



THE PHOENIX

From The Exeter Book

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Note: The following text is an AI translation from the Anglo-Saxon. Liberties have been taken with the translation to preserve the poetic rhythm and meter of the original text.

I have heard that is far away
in the eastern lands of the noble earth,
famous among the people.
The earth's treasure is not shared among men on earth.
The earth, as it is adorned is
through the power of the creator, man-made.
The world is beautiful, blessed with joys
with the most lovely of earthly sounds.
The island is unique, the noble creator.
Majestic, mighty, the earth has been set.
There is often an open gate to heaven for the noble ones,
the door of the kingdom of heaven.
That is a pleasant field, the green land,
wide under the heavens.
There cannot be rain or snow,
nor the quiet of the forest,
nor the blast of fire,
nor the howling of wolves,
nor the sound of thunder,
nor the warmth of the sun,
nor the cold,
nor the winter's darkness,

not a single thing, but the field remains.
Beautiful and untouched. Is that the noble land
Blossoming with flowers. Mountains there do not stand
Steep nor stand tall, nor rocky cliffs
High shelters, just as here with us,
Nor valleys nor ravines, nor precipices,
nor precipitous ridges, nor where the lions roam
Unfenced, but the noble field
Wraps itself under the clouds, blooming with joy.
That bright land belongs to twelve lords,
a treasure trove, so the wise tell us in writings,
that any of those mountains that shine with us
bear a heavy load under the heavens.
The path to victory is narrow;
the sun shines brightly,
the woods are lovely.
The vines do not wither,
the bright leaves,
but the trees stand green, as they were blessed.
In winters and summers,
the wood is adorned with leaves;
never do the leaves fall
nor does it harm them.
Forever to age, the world will endure.
So the mighty waters covered the entire middle earth,

the earth's circuit, the noble plain,
entirely unharmed, with the tide's journey,
held firm the balance of each wave,
happy, unblemished, through God's power;
it waits so blown, until the coming of the storm,
the lord's judgment, then the greatest treasure of heroes,
is hidden.

There is no pain in that land,
no wailing or lamentation,
no old age or sorrow, no bitter death,
no life's farewell, no bitter coming,
no sin or punishment, no sorrow.
No wicked strife, nor evil sight.

No sorrow nor sleep shall lie.
No winter's wrath, no winter's storm,
under the heavens, no harsh forest.

The calm cycle is complete, no storm.
There is no hail or frost on the ground,
no windy cloud, nor does the water fall,
the air is clear, but the lowest streams,
wonderfully, will spring forth

beautiful waves of water. The ground laughs.
Water flows sweetly through the midst of the forest;
each month of the earth's year, the tides surge,
they bear all things across, triumphantly.

This is the command of the lord,
that for twelve seasons the land be free
from the joy of the sea's waves.

The trees are adorned with leaves,
with bright fruit, where there is no want,
holy under heaven, the forest's treasure.

There does not fall in the earth a withered flower.

The woods are forever green,
in the trees, always serene,
evergreen, in all time,
on the lush meadow, stands,
heard with holy power,
brightest morning.

The forest is not broken,
where the holy spirit dwells,
in the land of joy;
it will never be changed,
before the end of time,
the wise ancient work
that it created in the beginning.

The wondrous bird of the woods,
the phoenix, is strong and beautiful.

Where it lives alone, it is fierce and fearless;
death never touches it in its willow grove,
as long as the world stands.

We must watch the sun's journey
and against its coming, the glory of God,
celebrate with joyful songs,
when the noble stars
rise over the ocean's waves,
the father of old works will shine with ornaments,
the bright sign of God.

The stars are honored,
hidden under the waves of the West,
gladly in the day's light, and the dark night
will pass; then the strong winds
the birds will sing with joyful voices
over the fertile stream.

Under the sky, over the lake,
when the sun rises,
eastward gliding over the southern sea,
its light shines.

In the beautiful forest by the spring,
noble birds live, willow streams,
where the weary traveler after twelve days
has bathed in the river before the beech tree's arrival,
swan's song, and always so often
the wild willow's sprouting branches
are washed by the waves at every turn.

