortable read.

Panel 1 : The Town and Country Magazine, April 1769. p.174

KENRICK. *Translated from the Saxon.*

WHEN winter yelled through
the leafless grove ; when the
black waves rode over the roaring
winds, and the dark-brown clouds
hid the face of the sun ; when the
silver brook stood still, and snow en-
vironed the top of the lofty moun-
tain ; when the flowers appeared not
in the blasted fields, and the boughs
of the leafless trees bent with the
loads

loads of ice; when the howling of the wolf affrighted the darkly glimmering light of the western sky; Kenrick, terrible as the tempest, young as the snake of the valley, strong as the mountain of the slain; his armour shining like the stars in the dark night, when the moon is veiled in fable, and the blasting winds howl over the wide plain; his shield like the black rock, prepared himself for war. Ceolwolf of the high mountain, who viewed the first rays of the morning star, swift as the flying deer, strong as a young oak, fierce as an evening wolf, drew his sword; glittering like the blue vapours in the valley of Horfa; terrible as the red lightning, bursting from the dark-brown clouds: his swift bark rode over the foaming waves, like the wind in the tempest; the arches fell at his blow, and he wrapt the towers in flames; he followed Kenrick, like a wolf roaming for prey. Centwin of the vale arose, he seized the massy spear; terrible was his voice, great was his strength; he hurled the rocks into the sea, and broke the strong oaks of the forest. Slow in the race as the minutes of impatience. His spear, like the fury of a thunderbolt, swept down whole armies — his enemies melted before him, like the stones of hail at the approach of the sun. Awake, O Eldulph! thou that sleepest on the white mountain, with the fairest of women; no more pursue the dark-brown wolf; arise from the mossy bank of the falling waters; let thy garments be stained in blood, and the streams of life discolour thy girdle; let thy flowing hair be hid in a helmet, and thy beauteous countenance writhed into terror. Egward, keeper of the barks, arise like the roaring waves of the sea: pursue the black companies of the enemy. Ye Saxons, who live in the air and glide over the stars, act like yourselves. Like the murmuring voice of the Severn, swelled with rain, the Saxons moved along; like a blazing star the sword of Kenrick shone among the

the red lightning of heaven he burnt up the ranks of his enemy. Centwin raged like a wild boar. Tatward sported in blood, armies melted at his stroke. Eldulph was a flaming vapour, destruction sat upon his sword. Ceolwolf was drenched in gore, but fell like a rock before the sword of Mervin. Egward pursued the slayer of his friend, the blood of Mervin smoked on his hand. Like the rage of a tempest was the noise of the battle: like the roaring of the torrent, gushing from the brow of the lofty mountain. The Britons fled like a black cloud dropping hail, flying before the howling winds. Ye virgins! arise and welcome back the pursuers; deck their brows with chaplets of jewels; spread the branches of the oak beneath their feet. Kenrick is returned from the war, the clotted gore hangs terrible upon his crooked sword, like the noxious vapours on the black rock; his knees are red with the gore of the foe. Ye sons of the song, sound the instruments of music; ye virgins, dance around him. Costan of the lake, arise, take thy harp from the willow, sing the praise of Kenrick to the sweet sound of the white waves sinking to the foundation of the black rock. Rejoice, O ye Saxons! Kenrick is victorious. D. B.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

Mr. Printer,

I Do not know whether you are married or single; but I should be glad you, or some of your correspondents, would inform me, if a man can live nearly as cheap when he is married as when he is single. I cannot pretend to say that I am poor, nor do I chuse to own that I am rich, for I have several needy relations that would soon ease me of all superfluities. The subject of this letter then is, to know whether if I marry a girl whom I am very fond of, I shall increase my expences above ten per

Panel 2 : Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, 1778, p.11
This was copied from the Town and Country Magazine, but

K E N R I C K .

TRANSLATED FROM THE SAXON.

WHEN winter yelled through the leafless grove; when the black waves rode over the roaring winds, and the dark-brown clouds hid the face of the sun; when the silver brook stood still, and snow environed the top of the lofty mountain; when the flowers appeared not in the blasted fields, and the boughs of the leafless trees bent with the loads of ice; when the howling of the wolf affrighted the darkly glimmering light of the western sky; Kenrick, terrible as the tempest, young as the snake of the valley, strong as the mountain of the slain; his armour shining like the stars in the dark night, when the moon is veiled in fable, and the blasting winds howl over the wide plain; his shield like the black rock, prepared himself for war.

Ceolwolf of the high mountain, who viewed the first rays of the morning star, swift as the flying deer, strong as a young oak, fierce as an even-
ing

ing wolf, drew his sword ; glittering like the blue vapours in the valley of Horso ; terrible as the red lightning, bursting from the dark-brown clouds : his swift bark rode over the foaming waves, like the wind in the tempest ; the arches fell at his blow, and he wrapt the towers in flames ; he followed Kenrick, like a wolf roaming for prey.

Centwin of the vale arose, he seized the massy spear ; terrible was his voice, great was his strength ; he hurled the rocks into the sea, and broke the strong oaks of the forest. Slow in the race as the minutes of impatience. His spear, like the fury of a thunderbolt, swept down whole armies ; his enemies melted before him, like the stones of hail at the approach of the sun.

Awake, O Eldulph ! Thou that sleepest on the white mountain, with the fairest of women ; no more pursue the dark-brown wolf ; arise from the mossy bank of the falling waters ; let thy garments be stained in blood, and the streams of life discolour thy girdle ; let thy flowing hair be hid in a helmet, and thy beauteous countenance be writhed into terror.

Egward,

Egward, keeper of the barks, arise like the roaring waves of the sea : pursue the black companies of the enemy.

Ye Saxons, who live in the air and glide over the stars, act like yourselves.

Like the murmuring voice of the Severn, swelled with rain, the Saxons moved along ; like a blazing star the sword of Kenrick shone among the Britons ; Tenyan bled at his feet ; like the red lightning of heaven he burnt up the ranks of his enemy.

Centwin raged like a wild boar. Tatward sported in blood, armies melted at his stroke. Eldulph was a flaming vapour, destruction sat upon his sword. Ceolwolf was drenched in gore, but fell like a rock before the sword of Mervin.

Egward pursued the slayer of his friend ; the blood of Mervin smoked on his hand.

Like the rage of a tempest was the noise of the battle ; like the roaring of the torrent, gushing from the brow of the lofty mountain:

The

The Britons fled, like a black cloud dropping
hail, flying before the howling winds.

Ye virgins ! arise and welcome back the pursu-
ers ; deck their brows with chaplets of jewels ;
spread the branches of the oak beneath their feet.
Kenrick is returned from the war, the clotted gore
hangs terrible upon his crooked sword, like the
noxious vapours on the black rock ; his knees are
red with the gore of the foe.

Ye sons of the song, sound the instruments of
music ; ye virgins, dance around him.

Costan of the lake, arise, take thy harp from the
willow, sing the praise of Kenrick, to the sweet
sound of the white waves sinking to the foundation
of the black rock.

Rejoice, O ye Saxons ! Kenrick is victorious.

[Back to Project Home Page](#)