Kenrick. Translated from the Saxon

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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

: <u>View panel 2 below</u> or <u>View online</u>

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.

W HEN winter yelled through the leasters grove; when the black waves rode over the roaring winds, and the dark-brown clouds hid the face of the fun; when the filver brook stood still, and snow environed the top of the losty mountain; when the flowers appeared not in the blasted sields, and the boughs of the leasters trees bent with the loads

loads of ice; when the howling of | the wolf affrighted the darkly glim mering light of the weltern fky; Kenrick, terrible as the tempeft, young as the inake of the valley, firong as the mountain of the flain; his armour thining like the flars in the dark night, when the moon is veiled in fable, and the blaffing winds howl over the wide plain; his shield like the black rock, prepared himfelf for war. Ccolwolf of the high mountain, who viewed the first rays of the morning flar, fwift as the flying deer, firong as a young oak, herce as an evening wolf, drew his fword; glittering like the blue vapours in the valley of Horia; ter ible as the red lightning, burfting from the darkbrown clouds: his fwift 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 firength; he hurled the rocks into the fea, and broke the ftrong oaks of the forest. Slow in the race as the minutes of impatience. His fpear, like the fury of a thunderbolt, fwept down whole armies - his enemies melted before him, like the stones of hail at the approach of the fun. Awake, O Eldulph ! thou that Reepest on the white mountain, with the fairest of women; no more purfue the dark-brown wolf; arise from the monly bank of the falling waters; let thy garments be flained in blood, and the ttreams 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 fea: purfue the black companies of the enemy. Ye Saxons, who live in the air and glide over the flars, act like yourselves. Like the murmuring voice of the Severn, swelled with rain, the Saxons moved along; like a blazing flar the fword of kenrick thone 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 slaming vapour, deltruction fat upon his fword. Ceolwolf was drenched in gere, but fell like a rock before the fword of Mervin. Egward purfued the flayer of his friend, the blood of Mervin smoked on his hand. Like the rage of a tempelt was the noise of the battle: like the roaring of the torrent, gushing from the brow of the lofty mountain. The Britons fied like a black cloud dropping hail, flying before the howling winds. Ye virgins! arise and welcome back the purfuers; deck their brows with chaplets of jewels; foread the branches of the oak beneath their feet. Kenrick is returned from the war, the clotted gore hangs terrible upon his crooked fword, like the noxious vapours on the black rock; his knees are red with the gore of the foe. Ye ions of the long, found the inftruments of music; ye virgins, dance around him. Coftan of the lake, arife, take thy harp from the willow, fing the praise of Kennick to the sweet found of the white waves linking to the foundation of the black rock. Rejoice, O ye Saxons! Kenrick is victorious. D. B.

To the Printer of the Town and Country

Mr. Printer,

I Do not know whether you are married or fingle; 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 fingle. 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 supersuities. The subject of this setter 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

ing wolf, digwins food : altrering like the blue

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the wind in the tempelt; the arches felleas his

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lowed Kentick, like a wolf roaming for pray. THEN 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 fun; when the filver brook flood still, and snow environed the top of the lofty mountain; when the flowers appeared not in the blafted 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 flain; his armour shining like the flars in the dark night, when the moon is veiled in fable, and the blafting winds howl over the wide plain; his shield like the black rock, prepared himself for war. I selbig with molocille

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

to a beloner, and thy beautoous connegrance be

ing wolf, drew his fword; glittering like the blue vapours in the valley of Horso; terrible as the red lightning, bursting from the dark-brown clouds: his fwift 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.

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Centwin of the vale arose, he seized the massy fpear; terrible was his voice, great was his ftrength; he hurled the rocks into the fea, 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, fwept down whole armies; his enemies melted before him, like the stones of hail at the approach of the fun.

Awake, O Eldulph! Thou that fleepest on the white mountain, with the fairest of women; no more purfue the dark-brown wolf; arise from the mosly 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 wom figid on i lowload

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the first rays of the morning that, swift as the flybravga. Grong as a voung cak, fierce as on evenEgward, keeper of the barks, arise like the roaring waves of the sea: pursue the black companies of the enemy.

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Mourick is remined from the war, the clotte

Ye virgins! arife and welcome back the purfu-

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.

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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.

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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.

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