Since he himself has swum the river

he proudly holds his head high on a tall beam,
then the strongest man on the eastern path
can follow his journey, when the swan's song is heard.
The sun shines brightly over the sea,
Its light illuminates the land.
Cities are adorned, the world is lit up,
When the sun's rays travel over the earth's path
Across the world, the brightest stars.
The sun shines brightly on the silent streams
Just as the swallow bird
Shines brightly from the darkness,
Flies swiftly through the air,
Sings and soars with joy.
When the bird's song is so beautiful,
Its heart is full of joy,
It sings with a wondrous voice,
More beautifully than any human
Has ever heard under the heavens,
Since the high king.
Oh, creator of the world,
founder of the earth and the heavens.
The music of the spheres
is sweet and beautiful to all who hear it.
The gentle breeze cannot be contained
by the breath or the horns.

Hear the harp, nor the hero's call
Echoing on earth, nor the organ's solemn hall
The sweet song of the swan, nor the gentle breeze
That the Lord created for men in this sorrowful world
Sing with joy and dance with bliss
Until the sun sets in the southern sky
Then he will shine and give light
And lift up the head, the wise and the threefold ascended
A bird in flight; a bird is driven.
Always for twelve months of the year,
It marks the day and the night.
So is the bear, that it may enjoy
The woods with its will, and find its pleasure,
Life and joy, the beauty of the land,
Until it has lived a thousand years,
The guardian of the forest, it endures the winters.
Then it is filled with the wisdom of its fathers,
Old, wise, and green with the earth.
The wind, a bird's delight,
Blows fiercely, shaking the land.
Then it sees the kingdom of the earth,
Where no one dwells, where no nation stands.
There the mighty lordship is seized,
Over all the birds, chosen by fate,
And they march with him, their leader strong.

Then the winter's bitter cold,
Fades away, and the birds take flight,
Their swift wings beating swiftly through the air.
The birds gather around the noble one;
Each one will follow.
A noble and a servant of the king,
Famous in his land, so dear and so king,
Till he seeks the land of the Syrwan,
A place of great wonder, where he's often seen.
The clean and noble one is fiercely guarded,
So that he's protected from harm and danger,
In a place of dense woods, a hidden place,
Where many heroes have walked before him.
There stands a tall tree in the forest deep,
Where the Phoenix bird is said to nest and sleep,
Under the vault of heaven, where the Phoenix is known,
A symbol of rebirth, where legends are sown.
Still stands, beneath the stormy sky,
Each tempest rages, wild and high.
The weather vane, warm with gentle breeze,
Lights up the crowds, with gentle ease.
When on the trees, the leaves begin to cling,
It's time to prepare for winter's sting.
Great need there is, that he, with steadfast will,
Through the turmoil of life, may still fulfill,

And face the fierce and bitter cold.
Then the sweetest songs, and the most gentle showers,
Of the most fragrant herbs, and the blooming flowers,
Will come to the place, where he resides,
The noblest of all, in the kingdom of the skies.
The Lord of glory, the Father of all,
The creator of the earth, with power so great,
To the noblest of ages, to the chosen line,
Sends sweetest blessings, beneath the radiant shine.
There, within the tree, in the heart so bright,
He will abide, in the light of endless night.
In the western sky,
A wild bird builds its nest,
A beautiful and pleasant sight,
And settles in its solitude,
Surrounded by leaves and feathers,
In the sacred and noble earth's delight.
It sits for a long time.
When the sun shines brightly,
In the summer's time, the sun is at its peak,
It shines through the shadows and brings life,
The world is filled with light,
When its house is no longer hidden,
Through the veil of the heavens.
The trees are warm with life,

The willow stirs with sweet music,
When it bursts into bloom.
Through fiery flames, a bird takes flight with its nest.
The beehive is destroyed. Then the burning house,
The fiery red palace, the beautiful form, and the phoenix
burns,
Ancient wisdom is lost. Then the flesh and bones
Are reduced to ashes. Yet, after the first spark,
The phoenix rises again, more beautiful than before,
When the winter's sleep is over, and the light begins anew,
The birds gather together, their voices clear and bright.
Then the purest of nests is the brightest, the beehive's glory,
The fiery throne is restored, the ashes are scattered,
The phoenix's strength is renewed, and its beauty shines.
When an apple tree is grafted,
Its branches are joined once more,
From the sapling, a wondrous tree grows,
Beautiful, with a trunk so fair.
As it matures, it sheds its leaves,
And its bark is smooth as a shield.
At first, it's like a young eagle's nest,
A beautiful bird's plumage; then it's further adorned,
In the warmth, it flourishes, like an ancient oak,
Its branches strong, its beauty unmarred,
As it was in its prime, shining bright.

