"Heald þu nu, hruse, nu hæleð ne mostan, eorla æhta. Hwaet, hyt ær on ðe
gode begeaton. Guðdeð fornarn, feorhbeale frecne, fyrena gehwylcne, leoda minra, þamaðe [para þe þis ofgeaf.
180r Gesawon seledreamas. | Nah, hwa sweord wege oðde forð sele [bere] fæted wæge,
dryncfæt deore. Duguð ellor seoc. Seal se hearda helm hyrstedgolde fætum befeallen. Feormynd swefað, þa ðe beadogriman bywan sceoldon. Ge swylce seo herepad, sio æt hilde gebad
ofer borda gebræc bite irena. brosnað æfter beorne. Ne mæg byrnan hring æfter wigfruman wide feran, hæleðum be hælf. Næs hearpan wyn, gomen gleoheames, ne god hafoc
gendum sæl swingeð, ne se swifte meað burhstede beateð. Bealocwealm hafað fela feorhcyonna forð onsended."

"Earth. You now hold what now men cannot, what warriors had. And that’s not all: earlier, the good ones took all this from you. But a hostile death, a life-hack of evils overtook every one of my people – each of them gave it all up, the hall-joys they had seen. He has nothing, who would wear a sword, or offer up the rich cup, that dear drink. Go look for glory somewhere else. The hard helmet, decked out in gold, must lose its luster. The scrubbers sleep, those who should be shining the battle-masks, and the full-met-jacket that endured combat over the breaking of shields and the bite of iron. Things fall apart without the man. That ring-mail will not get far without the war-lord, without the hero inside. There was no harp’s joy, no glad-beamed mouth, no fine hawk swinging through the hall, no swift horse thundering through the stronghold. A savage slaughter swept away the lifetimes."

Notes:

* I decided to give the Survivor his own voice, one that might break a bit from the standard style of poetry around him. That said, though culturally idiomatic in places, I stuck very close to the Old English meaning.

* I did play a bit freely with hwæt in 2249, taking it as the interjection (and not with hyt as in "what it"), and rendering it as "that’s not all" to help establish the distinctive voice of Survivor, and build the narrative through parataxis.

* I had to reject Kiernan’s reading of þa meðe þis ofgeaf in 2252b, and instead went with the traditional emendation of þara þe þis ofgeaf. I examined the high-resolution images of f.179v and Kiernan’s notes (and alternative imaging), and I just don’t buy it.

* I read duguð to mean the abstract value, not the literal host of men in 2255b, as taking seoc as an imperative (as Kiernan does) it nicely textures the voice of the Survivor in translation.

* In 2264a, I more untraditionally read gomen as “mouth” (attested, in this spelling, in the DOE). This plays nicely with the aural dimension of the harp and possibly the accompaniment of singing (as beam can be a beam of wood or a beam like a shaft of light or sound (beam also = "trumpet" in OE), and the thundering horse that follows.