When it's fully grown, it's reborn,
Free from its flaws, a perfect form,
Just as a farmer carefully tends
The earth's harvest in autumn's harvest time,
Guiding it to a fruitful home.
As winter's chill begins to bite,
When winter's come, and days are short,
The earth lies barren, cold and grey,
Where once it bloomed with vibrant thought.
The frost and snow, with icy might,
Cover the land, a frozen sight.
But from the seeds, the earth will bring,
New life, and with it, spring's sweet ring.
The nobles' wealth, in autumn's store,
Will be revived, and grow once more,
Through corn's kind, that's sown so clean,
And in the sun's warm light, is seen.
When spring's bright light begins to shine,
The world's treasure, locked in winter's shrine,
Will be reborn, and with it, all will thrive,
And the earth's dark soil, will be alive.
Just as the bird, in age and years,
Becomes young, and new, and sheds its fears,
And though it's fed, and nourished well,
It doesn't forget, its ancient spell.

It remembers, the night's dark shade,
And the cold earth, where it's laid,
And though it's gone, its spirit stays,
And finds its way, to its ancient days.
When life awakens in the midst of growth,
A bird's song is heard, new, young, and full of joy,
As it breaks forth from its shell, reborn,
And with each breath, its spirit revives,
And with each heartbeat, its strength returns,
And then the fledgling brings its wings,
And with each flight, it finds its way,
And when the bird's plumage is fully grown,
It's a wondrous sight, a true marvel to behold,
Then it leaves its nest, and seeks its own land,
And with each step, it feels the warmth of the sun,
And with each flight, it finds its own delight,
In the bright and peaceful land of its birth,
All is renewed, as it was in the beginning,
When the Creator first placed it on the earth,
And brought it to life, with a gentle hand,
And when the bird's life force is strong and free,
It brings its own strength, and its own will,
To the land, where it was first set free,
And with each breath, it finds its own way,
And when its spirit is at peace, it's a beautiful sight,

The sun shines bright, the light is pure and clear,
The stars twinkle, and the world is full of joy,
And the bird's song echoes, a sweet and gentle sound,
As it soars through the air, with a heart full of cheer.
The bird's feathers shine brightly forward,
Its beautiful plumage surrounds its chest.
Its head is hidden behind a green veil,
When its crest is divided, it's a wondrous sight,
Some brown, some blue, some black with speckles,
It's beautifully beset with spots.
Its feathers are white from behind,
And its neck is green, with a subtle sheen,
Its beak shines like glass or gemstone,
Its eyes sparkle with a radiant gleam.
Innate and outer, a shield is this,
Strong and steadfast, a stone is cast,
Gilded with gold, when the smith's art
Transforms it into a wondrous thing at last.
Around the border, like the sun's ring,
The brightest of beads, a treasure to bring,
The cloak is wondrous, a marvel to see,
Pure and resplendent, a sight to be.
The shield is adorned with intricate designs,
Over the back of the bird, a work of art that shines.
The feathers are sharp, the feet are dark,

The bird is unique, a wonder to embark.
It's not a bird of prey, nor a bird of prey's might,
Nor is it a bird that swoops through the air with a deadly
flight,
But it's swift and swift, and very bright,
Shining and joyful, a wondrous sight.
The noble one who possesses it is blessed with good fortune!
When he departs, he searches for his old home,
This earthly realm, his native land.
Like a bird that flies, he spreads his wings,
Among the people, far and wide,
From south to north, from east to west,
He travels, a wanderer, with a heavy heart,
Seeking the blessings of the Creator,
In the beauty of the bird, as He originally created it,
With a wondrous, noble nature, a treasure among birds.
Then people on earth are amazed,
By its beauty and its song,
And they write it down, a wonder to behold,
In stone and in memory,
When the day and the time are filled with joy,
The bird's kin gather, a throng,
They sing their praise, a sweet melody,
With mighty voices, they extol its might,
And thus they honor the holy ring,

The symbol of their noble spirit.
The phoenix rises high,
In the midst of wonder, a marvel to the sight.
The people gaze, amazed,
At the wondrous might of the bird's rebirth.
With skill and art, it's renowned,
And the king's people marvel at its might.
They lead the noble leader with joy,
To a land of beauty, where the phoenix takes flight.
But the bird's fierce cry echoes through the land,
A sound that cannot be silenced,
A chorus of wonder, a symphony of praise,
As the people seek to understand its mysterious ways.
And so the phoenix, a creature of old,
Returns to its former glory,
A beautiful sight to behold,
As the birds return to the land of the brave.
When the noble one returns to his kingdom,
God alone knows,
The king, all-powerful, the secrets of its birth,
A mystery known only to fate,
A wonder beyond human understanding,
A creature of ancient design, a marvel to see.
In the land of the dead, where shadows roam,
A wanderer enters, lost in the woods alone,

He dwells in darkness, till a thousand winters pass,
Then his life comes to an end, and his soul is cast
Through the fiery gates of death.
But then, in a wondrous turn, he's brought back to life,
Not by any mortal hand, but by a mysterious strife.
For though he's been consumed by the dark, sorrowful sea,
His spirit remains, and his life force still flows free.
He's reborn, renewed, and strengthened by the trials of old,
His strength and courage are forged, like tempered steel, to
be told.
Under the shelter of the heavens, he's reborn anew,
A phoenix rising, with a spirit that's strong and true.
He's given the gift of immortality, a treasure so rare,
A son and father to himself, with a legacy that's beyond
compare.
The creator of the world has given him this wondrous might,
To be reborn, just as he was before, in the same form and
light.
Though fire may consume him, his essence remains the same,
And he's reborn, forevermore, in the cycle of life and death's
dark game.
Every blessed soul, after suffering,
chooses eternal life through dark death,
that they may receive God's gift
after days of toil, in the heavens,
and then live in glory, free from care.

This bird's kind is like the chosen ones,
Christ's servants, who show in the cities
how they hold bright joy through their father's help
in this perilous time, and are crowned with glory
in the heavenly realm.

We know that the Almighty
created man and woman through his wondrous power,
and placed them in the best of lands,
the paradise of the children of men,
which they call the New Eden,
where there was no sorrow,
when the eternal word, the holy promise,
would have kept them safe in the new joy.
But the serpent's deceit
led them to sin.

Their ancient enemies, who had been given a warning,
Were blinded by their own pride,
Their hearts hardened, they refused to listen,
And brought bitter sorrow to their children and their kin.
Their wicked deeds were punished,
Their guilt was revealed, and they suffered,
Filled with bitter remorse and sorrow.
Their youth was lost, their joy was gone,
They were forced to give up their precious lives,
Through the cruel hand of fate,

Their ancestors, who had lived in the past,
Were brought back to mind, and they sought,
In death's dark realm, a sorrowful refuge.
Their lives were shrouded in darkness,
And the holy land was bound by the enemy's power,
For many winters, until the glorious king,
Came to their aid, and brought them peace,
The treasure of humanity, a comfort to the afflicted,
And the gentle hope, was restored to them.
It is likely, the wise ones tell us,
And the writers write, that this bird's fate,
When a wise and gifted soul departs,
Leaves earth and nation, and is forgotten.
The weary mind, worn by winter's chill,
Finds solace in the forest's lofty still,
Where it builds a new home, a nest in the trees,
A haven of peace, where it can rest with ease.
It is a great need that it may feel alive,
Again through the breath of the dead, to revive,
To be young and strong, and to regain its former might,
And to seek the sun's bright setting, after the dark of night.
Just as our ancestors, the elders of old,
Abandoned the beautiful land and the throne of glory,
Lovingly, they lingered on the long journey,
In the harsh hand of fate, where they often suffered.

Many were the people who lived under the heavens,
Guided by holy customs, deeds of righteousness,
That the Lord, the King of the heavens, held in his heart.
That is the bright beam in the holy place now,
Where nothing can harm him, not even the treacherous
 enemy,
A sign of his face, in this perilous time.
There, he works with deeds of righteousness,
Against every foe, the Lord's champion,
When he distributes alms to the poor, to the needy,
And the Lord calls him, father in need, and helps him,
Leads him out of the darkness of life,
And holds the mead of the people in his heart,
And seeks their prayers with pure intentions,
And his knee bends to the earth,
And he flees from every evil,
And the grim temptations, for the fear of God,
He rejoices with a glad heart,
That he performs good deeds, the most;
To him is the Lord a shield in every path,
The ruler of the gods, the weaver of fate.
These are the virtues, the fruits of the tree,
The birds of prey, the wild birds,
That fly under the sky, side by side,
To his dwelling place, where he is firmly established,

Against every foe, he works with might.
Now in the villages, the will to live is strengthened,
Might and glory of the mead-hall, the people's joy;
The mead is poured, and the mighty one will avenge
Eternal, all-powerful, the lord will repay.
The people, from the herbs, will be established in the city of
glory,
In the works of the world, they will be left to lean on,
The holy teaching they held in their hearts,
Their minds overflowing with love for the lord,
Their bright faith shining over the world;
They will not find joy in this fleeting life,
That they may live on loan.
Thus the blessed nobleman, in eternal dreams,
In the heavens, with the high king,
Strives with honor, until the end comes,
When death takes him, the brave warrior,
With arms strengthened, the leader of all,
And in the earth, his noble body is sent,
To the souls of the faithful, where they will be long,
Until the fire of judgment comes,
And the world is revealed.
When many gather in assembly,
Four kinds of men are led:
The father of angels, the true king,

The noble lord, the ruler with right.
Then all the people perform
Their duties on earth, as the mighty king
Commands, the ruler of angels,
Brings the people together
Over the dark ground, the savior of souls.
The dreadful death of the lord
Is ended for the blessed,
The noble ones will turn away.
Tremors shake the earth, when this world,
Guilty, it burns with shame,
Ade's darkness falls.
Each one becomes fearful in flight,
When fire blazes,
Leaving behind the treasures of the land,
All the riches of the earth,
The golden apples,
Are seized by the greedy,
The land's beauty is devoured,
Then in the light of day,
In the open time,
A beautiful and wondrous sign appears,
The kingdom's power is lifted,
From its stronghold,
The wicked are punished,

Their bodies lie still,
And their souls depart,
Before Christ's throne.
The king, majestic,
From his high throne,
Shines brightly with holy glory,
The light of the heavens.
It is well for those who can,
In that sorrowful time,
Find comfort in God.
The body, once so pure and clean,
Walks with joy, the guests depart,
Into the darkness, when the flame ascends
High to the heavens. Many are afraid,
More than one, sincere and true of heart,
Seek the judgment of the Almighty,
Trembling with fear. The fire is near,
Uncertain, the fate that awaits us all,
Those who are blessed will be rewarded,
After a time of trial, for their good deeds.
The noble ones will be welcomed with joy,
By the wild bird, who builds its nest,
Outside, the fire burns, and it swallows,
Under the sun, and it itself is consumed,
And then, after death, it's reborn,

In the kingdom of the blessed. So it is for each,
A fleeting life, a brief moment,
A single, precious life, that's created,
By the will of the Almighty, the ruler of all.
In the midst of mighty assemblies, the gentle spirit is formed.
Then let the holy guests, steadfast souls, sing with joy,
Purified and chosen, they ascend to the kingdom,
Following the sound of the king's glory, they climb to
splendor,
Transformed in beauty, with their deeds shining bright.
They are then revealed as the guests of men,
Radiant and unscathed, through the fire's burning.
Do not think that any age or kind
Can express the words of the wise, the poet's craft,
Listen to the wisdom of Job's songs,
Through the spirit's breath, in the breast, they are stirred,
Boldly speaking, they are made glorious;
He spoke the word: "I do not despise the thoughts of my
heart,
That I have not chosen the path of the wicked,
The brave and mighty one, I will depart from this place.
In the long span of time,
A fleeting life is told,
A brief, mortal span,
In the vastness of the earth.

And then, after death,
Through God's gift, we rise anew,
Like the phoenix, reborn,
With wings to soar, our spirit renewed.
In dreams, we join the Lord,
Where the dear school of angels sings,
We praise the beloved one.
I can never hold on to this life,
Nor bask in its light and joy,
For my body must return to dust,
To be food for worms, as the earth's God,
After a while, sets our soul free,
And in glory, we ascend.
This hope never fades in my heart,
The joy I've had in the presence of the king of angels,
Will forever be secure. Thus a wise man, a messenger of God,
In ancient times, spoke of eternal life,
That we might eagerly seek the steadfast sign,
That the radiant bird, through fiery signs, reveals.
The brave and the noble, all gathered,
After the funeral pyre, led the bird,
On foot, to the lord's domains, facing the sun,
Where they would live for many winters, nourished by
abundance,
In full bloom, where no one could mourn.

Now, after death, through God's power,
Souls journey together, beautifully adorned,
Like birds, in eternal halls,
Where the true sun shines brightly,
Radiant over the kingdoms in the city of glory.
Then, to the faithful souls, it is revealed,
Christ, the Savior, high above the roofs.
Following Him, birds of splendor,
Shining, joyful, and blessed,
In the happy home, chosen guests,
Forever in eternity.
There, the wicked foe cannot harm,
But in that light, a radiant guardian,
Lives, like the phoenix, in the freedom of the Lord,
Shining in glory.
The work of every person,
Shines brightly in the happy home,
Before the face of the eternal Lord.
In harmony, the sun shines bright.
The radiant crown, adorned with wondrous jewels,
Brings happiness to all the blessed ones,
Who wear it on their head, with honor and pride.
Their hearts are filled with joy, their spirits lifted,
Their noble souls, forever young and strong,
Never faltering, but shining with beauty,

Adorned with the finest treasures, like the angels' own.
They have no worries in their lives,
No cares or troubles, no hunger or thirst,
No sorrow or old age. The noble king
Gives each of them every good thing.
The host of angels, the heavenly king's power,
Praises and glorifies them, singing their praise.
The fellowship of friends rejoices,
Honoring the sacred, the high throne of God,
Blessing the best of all, with angels' aid,
In harmony, they say:
“Hail to you, true God, and wise creator,
And to you, who grant gifts to the young,
And to you, who give every good thing.”
Great, unmeasured power, mighty and holy!
The heavens are filled with beauty,
Your glory, Father almighty,
All-powerful, above with angels and on earth below.
Give us joy, creator of all!
You are the Father almighty in heaven,
Ruler of the heavens.
Thus we speak, righteously,
In the great city, the noble-minded people;
The royal glory proclaims, the loyal band sings
In harmony, the praise of the king,

To that one is eternal honor,
Forever without end.
His power was never diminished,
His goodness began on earth,
Though he was born as a child in the middle of the world,
His greatness soared above the heavens,
Holy and unchanging.
Though he had to suffer death's fate
On the cross, a noble punishment,
On the third day after his life's decline,
He received life again through his Father's help.
So the phoenix shows,
Young in the gardens, the power of divine goodness,
When it rises again from the ashes,
In life, bound to the light.
The Savior helped us through his life's sacrifice,
Giving us eternal life, free from end.
Like a bird that's filled with sweet nectar,
And fragrant herbs, and fertile fields that abound.
These are the words that scripture tells us,
Holy heroes, who are welcomed to heaven,
To the gentle God, who's moved by their dreams,
In the realm of dreams, where they bring joyous praise,
Words and deeds that bring a sweet fragrance,
In the great creation, they bring glory,

In the light of life.
Let us praise them always,
Through the world and all its kingdoms,
And the glory of the heavens,
In the highest realm of the celestial throne.
He is the rightful king of the world,
And the ruler of all its might,
Wrapped in glory, in the beautiful city.
We have been granted a gift by the light of life,
To rejoice here, to experience joy in heaven,
Where we will seek and inhabit the greatest kingdoms,
And sit in lofty thrones, living in the light and peace,
Enjoying eternal happiness, savoring blissful days,
Seeing the Lord of joys without end,
And singing praise to him eternally,
Glorying with angels. *Alleluia.*